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LIVES
OF
THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

(The Biographical Magazine.)

VOL. III.

"A true delineation of the smallest man, and his scenes of pilgrimage through life, is capable of interesting the greatest man. All men are, to an unspeakable extent, brothers; each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; and human portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all pictures, the welcomest on human walls."—THOMAS CARLYLE.



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1853.

PREFACE.

It seems but yesterday since the New Year left its compliments and wishes at our door; yet 1853 is fleeting fast away. Like some dissolving view, the past recedes, and scarcely conscious of the stages of transition, we wonder as we gaze upon the varying present. Ever onward! No rest for Nature as she scatters flowers and gathers fruits, smiling or frowning; and none for man in the mart or field, in the camp or senate—ever onward in the race, ever forward in the battle of life! And here are we, at the close of another period of editorial toil, stepping forward once again to make obeisance to our friends. Yes, so it is; we thank them for their kindly company; together we have gazed upon the dead, and mingled with the living, and now we pause in self-gratulation to write our—prologue it should be, but epilogue it is.

How many a one would rejoice, were his pen as rapid in its evolutions as the pinions of Time! We should, to wit; and yet question the propriety of our wish. Some one has said our best thoughts are untold, that the true life of the spirit is hid in solemn silence, its real and grander self unuttered and untraceable: and it may appear “a consummation devoutly to be wished,” that these said ethereal feelings and conceptions should find easy vent from the struggling soul; but the law is written, written around and within—a grand old law—that all things excellent and admirable spring from labour. The big thought is not less big because imprisoned; as it restlessly seeks an outlet, its energy increases, the man’s whole being is aroused, every pulse throbs quickly, every nerve is strained—he is to others

what he could not be without the thought that seeks expression in every act and word. Such a one must be registered among the active of mankind, he *must* be illustrious, and will be so just in proportion to the grandeur of his idea and the vividness of its realization. In him humanity is most nobly developed ; he knows his heritage, and would make it the birthright of the universe. Others there are who seem never to have grasped, but always to aspire to truth and power ; like a torrent they bound from crag to crag in uncertain channel, yet always towards their object ; and they are great because the love of the good and glorious and mighty is within them. But some again remind us of the lake unstirred by current, lit with the rays of heaven, veiling its depths, yet intimating that they are. They win our admiration, but lack the lofty and earnest purpose that of all things most ennobles. What matters it, if "the diamond light up the secret mine," we would see it clothed with its proper brilliance by the glare of day. But we stray too widely ;—only let us add that most of the Illustrious may be referred to one of these three classes. These are the men who mould the times, whose energies it would be well for all to emulate, whose career, nay, the very picture of whose career, if faithfully portrayed, does service to the world. If the brief bright day of the earth has been succeeded by long centuries of night, stars there have been—beautiful and sublime stars, radiant through storm and cloud ; and delightful is the task to watch each one as it culminates and wanes.

It is a proverb no less truthful than common, that "example is better than precept." The latter is compulsive, the former attractive. There can be no question as to which is more powerful, the statue-like principle or its living impersonation ; and here is the advantage of Biography. Few only can be benefited by the actual converse and example of the great and good ; but this may be in part embalmed. In fact, not only does "the evil that men do, live after them," their actions, while remembered, are *all* instinct with influences of some sort or another. In the pages that do honour to their memory, motives may often be revealed, and actions viewed in all their consequences ; in imagination we hold converse with the dead or absent, mark the tenor of their way and breathe the spirit of the time, now stimulated to exertion, and

now, it may be, restrained from wanton injury and wrong. Human sympathies are strong; indeed, there are no mightier agencies in the world than those affections which unite man to man. They have both nurtured and destroyed communities; and individuals tending towards each other or a common centre they have lured together to ruin or success. Biography has corresponding power for good or ill; the portrait has its magic charm, if the friendly grasp boasts its electric fire.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE occupies then a position of, at least, responsibility. It shall be, as it has been, our constant endeavour worthily to execute the objects it professes. What we have accomplished is before our readers. It is theirs to praise or blame. We again thank them for their support, indulging hope of its continuance, as also of a still extending circle of acquaintance. We prefer deeds to promises; yet venture to assure our friends, that no effort shall be omitted to make our next volume acceptable, both in the selection of characters and in the style of our sketches.

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THE BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.

"I FIND," says a great American essayist, "a provision in nature for the writer;" that is, the acute observer quoted finds, that it is perfectly necessary for the writer to exist, because he purifies, exalts, enobles, and instructs, the human race; he chronicles the deeds, he notices the chances and changes, he defines and characterises humanity;—and for these last qualities amongst writers, the novelist holds his rank. With these, the name at the head of our article is of no mean value, not only on account of his position as a writer, but as being the very first of American novelists.

Men are only seen in their true greatness by comparison; one compares Virgil to Homer, and Dante to Milton; and, following this out, flatterers call the prosaic Klopstock the German Milton, and, more truly, Béranger the Burns of France, and the subject of the present paper the American Scott. Recently this great man has passed that bourne from which none return, and in the fulness of a fame which few will reach, although to which many will aspire.

James Fennimore Cooper was born on the 15th of September, 1789, and, had he lived but a few hours longer, would have completed his sixty-second year, dying on the 14th of his natal month, 1851. His father was a high dignitary in the American law, and resided at the period of Fennimore's birth at Burlington, New Jersey, at which place, there being, we presume, a sufficient academy, the future novelist commenced his education, which was further eliminated at New Haven and Yale colleges.

One who goes to sea at sixteen, as a midshipman in the American navy, which was the case with Cooper, cannot be expected to be very deeply learned in dead languages and mathematics, and therefore various hip-and-thigh sticklers for school education, should have been more chary of their sneers against the novelist's lack of

these accomplishments. Certain it is that he made a very respectable progress, which he was careful afterwards to improve. For six years, or thereabouts, Cooper's life was bustling and full of activity, various adventures occurring which afforded him excellent *matériel*, hereafter to be worked up in his various novels. He was brought thoroughly into contact with scenes of which he afterwards gave so faithful and glowing a rescript. In one of his latest novels, "Afloat and Ashore," he has embodied many of these scenes. The book is pronounced, by those who best knew him, to be essentially autobiographical, and one of the incidents is an anecdote in which the author figures *in propria persona*. It will not be trespassing to quote it. The hero is in an American vessel, when a hostile French privateer approaches; being in the maintop, he observes the movements of the enemy, and gives notice of them to his captain by dropping a copper wrapped in a piece of paper, on deck, on which was written, "The brig's forecastle is filled with armed men, hid behind the bulwarks."

"Captain Digges heard the fall of the copper, and looking up—nothing takes an officer's eyes aloft quicker than to find anything coming out of a top—he saw me pointing to the paper. I was rewarded for this liberty by an approving nod. Captain Digges read what I had written, and I soon observed Neb and the cook filling the engine with boiling water. This job was no sooner done than a good place was selected on the quarter-deck for this singular implement of war, and then a hail came from the brig.

"Vat zat sheep is?" demanded some one from the brig.

"The Tigris of Philadelphia, from Calcutta home. What brig is that?"

"La Folie—corsair Français. From vair you come?"

"From Calcutta. And where are you from?"

"Gaudaloupe. Vair you go, eh?"

B

"Philadelphia. Do not luff so near me; some accident may happen."

"Vat you call 'accident'?" Can ne-vair hear, eh? I will com *tout prés*."

"Give us a wider berth, I tell you! Here is your jib-boom nearly foul of my mizzen-rigging."

"Vat mean zat bert' vidair, eh? *Allons, mes enfants; c'est le moment!*"

"Luff a little, and keep his spar clear," cried our captain. "Squirt away, Neb, and let us see what you can do!"

"The engine made a movement just as the French began to run out on their bowsprit, and, by the time six or eight were on the heel of the jib-boom, they were met by the hissing hot stream, which took them *en echelon*, as it might be, fairly raking the whole line. The effect was instantaneous. Physical nature cannot stand excessive heat, unless particularly well supplied with skin; and the three leading Frenchmen, finding retreat impossible, dropped incontinently into the sea, preferring cold water to hot—the chances of drowning to the certainty of being scalded. I believe all three were saved by their companions on board, but I will not vouch for the fact. The remainder of the intended boarders, having the bowsprit before them, scrambled back upon the brig's fore-castle as well as they could; betraying by the random way in which their hands flew about, that they had a perfect consciousness how much they left their rear exposed on the retreat. A hearty laugh was heard in all parts of the Tigris, and the brig, putting her helm hard up, wore round like a top, as if she were scalded herself."

Adventures of this sort he had sufficient during the short time he was at sea, to furnish his memory and to aid his invention.

In 1811 he retired into private life, and he soon after rendered this retirement more agreeable, and riveted more firmly his ties to the shore, by marrying Miss Lancey, a lady of great accomplishments, whose brother is one of the New York bishops. On his marriage Mr. Cooper settled at his patrimonial estate, named Cooper's Town, or in American parlance Cooper's-ville.

Horace's rule of keeping one's first production nine years may have well been indulged in by our author, for he

let slip by ten years, in this quiet retirement before he came before the public. When he had once broken the ice, which was in 1821, by publishing a novel called "Precaution;" his rise in favour was rapid, although the preliminary work was an unsuccessful one; but the same year produced "The Spy," "The Pioneers," and "The Pilot." Of the origin of the latter novel Mr. Griswold tells the following anecdote, which at the late meeting in New York, to erect a monument to Cooper, Mr. Bryant, the American poet, repeated:—

"Talking with the late Charles Wilkes, of New York, a man of taste and judgment, our author heard extolled the universal knowledge of Scott, and the sea portions of "The Pirate" cited as a proof. He laughed at the idea, as most seamen would, and the discussion ended by his promising to write a sea story, which could be read by landsmen, while seamen should feel its truth.*

From this the "Pilot" resulted, which lifted Cooper at once into celebrity. Sir Walter Scott himself, in a letter to Miss Edgeworth, bore testimony to its truth and excellence. "The novel," he writes, "is a very clever one, and the sea scenes and characters in particular, are admirably drawn. I advise you to read it as soon as possible." The novel was worthy of the panegyric, and a higher still has been bestowed, and worthily, upon it. It became immediately popular, and was eagerly read in England, translated into the various European languages, and, stranger still to relate, into *Persian*, an honour, as far as we know, as regards novels, reserved for the "Spy" and the "Pilot." "This novel," says a critic, speaking of the "Spy," "was the first which brought Cooper into notice, which gave him his earliest reputation, and which will continue to preserve it."† His descriptions of marine scenery, of the moving, restless ocean, and of the ever varying changes of the sky, were at once seen to be unsurpassed in freshness and truth. They rivalled his word pictures of American woods and savage man, and, as Mr. Prescott truly remarks, are "alive with the breath of poetry." "Witness," says the last-quoted autho-

* The Prose Writers of America.

† North American Review, Jan. 1852.

city, "his infinitely-various pictures of the ocean; or still more, of the beautiful spirit which rides upon it—the gallant ship."

The "Pilot" was, for the time, the first favourite of Cooper's novels. That his countrymen should love a novel wherein their own bravery was prominently placed before them, and whereof the heroes were American, none can wonder; and the novel-readers of England let their prejudices succumb to their admiration. But, more than this, it enjoyed a reflected fame, for an English dramatist, a Mr. Fitzball, seizing upon the work, cleverly turned its sting against the Americans, by producing a drama of the same name (the "Pilot,") wherein Long Tom Coffin was personated by Mr. T. P. Cooke, which had an extraordinary long run at the Adelphi Theatre. Sir Walter Scott went, amongst others, to see this piece, and in his diary notices "the quiet effrontery" of the dramatist, in turning the offensive parts of the story against the Yankees. Let us add, that the drama is still popular.

Shortly after these publications, Mr. Cooper visited Europe, where he remained some years, and became one of the literary lions of the day. In England, he was introduced to Sir Walter Scott, then at the zenith of his popularity, who thus notices his fellow author:—

"Nov. 23, 1826.—Visited Princess Galitzin, and also Cooper, the American novelist. This man, who has shown so much genius, has a good deal of the manners (or want of manners) peculiar to his countrymen. He proposed to me a mode of publishing in America, by entering a book as the property of a citizen. I will think of this. Every little helps, &c."

"Nov. 6.—Cooper came to breakfast, but we were *obsedes partout*. Such a number of Frenchmen bounced in successively and exploded, or, I should say, discharged their compliments, that I could hardly find an opportunity to speak a word, or to entertain Mr. Cooper at all.*

These, we believe, are the only extracts in which Cooper is noticed by the author of "Waverley," and as they were the cause of much animosity on

the other side of the Channel, when first brought to light, they are worthy of some notice.

In the first place, the "mode of publishing," noticed by Sir Walter, does great honour to Cooper. It was, of course, nothing less than the copyright bill in embryo, which Cooper endeavoured zealously to introduce, and which would have been, if introduced, one of the greatest boons to American literature, and without which that literature is now suffering, and has become dwindled, dwarfish, and imitative.* Sir Walter, who regarded literature—as a late critic has said—as a "mere money-making machine," did not see the patriotism of the proposal, but clutched at the idea of making more; "every little helps," he writes, and, we believe, let the matter drop. Not so Cooper; he wrote at once to Messrs. Carey and Lea, the great American publishers, and, in a manly letter which we have before us, set forth the advantages which such a measure would be to American literature. "The whole range of English literature," he writes, "is thrown open to the American publisher. He chooses his book, after it has gone through the ordeal of a nation of publishers, and offers it to his countrymen, supported by the testimony and praise of reviews. Against this array of names the American writer has to make head, or fail."†

Cooper suggested, as a remedy, the law of copyright; but the booksellers were too strong for him, and they still triumph, and fortunes have been made, and still are being made, out of the works of Dickens, Scott, Bulwer, and Macaulay, for which the English author has never received one penny from the American publisher; English booksellers are now making reprisals upon American authors; but that only aggravates the evil. Cooper did not

* The writer is not ignorant of the many excellent American authors, but is constrained to adopt the opinions expressed, from his own observations, and from the opinions of the Americans themselves. The "North American Review," the first critic of that continent, expressed itself both severely and sorrowfully on the question a few months since.

† "The Knickerbocker,"—New York magazine, April, 1838.

* Diary of Sir Walter Scott, as quoted in "Lockhart's Life."

cease, however, to agitate and to press this important question, both in the various literary journals and elsewhere.

His next works, perhaps not in exactly correct date of appearance, were what is called the "Leather Stocking" novels; that is, a series of five novels, so called from the chief personage or character, which runs throughout the series, which comprises, "The Deer Slayer," "The Pathfinder," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie." Of these the finest is the "Last of the Mohicans," a novel which is held by many to be the masterpiece of its author. "The book," says a great authority, "has a genuine game flavour; it exhales the odours of the pine woods, and the freshness of the mountain wind. Its dark and rugged scenery rises as distinctly on the eye as the images of the painter's canvass, or rather as the reflections of nature herself. But it is not as the mere rendering of material forms, that these word paintings are most highly to be esteemed, they are instinct with life, with the very spirit of the wilderness; they breathe the sombre poetry of solitude and danger." The Scotch bard, Burns, effected so great a triumph over imagination, that the very window through which Tam O'Shanter *saw* (?) the witches dance, although a creation of the fancy, has been pointed out by the guides; a similar story is told of the author of Waverley's creation of Michael Scott's grave in Melrose Abbey. Nor were American guides behind hand; so vividly had Cooper described each spot, that the scene of the fight of Gleenis Falls (a very marked portion of the novel), is pointed out as if this fictitious combat were a scene of history. "Nay," says a narrator, "if the lapse of a few years has not enlightened the guide's understanding, he would as soon doubt of the reality of the battle of Saratoga as that of Hawkeyes' fight with the Mingoes."

These novels made Cooper's fame complete, and together with the nautical ones were his chief triumphs; others, but of less grandeur, were to follow. "The Wept of Wish-ton-wish," a strange story, with a stranger title, is much admired for its melancholy interest. "Lionel Lincoln," bore testimony to his power, accuracy, and spirit, in description of military movements

and detail. The battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill are admirably given. Next come "The Pathfinder," "The Red Rover," "The Water Witch," and "The Two Admirals;" followed quickly "The Jack O'Lantern;" or, The Privateer," a novel which Cooper wrote, somewhat out of opposition to his critics, who insisted upon his vein of seafaring novels being exhausted; it is not very successful. The story of Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson, and that cruel murder of Prince Caraccioli, are introduced; and various new characters, one of which is a British tar, figure on the scene. In 1843, "Wyandotté; or, the Hutted's Knoll," a quiet narrative novel of American scenery, followed; and was itself succeeded by "Raven's Nest," introducing three happy characters,—Captain Hugh Littlepage, Uncle Ro and Mistress Opportunity Newcome. In this novel Cooper indulged in some asperities, for he was somewhat like one of our own author-esses,—whose name shall of course not transpire—always in hot water with his critics.

Not only also was this on his own side of the channel, but also upon English ground did the Novelist carry his warfare. One cause of this was Cooper's extreme sensitiveness to adverse criticism, and secondly, the fact that he wrote severely himself of others. Having travelled in Europe, and been lionized in England, a book on the various countries in which he sojourned was as much expected as were the "American Notes" from Dickens. The result in both instances was much the same; the institutions of the country were commented upon freely and severely; our overbearing aristocracy, our lord-loving commoners, and the etiquette which allows a man of superior rank, conferred either by birth or chance, to walk out of a room, or to enter it, and to be announced before the rest of the company, especially before a man of genius, were exposed to the most indignant and searching satire.

There were also other things upon which Fennimore Cooper lectured the English; he would insist, in a few cases, that they mispronounced words, which the Americans had preserved in all their purity. In fine, whilst giving us credit for many admirable institutions, for hospitality, and kindness, he perhaps,

naturally enough insisted, that the younger country, of which he was the native, had progressed, whilst we, the parent one, had fearfully degenerated.

The "Quarterly Review," of which Lockhart, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, had recently assumed the editorship, took up the cudgels for England, and in a sparkling but spitefully written review of Cooper's book, took a vigorous reprisal upon him. "He has questioned our English," said they; "let us try his." And thereupon the reviewer proved the American author guilty of several sins against the rules of Lindley Murray and Company. Next he directed his shafts against American manners, and gave them a more severe handling than Cooper had our own, and finally dismissed the work as totally unworthy of America, of Cooper, of printer, publisher, buyer, or reader.

The literary circles at New York naturally took the novelist's side of the question, and the magazines of the period will witness on perusal, of how virulent a nature are the "quarrels of authors."

"Tantæne animis cœlestibus ira."

We need not lead our readers further into the affray. We may here mention that Lockhart did not write the review in question (of which he was accused, and Sir Walter Scott's diary was brought into the quarrel), and that succeeding quarrels with the literary vehicles of his own country served to erase from Cooper's mind the great fall out with the English and with the Quarterly. One of his productions, characterized by those who have read it as a weak and injudicious tale, quite unworthy of the author's reputation, was the "Monikins," and this was fixed upon by some American journals as a subject of banter and jest; epigram and pasquinade followed each other upon the unfortunate book, and annoyed the sensitive author, who even threatened to relinquish his pen and be silent altogether.

The promise, although hailed with apparent delight by some ill-natured critics, was not kept: in 1848 he was ready with the "Bee Hunter," wherein was again revived, for this time only, the vast prairies and solitudes of his earlier and happier productions. Pale

faces and red men again ask our attention, and ask it, alas! almost in vain; we feel that the potent power is leaving the great magician, and that he had better bury his pen, as Prospero does his magic wand "certain fathoms in the earth;" but a little time, however, and then he will have ceased. In 1849 appeared the "Sea Lions," a novel in which the venue is laid in those "regions of thick ribbed ice," wherein Sir John Franklin and his gallant crews are immured. There is in this last novel originality, force, and a dramatic reality, which will carry the reader through with the book. Last of all, announced as last, positively the last, of a very long list of novels of which we have not mentioned one half, came the "Ways of the Hour," in which the failing power of the author was but too visibly shown. Cooper had written himself out.

Besides the very numerous progeny of novels, some of which we have mentioned above, and to others of which we have alluded, Cooper contributed to the history of his country, that of the "United States Navy;" to biography, "Lives of distinguished Naval Officers;" and to travel, "Sketches of Switzerland," and "Gleanings of Europe."

But not by these or by his later productions will the name of James Fennimore Cooper be handed down to posterity; but by his earlier and fresher productions, by his pictures of humanity in its untamed and savage state, with its heroism, its magnanimity, and its cunning; his prairies stretching out to the eye of the imaginative boy, who first reads his romance, with more than the vastness and grandeur of reality, forming a picture which age scarce dims, or time diminishes: his sailors and squatters, true children of nature under different aspects; his pictures of sea-fight and storm, or of tempests in those vast interminable forests of America, which we children of Europe only dream of. This he was born to introduce and to describe, and he has done it nobly; and amongst praise for great original talent, and undoubted honesty of purpose, let us not forget that he has never written one word or sentence subversive of morality, or one book which is improper for our children to read.

* Fanatics there are of so severe a cast of mind, that they would ignore all works of fiction; but those who, blessed with a wider expanse of mind, see in descriptions of the wonderful, the curious, and the interesting in

humanity, certain links which, if properly connected, will lead us

"Through nature, up to nature's God," will think that good service has been done to his kind by James Fennimore Cooper.

SCHILLER.

Of all the many distinguished poets and philosophers of Germany, the name and works of Schiller are most familiar to the English reader. And this preference is not a mere national liking of our own, arising from any consanguinity which the writings of Schiller have with English modes of thought and feeling. Its explanation is rather to be sought in the fact, that these writings bear on them the stamp of no peculiar nationality. They have had a prompt acceptance with all European nations, and the estimation in which they have been held has been permanent. Among modern authors Schiller is pre-eminently cosmopolitan. The poet of the *Real*, of actual life, of universal human sympathies, it was natural that his impression should be equally as wide as it was deep. Not a little of the hearty welcome with which Schiller has been universally received, may be attributed to the circumstance that the tone and temper of his writings, as also of his own interior nature, was wholly in harmony with the spirit of the age. He had a high estimation of the rights, duties, and privileges of the individual man. His notion of society was that of an ideal democracy. He loved freedom in his inmost heart, and his patriotism was as staunch as that of a Tell. The ardour with which he sympathized in the revolutionary movements of the day, made him worthy, in the eyes of the French nation, of being honoured with a diploma of citizenship.

Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller was born on the 10th of November, 1759, at Marbach, a small town of Württemberg, situate on the banks of the Neckar. In the circumstances of his birth and parentage, he was rather fortunate than otherwise. Although the pecuniary circumstances of his parents were such as to place many

barriers to the free development of his nature, yet, on the whole, his childhood could not be otherwise than cheerful and happy. His parents were pious, affectionate, honest, true-hearted German folk. His father, stern and severe in demeanour, was fervent in his religious exercises, and warmly attached to his family. His mother was somewhat grave and serious, but her manners were peculiarly gentle and mild. Neither were without intellectual culture, or deficient in sound judgment and information. Surely this was enough to compensate for a thousand disadvantages in their worldly condition. The pliant nature of the boy Friedrich, formed and moulded under these influences, soon began to exhibit the promise of a rich and abundant harvest. He was early a lover of the picturesque, and of everything grand or instinct with life or motion. At eight years old, wandering in the woodlands with a boy about his own age, he exclaimed, "Oh, Karl, how beautiful is it here! All—all could I give, so that I might not miss this joy!" Another anecdote is told of this period, which is alike graceful and striking:—"Once, it is said, during a tremendous thunder-storm, his father missed him in the young group within doors; none of his sisters could tell what was become of Fritz, and the old man grew at length so anxious that he was forced to go out in quest of him. Fritz was scarcely past the age of infancy, and knew not the dangers of a scene so awful. His father found him at last in a solitary place of the neighbourhood, perched on the branch of a tree, gazing at the tempestuous face of the sky, and watching the flashes as in succession they spread their lurid gleam over it. To the reprimands of his parent, the whimpering truant pleaded in extenuation, that 'the lightning was very beautiful,

and he wished to see where it was coming from!"*

When Friedrich was six years old, his father was sent to Lorch as recruiting officer. Here the boy first learnt the rudiments of education. His teacher was Philip Mozer, the pastor and schoolmaster of the village, and whom Schiller afterwards immortalized in his "Robbers." This person seems to have exercised considerable influence over his pupil. His favourite companion was Karl Mozer, the pastor's son, who was himself destined to become a preacher. His conversation with these, the religious atmosphere in which he had been brought up from the earliest dawn of consciousness, and the warm and deep emotions which were now aroused in the boy's soul by the study of the Hebrew prophets, seem to have united together in determining him to become a clergyman. "A clergyman, indeed, he proved," says Carlyle, "only the church he ministered in was the Catholic—a far more Catholic than that false Romish one!" This determination, as might be supposed, accorded well with the sentiments of his parents, and accordingly, in the public school of Ludwigsburg (whither the family now removed), his studies were regulated with that view. Here, for four successive years, he underwent the annual examination before the Stuttgart Commission, to which candidates for the ecclesiastical vocation were subjected. He had ere this read the classics with some diligence, but with no degree of appreciation. In his ninth year, we are told, he had ("not without rapturous amazement and a lasting remembrance") seen the splendours of the Ludwigsburg theatre, thus unconsciously casting a dim, far-off glimpse into that world, where afterwards, with genuine inspiration and unfeigned joy, he was to achieve his noblest triumphs.

The Stuttgart examiners marked the young Friedrich in their records as *puer bonæ spei*—"a boy of good hope." This good hope, however, was to be realized in quite another fashion than was accordant with their intentions. Novel and unpleasant circumstances brought about a change in the domestic arrangements of the family. The boy's prospects for the future were to be

completely changed in all too short a time. His life now approaches a period of harshness, oppression, and isolation, in which the blossoms of hope are remorselessly crushed by the hand of Fate;—the boy's spirit bent beneath the weight of an unloving discipline and stern dictatorship, and, under a quite contrary nurture to that which he had hitherto enjoyed, other and greater faculties developed within him. This, however, as will be clearly seen, is not to come and pass away without leaving its residue of good behind—without shedding a strengthening and fertilizing influence over the whole career of our Friedrich. For there lies, in that boy-soul, GENIUS—"that alchemy, which converts all metals into gold—which from suffering educes strength—from error clearer wisdom."

Karl, Grand Duke of Würtemberg, had founded a free-school for certain branches of education, at Solitude, afterwards transferred to Stuttgart. It was called a military seminary, but was not wholly confined to the military profession. The majority of the pupils were the sons of officers, and even privates, in the Würtemberg army, who had a preferable claim to the benefits of the institution. Instructions were, however, given in both law and medicine; and the sons of civilians were consequently admitted. "The father of young Schiller," says one of his biographers, "had recently been promoted by the Grand Duke to the office of Inspector and Laying-out of the Grounds at Solitude, and was subsequently raised to the rank of Major. But these benefits were not cheaply purchased. The Duke, in return, desired to send Friedrich Schiller to his military seminary. This was tantamount to the rejection of the long-cherished scheme of the clerical profession. After much painful embarrassment, the elder Schiller frankly represented to his prince the inclination of himself and his son. The Grand Duke, however, repeated his request, proposed to leave to Friedrich the choice of his studies at the academy, and promised him an appointment in the royal service. There was no resisting a petitioner, whose request was law, and from whose favour was derived the very bread of the family. Friedrich Schiller did not hesitate to sacrifice his own wishes to the interests

* Carlyle.

of his parents; but this renunciation of his young hopes, and the independence of his free-will, wounded alike his heart and his pride. With grief and resentment equally keen, he, at the age of fourteen, entered the academy as student in Jurisprudence. The studies thus selected were in themselves sufficiently uncongenial; but, to the dulness of the law-lecture was added the austerity of a corporal's drill. The youths were defiled in parade to meals, in parade to bed, in parade to lessons. At the word "March," they paced to breakfast. At the word "Halt," they arrested their steps. And, at the word "Front," they dressed their ranks before the table. In this miniature Sparta, the grand virtue to be instilled was subordination. Whoever has studied the character of Schiller, will allow that its leading passion was for intellectual liberty. Here, mind and body were alike to be machines. Schiller's letters at this time to his friend, Karl Mozer, sufficiently show the fiery tumults and agitation of his mind—sometimes mournful—sometimes indignant. Now sarcastic—now impassioned. Weary disgust and bitter indignation are seen through all. The German works, not included in the school routine, were as contraband articles—the obstacles to obtain them only increased the desire. No barrier can ever interpose between genius and its affections. The love of Man to Woman is less irresistible than the love that binds Intellect to Knowledge. Schiller stole—but with the greater ardour for the secrecy—to the embraces of his mistress—Poetry. Klopstock still charmed him; but newer and truer perceptions of the elements of poetry came to him in the "Goetz Von Berlichingen" of Goethe, with which, indeed, commenced the great literary revolution of Europe, by teaching each nation that the true classical spirit for each must be found in the genius of its own romance. "He who would really imitate Homer, must, in the chronicles of his native land, find out the Heroic Age."

Schiller, at this period, whatever doubts or uncertainties might hover in his mind as to his true destination and reasonable outlook for the future, knew full well that it lay not in Law. This, to him an entirely foreign study, with which the tendencies of his mind had

no sort of keeping, it is natural to suppose came to be regarded by him, as the embodiment of all those evils, and their necessary cause. His dislike of it continues to increase, and he makes no secret of his feelings, once even venturing to give them public expression. "One of the exercises," says his biographer, "yearly prescribed to every scholar was a written delineation of his own character, according to his own views, to be delivered publicly at an appointed time. Schiller, on the first of these exhibitions, ventured to state his persuasion that he was not made to be a jurist, but called rather by his inclination and faculties to the clerical profession. This statement, of course, produced no effect; and he was forced to continue the accustomed course, and his dislike of the law kept fast approaching to absolute disgust." However the time came round (in 1775), when he was at last enabled to free himself from the burden. But it was only that he might take up another, which, however gladly he might at first make the exchange, he soon found was but one species of slavery substituted for another. He abandoned law for medicine; but neither presented a proper object for the faculties of his mind and the aspirations of his soul. He is gazing earnestly forward into some "far purer and higher region of activity, for which he has as yet no name; which he once fancied to be the church; which at length he discovers to be poetry."

All this is not to be mistaken for boyish wilfulness on the part of Schiller; something very different from that. Loving poetry, with all the vehemence of a first passion; studying secretly the writings of Plutarch and Shakspeare, Klopstock, Lessing, Herder, and Goethe, with the whole galaxy of stars which illumined the dawn of German literature, there were awakened in him longings of future literary glory, which ill-consorted with his present position of mental subjection. He felt with overpowering conviction, that in this direction, and no other, lay the grand purpose of his existence—the true idea of his whole being. A mass of performances published in the periodicals of the time, or preserved among his papers, are sufficient to prove that this idea had taken firm hold of his mind. Schiller was mis-

understood—what else could be expected? Pedagogy could give no man the key to such a nature as his. Pedagogy, nevertheless, is for the present the law of his life. "His prudence told him that he must yield to stern necessity—must forsake the balmy climate of Pindus for the Greenland of a barren and dreary science of terms; and he did not hesitate to obey. His professional studies were followed with a rigid though reluctant fidelity; it was only in leisure, gained by superior diligence that he could yield himself to more favorite pursuits. Genius was to serve as the ornament of his inferior qualities, not as an excuse for the want of them.

"Schiller brooded gloomily over the constraints and hardships of his situation. Many plans he formed for deliverance. Sometimes he would escape in secret to catch a glimpse of the free and busy world to him forbidden. Sometimes he laid schemes for utterly abandoning a place which he abhorred, and trusting to fortune for the rest." * Frederick, however, is young, without friends who can help him out of his difficulties, and without other resources. What can he do but calmly endure? "Doubt not, O poet, but persist." "The world," says Emerson, "is full of renunciations and apprenticeships; and this is thine; thou must pass for a fool and a churl for a long season. This is the screen and sheath in which Pan has protected his well-beloved flower; and thou shalt be known to thine own, and they shall console thee with tenderest love. . . . And this is the reward—that the ideal shall be real to thee, and the impression of the actual world shall fall like summer rain, copious, but not troublesome, to thy invulnerable essence. Thou shalt have the whole land for thy park and manor—the sea for thy bath and navigation, without tax and without envy; the woods and the rivers thou shalt own, and thou shalt possess that wherein others are only tenants and boarders. Thou true land-lord! sea-lord! air-lord! Wherever snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly; wherever day and night meet in the twilight; wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds or sown with stars; wherever are forms with transparent boundaries; wherever are outlets into

celestial space, wherever is danger, and awe, and love, there is beauty plenteous as rain, shed for THEE; and though thou should walk the world over, thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune and ignoble."

Such, doubtless, was Schiller's reward; but the time of his complete emancipation had not yet arrived. He knew that, "in order to live poetically, it was first requisite to live," and he could not but feel intensely the severe antagonism between his inward tendencies, and the position in which he was placed. What he wrote many years afterwards, clearly indicates his mental state at this period:—"A singular miscalculation of nature had combined my poetical tendencies with the place of my birth. Any disposition to poetry did violence to the laws of the institution where I was educated, and contradicted the plan of its founder. For eight years my enthusiasm struggled with military discipline; but the passion for poetry is vehement and fiery as a first love. What discipline was meant to extinguish it blew into a flame. To escape from arrangements which tortured me, my heart sought refuge in the world of ideas, when as yet I was unacquainted with the world of realities from which iron bars excluded me."

While ordinary natures would, in all likelihood, have sunk under these oppressive and disheartening vexations, the fiery energy of Schiller's was only concentrated and intensified. Denied external objects, it found a subjective world in his own imaginations, which, in time, proved an abundant compensation. A habit of stern self-reliance was induced. His undirected thoughts found material in the depths of his own consciousness, and his feelings and passions, "unshared by any other heart had been driven back upon his own, where like the volcanic fire that smoulders and fuses in secret, they accumulated till their force grew irresistible."

"Hitherto," says one biographer, "Schiller had passed for an unprofitable, a discontented, and a disobedient boy; but the time was now come when the gyves of school-discipline could no longer cripple and distort the giant might of his nature—he stood forth as a MAN, and wrenched assunder his fetters with a force that was felt at the extremities of Europe. The publica-

* Carlyle's "Life of Schiller."

tion of "The Robbers" forms an era not only in Schiller's history, but in the literature of the world; and there seems no doubt that, but for so mean a cause as the perverted discipline of the Stutgard school, we had never seen this tragedy. Schiller commenced it in his nineteenth year; and the circumstances under which it was composed, are to be traced in all its parts.

"Translations of the work soon appeared in all the languages of Europe, and were read in all of them with a deep interest, compounded of admiration and aversion, according to the relative proportions of sympathy and judgment in the various minds which contemplated the subject. In Germany the enthusiasm which "The Robbers" excited was extreme. The young author had burst upon the world like a meteor; and surprise, for a time, suspended the power of cool and rational criticism. In the ferment produced by the universal discussion of the single topic, the poet was magnified above his natural dimensions, great as they were; and though the general sentence was loudly in his favour, yet he found detractors as well as praisers, and both equally beyond the limits of moderation.

* With the publication of "The Robbers, the first period of the life of Schiller is properly closed; but from that fact the immediate results it brought about ought not to be separated; there were many annoyances yet to be borne before his deliverance from the tyrannous yoke, under which his youth had been blighted, could be consummated.

Schiller had finished the original sketch of this drama in 1778, but had kept it secret till 1780, in which year he obtained the post of surgeon in the Würtemberg army. This advancement enabled him to print it at his own expense, not having succeeded in finding any publisher who would undertake the risk. The universal interest which the work at once excited drew attention to the author. This popularity, however dazzling, was not favourable to Schiller's immediate interests. The aversion on the one hand, was as great as the admiration on the other. And, what was unfortunate for our poet, the former was on the side of power and authority. The vehement revolutionary spirit which found so fiery a mouth-

piece in "The Robbers," daunted the superior powers. Its bold, uncompromising defiance of prescriptive despotism angered them. And, what made matters still worse, the ability of the author was unquestionable, and he had the sympathies of the great mass of the people. It was settled that Schiller was a very dangerous servant of His Highness, the Grand Duke of Würtemberg; and forthwith he was summoned before that authority, and commanded to abide by such subjects as befitted his profession; or, at least, to beware of writing any more poetry without submitting it to the inspection of his Prince.

Time wore on, and our poet had to bear all the mortifications and restraints incidental to being a suspected person. "His busy imagination aggravated the evil. He had seen poor Schubart wearing out his tedious eight years of durance in the fortress of Schönberg, because he had been 'a rock of offence to the powers that were.' The fate of this unfortunate author appeared to Schiller a type of his own. His free spirit shrank at the prospect of wasting his strength against the pitiful constraints, the minute and endless persecutions of men who knew him not, yet had his fortune in their hands. . . . With the natural feeling of a young author, he had ventured to go in secret, and witness the first representation of his tragedy, at Mannheim. His incognito did not conceal him; he was put under arrest, during a week, for this offence; and as the punishment did not deter him from again transgressing in a similar manner, he learned that it was in contemplation to try more rigorous measures with him. Dark hints were given to him of some exemplary as well as imminent severity; and Dalberg's aid, the sole hope of averting it by quiet means, was distant and dubious. Schiller saw himself reduced to extremities. Beleaguered with present distresses, and the most horrible forebodings, on every side; roused to the highest pitch of indignation, yet forced to keep silence, and wear the face of patience, he could endure this maddening constraint no longer. He resolved to be free at whatever risk; to abandon advantages which he could not buy at such a price; to quit his step-dame home, and go forth, though friendless

and alone, to seek his fortune in the great market of life.

The Grand Duke Paul of Russia, with his young princess, niece to the Duke of Württemberg, was visiting Stuttgart. All the city and neighbourhood were astir with the festivities. In the midst of these—on the 17th of September—the flight was planned. Among Schiller's friends was a young, generous-hearted musician, by name Andrew Streicher. This young man had become Schiller's confidant, and enthusiastically sharing the feelings of the poet, accompanied him in his flight; and the vehicle which contained our adventurers rolled away through the darkest of the city gates. At midnight, on the left, about a mile from the road, by the light which streamed from the illuminated windows of the ducal castle, Schiller could clearly perceive the home of his parents. A suppressed "*O meine Mutter!*" escaped him, as he sank back in the carriage. So fled Schiller from the capital of Württemberg, "empty of purse and without hope, careless whither he went, so that he got beyond the reach of turnkeys and Grand Dukes, and commanding officers." The grating thralldom of his youth was now among the things of the past—the deliverance for which he had long sighed was completed. Schiller was now in his twenty-third year.

Such were the circumstances of Schiller's early life. Through these—and who shall say to what extent by the help of these?—he grew to be the man he was. And was not that ordeal worth undergoing which presented in the end so noble a result?—this purification worth the purchase of all that suffering? Yes, surely; a thousand times, yes!

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate;—"

Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours,

Weeping upon his bed has sate,—

He knows ye not, ye heavenly powers."

And now, after a childhood nursed in an atmosphere pure, healthy, holy—an atmosphere of affection, and piety, and joy; after a youth of hardship and suffering;—Schiller is at length a free man—a poet, with God's great universe before him. This he is now and henceforth, to the end of his pilgrimage. "All my connections," he wrote in a

little while, "are now dissolved. The public is now all to me; my study, my sov'ran, my confidant. To the public I from this time belong; before this, and no other tribunal, will I place myself; this alone do I reverence and fear. Something majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man."

Our fugitives reached Mannheim in safety. Fearing to remain so near Stuttgart, they pushed on to Frankfurt. . . With scarcely means to meet the expenses of the journey on foot, early one morning they set off, over one of the most striking roads in Europe. At last, however, they reached Frankfurt, where Streicher received thirty florins from his mother. The two friends now took up their residence at an inn at Oggersheim, sharing one chamber and one bed. Here Schiller wrote "*Cabal and Love*;" and, also, in November, completed his "*Fiasco*," already partly composed. These were both published in 1783, and soon after were represented in the Mannheim Theatre with universal admiration.

While Schiller was residing at Oggersheim, a generous lady, Madame Von Wolzogen, whose sons had been fellow students of his, offered him the shelter of her home at Baurbach. Thither Schiller was but too glad to go. His only sorrow was that he must part from the faithful Streicher. The friends bid each other farewell. "After fifty years," says a German biographer, "the musician was filled with sadness when he recalled the moment in which he left that truly kingly heart—the noblest of the German poets—alone, and in misfortune."

On a December evening, 1782, our homeless poet was received beneath the hospitable roof at Baurbach. The family were from home, but no comfort was wanting to him. Reinwald, the bookseller, who knew his secret, supplied him with books, and occasionally enlivened his solitude with his company. Madame Von Wolzogen soon returned, however, and with her daughter Charlotte. This girl presently found a place in our poet's fancy. There was a kindly feeling on both sides, but it does not seem to have culminated in any abiding attachment.

The success of the dramas "Fiesco" and "Cabal and Love" brought about some change in the estimation in which Schiller was held by his superiors. The Duke relinquished the idea, of further persecuting a man whose writings had gained him the esteem and affection of every true German: and the Count Dalberg perceived that the time had come when he might, at one stroke, second the pretensions of a man whom he still called friend, and give his theatre the advantage of a connection with the most popular dramatist of the day. Schiller was accordingly invited to Manheim as poet to the theatre. He addressed himself to the duties of this post, with all the ardour and determination of a long-cherished ambition. Here at the house of Meir, he once more beheld Streicher—this time with a joyful countenance and words of hope and congratulation.

Here, at length, he had reached his true distinction. Here was work of which he felt pleasure, and a holy joy in the doing—a furthering impulse, not a harsh restriction, to the free development of his inmost nature. At any rate, Schiller could now *live*, and was even in a fair way of realising the *life poetic*. Surrounded by a circle of friends who honoured him, acknowledged a subject of the Emperor Palatine—thus no longer having any cause to fear the duke, and well satisfied with the moderate income awarded him, Schiller looked forward into the future, with new eyes and a lightened heart.

In Germany the theatre holds a very different place, in relation to society, to what it does in this country. It is there regarded as a moral and educational agent, here simply as an apparatus for amusement. Consequently there its exhibitions are attuned to the tastes of a higher and better cultivated class than here. They talk of it as "a lay pulpit, the worthy ally of the sacred one." Schiller participated in this universal feeling, the bent of his genius laying so completely in that direction. He had high conceptions of the vocation of the poet; and the theatre was to him the proper, the only available medium between the poet and the world. His early longings for the priesthood had never become extinct; they were not now

becoming so, but rather, they had received a new direction, a direction, if not the highest, yet that in which there was the greatest liberty and the widest scope. Laying down for himself and others (as we are told he did) the principle that the stage should take its rank with the church and the school among the primary institutions of the state; he felt proud of his own connection with the theatre, and exerted himself to the utmost in promoting its ends.

Here, situated thus pleasantly, and intensely occupied with manifold studies, the image of Charlotte Von Wolzogen ever hovered in his memory. He longed for a perfect union with some being, in whom he could repose all his thoughts and emotions. "To be linked to one," he writes, "who shares with us joy and sorrow; who meets us in our emotions and supplies to our humours; at her breast to release our souls from the thousand distractions, the thousand wild wishes and unruly passions, and drown all the bitterness of fortune in the enjoyment of domestic calm;—ah! such were the true delight of life." For him, he now thought, the chosen one was Charlotte Von Wolzogen. He openly proposed for her to her mother, but without success. The happiness of the girl could not be entrusted to one in whose worldly position there was still much to excite doubts and fears. Convinced at last of the hopelessness of his case, his passion sought a new object, and presently found one in the person of Margaret Schwan, the daughter of the bookseller to whom he had sold "Fiesco" and "Cabal and Love." She was of a cheerful disposition, and beautiful person, "rather devoted," say the German biographers, "to the world, to literature, and to art, than to the tranquil domestic joys." She was then nineteen years old, and it was about the autumn of 1784 that she first "gained possession of a heart still somewhat too inflammable for constancy." Indeed, it appears that some wilder and less spiritual passion than either Margaret or Charlotte had inspired, had influenced him in the interval. To this he alludes with regret, in one of his letters, some years afterwards.

About this time appeared the first number of the "Reinische Thalia," en-

riched by three acts of "Don Carlos." The new journal was principally devoted to dramatic literature, such as theatrical criticism, essays on the drama, poetry, and the details of representation, the history of the theatre, &c. A portion of its pages were open to general literature and poetry. It was continued up to 1794. This periodical, without yielding Schiller any great pecuniary advantage, by no means increased his favour with the actors. The freedom of his strictures was highly displeasing to them; he in turn being greatly offended by the manner in which his verses were mangled on the stage.

At this period, says his biographer, Schiller knew not what it was to be unemployed. Yet the task of composing dramatic varieties, of training players, and deliberating in the theatrical senate, or even of expressing philosophically his opinions on these points could not wholly occupy such a mind as his. There were times when, notwithstanding his own prior habits, and all the vaunting of dramaturgists, he felt that their scenic glories were but an empty show, a lying refuge, where there was no abiding rest for the soul. The "Thalia," besides its dramatic speculations and performances, contains several of his poems, which indicate that his attention, though officially directed elsewhere, was alive to all the common concerns of humanity; that he looked on life not more as a writer than as a man. . . While improving in the art of poetry, in the capability of uttering his thoughts in the form best adapted to express them, he was likewise improving in the more valuable art of thought itself; and applying it not only to the business of the imagination, but also to those profound and solemn inquiries which every reasonable mortal is called to engage with.* "The Philosophic Letters," written about this time, contain evidence enough of the truth of this last statement, and the additional advantage of presenting Schiller's intellectual powers in a somewhat new point of view. To give any account, however, of Schiller's numerous writings, beyond recording the mere fact of their publication, and the peculiar circumstances in which they were

brought forth, is altogether beyond our present design.

The charms of Manheim, once to him so great and alluring, began to fade in the eyes of our poet. Notwithstanding that his amiable nature, his genius, manliness, and virtue, had endeared him to a large circle of friends; notwithstanding that Dalberg was still his warm friend, and that he saw and conversed daily with Schwan and his Margaret, he began to view his situation with less and less content. The theatrical world turned out to be quite other than the paradise he had imagined it to be. He wished for a wider sphere of action, and one in which he should not be dependent on the vicissitudes of the public taste, or subject to the harassing annoyances of inefficient representation. Accordingly he determined to leave Manheim, and an opportunity soon presented itself. The first number of his "Thalia" happened to arrive at the court of Hesse Darmstadt, while the Duke of Sachsen Weimar was there. That prince, being introduced to the genius of Schiller by the perusal of the first acts of "Don Carlos," expressed his delight with the production by transmitting to the author the title of Councillor of the Duchy of Weimar. The honour paid to men of art and literature, at the court of Weimar, excited Schiller's admiration, and gave a new turn to his ambition. His newly acquired dignity strengthened this feeling, and doubtless accelerated his departure from Manheim. At Leipzig resided some of the poet's most substantial friends, and a vast number of ardent admirers. This town, moreover, was the centre of activity both in commerce and literature; it seemed to offer a wide field for the noblest endeavour; and hither, accordingly, he directed his steps. Previous to going he wrote to his friend Huber:—

"This, then, is probably the last letter I shall write to you from Manheim. The time from the 15th March has hung upon my hands, like a trial for life: and, thank heaven! I am now ten whole days nearer you. And now, my good friend, as you have already consented to take my entire confidence upon your shoulder, allow me the pleasure of leading you into the interior of my domestic wishes.

* Carlyle's "Life of Schiller."

"In my new establishment at Leipzig, I purpose to avoid one error, which has plagued me a great deal here at Mannheim. It is this: no longer to conduct my own housekeeping, and also no longer to live alone. The former is not by any means a business I excel in. It costs me less to execute a whole conspiracy, in five acts, than to settle my domestic arrangements for a week; and poetry, you know yourself, is but a dangerous assistant in calculations of economy. My mind is drawn different ways; I fall headlong out of my ideal world, if a holed stocking remind me of the real world.

"As to the other point, I require for my private happiness to have a true, warm friend, that would ever be at hand like my better angel; to whom I could communicate my nascent ideas in the very act of conceiving them, not needing to transmit them as at present, by letters or long visits. Nay, when this friend of mine lives without the four corners of the house, the trifling circumstance that, in order to reach him, I must cross the street, dress myself, and so forth, will of itself destroy the enjoyment of the moment, and the train of my thoughts is torn in pieces before I see him.

"Observe, my good fellow, these are petty matters; but petty matters often bear the weightiest result in the management of life. I know myself better than perhaps a thousand mothers' sons know themselves; I understand how much, and frequently how little, I require to be completely happy. The question, therefore, is, Can I get this wish of my heart fulfilled in Leipzig?

"If it were possible that I could make a lodgement with you, all my cares on that head would be removed. I am no bad neighbour as perhaps you imagine; I have pliancy enough to suit myself to another, and here and there a certain knack, as Yorick says, at helping to make him merrier and better. Failing this, if you could find me any other person who would undertake my small economy, everything would still be well.*

Schiller arrived in Leipzig at the time of holding the world-famed fair. His name got abroad, and the populace eagerly pressed to see the man who

had touched everybody's heart. His feelings respecting this manifestation of his popularity were not all of a pleasant character. Writing to Schwan, he says, "It is a peculiar thing to have an author's name. The few men of worth and mark, who on this account offer their acquaintance, and whose esteem confers a pleasure, are too greatly outweighed by the swarm who, like flesh-flies, buzz around the author as a monster, and claim him as a colleague on the strength of a few blotted sheets of paper. Many cannot get it into their heads that the author of the "Robbers" should be like any other mother's son. They expected at least a cross, the boots of a postillion, and a hunting whip!"†

After some alternations respecting the adoption of some other profession than literature, he determined to complete his "Carlos," and continued his contributions to the "Thalia;" among which latter may be mentioned, as having been written at this time,—the "Hymn to Joy," the most beautiful and spirited lyrical production he had yet achieved. Meanwhile he had ventured to ask the hand of Margaret Schwan. The letter, freighted with this request, and written in a manly and right noble spirit, may be read in "Carlyle's Life of the Poet." Margaret and he, however, were not destined for each other. Whatever Schwand's reply might be—and about this authorities are disagreed—it is certain no further steps were taken to bring about the marriage. The friendship existing between all parties concerned continued unabated.

Finding that Leipzig did not answer all his expectations, and perhaps to solace himself for the disappointment in which his courtship of Margaret had ended he yielded to many invitations, and took his departure for Dresden towards the close of the summer. Schiller here found warm friends in Körner and his wife Minna Stalk, who had been lately married. Körner's house was romantically situated on the banks of the Elbe, near Loschwitz. A summer-house in the garden, surrounded by vineyards by vineyards and pine-woods, became Schiller's favourite place of resort, and was surrendered to his use. Here the com-

* "Carlyle's Life of Schiller."

† "Bulwer's Sketch of the Life of Schiller."

pletion of "Don Carlos was effected. On its publication it was received with immense enthusiasm. In the closet and on the stage it equally excited the pleasure and approbation of learned and unlearned.

"Amidst all this popularity," says his biographer, "he was still drifting at large on the tide of life; he was crowned with laurels but without a home. His heart, warm and affectionate, fitted the domestic blessings which it longed for, was allowed to form no permanent attachment; he felt that he was unconnected, solitary in the world; cut off from the exercise of his kindlier sympathies; or if tasting such pleasures, 'snatching them rather than partaking of them calmly.' The vulgar desire of wealth and station never entered his head for an instant; but as years were adding to his age, the delights of peace and continuous comfort were fast becoming more acceptable than any other; and he looked with anxiety to have a resting-place amid his wanderings,—to be a man among his fellow men." The only chance of realizing these strong desires, Schiller knew lay in the most persevering diligence in the vocation he had chosen. He never plied his tasks with more ardour than at Dresden; but his enthusiasm was rather fretted away on a multiplicity of minor performances than concentrated on any great work. The most famous of his lyrical pieces written about this time was the "Free thinking of Passion." It is said to have been inspired by an attachment to Sophy Albrecht, a young actress whom he had met previously to his visit to Dresden. She was now one of the most celebrated actresses of the town. Schiller visited at her house on familiar terms; and there one evening, after the play was over, another entanglement was thrown across his dubious path. The poet was introduced to a young, blue-eyed stranger, of exquisite form and fascinating expression of countenance. The girl smiled, blushed, kissed her bouquet, and threw it to Schiller, who, unsuspecting, received it with enthusiasm. "Her mother," says one of his biographers, "was by all accounts an artful and abandoned person, who did not scruple to put to profit the beauty of her daughter. She saw in the admiration of so dis-

tinguished a poet the means of widening Julia's already lucrative notoriety. Schiller was accordingly lured into an intimacy which occasioned the most serious anxiety to his friends. . . .

"They, however, did their best to dispel his infatuation and tear him from a connection which they considered disgraceful to his name, ruinous to his means, and injurious to his prospects: finally, they succeeded in their appeals. He appears, indeed, to have become aware of the treachery practised on him, and, after many a struggle between reason and passion, at last he tore himself away."* What are these anecdotes worth? what do they illustrate? "Simply," as Carlyle says, "that love could excite even Schiller to madness, as indeed all gods and men."

Having in the interim written the romance of the "Ghost Seer," many pages of which owe their vivid colouring to the fair Julia, he began to think of history. His mind was already tutored to its requirements by the historical studies he had undergone in the composition of his plays; and his tendency to the vocation of the historian was, doubtless, further augmented by the necessity which he increasingly felt for some substantial basis of fact—some external reality—on which he could repose his mind amidst his manifold conflicts and wanderings. "The love of contemplating things as they should be began to yield to the love of knowing things as they are." The poet, therefore, resolved to become a historian. The designs which he meditated in this department of human inquiry were vast and comprehensive,—too great indeed for any one writer to achieve. Many of them, we are told, never reached a describable shape, and very few even partial execution. What he did accomplish worthy of record, we have in the "Revolt of the Netherlands," and the "History of the Thirty Years' War."

To visit Weimar, the Athens of Germany, had long been one of Schiller's earnest wishes. He arrived there in July, 1787. Goethe was not visible (why, will hereafter appear), but Herder and Wieland received him with open arms. With the latter was

* "Bulwer's Sketch of the Life of Schiller."

soon cemented an enduring friendship. Schiller determined to make Weimar his future residence. "You know the men," he writes, "of whom Germany is proud; a Herder, a Wieland, with their brethren; and one wall encloses me and them. What excellencies are in Weimar! In this city, at least in this territory, I mean to settle for life, and at length, once more, get a country." In October Schiller made an excursion Meiningen, to visit his sister, then just married to Reinwald. Here he met his old friend Madame von Wolzogen, and her son Wilhelm. With them he returned towards Weimar. They halted at Rudolstadt. This halt is a memorable passage in the life of our poet. He here met Charlotte von Lengefeld; and once more, not this time without result, his affections were enchained. Charlotte was highly prepossessing, and her mind was enriched by true culture. According to her sister, who is the author of a charming biography of Schiller, "The expression of the purest goodness of heart animated her features; and her eye beamed only truth and innocence." On his departure from the home of the Lengefelds, Schiller had already conceived the idea of spending the next summer at Rudolstadt. Fortune favoured this attachment: that very winter Charlotte came to Weimar on a visit to a friend of her family, and Schiller had frequent opportunities of meeting her. He supplied her with his favourite authors; and she undertook to find him a lodging at Rudolstadt for the summer. On her departure this commission gave occasion for an interchange of letters. In this correspondence "there breathes," says one of his biographers, "a noble, mild, discreet inclination, without a trace of passion;" and adds,—"Our love is generally the effigy of the one we love. Schiller's present love was the gold purified from the sensual passion which had mastered him at Dresden." In May, in the following year, we find Schiller at Rudolstadt. He lodged in a small house in the village of Folkstätt, about half an hour's walk from the town. From his chamber window he overlooked the banks of the Saale, which flowed through the meadows under the shade of noble trees. High above towered the castle of Rudolstadt, and at the foot of the

hill which rose from the opposite bank, lay small villages and the houses of the peasantry. The hours here spent were perhaps the pleasantest in the somewhat turbulent course of Schiller's life. His sister, in speaking of them, says,—"How welcome was it after some tedious visit, to see our genial friend approaching beneath the fair trees that skirt the banks of the Saale. A forest brook, that pours itself into that river, and was crossed by a little bridge, was the meeting place at which we awaited. When we beheld him in the twilight coming towards us, a serener, an ideal life entered within us; a lofty earnestness, and the graceful ease of a mind pure and candid, ever animated Schiller's conversation. One seemed, as one heard him talk, to wander as it were between the immutable Stars of Heaven, and yet amidst the flowers of earth."

Schiller returned to Weimar in November, occupying himself with literary matters. The letters upon "Don Carlos," "The Artists," and the conclusion of the "Ghost Seer," are dated about this period. The publications of portions of the "Revolt of the Netherlands" in Wieland's "Mercury," now gave rise to the wish among many of his friends to have Schiller appointed to the Professorship of History in the University of Jena, a chair which was just then vacant by the departure of Eickhorn. To this desire, seconded by Voigt, the chaplain of the court, Goethe gave the weight of his influence. Schiller was accordingly called to the post. He went to Jena in 1789. His reception there was enthusiastic in the extreme. Four hundred students crowded the hall, and their applause filled the new and somewhat reluctant professor with confidence.

Schiller's wanderings were now over; and at last, after a severe probation, he could repose securely on that haven of man's rest and joy—domestic bliss. In the February following his settlement at Jena, he was united in marriage to Charlotte von Lengefeld. A few months after this event, he writes to a friend as follows:—

"Life is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife, than so forsaken and alone, even in summer. Beautiful, nature! I now for the first time fully enjoy it,—live in it. The

world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms ; old feelings are again awakening in my breast. What a life I am leading here ! I look with a glad mind around me ; my heart finds a perennial contentment without it ; my spirit so fine, so refreshing a nourishment. My existence is settled in harmonious composure ; not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and clear. I look to my future destiny with a cheerful heart ; now when standing at the wished-for goal, I wonder with myself how it all has happened, so far beyond my expectations. Fate has conquered the difficulties for me ; it has, I may say, forced me to the mark. From the future I expect everything. A few years, and I shall live in the full enjoyment of my spirit ; nay, I think my very youth will be renewed ; an inward poetic life will give it me again."

Some while ere this, in the house of the Lengefeld's, Schiller, for the first time, had met Goethe. With Schiller's early writings Goethe had little sympathy. The "Robbers" he hated, because, as he said, the very paradoxes, moral and dramatic, from which he was struggling to get liberated, had been laid hold of by a powerful but immature genius, and poured in a boundless vehement flood over the whole land. What exasperated him still more was, that his most intimate friends, those to whom he looked for thorough and unwavering sympathy with his own artistic completeness, seemed in danger of the contagion. "Had it been possible," he wrote, "I would have abandoned the study of creative art, and the practice of poetry entirely ; for where was the prospect of surpassing those performances of genial worth and wild form, in the qualities which recommend them ?" From this cause, as he thus himself acknowledges, he kept aloof from Schiller. "It happened about this time that Moritz returned from Italy, and staid with me awhile, during which he violently confirmed himself and me in these persuasions. I avoided Schiller, who was now in Weimar, in my neighbourhood. The appearance of "Don Carlos" was not calculated to approximate us ; the attempt of our common friends I resisted ; and thus we continued to go on our way apart." Nevertheless, as we have seen, the two

antagonistic poets at last met beneath one roof, although, as was not to be wondered at, there was no lavish expenditure of cordiality between them.

Soon after this interview Schiller thus writes :—"On the whole, this personal meeting has not at all diminished the idea, great as it was, which I had previously formed of Goethe ; but I doubt whether we shall ever come into any close communication with each other. Much that still interests me has already had its epoch with him. His whole nature is from its very origin, otherwise constructed than mine ; his world is not my world ; our modes of conceiving things appear to be essentially different. From such a combination, no secure, substantial intimacy can result. Time will try." By degrees, however, as the true character of each unfolded itself to the other, this feeling of mutual antipathy wore away ; and there *did* ensue, after all, a "secure, substantial intimacy" between them. They ultimately came to pass much of their time in each others' company, and to co-operate cordially in many literary undertakings ; the very contrast of their mental tendencies giving their intercourse a peculiar charm. They soon became necessary to each others' intellectual life ; and their friendship, once firmly established, was only interrupted by Schiller's death.

The parallel between these two distinguished men has long formed a tourney ground for all German scholars to break lances on. "Whether is Schiller or Goethe the greater poet ?" is a question which has been oftener asked or answered than any other in connection with German literature. It is true that no proper comparison can be instituted between them ; their difference being one of kind, and not of degree ; and all measurement of the one by the standard of the other being therefore a manifest injustice to both. Nevertheless, the true relationship between these Titans of literature, whose lives were thrown together in one sphere of activity, will always remain an interesting problem for the studious. Perhaps the best solution of it hitherto given to the world, is that by Gervinus, in his "History of German Literature.*"

* Gesck, a Poeteschen National-Literatur.

The finest gold has its alloy ; and Schiller's newly acquired domestic happiness came to him not without its drawbacks. A fell enemy soon disturbed the welcome repose into which his life had been led. Bodily disease had taken root in a constitution never strong, but which had been rendered weaker by the absence of that prudent carefulness which should have restrained our poet within the limits which nature prescribes, as the proper bounds of all human activity. A disorder in the chest took violent hold of him ; and though he recovered from its immediate effects, the ever-vital seeds of disease were left behind,—he never afterwards wholly recovered his strength. Indeed at this period, a report of his death was spread abroad throughout Germany. . . . In Denmark, a circle of the poet's friends had resolved to repair to Hellebeck—there, surrounded by the enchanting beauties of the scenery, to hold a court to his honour, and to chant the *Hymn to Joy*, when the report reached Copenhagen, and changed their joyous festivities in honour of the living poet to a mournful solemnity in celebration of his death. The friends, among whom were the poet Baggesen, the Count Ernest von Schimmelmann, the Prince Christian von Holstein Augustenberg, and his princess, met, as was arranged, on the sea shore, opposite the high rocks of Sweden. Two additional stanzas, in honour of the supposed death, were chanted ; musical instruments added to the harmony ; an intense feeling of solemnity pervaded the whole assembly ; and as the song ceased, all eyes were bathed in tears. Such was the sympathy even amongst the high-born and illustrious of a foreign nation for our worthy poet.

No sooner was the report contradicted, than the mourners hastened to express their admiration of Schiller, by conferring upon him benefits of a more tangible nature. He received from the Count von Schimmelmann, and the Prince von Augustenberg, a letter, written in the terms of the utmost delicacy, requesting his acceptance of an annual gift, for three years, of a thousand dollars. This communication also contained an invitation to Denmark :—"For we are not the only ones here," they write, "who know and love you ; and if, after the restoration of

your health, you desire to enter the service of our state, it would be easy for us to gratify such an inclination. Yet," they continue," think us not so selfish as to make such a change in your residence a condition ; we leave our suggestion to your free choice ; we desire to preserve to humanity its instructor, and to this desire every other consideration is subordinate." Nothing but Schiller's increasing ill-health, and the declaration of his physicians, that the visit, to so northern a climate would be fatal, could have prevented him from at once responding to such an invitation. In a letter to Baggesen, the gratitude with which this offer had filled him is expressed in many terms. From it too we gain some glimpses into Schiller's views respecting the vocation which he had chosen for his own, which show how unwilling he was to have it degraded—not in his own case merely, but in any—into the mere brain-drudgery of the bread—scholar.

"From the cradle of my intellect till now, have I struggled with fate ; and since I knew how to prize intellectual liberty, I have been condemned to want it. A rash step, ten years since, divided me from any other practical livelihood but that of a writer. I had given myself to this calling, before I had made proof of its demands, or surveyed its difficulties. The necessity for pursuing it befell me before I was fitted for it by knowledge and intellectual maturity. That I felt this—that I did not bound my ideal of an ideal of an author's duty to those narrow limits within which I was confined—I recognise as a favour of Heaven . . . As unripe and far below that ideal which lived within me, I beheld all which I gave to the world." With feeling and with modesty Schiller proceeded to enlarge upon the conflict between the circumstances and his aspirations . . . to touch upon the melancholy with which he was saddened by the contemplation of the great masterpieces of art, ripened only to their perfection by that happy leisure denied to him. "What had I not given," he exclaims, "for two or three years ; that free from all the toils of an author, I could render myself only to the study, the cultivation of my conception,—the ripening of my ideal." He proceeds to observe that, in the German literary world, a

man could not unite the labour for subsistence with compliance with the demands of lofty art; that, for ten years, he had struggled to unite both; and, that to make the union only in some measure possible, had cost him his health 'In a moment, when life began to display its whole value—when I was about to knit a gentle bond between the reason and the phantasy—when I girded myself to a new enterprise in the service of art, death drew near. The danger indeed passed away; but I waked only to an altered life, to renew, with slackened strength and diminished hopes, my war with fate. So the letter received from Denmark found me! I attain at last the intellectual liberty, so long and so eagerly desired. . . . I win leisure, and through leisure, I may perhaps recover my lost health; if not, at least for the future, the trouble of my mind will not give nourishment to disease. If my lot does not permit me to confer beneficence in the same manner as my benefactors, at least, I will seek it, where alone it is in my power; and make that seed which they scatter unfold itself in me, to a fairer blossom for humanity.' And he did so."

In the intervals of sickness he devoted the leisure which was now accorded him to the study of Kant. To what extent the system of the philosopher of Königsberg moulded his thoughts, and influenced his later writings, is a question we cannot here enter into. He appears to have appropriated his fundamental doctrines; the lofty spiritualism and ethic grandeur of the transcendental philosophy seems to have found a deep response in his inmost heart; and from that period, we are told, "a catholic, all-mild, all-comprehensive religion surrounds his writings as with a lucid atmosphere, and his craving for the serene ideal life loses itself in the Christian's heaven."

In the month of June, 1792, Schiller, accompanied by his wife, went to Dresden, on a visit to Körner. In the course of this journey they met Schiller's mother and his youngest sister, Nannette, whom he had not seen for many years. He determined, if his health and circumstances allowed, to return the following year to his Swabian home. In the summer following the Schillers made an excursion to the poet's fatherland, where they

were warmly welcomed. At Heidelberg, not unmoved, Schiller saw once more the object of his early passion, Margaret Schwan. "Like all noble and manly natures," says Madame Von Wolzogen, "Schiller ever retained an affectionate remembrance of the woman who had inspired him with tender emotion. These recollections moved him always, but he rarely spoke of them." The wanderer was reunited to his long-separated family in August, 1793. Schiller visited Ludwigsburg, and resided for a time in the immediate neighbourhood of his father's house; and it was here that he first became a father.

Having now brought on our narrative to the culminating point of Schiller's life-history—the period at which he obtained the goal of his youth's ardent hope—we must glance rapidly over many passages of interest, and draw near the final close. Those passages are interesting to us more, perhaps, from their own nature than from their forming part of our poet's biography. Schiller's scholarship in the universal school was longer than that of most men; and, indeed, individually, he may be said never to have seen the horizon of his endeavour and of his hope. But to us, who know not the secrets of his inner life, his history henceforth is clothed in a tranquil uniformity. It is not now progress, but rather repose. Schiller's literary labours were continued with interruption. The "Horen," a monthly journal, was commenced, and in this undertaking were associated with his the greatest names of Germany, Goethe, Herder, Jacobi, Matthiason, &c. In the "Musen almanach," of which he was appointed chief editor, appeared some of his finest thoughts, either in poetry or prose; and meanwhile "Wallenstein" was progressing. In the midst of these occupations he had the misfortune to lose, both in the same year, his father and youngest sister. Some time after, too, his mother also died. "Ah, dear sister," he wrote, "so both the beloved parents are gone from us, and the oldest bond that fastened us to life is rent! O let us, we three, (including his other sister,) alone surviving of our father's house, let us cling yet closer to each other; forget not that thou hast a loving brother I remember vividly the

days of our youth, when we were all in all to each other. From that early existence our fate has divided us; but attachment, confidence, remain unchanged—unchangeable." About this time (1797) he purchased a garden, a little to the south-west of Jena, on the banks of the beloved Saale. The site commanded a beautiful prospect of the valley and the pine-covered sides of the neighbouring mountains.

"There, deck'd he the fair garden watch-tower; whence

Listening he loved the voice of stars to hear,

Which to the no less ever-living sense

Made music, mystic, yet through mystery clear."*

Here he wrote and studied during the summer months of 1797 and 1798. In the following year "Wallenstein" was brought out. The highest critics spoke and wrote warmly in its praise. "This work," said Tieck, "at once rich and profound, is a monument for all times, of which Germany may be proud; and a national feeling—a native sentiment—is reflected from this pure mirror, yielding us a higher sense of what we are, and what we were;" and Goethe, long after its publication, compared it to "a wine which wins the taste in proportion to its age."

The following years were signalised by the publication of "Marie Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," and "Wilhelm Tell,"—the two latter works in which the poet's highest characteristics are clothed in the noblest forms. Besides these, and sundry minor compositions, Schiller also executed several translations from the French and Italian. But, according to his biographer, his mind was long and earnestly engaged at this period with the most solemn of ideas. "The universe of human thought he had now explored and enjoyed; but he seems to have found no permanent contentment in any of its provinces. Many of his later poems indicate an incessant and increasing longing for some solution of the mystery of life; at times it is a gloomy resignation to the want and the despair of any. His ardent spirit could not satisfy itself with things seen, though gilded with all the glories of intellect and imagination; it soared

away in search of other lands, looking with unutterable desire for some surer and brighter home beyond the horizon of this world. Death he had no reason to regard as probably a near event, but we easily perceive that the awful secrets connected with it had long been familiar to his contemplation. The veil which hid them from his eyes was now shortly, when he looked not for it, to be rent asunder."

At length, in the spring of 1805, after many warnings, Schiller was stricken with his final illness. It was not long after its commencement that it became palpable that his death was near. In vain physicians; in vain the anxious offices of affection; in vain the ardent desire of still prolonged activity—nothing could stay the progress of the disease; no human power arrest the fatal blow. The attack commenced on the 28th of April. On the 7th of May he wished to converse with his sister on the subject of his unfinished tragedy of "Demetrius." She begged him not to disturb himself with such thoughts, but to keep quiet. "True," he answered with pathos, "now when no one understands me, and I no more understand myself, it is better that I should be silent." Before this, on the subject of his probable decease, he had said, "Death can be no evil, for it is universal." On the 9th his disorder reached a crisis; he grew insensible, and even delirious. This, however, happily did not continue. "The fiery canopy of physical suffering, which had bewildered and blinded his thinking faculties, was drawn aside; and the spirit of Schiller looked forth in its wonted serenity, once again before it passed away for ever. Restored to consciousness, in that hour when the soul is cut off from human help, and man must front the King of Terrors on his own strength, Schiller did not faint or fail in this his last and sharpest trial. Feeling that his end was come, he addressed himself to meet it as became him; not with affected carelessness or superstitious fear, but with the quiet unpretending manliness which had marked the tenor of his life. Of his friends and family he took a touching but a tranquil farewell; he ordered that his funeral should be private, without pomp or parade. Some one inquiring how he felt, he said "*Calmer and calmer*;" simple but memorable

* Goethe. Prologue to the "Lay of the Bell."

words, expressive of the mild heroism of the man."* About six he sank into a deep slumber. Awakening for a moment he said, "Now is life so clear!—so much is it made clear and plain!" He then sank back into a sleep, which "deepened and deepened till it changed into that, from which there is no awakening."

Schiller's death was presently known throughout Weimar, and the news soon spread over the whole of Germany. The sensation was universal—the grief of thousands deep and sincere. To Goëthe no one at first had the courage to mention the circumstance. He perceived that the people of his house were gloomy and embarrassed, and seemed desirous of avoiding him. He divined somewhat of the truth at last, and said, "I see—Schiller must

be very ill." That night the serene, unimpassioned, ever-collected man was heard to weep. In the morning he said to a friend, "Is it not true that Schiller was very ill yesterday?" The friend sobbed. "He is dead?" said Goëthe. "You have said it." "He is dead!" repeated Goëthe, and covered his face with his hands.

So lived and died Friedrich Schiller—one whose works will never cease to shed a glorious lustre on the literature of his country and of Europe—a man, the very memory of whom "will arise afar off, like a towering landmark in the solitude of the past, when distance shall have dwarfed into invisibility many lesser people, that once encompassed him and hid him from the near beholder."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"SHE has filled her Northern readers with a delusion." So writes one of her own countrymen, on Mrs. Stowe's world-talked of book. "She has struck the death-blow to slavery," cries one. "But the blow will merely rivet the chains," retorts a second; and so on, from one to another; and literally, in the very old phrase, from the cottage to the palace, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is read and talked of; and wherever it is so, it appears to be the key to open up the old and foul subject of slavery. None can mistake at whom the shaft has been aimed. It went home too truly for that. Therefore, the defenders of that "peculiar institution," of which the southern states of America are the stronghold, do not attempt to impugn the literary merits of the book, but apply at once a plaster to the sore, and defend slavery. So that any adverse critique, upon Mrs. Stowe has run curiously, but naturally to a laboured defence of the "peculiar institution," whilst any encomiastic article on the book verges, on the other hand into a downright attack on slavery.

"A South Carolinian," in one magazine, cannot well deny the truth of Mrs. Stow's pictures, but declares that they are the exception, and not the

rule; whilst a native of Alabama, in wishing to prove the truth of them, asserts that the early years of the author was passed among them. But, abolitionist and slave advocate have one other question,—“Who is Mrs. Stowe?”

That question we shall endeavour to answer.

She comes of a large family of writers. In a leading paper of that land, where women fulfil more public duties than they at present do here, and where literature has a plentiful company of followers among the softer sex, one may see the name of Mrs. Stowe, and of one of her family placed conspicuously amongst the list of contributors to its columns. This is in the "New York Independent," where occasional little crisp articles, bearing the initials, "H. B. S.," may every now and then be seen.

Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of Mrs. Stowe, and of eleven other children, all celebrated in their way; of whom eight, exclusive of Mrs. Stowe, are authors, was born in New England, in 1774, consequently some years previous to the American revolution. He was the son of a blacksmith, and brought up to the trade of his father. In America, education is more generally spread than in England; and the

* Carlyle's "Life of Schiller."

son of the blacksmith found that his father's occupation was uncongenial to him. Still he continued in it till he could safely venture from the trammels of trade; and he was of a mature age when he entered upon his collegiate studies at Yale, Newhaven; a college which had the honour of partially educating Fennimore Cooper. After a severe course of probation, Dr. Beecher rose in fame as a pulpit orator. His style was simple and plain, but graphic and forcible, and came home to "men's business and bosoms."

He obtained a cure at Litchfield; and having published "Six Sermons on Temperance," became, through them, universally known; for they reached Europe, and were translated into foreign languages; he was called to, and accepted, the charge of the most influential Presbyterian church in the town of Boston; the inhabitants of which town are, by the way, noted for their particular and jealous regard to all matters relating to the pulpit. Over this church Dr. Beecher remained as pastor till the year 1832.

There had been at Boston and elsewhere a peculiar want felt, by the Presbyterian community, of some kind of collegiate institution, wherein to prepare and instruct those young members, who intended to embrace the calling of gospel ministry amongst them.

To meet this want, there had been for a long time antecedent, a project on foot, which, in the year 1832, was carried out by the foundation of the "Lane Theological and Literary Seminary;" and to enable the very poorest of their younger brethren to enter this, and prepare himself for the ministry, a system of manual labour was instituted whereby any young man of determined industry could himself defray a large portion of the expenses, necessarily attendant on his education. The principal of this college must of course be himself a self-educated man of energetic and truly Christian character; and such a one was found in the father of Mrs. Stowe.

To aid him, a large corps of professors, learned, and known in each particular department, were selected, and the doctor removed to the college in the immediate neighbourhood of Cincinnati, taking of course with him his family, and amongst them already known for a certain energy and depth

of character, his daughter Harriet at this time twenty years of age.

Cincinnati is situated on the banks of the Ohio, and is a very busy manufacturing and commercial town, containing at present about 125,000 inhabitants but eighteen years ago, at the time of the first settling of the Lane Seminary not quite a third of the number. On a high hill which overhangs the city on the east, Lane Seminary is situated. Near the buildings consisting of lecture rooms, dining hall, &c., are the houses occupied by the principal and the various professors, and immediately surrounding them, are other houses of greater pretensions, occupied by bankers, rich traders, and men who have made their fortune in the city. The little village is called Walnut Hills; and is esteemed one of the very prettiest in the environs of Cincinnati.

"For several years," says one who writes with authority, and upon whose facts reliance can be placed, "Harriet Beecher continued to teach in connection with her sister. She did so until her marriage with the Reverend Calvin E. Stowe, professor of biblical literature, in the seminary of which her father was president."*

Professor Stowe was, at the time of his marriage, well reported as a biblical *savant*. He graduated at Bowdoin College, Maine, took his theological degree at Andover, was appointed Professor at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, and went thence to Lane seminary. After her marriage with this gentleman her life glided on happily enough, with that soft and gentle pleasure, which adds so calm a glow to the lives of the American clergy.

Mrs. Stowe does not appear to be what is called a "notable housewife," that part of wife-duty falling, it would seem, to the lot of a distant relative who has been her constant friend and guest, whilst the gifted authoress has devoted herself to the more genial occupations of educating her children, and of contributing occasional pieces to the newspapers and magazines. What she writes is marked with a highly religious and moral tone; and the production of an imaginative reli-

* Article in a late number of *Fraser's Magazine*, from which, amongst other sources, we have derived great assistance and information.

gious work by her brother, the Rev. Charles Beecher pastor of Newark, New Jersey, Mrs. Stowe was selected to write the introduction: we say selected, for out of the nine authors of the family two of them are ladies, and, indeed, Miss Catherine Beecher, her sister, author of "Truth stranger than Fiction," and other tales, was, until the publication of "Uncle Tom," esteemed the better writer of the two.

To this portion of the author's life belong the scenes of various tales called the "May Flower," and the "Two ways of Spending the Sabbath."

But a great work was preparing for Mrs. Stowe, and her experience became ripe by degrees. She had long meditated upon slavery, and seen for years personally its horrors. Escaped slaves often came to the house of her husband, and received shelter and assistance, in some cases their wounds fresh and their backs still raw with the lash; helpless children and orphans of these slaves she herself had educated, with her own children in default of any school. But not alone in this way was she gathering *material* for her work. Running through Walnut Hills and within a few feet of the door of her house, is a road which her tale has rendered known, and the principal use of which was somewhat remarkable. It is none other than the "underground railway" alluded to in "Uncle Tom." On the road, certain Quakers and abolitionists of other sects lived, and had formed themselves into an association, for the aid of fugitive slaves who were escaping. It was done thus. One Quaker would get out his waggon, clap the fainting and exhausted fugitive therein, cover him with straw or hay, and hurry on as quickly as fast horses could carry him to the next abolitionist member of the association, who would go through the same process till the land of safety was reached.

Very often in the dead of the night, or in the still and early morning, Mrs. Stowe, happily, watching by some sick child's bed, would hear the rattle of these waggons as they hurried past; and close upon them the tramp of horses falling quickly on the frozen ground gave token that their pursuers were near. It needed little imagination therefore to clothe such facts as these, but merely the pen of truth. Let us mark its tracings,

"Phineas! is that thee?"

"Yes; what news!—they coming?"

"Right on behind, eight or ten of them, hot with brandy, swearing and foaming like so many wolves!"

"And just as he spoke, a breeze brought the faint sound of galloping horsemen towards them.

"In with you—quick, boys in!" said Phineas. "If you must fight, wait till I get you a piece ahead." And, with the word, both jumped in, and Phineas lashed the horses to a run, the horseman keeping close beside them. The waggon rattled, jumped, almost flew, over the frozen ground; but plainer and still plainer, came the noise of pursuing horsemen behind. The women heard it, and, looking anxiously out, saw, far in the rear, on the brow of a distant hill, a party of men looming up against the red-streaked sky of early dawn. Another hill, and their pursuers had evidently caught sight of their waggon, whose white cloth-covered top made it conspicuous at some distance, and a loud yell of brutal triumph came forward on the wind. Eliza sickened and strained her child closer to her bosom; the old woman prayed and groaned, and George and Jim clenched their pistols with the grasp of despair. The pursuers gained on them fast; the carriage made a sudden turn, and brought them near a ledge of a steep overhanging rock, that rose in an isolated ridge or clump in a large lot, which was, all around it, quite clear and smooth. This isolated pile, or range of rocks, rose up black and heavy against the brightening sky, and seemed to promise shelter and concealment. It was a place well known to Phineas, who had been familiar with the spot in his hunting-days; and it was to gain this point he had been racing his horses."*

With the cruelties which drove them to run so hotly for their liberty, she has grown familiar by hearing, either from the slaves themselves or from others, narrations of which she has given no overcharged picture. Taking one day a collecting tour, her brother James Beecher, now engaged in commerce at Boston, met with a prototype of Legree; a brutal slave-owner, whose great argument with his slaves was a blow from his fist, which would fell an ox.

* Uncle Tom's Cabin.

On hearing this James Beecher felt his abolitionist feelings rise, but knowing his powerlessness, merely opened his eyes wider with a horrified gesture. The planter took it for a movement of discredit. "Feel," said he, as a proof of his truthfulness, "feel my fist, its *calloused* with knocking the niggers heads about," and he stretched forth, said the narrator, "a heavy clenched hand like a blacksmith's hammer."

Not only personally did she witness these, but her husband—also a deeply-interested abolitionist himself—was collecting statistics against the inhuman trade. So that slavery was, in fact, a very hideous incubus on Mrs. Stowe's life, brooding for ever, poisoning with its noxious life the very gospel truths she read, since Christian professors themselves held and sold slaves. And this is the danger we all run—meeting with men who are above us so very much in profession, so much below us in practice. Going to church or meeting, she would hear, perchance, a minister—as did the Rev. J. C. Postell—declare, "1st, That slavery is a judicial visitation; 2nd, That it is not a moral evil; 3rd, That it is supported by the Bible; 4th, That it has existed in all ages."

"It is not a moral evil," said Mr. Postell. "The fact that slavery is of divine appointment, would be proof enough that it cannot be a moral evil. *So far from being a moral evil, it is a merciful visitation.*—'It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes.'"

Or again, she sees the resolution in plain type and paper—how plain those letters will look upon the judgment-day—of the Harmony Presbytery of South Carolina, "that the existence of slavery itself is not opposed to the will of God, and whosoever has a conscience too tender to recognize the relation as lawful, is 'righteous overmuch,' is 'wise above what is written,' and has submitted his neck to the yoke of men, sacrificed his Christian liberty of conscience, and leaves the infallible Word of God for the doctrines and fancies of men."

Truly thinks mild and gentle Mrs. Stowe, as she hears such a sermon, or reads this real paragraph—"The Devil can quote scripture for his purpose." Other paragraphs there are in this same paper, which have a silent, but a searching and biting commentary, on

the reverend gentleman's sermon, and on that Harmonious Presbyterian resolution. As her eye wanders down the advertisements of the organ of the slave-owners, it meets such as these, which curiously confirm her in her heretical opinions, and wed her still more closely to "the doctrines and fancies of men:"—

"Ten dollars reward for my woman Siby, very much scarred about the neck and ears by whipping.

"ROBERT NICOLL, MOBILE, ALABAMA."

"Ran away from the plantation of James Surgette, the following negroes: Randal, has one ear cropped; Bob, has lost an eye; Kentucky Tom, has one jaw broken." Mr. Surgette having, it appears, distributed his favours pretty equally. But we will not prolong the brutal extracts. Now and then her eyes swim, and her heart beats more quickly, when she comes upon a trace of some poor original of Uncle Tom:—

"Ran away, a negro named Arthur; has a considerable scar across his breast and each arm, made by a knife; *loves much to talk of the goodness of God.*

"J. BISHOP, SOUTH CAROLINA."

These little paragraphs, somehow or other, disturb any nascent belief in Harriet Stowe's breast, in the doctrine of the Rev. J. C. Postell, as to slavery being "a merciful visitation." Disturbed somewhat by such readings, she will perhaps seek to take a walk, and, putting on her bonnet, takes one of her children with her, very likely to make, at the same time, some benevolent visit in Walnut Hills. The sun is hot and glaring, and the logs of wood on the underground railway, on which the waggon of the escaping slaves bounces, and jerks, and rattles so at night, have had the mud baked on them, till it has cracked and partially peeled off in the heat. But even at this time there is a slow, laborious bumping on the logs still heard, and, raising her parasol to see whence it comes, her eyes encounter some such a sight as this:—

"First, a little cart drawn by one horse, in which five or six half-naked black children were tumbled like pigs together. Behind the cart marched three black women, with head, neck, and breasts uncovered, and without shoes or stockings. Next, three men, bareheaded, half-naked, and chained together with an ox-chain. Last of

all, a white man on horseback, carrying pistols in his belt, and who, as he passes, has the impudence to look at them without blushing. At the house they stop at, they learn that he had bought these miserable beings in Maryland, and was marching them in this manner, to some of the more southern states."*

Truly our authoress cannot quite conform to the slave-owners' doctrines, and so, that in 1833, when the Abolition Society met at Philadelphia, and sent forth its reports to every part of America, which set on foot an agitation which has convulsed, and will convulse, America for years, it found a ready disciple in Mrs. Stowe, and, in fact, in the whole of the inhabitants of Lane Seminary.

Mr. Arthur Tappan, who was the president of the Abolitionist Convention, was at the same time one of the most honoured patrons and liberal donors of Lane Seminary, and as such, forwarded the addresses of the Convention to its principals. The young men, ardent and enthusiastic, and under such humane teachers as Dr. Beecher and Professor Stowe, soon caught the abolitionist fever. They had been instructed with the idea of going on foreign missions, and of Christianizing the heathen. They found that at home—nay, in their own immediate neighbourhood, there was a still darker heathenism—a worse than Egyptian blackness.

Their sensibility grew rapidly into enthusiasm. Some amongst them, who were slave-owners," says a credible author, gave liberty to their slaves. Others collected the coloured population of Cincinnati, and preached to them. Some formed Sunday and evening schools, every one felt interested, and acted again to quote our authority, 'as if the abolition of slavery depended upon his individual exertions.'

To keep this fire still alight, and to prevent such enthusiasm from falling down to a dull and formal protest, there needed some antagonism, and it was soon found. The traders of Cincinnati took the alarm, and, as interest was their tender point, feared for the loss of their southern trade. Throughout the whole of the northern states,

the same feelings raged, with little less excitement. In Boston, the abolitionists' houses and stores were burnt, and one gentleman was hurried with a rope round his neck to be hanged, and only saved from that fate by the interposition of the authorities. In New York, the anti-abolitionists pulled down the houses, and burned an African church. When brought before the magistracy, the feeling of the court and judges was in favour of the rioters, and in most instances they were acquitted. Negro school houses were razed to the ground; now and then came an armed attack on the negro quarters, or the office of the abolitionist press, which would be broken into, the presses broken, and the type scattered. Even woman were warred against. A Miss Prudence Crandall, somewhere in Connecticut, had set up a school, to which she admitted coloured children on terms of equality with her white pupils, in itself not so alarming a matter, but a number of the most pious and distinguished gentlemen of her state and neighbourhood, including a judge of the United States court, took an early opportunity to break up her school, and to send her out of the town. The excitement prevailed everywhere, with about equal violence, as the following quoted from an eye-witness, will testify:—

"From New York I passed on to Philadelphia, and thence to Washington. In every village and town on my way I heard the same execrations vented against the abolitionists, with accounts of new riots, in which they had suffered, or new attempts to subject them to more legal punishments. There seemed to be a general conspiracy against freedom of speech and freedom of the press. A learned judge of Massachusetts, after severely denouncing the abolitionists as incendiaries, proposed to have them indicted at common law as guilty of sedition, if not of treason. The accomplished governor of the same state said ditto to the judge, and added fresh denunciations of his own. Almost the only person in New England of any note, as I understand, who ventured to withstand the popular clamour, or to drop a word of apology for those unfortunate abolitionists, was Dr. Channing, whose writings have made him well known wherever the English language is read; but whose refusal, on this occasion, to

* "Paulding's Letters from the South."

to become, by silence, a participator in the outrages going on around him, had very nearly destroyed, at least for the time, his weight and influence at home."

So that from a little, and at first insignificant body of men, aided by the printing-press, such great consequences had arisen. Small tracts and papers from their press had made slavery the *question du jour*. It was these tracts that had thrown the whole south—planters, politicians, merchants, lawyers, divines, into an agony of terror, a terror with which even the people of the north so far sympathized, as to be ready to trample under foot, for the extinction of these horrible innovators, every safeguard of liberty hitherto esteemed the most sacred. Free speaking and free writing were not to be any longer tolerated. Throughout the United States, so far as related to the subject of slavery, they were to be suppressed by mob violence.

Cincinnati itself had borne, as we have said, a very prominent part in favour of abolition, but the discussion was felt to be dangerous, and though once encouraged by the President of Lane Seminary, he at last felt it incumbent on him to endeavour to put a stop to it. It was too late. The discussion still continued, and the anti-abolitionists increased in number and in violence. Slave owners came over from Kentucky, and urged on the mob to violence, and for some time there was a danger of Lane Seminary, and the houses of Dr. Beecher and Professor Stowe, being burned or pulled down. At last the Board of Trustees interfered, and abolitionist discussions were strictly forbidden. To this necessary rule, the students gave a singularly laconic reply, by withdrawing *en masse*. The seminary was deserted, or but a handful of pupils left. The great object of the lives of Professor Stowe and Dr. Beecher entirely overthrown. For several years afterwards these faithful teachers still remained, endeavouring to raise the fallen academy, and to bring back some little of its prosperity; but in 1850, Dr. Beecher retired, and Professor Stowe gave up the fruitless attempt, and accepted the chair of Biblical Literature in the theological seminary at Andover, Massachusetts—"an institution which stands," says a contemporary, "to say the least, as high as any in the United States."

We have now seen that, by this period, Mrs. Stowe must have become fully aware of the workings of slavery, and must have known from her own maternal feelings how slave-mothers felt, when their offspring was taken from them. She had lost children, herself, and in the true spirit of

"Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco," she had gifted the oppressed slave with feelings as poignant as her own. She was right. Those who have of late decried her book, have presumed that the negro's affection is unnaturally blunted, and that a finer education educes feelings, which, in less civilized natures, do not exist. Such reasoning is both dangerous and false. Relying upon it, nothing great was ever done. Acting upon a knowledge to the exact contrary, by appealing to the finer feelings of the *mobile vulgus*, Cicero succeeds; and Cæsar, addressing the honor, touching to the quick that sense, in an otherwise brutal and revolted soldiery, quells a tumult with two words—"Ego, quirites." It is useless to multiply examples: the universal voice has applauded, not condemned; and the coming years will endorse in bold characters the opinion of to-day.

Arrived at this point; this 1850, the most remarkable portion of the life of the authoress is reached. Her soul had revolted at the cruelties she had witnessed; and expression was not denied her. She had a plain tale to tell—one of suffering and endurance; and she told it. The very modesty and quietness of the appeal gave it a redoubled force; the mute look of the mendicant has more power than the urgent voice; the veiled face of Agamemnon bespeaks grief more deeply than the falling tear.

So that, when in that year, busy enough, and preparing for the coming fair of the world, the simple chapters of a simple tale first appeared in the "Washington National Era," there were ready ears to listen, and plenty willing to mark its teachings. Each successive number added to its strength and fame; but at first that fame grew but slowly. It is always so; and it is quite a mistake to suppose that any work of genius ever bursts suddenly upon the eye. They calculate the appearance of comets now-a-days, and give shrewd surmises upon Le Ver-

riers planet. When the weekly issue in the columns of the paper were at an end, there was, however an universal call for its re-appearance before the curtain. And it came. Then came the shout of applause, the clapping of hands, the rising in the pit, the tears, cheers, laughter, and wild excitement; and the book was made. Critics absolutely seem to have lost themselves in reviewing it as much as the ordinary readers. They pronounced it at once "the story of the age," and one declares "that a hundred thousand families were either every day bathed in tears, or moved to laughter by the work."

Such eulogies strike our English ears as peculiarly American and vulgar; and they, moreover, by their extravagance, injure the book. We naturally suspect those wares which are too extravagantly cried up. We fancy the chapman has some extra per centage for being so voluble. The Quarterlies, we know, cannot afford so much praise, and we know also that certain country papers, happily not the whole, keep certain praiseful paragraphs in type, ready upon emergency for any work whatever. So hereon people grew suspicious, but "Uncle Tom's Cabin" stood the storm, and increased in fame, even under such friends; but these puffs excited the hostility of some of the better portion of the press; the writers of which were annoyed in the same way that Hazlitt was by the perpetual talk upon the "Pickwick Club." Even now, when the "row" is subsiding, we can point to more than one literary man of high standing and known ability, who had not read the book, having, by the means we have enumerated, conceived a prejudice against it.

The insinuations of the "Times," and other papers, against "Uncle Tom's Cabin," appear to us to bear an almost interested aspect. There is very little doubt but that the purest motives in the world, were they propounded openly, would find some to deny and impugn them. If the philosophic Pliny could have believed, and have transmitted to us, accusations of so deep a dye against the earlier Christians; if their meetings for the purpose of celebrating our Lord's supper, could be reported to be but a licentious assemblage, for the indulgence of the worst passions which disfigure huma-

nity, how shall we wonder that in our own time we find men too ready to deny what is good, and to credit what is evil in humanity?

Besides this, there is a very great feeling in literary men against the too near approach of what is called evangelical religion. The celebrated John Foster has, in his *Essays*, noticed this. It has, for instance, a language peculiarly its own. Classical quotation, Dr. Johnson has told us, is the *parole* of literary men, and it is true; no less true is it that biblical quotations and biblical phrases are the *parole* of the lower classes of deep and earnest religionists, and just as much at this time as they were in the time of Cromwell and the elder Puritans. They have no other literature than the sacred pages of the Bible. Their mind has nothing to obliterate its deep and earnest teachings, and the very sympathy they feel with the trials of St. Paul, and the deep contrition of David gives them in the time of their trouble, a language which clothes their ideas in an eastern imagery, which is unsuited to the nature or idiom of our colder tongue. To them no teacher has said:—

"I nunc et versus, tecum meditare canoros."

in bitter allusion to the nonsense of the schools; for them Homer, even as a translation, is a sealed book; nor are they acquainted with the polished sarcasms of Pope, or the glittering heartlessness of Chesterfield or Rochefoucauld. Consequently their language becomes, as we have said, essentially biblical. The hypocrite observes this, and, seeking no further, he adopts this language as a cloak to his villainy, nay, he is so much the more earnest, voluble, and fluent, in such a tongue, in exactly the inverse ratio of his want of real belief and godliness.

Hence such language has become hateful to the world, and those who use it are for the most part condemned at once as hypocrites and knaves; and this is almost enough to excite a feeling of opposition against a work which contains a hero who is a type of the puritanism of which we have spoken. Taking this into consideration, we shall at once see how it is that the chief character of her book has been pronounced "too good," and overdrawn. There is yet another reason.

Great Britain, as a nation of traders, has an immense interest in a perfect peace with America; and when it is known that that republic is our best customer, the simplest intellect will understand why it would be unwise to irritate her. A great part of this trade is confined to the slave-holding states, and in exchange for negro-grown cotton, sugar, and rice; textile and hardware manufactures are sent out in great quantities. Abolish slavery, and for a time at least the supply ceases, and probably the relations of the two nations would become entangled. The "Times," ever far-sighted, saw this, and it is possible that in this way the views of the writer were biased. Consequently Mrs. Stowe's work was pronounced to be 'extremely exaggerated and mischievous. In her last new preface she has met these general accusations, and, as it is new to the reader, and an answer from the author herself, we print it here:—

"That great mystery which all Christian nations hold in common—the union of God with man, through the humanity of Jesus Christ—invests human existence with an awful sacredness; and in the eye of the true believer in Jesus, he who tramples on the rights of his meanest fellow-man is not only inhuman, but sacrilegious; and the worst form of this sacrilege is the institution of *slavery*.

"It has been said that the representations of this book are exaggerations. Would that this were true!—would this book were indeed a fiction, and not a close-wrought mosaic of fact! But that it is *not* a fiction, the proofs lie bleeding in thousands of hearts—they have been attested by responding voices from almost every slave state, and from slave-owners themselves, with express reference to the representations of this book. If more is wanting, we can point the whole civilised world to the written published slave-code of the southern states, where may be seen a calm, clear, legal crystallization and arrangement of every enormity and every injustice which despotic power can inflict on the soul and body of a fellow-man. Let any man read the *laws*, and he will never doubt the *results*.

"Since so it is, thanks be to God that this mighty cry, this wail of an unutterable anguish, has at last been heard!

"It has been said that the slave-population of America is a degraded race, utterly unprepared for and incapable of freedom, and that such characters as are described in this book are not to be found among them. Whatever may be true of the pure African race, it is a fact that the majority of the slave-population of America are a mixed race, in whose veins is circulating the blood of their oppressors; and characters such as that of George Harris and Eliza are not unfrequently found among them. Lest the character of Uncle Tom be considered merely a creation, with no type in reality, the author places beside it the following description of a favourite slave, from the published will of Judge Upshur, late Secretary of State, under the administration of President Tyler:—

"I hereby emancipate and set free my servant, David Rice, and direct my executors to give him one hundred dollars. I recommend him, in the strongest manner, to the respect, esteem, and confidence, of any community in which he may happen to live. He has been my slave for twenty-four years, during all which time he has been trusted to every extent and in every respect. My confidence in him has been unbounded; his relations to myself and family have always been such as to afford him daily opportunities to deceive and injure us, and yet he has never been detected in any serious fault, or even in an unintentional breach of the decorum of his station. His intelligence is of a high order—his sense of right and propriety correct, and even refined. I feel that he is justly entitled to carry this certificate from me in the new relations which he must now form; it is due to his long and most faithful services, and to the sincere and steady friendship which I bear him; in the uninterrupted and confidential intercourse of twenty-four years, I have never given nor had occasion to give him one unpleasant word. I know no man who has fewer faults or more excellences than he."

"Such a character, of course, is not common, either in fiction or fact; but so much of degradation, obloquy, and of enforced vice, has been heaped upon the head of the unhappy African, that he is in justice entitled to the very fairest representation which may consist with probability and fact.

"It is not in utter despair, but in solemn hope and assurance, that the friends of freedom may regard the struggle that now convulses America. It is the outcry of the demon of slavery, which has heard the voice of a coming Jesus, and is rending the noble form from which at last he will bid it depart.

"It cannot be that so monstrous a solecism can long exist in the bosom of a nation which in all other respects is the best exponent of the principles of universal brotherhood. In America, the Frenchman, the German, the Italian, the Hungarian, the Swede, and the Celt, all mingle on terms of fraternity and equal right. All nations there display their characteristic excellence, and are admitted by her liberal laws to equal privileges; everything there is tending to liberalize, humanize, and elevate; and for that very reason it is that the contest with slavery there grows every year more terrible. The stream of human progress, widening, deepening, strengthening, from the confluent forces of all nations, meets this barrier, behind which is concentrated the ignorance, oppression, and cruelty of the dark ages: it roars and foams, now at its base, but every year it has been steadily rising, till at last, with a rush like Niagara, it will sweep the barrier away.

"In its commencement, slavery overspread every state in the union. The progress of society has already emancipated a majority of the states from its yoke. In Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and Maryland, at different times, strong movements have been made for emancipation, movements enforced by a comparison of the progressive march of the free states, with the poverty and sterility induced by a system which in a few years exhausts the resources of the soil without the power of renewal. The time cannot be distant when these states must emancipate for self-preservation: and if no new slave territory be added, the increase of slave population will enforce measures of emancipation in the remainder.

"Here, then, is the point of the battle. Unless new slave territory is gained, slavery dies—if it is gained, it lives. Around this point political parties fight and manœuvre, and every year the battle waxes hotter.

"The internal struggles of no other nation in the world can be so interesting to Europeans as those of America; for America is fast filling up from Europe, and every European who lands on her shores has almost immediately his vote in her councils.

"If, therefore, the oppressed of other nations desire to find in America an asylum of permanent freedom, let them come prepared, heart, hand, and vote, against the institution of slavery, for they who enslave others cannot long themselves remain free. True are the great living words of Kosuth—

"No nation can remain free with whom freedom is a privilege and not a principle."

Owing to the still unsettled state of the copyright question, certain London booksellers have a kind of advanced guard established who are on the watch for novelties of value in the book way published on the other side of the water, which are then sent off, (posted wet from the press) and make their appearance over here as a new book, by which pleasant and equitable arrangement, the author gets nothing for his copyright, and the "enterprising publisher" is entirely secured from loss by undertaking only the works of such authors as have undergone the ordeal of publication and approval before another and critical public. It is but fair to state, and we do it in order to prevent our booksellers from getting all the praise due to this generous act, that the Americans were the first to begin, and are those mostly benefited, by such arrangements. Our Quarterlies and best magazines are reprinted by the Harpers (we were about to write *harpies*), as well as the works of our best authors.

Under such existing circumstances, we find it stated in an extraordinary advertisement, of an inflated nature, that Mr. Bogue, of Fleet Street, got the first copy of "Uncle Tom," which went the round of the trade without any purchaser. The reader will probably recollect that "Robinson Crusoe" did the same. "At last," says our authority, "a very reputable printer got hold of it, and sat up half the night reading it; then woke up his wife, who read it too, and was moved to tears thereby, whereon the printer, like Molière, who judged of his comedies by the effect they had upon

his old nurse, declared it was good, and forthwith published it.

Let not the reader think such anecdotes puerile. Boswell, (or Mrs. Thrale) have carefully packed up, and sent down to posterity the epitaph of the nine years old Johnson on,

"Good Master Duck,
That Samuel Johnson trod on
If he had lived and had been good luck,
For then we'd had an odd 'un."

And some may be curious to know upon how slender a thread, the popularity of a very famous novel depended.

But however veracious the advertisement may have been, certain it is, that the book lay comparatively still for nearly five months, and then the editions multiplied as fast as night-worked compositors and steam-power could make them. We are afraid to say how many there have been. They are of all prices from sixpence to ten and sixpence already, and one is advertised at a guinea. Looked at in a merely utilitarian point of view, the labour and employment, which that single production of a single mind, has created has been immense. The families of printers, type-founders, paper-makers, binders and artists have reason to thank it.

But we cannot go into the history of editions, printed in type as fine as Elzevirs, or as ragged as that of Catnach, with the book we have to do as an emanation from Mrs. Stowe, and as the central point of interest in her biography. The "Times" was astonished at the popularity of the work, and thought it worthy of a critique.

Now the critic or critics of the "Times" have peculiar minds. No one scarcely ever agrees with them, they are not generally clever, but from their position they have a certain weight, and they produce "reverberated thunder" elsewhere. The position that the critic took, in this instance, was a guarded one. The recent Fishery dispute had made the English fear a disturbance of peace between America and England, and the "Times" wrote, therefore, on the safe side of the question. It carried with it the quiet-ests of the country.

"That she will convince the world of the purity of her own motives, and of the hatefulness of the sin she denounces is equally clear; but that she will help in

the slightest degree towards the removal of the gigantic evil that afflicts her soul, is a point upon which we may express the greatest doubt; nay, is a matter upon which, unfortunately, we have very little doubt at all, inasmuch as we are certain, that the very readiest way to rivet the fetters of slavery, in these critical times, is to direct against all slaveholders in America, the opprobrium and indignation which such works as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' are sure to excite. . . . The gravest fault of the book has, however, to be mentioned. Its object is to abolish slavery. Its effect will be to render slavery more difficult than ever of abolishment. Its very popularity constitutes its greatest difficulty. It will keep ill-blood at boiling point, and irritate instead of pacifying those, whose proceedings Mrs. Stowe is anxious to influence on behalf of humanity." The review concludes in the following words, "Liberia, and similar spots on the earth's surface, proffer aid to the South, which cannot be rejected with safety. That the aid may be accepted with alacrity and good heart, let us have no more 'Uncle Tom's Cabins' engendering ill-will, keeping up bad blood, and rendering well-disposed, humane, but critically placed men their own enemies, and the stumbling-blocks to civilization, and to the spread of glad tidings from heaven."

So that to reason by analogy, it is unwise to convince any one of the hatefulness of sin! lest he should continue in the "gigantic evil;" nay should "bad blood" being engendered by such preaching, go on to worse sins or to rivet the fetters of those which already hold him. If so, farewell to gospel ministry, and welcome the *Laissez faire* system of opposing and denouncing nothing!

The critique, which was considerably softened down by another, on a book of an opposite tendency, is not worth answering, except in one point. We allude to the attack upon the character of "Uncle Tom" himself, who appears to have been universally declared to be "too good." We who never heard of the black bishops of Carthage in the early ages of the church, seem surprised to find a negro drawn as a perfect Christian, and seem to think it almost a personal affair, that "Uncle Tom" should be so much better than we feel ourselves to be. But this, which some

take to be her gravest fault, the present writer takes to be her highest merit. She has brought home really evangelical and purely Christian religion to the common vulgar life of slaves, not to degrade but to adorn it. She has been no writer of a penny religious tract, which grows offensive in its morality, and whines in its every appeal to the Deity; but by the force of her genius, she has made the religion which does not choose many noble, or many great, or many wise, but chiefly the ignorant, the humble, and the meek, acceptable to the man of cultivated taste, and of classical learning. She does not only show us Tom a true convert to Christianity, whilst the elegant and refined St. Clair is yet ignorant of its comfort; but she shows us little Eva, the child, a minister unto her father, wise beyond his wisdom, learned in that lore which "to the Greeks was foolishness."

And for this she is condemned. Ah, brother reader, who shall set a bound to the mercy of our common Father? who shall know what wisdom and what thought is clothed in the rugged brow of the porter who carries your trunk, or the beggar who may sweep your crossing? Do not let you and I imagine we alone are wise. Great knowledge we may have, no doubt, and the weariness, which a wise king declared to come from many books, but knowledge alone is acquired, wisdom comes from God. If we believe that the black Adherbal "exsul patriâ, domo, solus et omnium honestarum rerum egens," nearly breaks his heart at Jugurtha's cruelty,* why not credit that the black Uncle Tom has also feelings. If we view naturally, and almost poetically, Touissant L'Ouverture pining in that mountain prison, and dying of a broken heart, away from his beloved family, treacherously imprisoned, after having freed his country, and by his government and laws, given proofs of the highest intellect, why should we deny the same faculties of endurance and affection to Uncle Tom, the field-hand of a Yankee planter? Let us beware how we judge of others as too good; the coward has an innate disbelief in bravery, the thief in honesty.

In regard to the pathos of the work,

few who have read it, more especially the death of Eva, or the part, where Aunt Chloe finds out the death of her husband, can for a moment dispute it; it is as perfect as that of Dickens or Thackeray, and as complete as that of Sterne, without the French *tinge* of sentiment; whilst the humour and wit have much of that complete and English air which Fielding possesses. The work itself is English in its nature, and we take it as a high compliment, that the author's tendencies are towards the English. Thackeray will not allow Swift, Irish born, to be an Irishman; "he had," he says, "nothing of the Irishman in him." So with Mrs. Stowe, the reader of delicate perception will find no Americanism, in the spirit of the book, although its scenes and characters are of the young republic. But as the reader has already been saturated, ere this, with critique, remark, discussion on, song from, and review upon, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we will mercifully spare him, and return to its author.

Since "Uncle Tom" she has written little, or at least no work of note. She has, however, a work in preparation, which will no doubt realise a large price, she having been offered, and having refused, the sum of ten thousand dollars for the copyright of her celebrated work.

In appearance Mrs. Stowe is described as being of the middle size, is lady-like and prepossessing, decidedly not handsome, the mouth large but expressive, the eyes deep and full of thought and feeling. "These eyes," says an authority, "are of blueish grey, and have an expression of intelligence and wit, which lights them up, and fairly sparkles in them." She has been the mother of a numerous progeny, five of whom are still living. To raise an earnest and deep feeling, which should, perhaps at once and proximately, or perhaps remotely, lead to the abolition of slavery, a deep and earnest soul was needed, which should know and feel the miseries it denounced. In the subject of this biography, such an one has been found, abundantly gifted with those qualities. Living for seventeen years in the midst of these cruelties, she has arisen and denounced them in a voice which rings through Christendom, and yet in no bitter or vengeful spirit, for it is not

* Sallustii Jugurtha xiv.

the least of Mrs. Stowe's merits that, whilst she has endeavoured to give freedom to the slave, she has at the same time brought pure and holy religion, and true Christianity to the

hearts of thousands of her readers, who will have abundant cause to bless the day when they took up—perhaps for idle amusement—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

SAMUEL HOPKINS,

THE EARLIEST ABOLITIONIST.

ALL the men who are capable of greatness do not achieve it. Not even all those who are both capable and worthy. Sometimes they devote themselves to the object of the hour, to some war of politics or controversy in theology, and, forgetting the future, ensure that the future shall forget them. Sometimes they see in the small circle of their daily life, things which must be done, if done at all, by earnest, patient men; and they do them, preferring duty to fame. Sometimes, but more seldom, they never find their places in the world, and, missionless and purposeless, wander on their weary way through that existence of which the end is the only thing certain.

"Who knows the name of Samuel Hopkins now? Whose eyes light up, whose heart beats faster, whose blood courses on with a warmer glow, when they read that homely designation? There are names such as are usually found in the pages of biographies, which, allied as they are to the world's history, cause the mind to teem with high associations; but Samuel Hopkins! Who is he? where did he live? what did he do? What acts of his give him a claim to the memory of the world?"

The birth-place of Samuel Hopkins was Waterbury, in Connecticut; the year, 1721. He appears—for the details on this head seem somewhat scanty—to have been born in the middle class of life, and of religious parents, who looked to placing their son in the ministry as the highest point of their ambition. His special training began in 1736, under the inspection of a neighbouring clergyman. In 1737 he went to college and pursued the ordinary routine of study. Shortly after this time Whitefield, Edwards, and Tennant went through the country, preaching their peculiar doc-

trines in a style which commanded attention. A hearing once gained, they took hold of the strongest minds, and impressed them with a conviction that there must be a revolution in forms of faith. They drew powerful distinctions between doctrinal and vital Christianity. They argued that there must be works, and not a mere barren belief.

Hopkins was now a young man. His was one of those natures which are more truthful than intellectual. His mind was firm rather than pliant. Hard to move, but when moved not soon stayed. More gifted with steadiness and perseverance than activity; and yielding to principle more easily than impulse. A mind of the true old Teutonic mould—sluggish, except under the influence of strong motives; lying little upon the surface, and requiring to be stirred in its depths by some deep-reaching force.

In 1740, the celebrated Whitefield visited the college at New Haven, and preached there. The stagnant waters began to move. Whitefield did not in most minds produce conviction. In many he engendered opposition; but he awoke inquiry, and introduced doubt. The most conservative are compelled to destroy before they can rebuild. The next spring, Gilbert Tennant, the New Jersey revivalist, followed Whitefield. If not so subtle, he was more energetic, impressive, and powerful; and he produced a great effect. Men began to rouse themselves as though from a long sleep. They began to feel that knowledge was only one of the qualities required for the vocation of the preacher. Those who had looked to the ministry as a comfortable position, bringing at once respectability and subsistence, saw that to minister truly required patient, pains-taking charity; that it was a labour in which they must never weary;

and that earnest men, if they would perform it, must sacrifice self in untiring devotion. These reflections glanced into the mind of Samuel Hopkins—that mind which afterwards proved so devoted and bold; and it wavered beneath their force. It was at this time that David Brainard, who was a member of the college, seeing probably the contest that was going on in the heart of the young student, spoke to him plainly and forcibly, and convinced him that he had yet to learn what was the true spirit of Christianity.

Distinct and different as the web of life is in each religious man, as well as in all others, there is always one thread which is woven into it. Of whatever form or phase of creed a man may be, he passes through no easy or pleasant period of life when he changes his faith.

In this state, Samuel Hopkins was now tossed about like a helmless bark upon a raging sea;—and he paints the same old life-picture of agony as his fellows—a picture with dim outlines and faint colours, as though the veil of the eternal mystery were drawn across it—obscure to the senses, but telling upon the imagination with all the force of half concealment. In this condition—as all those of soft and tender natures will—he yearned for a guide through the valley of the shadow. Following Tennant, there came to New Haven the elder Edwards—one of the most powerful theologians America ever produced—and on his strength Hopkins resolved to rely for aid. So, forsaking college and leaving his father's house, he set out on horseback to traverse the eighty miles to Northampton, where Edwards resided. When he arrived the Puritan philosopher was from home; but he had a wife who, to a large share of his intellect, added that softness and tenderness of devotion which is so peculiarly and distinctively the property of woman. She seeing the disturbed state of the young truth-seeker, encouraged him to remain, and soled his gloom and led him on to more cheerful views.

In due time Edwards returned, and for some months the disciple remained under his chosen master, and was then ordained to the university. His first appointment was at Great Barrington (then called Sheffield), in the western portion of the State of Massachusetts.

This was in the year 1743. The scene of his labours was at some distance from the residence of Edwards; and the parting was a sore trial to both of them: but in 1750 Edwards went to Stockbridge, as a missionary to the Indians; and until 1758 they were again in close and constant communication. Then Edwards was again removed to Princetown, and his death, which Hopkins mentions as one of the severest afflictions he ever had, soon after took place.

At Sheffield he remained for sixteen years, and then went to Newport, the second town in point of importance in New England, and in 1770 he became the minister of the first Congregational church founded there. The Congregationalists, it may be remarked, have produced some of the most energetic and able advocates of the abolition of negro slavery; and it is to that sect Mrs. Beecher Stowe and her family belong. Newport was then the great slave-mart of the Northern States of America; and here a new experience came before Hopkins. He had seen slavery as an institution—had been familiar with it from his birth; he had even shared in it himself by owning a slave at New Barrington, and selling him when he left that place; but he had never thought of the origin of the system or of its rightfulness. Here he was brought into contact with it in its very beginning, and in its most fearful form. The sailors who manned the ships talked freely—boastfully, perhaps, of the process of slave-catching. They joked over the horrors of the passages—the cramped hold, out of which day by day black corpses, bearing the marks of suffocation, were dragged—the fever amid the crowd—the dead and dying together, and no escape for the healthy—the baffling calms of the tropics, the scarcity of water, and the pent-up wretches under the burning sky parched to madness, and flung overboard to end their torments. All this Hopkins heard; and time after time he saw the captured slaves emerge from the ship, woe-begone, amaciated skeletons. All this Hopkins saw. A new view of slavery was opened up, before which his heart sank, his spirit faltered, and his soul shrunk terror-stricken. What an institution, he thought, for a free country.

From the cruelty to the wrongful

ness of the practice was but a short step. Could it be right, this outrage on the affections—this buying and selling of human life—this bartering of God's creatures. Brain and heart answered, "No, it is a foul crime against humanity—a dread sin against the faith of the Cross!"

What was he to do? He asked that of his soul—and we must now recall the time and the circumstances in which that one man—a poor man too—put to his inner self that solemn query. There was no movement against slavery. His was one of the first hearts into which the solemn voice had come, denouncing it. The command which he felt to wash his hands of it, sounded as hard as that olden injunction, "If thy right eye offend thee, put it out." The cry of, "Freedom for the slave!" had not yet gone forth. It pealed through him; but where was he to find a responsive echo—where rouse one? In England, there was as yet no movement. In all Christendom, there was no pity for negro suffering and wrong. In all America, the institution was established. He was alone—a weak man before a gigantic evil—face to face with a foe out of all comparison with his apparent strength. Nay more, his own friends were slave-traffickers, so were his own congregation; slave-trading was the commerce of the place—the foundation and the support of its wealth and prosperity. To do his duty, he, isolated as he was, must stand up against all this. Well might he hesitate before the magnitude of the attempt and its dangers. Well might that question, What was he to do? echo through his heart, awaking among its fears solemn thoughts. It was for Hopkins—a life question, and, what was more, he felt it to be so.

Aye, what *was* he to do? In that self-asked question he had raised a spirit which would not be laid. How was he to answer it?

He was to answer it as he ought to answer it—as he did answer it. He had made up his mind that slavery was cruel, wrong, antichristian; and as a Christian man, above all as a Christian minister, he felt not only that he could not countenance it, but was bound to denounce it. He thought long and anxiously over the best course to pursue, and at length he resolved

upon preparing a sermon upon the subject. Over that sermon many earnest days and nights were spent; but at length it was ready. The sabbath came: the minister stood face to face with his flock. Hopkins had no fear now. The sense of danger did not enter his mind. The great idea which possessed it left no space there for smaller or meaner ones. He was ready to sacrifice not only his position, his congregation, his church—but life itself, so that he might once, only once, bear testimony against a vast and appalling wrong. The sermon began and went on, and the preacher with searching eyes watched the faces of the congregation. He had taken care not to say bitter things, in bitter words to men, for the first time to be aroused to a true sense of their own acts. He spoke "more in sorrow than in anger." He did not strive for eloquence, though high truth, unadded to, must needs, "like perfect music joined to noble words," have been eloquent. He did not raise any subtle theological point, but, taking his own doctrine, the doctrine of the sect he founded, and which has since perished, he insisted that the essence of Christianity consisted in unselfish, disinterested benevolence, totally inconsistent with the act of reducing human beings to the condition of slaves, and utterly opposed to the cruelties with which slave-trading was accompanied.

Apart from its success or want of success, that sermon was one of the finest efforts of moral heroism ever performed in the world. It was a grand act, bearing all the merit of devotion, all the chivalry of self-sacrifice. What a lesson to the thousands of men who, filling American pulpits to-day, tolerate, defend, justify slavery, try to reconcile it with Christianity, for fear of losing their influence. If they were really followers of their Master—truly ministers of him who knows no distinction between bond and free; and if, like Samuel Hopkins, they had the manliness, the truthfulness, the courage, to take the right side, slavery could not endure for a year.

The congregation did not show any indignation. Their first emotion was that of surprise, when they heard that which they had till then never deemed anything but a righteous, lawful traffic attacked. But as the preacher

warmed with his subject, and gave force and animation to his words, deep attention was first aroused, and then grave, serious thought. They had hearts in them—those old puritans. They had that earnest, down-right faith, which is now so scarce in the world. They had strong energies and stern wills, which made them firm, or rather obstinate, when they were roused, either for good or evil. Among them there was not much of wit or merriment; but when they thought or acted, their hearts went with their heads and hands. Many a rich merchant, who sent his ships to the African coast—many a wealthy trader, who bought slaves by droves, went home that day from that old Newport Church with down-cast eyes, and sad face, and chastened step; and if he did buy and sell slaves the next day, did it with some inward misgivings—some prickings of conscience, as the words of that sermon rang in his ears. An American writer has said eloquently and truly, "It well may be doubted, whether, on that sabbath day, the angels of God, in their wide survey of His universe, looked down upon a nobler spectacle than that of the minister of Newport, rising up before his slave-holding congregation, and demanding, in the name of the Highest, the 'deliverance of the captive, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that were bound!'"

An impression once produced, Hopkins was not the man to let it remain unimproved. Again and again he returned to the attack. He appealed to his congregation on behalf of the slaves, to put an end to the occasion of so much of suffering; he entreated them, for their own sakes, to hold back from that wrong which could only end in greater wrong and fearfullest retribution—to abandon that course which, through the degradation of others, led down step by step to their own degradation; and he commanded them, in the name of that God whose true minister he was, to come out from among those who showered injuries upon his creatures. A congregation which could subdue their self-love to hear such words as these was likely to do more—to heed them; and Samuel Hopkins had at last the proud triumph—a glory greater than the diadem sheds around kingly brows—of

carrying with him his church, the members of which passed a notable resolution. Notable, we say, as being the work of one man standing alone and uplifting his voice for "God and the right;" notable as being passed by a body of slaveholders; notable withal as being the first, the key-note of that eternal protest which, sounded in heaven by the hand of divinity, will never cease to echo on earth in human hearts against men being sold by man into bondage.

Here it is:—

"Resolved, That the slave trade and the slavery of the Africans, as it has existed among us, is a gross violation of the righteousness and benevolence which are so much inculcated in the Gospel, and *therefore we will not tolerate it in this church.*"

There spoke out the true God-fearing, man-defying, wealth-deserting, conscience-loving old puritan spirit. That spirit which, in old times, would not submit to be tolerated; which sent men away from house, kindred, and civilization, across the Atlantic, when the ocean was a path of danger; which led them to a desert shore tenanted by savages. Brave old spirit, that which the world would be better for now! Plain enough indeed, "We will not tolerate it." Grammatically considered, somewhat deficient, those bold words of Samuel Hopkins and his puritan church members, but, morally considered, how all-sufficient! What a visible, distinct, line of demarcation it draws between the men who had consciences worth saving for eternity and those who had none of more value than money-bags.

A noble sight it must have been the church meeting at which that resolution was put and carried; a noteworthy debate that as any in "Hansard," but unreported withal. A grand assembly, too, those great-headed, broad-browed, square-faced, strongly-marked elders, with their priest chairman. A few speeches, grave, short, slow, with ponderous words and quaint antique phrases, and then the decision. They did not waste words when their minds were made up, but acted out their thoughts in deeds. Slavery may endure for years; it may sink yet deeper into the corruption of the hot south; it may, if that be possible, aggravate its horrors; but its end is

but a question of time, for that decision, pronounced upon earth and ratified in heaven, sealed its ultimate doom.

Samuel Hopkins did not rest content with that resolution, nor confine his exertions to his own church or locality. He sought out men, both in his own country and in Europe, who held opinions similar to his own, and with them kept up an active correspondence. Among his fellow clergymen too he was unwearied, and he had a practical mode of proceeding well illustrated by the following anecdote, told by an American biographer. Among his clerical friends was one Doctor Bellamy, who had a slave. To him went our abolitionist, and told him of the sin of slave-holding. Dr. Bellamy replied, justifying it by custom, by Bible quotations, and finally, when driven from those points, by the plea that the man was so faithful and attached that he did not want to be free. That brought the argument to a point where theory ceased and fact became possible, and Hopkins seized the turning point.

"Will you," said Hopkins, "consent to his liberation, if he really desires it?"

"Yes, certainly," said Dr. Bellamy.

"Then let us have him up," said his guest.

The slave was at work in an adjoining field, and, at the call of his master, came promptly to receive his commands.

"Have you a good master?" inquired Hopkins.

"O, yes, massa; he berry good."

"But are you happy in your present condition?" queried the Doctor.

"O, yes, massa; berry happy."

Dr. Bellamy here could hardly suppress his exultation at what he supposed was a complete triumph over his anti-slavery brother. But the pertinacious guest continued his queries.

"Would you not be *more* happy if you were free?"

"O, yes, massa," exclaimed the negro, his dark face glowing with new life; "berry much more happy!"

To the honour of Dr. Bellamy he did not hesitate.

"You have your wish," he said to his servant; "from this moment you are free."

It is evident that Dr. Hopkins looked (as the friends of the slave still look)

to something being done in Africa itself, for he was instrumental in forming a society for the purpose of educating black missionaries for that country; and in 1773, and again in 1776, he and Dr. Ezra Stiles issued an appeal to the Christian community for assistance to carry out the project. One of the black pupils he himself educated. Newport Gardner went from Boston to Africa as a missionary twenty years after his old teacher had died. This Gardner was a native of Africa, and a slave of Captain Gardner of Newport. His own name was taken from the place and the designation of his master. The captain allowed him to work during his overtime for himself, and the negro toiled all the harder because he laid by his earnings to buy himself and his family for himself. Sometimes, by working harder than usual (or was required), he would get a whole day. Still the amount accumulated but slowly, and the poor fellow in his despair resolved to pray. So he gained a day, and instead of labouring, shut himself in his hut and sent up unceasingly to Heaven his petition for freedom. He had communicated his intention to Dr. Hopkins and one or two other friends, and while he was praying the doctor was with his master, entreating him to give his servant his liberty. His persuasions prevailed, and the captain sent for the negro. He was told that the slave had gained that day. "No matter," said the master, "I must see him." And when Gardner, giving up his prayers, came with reluctance, expecting, perhaps, to be scolded or punished for some unconscious fault, the document securing his freedom and that of his family was put into his hands. It seemed to him that his prayer was answered directly from heaven; and though we have on record the human agency of Hopkins, who shall say that the All Just and All Merciful did not lend an ear to the bondsman's supplications.

We have before mentioned, that when at New Barrington, Hopkins owned and sold a slave. When he became aware of the wrong of slavery, he would not retain the price of innocent blood, and devoted the money to the education of some negroes. Often after, he gave for like purposes sums out of all proportion to his limited means.

The War of Independence for some time interrupted the labours of Samuel Hopkins. The island on which he resided was in 1776 taken possession of by the English troops; and he passed the year 1777 preaching at Newburyport. About the time of his going away, he published his "Dialogue concerning the Slavery of the Africans;" showing it to be "the duty and interest of the American States to emancipate all their slaves." This was dedicated to the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was re-published and widely distributed by the New York Abolition Society, in 1785. He returned to Newport early in 1780, but found a desert where was once the garden of New England. The hand of war had been laid heavily upon his congregation, which, once wealthy, was now poor and cast down. Worse than all, the scenes they had gone through had changed their natures for the worse. The commerce of the place was gone. His meeting-house had been converted into a barrack, the pews and seats used for fire-wood, and the bell stolen. Here the character of the man showed itself. He was offered appointments at other places which would have given him both influence and competence; but he thought that where there was so much need of him there was his place, and taking up his old position, he lived till the day of his death without regular salary, subsisting upon such voluntary offerings as his flock could afford to bestow. Thus

he preached on till he was eighty-three, one of his habitual hearers being William Ellery Channing, who ever had the deepest reverence for the devout beauty and earnest, sincere strength of his character. Differing as they did as theologians, they both held the same doctrine of unselfish benevolence, being the essential element of Christianity. Hopkins's last sermon was preached on the 10th of October, 1803, and on the 12th of November, "full of years and of honours," he was gathered to his fathers. He ended calmly, or rather joyfully, a life well spent, saying to a friend, "I am feeble, and cannot say much;—I have said all I can say." And adding, "Now I am going to die, and I am glad of it." He was buried in the ground adjoining the meeting-house, and the funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Hart, a life-long friend, nearly as old as himself.

We have taken but little notice of the theologian in this sketch. His works in that character—worthy of attention as they are as the utterances of a sincere, earnest man—are passing into oblivion. But when the religionist shall have been utterly forgotten, many a lover of freedom will venerate the memory of the early opponent of slavery, and call down blessings on him who formed that Newport resolution, which must ever be associated with the name of Samuel Hopkins, the first of the Abolitionists.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE royal message which recalled George Canning from his place of embarkation for India to take the post of Foreign Secretary in the British Cabinet, on the death of Lord Castlereagh (August, 1822), reached him at the house of Sir John Gladstone, a wealthy Liverpool merchant. From the window of Seaforth House, Canning is described by his biographer as looking out upon the sea that he supposed was soon to separate him—perhaps forever—from the Europe whose destinies he was unconsciously about to influence beyond any man of his day; while, sporting on the beach below him,

were the three sons of his host, the youngest of whom, William Ewart Gladstone, is now M.P. for the University of Oxford, Privy Councillor, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

On the rule invariably observed in the BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE, of writing only the public lives of living men, we abstain from saying, and make no pretence of knowing, more of Mr. Gladstone's private history than may be found in the "Parliamentary Companion," or other ephemeral compilation of particulars that might be extracted from the register of the parish in which he was born or married.

and of the schools and colleges he attended. Our information under this head may be given in a couple of lines.—He was born at Liverpool, in the year 1809; was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford; and, having spent a short time in continental travel—after the manner of young gentlemen from time immemorial—he entered Parliament, in 1832, as member for Newark. It is from this latter point that we will pursue his career—as yet short, but eventful and suggestive.

It will be remembered that the general election of 1835 took place on a dissolution of the first reformed Parliament by Sir Robert Peel, on his hurried return from Italy to take the Premiership. It is significant either of the paucity of Sir Robert's materials for the construction of a ministry, or of the early promise of young Mr. Gladstone, that, immediately on his re-election, he was appointed Under-Secretary for the Colonies, having the new Premier (the Earl of Aberdeen), for his chief. This able and promising government fell before a hostile majority on the Irish Church question, in May of the same year. Mr. Gladstone, of course, went over with his party to the opposition benches, proved himself one of its most frequent, though not obtrusive, speakers, and was re-elected for Newark on the same interest (the Duke of Newcastle's), at the general election consequent on the death of William the Fourth.

In the following year he distinguished himself by a speech on the Abolition of Negro Apprenticeship, defending the planters from the imputations upon them; but far more by the issue from the press of an octavo volume, "The State in its Relations to the Church." There can be no more satisfactory proof of the ability and influence of this work, than the fact that it was honoured, so early as April 1839—when it had already reached a second edition—with an elaborate notice in the "Edinburgh Review,"—an article immediately recognized as Mr. Macaulay's; included in the authorized collection of his "Historical and Critical Essays;" reprinted, with the article on "Ranke's History of the Popes," in "The Traveller's Library;" and usually considered as the conclusive reply of the party opposed to Mr. Gladstone, to his doctrine and argument.

The judgment of so high an authority as Mr. Macaulay, is so essential to a just estimate of Mr. Gladstone's public character and position, that we will take the trouble to condense and copy the opening passages of the article in question:—

"The author of this volume is a young man of unblemished character, and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow, reluctantly and mutinously, a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor. It would not be at all strange if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England. But we believe that we do him no more than justice when we say that his abilities and his demeanour have obtained for him the respect and good will of all parties. His first appearance in the character of an author is therefore an interesting event; and it is natural that the gentle wishes of the public should go with him to his trial.

"We are much pleased, without any reference to the soundness or unsoundness of Mr. Gladstone's theories, to see a grave and elaborate treatise on an important part of the Philosophy of Government proceed from the pen of a young man who is rising to eminence in the House of Commons. There is little danger that people engaged in the conflicts of active life will be too much addicted to general speculation. The opposite vice is that which most easily besets them.

"We therefore hail with pleasure, though assuredly not with unmixed pleasure, the appearance of this work. That a young politician should, in the intervals afforded by his parliamentary avocations, have constructed and propounded, with much study and mental toil, an original theory on a great problem in politics, is a circumstance which, abstracted from all consideration of the soundness or unsoundness of his opinions, must be considered as highly creditable to him. We certainly cannot wish that Mr. Gladstone's doctrines may become fashionable among public men. But we heartily wish that his laudable desire to penetrate beneath the surface of questions, and to arrive, by long and intent meditation, at the knowledge of great general laws, were

much more fashionable than we at all expect it to become."

"Mr. Gladstone seems to us to be, in many respects, exceedingly well qualified for philosophical investigation. His mind is of large grasp; nor is he deficient in dialectical skill. But he does not give his intellect fair play. There is no want of light, but a great want of what Bacon would have called dry light. Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passions and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and indeed exercises great influence on his mode of thinking. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate. Half his acuteness and diligence, with a barren imagination and a scanty vocabulary, would have saved him from almost all his mistakes. He has one gift most dangerous to a speculator, a vast command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import; of a kind of language which affects us much in the same way in which the lofty diction of the Chorus in *Clouds* affected the simple-hearted Athenian.

"ὁ γὰρ τοῦ ᾄδῃματος, ὡς λέγον, καὶ σμύνον, καὶ παραώδεις.

"When propositions have been established, and nothing remains but to amplify and decorate them, this dim magnificence may be in place. But if it is admitted into a demonstration, it is very much worse than absolute nonsense; just as that transparent haze, through which the sailor sees capes and mountains of false sizes and in false bearings, is more dangerous than utter darkness. Now, Mr. Gladstone is fond of employing the phraseology of which we speak in those parts of his works which require the utmost perspicuity and precision of which human language is capable; and in this way he deludes first himself, and then his readers. The foundations of his theory, which ought to be buttresses of adamant, are made out of the flimsy materials which are fit only for perorations. This fault is one which no subsequent care or industry can correct. The more strictly Mr. Gladstone reasons on his premises, the more absurd are the conclusions which he brings out; and when, at last his good sense and good

nature recoil from the horrible practical inferences to which his theory leads, he is reduced sometimes to take refuge in arguments inconsistent with his fundamental doctrines, and sometimes to escape from the legitimate consequences of his false principles, under cover of equally false history.

"It would be unjust not to say that this book, though not a good book, shows more talent than many good books. It abounds with eloquent and ingenious passages. It bears the signs of much patient thought. It is written throughout with excellent taste and excellent temper; nor does it, so far as we have observed, contain one expression unworthy of a gentleman, a scholar, or a Christian. But the doctrines which are put forth in it appear to us, after full and calm consideration, to be false, to be in the highest degree pernicious, and to be such as, if followed out in practice to their legitimate consequences, would inevitably produce the dissolution of society."

The question with which Mr. Gladstone had ventured to deal, was pre-eminently the practical question of the day, as it has been one of the loftiest subjects of speculation, with philosophers and statesmen, in every age. The problems that Plato had undertaken to exhibit, in his "Republic," in a state of solution, so to speak, were substantially the same which the Dissenters of Nottingham and Manchester discussed in public meeting, and of which Daniel O'Connell attempted to compel the settlement, for at least one branch of the empire, by a thinly disguised display of physical force. In the debates on the Irish church, commenced with, and protracted through, every session of the Parliaments that sat from 1832 to 1838, there was involved, to the consciousness of thoughtful men, a profoundly deeper and far more difficult question than was apparent to "the Parliamentary rabble," or the turbulent agitator, or the excited public. It was a sense of this that brought Dr. Chalmers to London, to deliver his lectures on church establishments—perhaps the most eloquent and least satisfactory of his voluminous performances; for they contained little that had not been advanced by Hooker, Warburton, or Paley, and that little had an air of commercial utilitarianism, which Mr.

Gladstone would probably feel degrading to the theme. The "Student of Christ Church and M.P. for Newark,"—as Mr. Gladstone wrote himself on his title-page—was content neither with the "judicious Hooker's" notion of an ecclesiastical polity, nor with Warburton's theory of a contract; whilst Paley's argument from utility he pronounced to be "tainted by the original vice of false ethical principles," and Dr. Chalmers's refutation of the supply and demand scheme he deemed "questionable." He boldly climbed to the altitude of what he deemed an absolute moral truth, and thought to bring down thence express authorization for established churches—or rather, to lay upon the conscience of rulers the obligation of maintaining that co-relation of naturally opposite systems, known as the alliance of church and state. He thus states his general proposition, which, he thinks, "must surely command universal assent":—

"Wherever there is power in the universe, that power is the property of God, the King of that universe—his property of right, however for a time withheld or abused. Now this property is, as it were realised, is used according to the will of the owner, when it is used for the purposes he has ordained, and in the temper of mercy, justice, truth, and faith which he has taught us. But those principles never can be truly, never can be permanently, entertained in the human breast, except by a continual reference to their source, and the supply of the Divine grace. The powers, therefore, that dwell in individuals acting as a government, as well as those that dwell in individuals acting for themselves, can only be secured for right uses by applying to them a religion."

"The powers that dwell in individuals acting as a government," he elsewhere describes by resembling the magisterial to the parental character. In other places he expressly declares, "The governors are reasoning agents for the nation in their conjoint acts as such;" and denies that the people are entitled to more than a beneficial use of the funds raised by taxation.

In these two sentences we have indicated the prominent characteristic—Mr. Macaulay would say the fundamental errors—of the book;—the con-

founding of individual with corporate functions, and the self-deluding use of analogical, in the place of inductive, reasoning.

It is obligatory on a man that he be religious,—it is therefore obligatory on any body of men that *they* be religious. Such, we believe, is a fair epitome of Mr. Gladstone's "argument for the obligation incumbent on governors as men." Now, if by this be meant, that associations, like individuals, are morally bound to act from the purest motives, and to the highest ends, the assertion is merely a truism. But the proposition, as it stands, is one of those plausible errors—so logical in form, while utterly illogical in spirit—that are best refuted by pushing them into the realms of active life. This is what the Edinburgh Reviewer has done. By a great number of supposititious examples, vividly presented, he shows that society would go to pieces if this rule were attempted to be enforced. But, we think that with any intelligent definition of religion itself, the proposition is incompatible. *A priori*, as well as practical, considerations, are fatal to it. In the atmosphere of common sense, it cannot draw a single breath. Even by a change of expression, the thing intended is instantly destroyed. Put the sentiment, for instance, in this form—Whatever is incumbent on a man in one capacity, is incumbent upon him in any capacity;—and the absurdity of the conclusion sought to be established is evident at once. Yet is there no unfair exchange of phraseology; for it is only because man is a social being, that he has more than one capacity of action. Even in the most rudimentary forms of combination,—in the relation of parent and child, of master and servant, for example—new duties, with their corresponding rights, immediately arise. If religion be a personal obligation—if it be anything more than the practice of unmeaning ceremonies—if it be a certain state of intellect and heart—the father or the employer can have no business to enforce religious observances upon his household; for he thereby invades that private right which is necessarily involved in the private obligation. The influence of example and of solicitation is the only force which he can legitimately put into operation; and he must remember how

easily the solicitations of a social superior come to be regarded as commands. In associations for purposes of industry, commerce, or literature, the principle comes out the more strongly in proportion to the complexity of the combination. Reflection suggests what experience shows, that until men are agreed upon those religious subjects which now divide them, one of two things must be—that either only men of concurrent belief unite, or that they unite on some other basis than a religious one. Thus, then, we may say, without giving an opinion for or against the union of Church and State—that the first of the grounds on which Mr. Gladstone defends that union, is at variance with sound reasoning, and capable of easy reduction to absurdity.

It is by the misplaced employment of useful but delusive analogies, that so able a dialectician as Mr. Gladstone is led to take up these indefensible positions. The paternal character of government is one of those mocking images—"national personality" is another. Ignoring the earliest, but surest, facts of history, and the visible working of existing polities, he persists in representing rulers as divinely invested with power, in a sense somewhat different from that in which it may be said that a man is divinely endowed with understanding or wealth—government as a divine institution, not only as marriage may be said to be so, but as if actual dynasties, like life-unions, were "made in heaven"—society as the offspring, instead of as the author, of the State. The ruler he holds bound to do whatsoever he deemeth best for the people under him. He accepts the natural objection to this, even in its most startling form—"Then, if it be the duty of a Christian government to advance Christianity, it is the duty of a Mahometan government to advance Mahometanism. . . . I do not scruple to affirm, that, if a Mahometan conscientiously believes his religion to come from God, and to teach divine truth, he must believe that truth to be beneficial, and beneficial beyond all other things, to the soul of man; and he must, therefore, and ought to, desire its extension, and to use for its extension all proper and legitimate means. And that if such Mahometan be a prince, he ought to count, among these means, the application of whatever in-

fluence or funds he may lawfully have at his disposal for such purposes." The doctrine of "popular sovereignty" he discards as a "fiction." Political power, he contends, is equally the property and gift of God, "whether it be derived to the governors immediately, or through the people." Having thus deduced from that figure of speech which represents the king as father of his people, the gravest of consequences—namely, that he is responsible for their religious training and exercises—he proceeds to deal, as with "broad facts," with another purely rhetorical entity, and mere poetic influences:—"There is," he says, "a real, and not merely supposititious, personality of nations, which entails likewise its own religious responsibilities. The plainest exposition of national personality is this:—That the nation fulfils the great conditions of a person—namely, that it has unity of acting, and unity of suffering—with the difference, that what is physically single in the one, is joint, or morally single, in the other. National influences form much of our individual character. National rewards and punishments, whether by direct or circuitous visitation, influence and modify the individuals who form the mass. National will and agency are indissolubly one, binding either a dissentient minority, or the subject body, in a manner that nothing but the recognition of the doctrine of national personality can justify. National honour, and national faith, are words in every one's mouth. How do they less imply a personality in nations than the duty towards God, for which we now contend? They are strictly and essentially distinct from the honour and good faith of the individuals composing the nation. France is a person to us, and we to him. A wilful injury done to her is a moral act, and a moral act quite distinct from the acts of all the individuals composing the nation."—To all which it may be sufficient to reply, that however the language of the Old Testament may justify such expressions as "national sins," and "national judgments," the Christian scriptures teach, in harmony with our own intuitions, that ultimately to his own master will every man stand or fall; that "the duty towards God" contended for, is strictly the rendering of spiritual worship; that "the rewards and punishments" of the

gospel system are infinitely beyond any to which the word "national" can be applied; that, in short, while France and England may harmlessly and conveniently personify each other, it is an unreasonable and incalculably mischievous thing so to personify the moral relation to the Divine Being of any number of his creatures. It is the distinction of Christianity from the Judaism which it came to supersede, and the Paganism which it came to overthrow, that it makes no account of nationalities, in any other sense than as a *congeries* of human beings, individually responsible and spiritually equal. While the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman writers, abound in allusions that show they regarded even Jehovah, or "Jove Best and Greatest," as differently affected towards the people of different countries—no trace of that sentiment can be found in the gospels or epistles, but much that is antagonistic thereto. Again, therefore, we say, without pronouncing any opinion upon the general question,—this division of our author's argument does not exalt our idea of his logical power, nor promise an adequate defence of the institution he undertakes to defend.

More original, but not less lamentably inconclusive, are the arguments by which Mr. Gladstone breaks the force of his own principles; and by limiting the duty of rulers to the *encouragement* of religious faith, seeks to guard the exercise of private judgment and the enjoyment of toleration. It would be an easy explanation of his singularly inconsequential propositions on these points to say, that he is too good a Protestant altogether to deny the great Protestant doctrine, and too amiable a man to approve the naked hideousness of downright persecution;—but this explanation is neither respectful nor sufficient. We prefer to regard the controversial curiosity we are about to exhibit, as the legitimate offspring of an intellect more subtle than powerful, of an understanding which partakes of the nature of a morbid conscience. As respects the right of private judgment, he explicitly denies that the church of England ever taught "that men were free to frame any religion from Scripture which they pleased: or to form a diversity of communions. . . . The act of her reformation," he proceeds, "established the claim of the nation to

be free from the external control of any living power in matters of religion, but not from Catholic consent. It is a strange fiction to say that the English Reformation was grounded on the doctrine of private judgment." He appeals, in proof of this startling assertion, to the Twentieth Article, to the Canon of 1571, and the prelates Cranmer and Jewel. The historical truth of this representation, we are not concerned either to deny or admit. We have only to point out how vital a position it must necessarily hold in a man's churchmanship and statesmanship. With the same object, we must add, that our author admits there is an irreconcilable hostility between his own view of the rule of faith, and the mildest popular idea thereof. He seems to limit the function of reason in religious matters to a scrutiny of the general evidences of Christianity—beyond that, he lays it down, a man "should prefer adopting the *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*,"—the utterance of the faithful, in divers times and places—"to his own conclusions from the sacred text."

One would suppose that, in proportion as the sphere of free inquiry is narrowed, pains should be taken to preserve its inviolability. That is to say,—if only concerning the outworks of revelation may we freely investigate and canvass, there should be presented no worldly motive to influence the decision; while it might be proper to reward or punish for obedience or disobedience to an authority once admitted. But the very opposite of this rule is that adopted by Mr. Gladstone. Conformity to the church of England, as the purest embodiment of the Christian religion, is the one and only thing which he requires the state to reward—nonconformity, the summary of offences it is called upon to punish by discouraging. He denies the right of the state to persecute; not, however, because religious freedom—the correlative, according to his own admission, of religious responsibility—is the right of man, as man, but because it has not "pleased God to give to the state or to the church this power." Then comes the most curious feature of this curious piece of argument:—"For it was with regard to chastisement inflicted by the sword for an insult offered to himself, that the Redeemer declared His king-

dom not to be of this world, meaning, apparently, in an especial manner, that it should be otherwise than after this world's fashion in respect to the sanctions by which its laws should be maintained." We must refer the reader to Mr. Macaulay's celebrated essay for an exposure of the erroneousness of this Scriptural exegesis; and a vivid *ad hominem* refutation of the sophism, that disability is not persecution;—for the small remaining portion of our space that can be devoted to this part of our subject, we will occupy with some of the concluding passages of the work—selected as well for their impassioned eloquence, as for the indication they afford of deep and pious earnestness in the writer:—

"Will it be said, 'All this anxiety is very much disproportioned to the case; if you are sincere in your belief, that there is safety within the church as an ark which shall float on the waters when the fountains of the great deep of human Desire are broken up?' It is true that we have nothing to fear for her, who bears a charmed life that no weapon reaches. She pursues her tranquil way of confession, adoration, thanksgiving, intercession, and divine communion, concentrated alike for the present and the future, upon one object of regard—her Lord in heaven. This of the church of Christ. And in the church of England we find all the essential features unimpaired, which declare her to be a fruit-bearing tree in the vineyard of God. The scriptures faithfully guarded, liberally dispensed, universally possessed and read; the ancient bulwarks of the faith, the creeds, and the sound doctrine of Catholic consent, maintained; the apostolical succession transmitting, with demonstration of the Spirit, those vital gifts which effectuate and assure the covenant; the pure worship; the known and acknowledged fertility in that sacred learning which, when faithfully used, is to the truth what the Israelitish arms were to the ark; and the everywhere reviving and extending zeal, courage, love: these are the signs which may well quiet apprehensions for the ultimate fate of the church of England in the breast of the most timid of her sons. But we need not be ashamed, with all this, to feel deeply and anxiously for our country. For that state, which, deriving its best

energies from religion, has adorned the page of history, has extended its renown and its dominion in every quarter of the globe, has harmonized with a noble national character, supporting and supported by it, has sheltered the thickset plants of genius and learning, and has in these last days rallied by gigantic efforts the energies of Christendom against the powers and principles of national infidelity, bating no jot of heart nor hope under repeated failures, but every time renewing its determination and redoubling its exertions, until the object was triumphantly attained. For this State we may feel, and we may tremble at the very thought of the degradation she would undergo, should she in an evil hour repudiate her ancient strength, the principle of a national religion. We do not dream that the pupils of the opposite school will gain their end, and succeed in giving a permanent and secure organization to human society upon the shattered and ill-restored foundations which human selfishness can supply. Sooner might they pluck the sun off his throne in heaven, and the moon from her silver chariot. What man can do without God was fully tried in the histories of Greece and Italy, before the fulness of time was come. We have there seen a largeness and vigour of human nature such as does not appear likely to be surpassed. But it does not comfort us that those opposed to us will fail. They are our fellow-creatures; they are our brethren; they bear with us the sacred name of the Redeemer, and we are washed, for the most part, in the same laver of regeneration. Can we, unmoved, see them rushing to ruin, and dragging others with them, less wilful, but as blind? Can we see the gorgeous buildings of such an earthly Jerusalem, and the doom impending, without tears? Oh, that while there is yet time, casting away every frivolous and narrow prepossession, grasping firmly and ardently at the principles of the truth of God, and striving to realise them in ourselves and in one another, we may at length know the 'things which belong to our peace!'

We have dwelt thus at length upon this book—(of which we may further say, in a parenthesis, that in the British Museum Library is a copy of the first edition, copiously annotated by his

Royal Highness the late Duke of Sussex; and that for the third edition, which appeared in 1841, a great part of the work was re-written, without, however, any modification of the argument)—because it not only lies at the foundation of Mr. Gladstone's reputation as a thinker and writer; and may be supposed to exhibit, if not his final convictions, yet his entire capabilities; but because it has had a serious practical influence on his whole subsequent career as a politician. It was first mentioned in the House of Commons, by Lord Morpeth (now Earl of Carlisle) and the late lamented Mr. Charles Buller, in the course of the education debates of 1839. Its author then declared his readiness, as a legislator, to stand by what he had therein written as a private individual; and accordingly expressed a feeling akin to horror at the proposed intermingling of Jewish and Christian children in public seminaries. In 1841, on arguments of a similar character, he led the opposition to Mr. Divett's bill for admitting Jews to municipal offices; and drew from Mr. Macaulay the satirical remark, that if the casuists of Oxford would only impart some of their ingenuity to the Jews, they would doubtless make any declaration required of them. He returned to office with Sir Robert Peel in 1841, in the double capacity of Master of the Mint and Vice-President of the Board of Trade. In January, 1845, he threw up that post; and, at the opening of the session, accounted for so doing in a speech of which the following is the substance:—"I took upon myself some years ago, to state to the world, and that in a form the most detailed and deliberate, the views which I entertained on the subject of the relation of a Christian state in its alliance with a Christian church. Of all subjects which could be raised, this I treated in a manner the most detailed and deliberate. I have never been guilty of the folly which has been charged upon me, of holding that there are any theories which are to be regarded under all circumstances as immutable and unalterable. But I have strong conviction, speaking under ordinary circumstances, and as a general rule, that those who have borne solemn testimony on great constitutional questions, ought not to be parties to material departure from them. Now, my right honourable

friend at the head of the Government, alluded towards the close of last session, to inquiries he was about to make into the possibility of extending academical education in Ireland, and indicated the spirit in which that important matter might be dealt with. I am not in possession of the mature intentions of the Government. In regard to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, I know nothing beyond what my right honourable friend then said. But those intentions were at variance with what I have stated as the best and most salutary principles. I therefore held it to be my duty, whenever such a measure came before the house, to apply my mind to its consideration, free from all biassed or selfish considerations, and with the sole view of arriving at such a conclusion as upon the whole the interests of the country and the circumstances of the case might seem to demand. I feel it at the same time my duty distinctly to declare, that I am not prepared to take part in any religious warfare against the measures of my right honourable friend." Whilst all admired the exquisite conscientiousness of the course thus announced, there were many who felt, with Mr. Plumptre, that its explanation was not very intelligible—and that feeling was strengthened when Mr. Shiel, lamenting that "the statesman should be sacrificed to the author," quoted from Mr. Gladstone's book a passage to the effect, that if the imperial parliament had contracted for the maintenance of Maynooth, the contract should be fulfilled with dignified generosity. Still more inexplicable, upon ordinary rules of action, was Mr. Gladstone's ultimate procedure. In the debate on the first reading of the Maynooth College bill, he took no part, and in the division gave no vote. On the motion for the second reading, he came out as a supporter of the measure. Not, however, upon the hypothesis recalled by Mr. Shiel, and urged by the premier. Repudiating the reasons put forward on either side as inadequate to their object, he defended the increase of the grant upon the ground that the Irish were too poor to provide religious teachers for themselves—that those who paid taxes had a right to share in the benefits of their expenditure—and that to object to it on religious grounds, was to confound the principles on which men should act individually with those on

which they must act in combination ;—propositions, every one of which might be refuted, if at all, in his own printed words. Of course, such singular vacillation did not escape sarcastic notice. "It appears," said Mr. Smythe, "as far as can be made out from his (Mr. Gladstone's) own statement, that his 'most cherished convictions' and his votes are at issue. But about the mere vulgarity of votes, the right honourable gentleman cares little ; for upon this very question he has voted all ways. He voted first against, then in favour of, the grant. He went out of office because the grant was to be increased. When the measure involving the increased grant came to a first reading, he did not vote at all. Now, at the second reading, he is prepared to vote in favour of it. And is any one sure—is the right honourable gentleman himself quite sure—that upon the third reading he will not find equally good reasons for voting against the measure?" (Laughter and cheers.)

Equally incomprehensible, to vulgar politicians, was Mr. Gladstone's course upon the Jewish disabilities question. Notwithstanding his opposition to Mr. Divett's bill in 1841, he gave his silent support to a similar measure, when proposed and carried by the Government in 1845 ; and in 1847, just after his election for the University of Oxford, he had the courage to reply to the speech with which his colleague (Sir R. H. Inglis) supported petitions from that venerable body against the admission of Jews to Parliament, as proposed by the then premier (Lord John Russell). The substance of his speech on this occasion Mr. Gladstone has published, and prefixed to it a preface from which we gather clearer notions of his new position than from anything he has elsewhere written or said. It is briefly this :—That whereas it is impossible to hold the state to that close alliance with the Christian church which is involved in the true idea of that union, it is alike unjust to dissenting citizens and impolitic as regards the interests of the church, to endeavour after that impossibility. This proposition is developed with much precision of thought, and beauty of language. After a very forcible exhibition of the "proposition as a matter of fact," that there is "no creed, or body of truth, definite and distinctive," in the present parliamentary profession of Christianity—that it is

neither a bond of union nor a badge of separation,—but merely the symbol of "the preponderance of Christians in the constituencies ;" he contends, with equal force of language, if not with equally satisfactory logic, that this fact must be taken, not as the results of the chance triumph of party, but as organic, normal realities ; must not be reasoned *upon*, but reasoned *from*. The conclusion to which he labours to bring his fellow-churchmen is this—"that as citizens, and as members of the church, we should contend manfully for her own principles and constitution, and should ask and press without fear for whatever tends to her own healthy development by her own means and resources, material or moral, but should deal amiably and liberally with questions either solely or mainly affecting the civil rights of other portions of the community."

That this recommendation was made with understanding and earnestness is amply evinced by Mr. Gladstone's subsequent conduct as a politician and as a churchman. Thus, in conformity with one half of his counsel, he is found resisting the issue of the Oxford University Commission, and advocating, in parliament and through the press, the restoration of active powers to convocation, the admission of laymen to synods, and the permission of synodal action to colonial bishops. The other half might seem to have been uttered in prophetic anticipation of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. As a High Churchman, and therefore jealous of the titular honours of the English episcopacy—as a son and representative of the University of Oxford, and therefore the natural organ of clerical sentiments—he might naturally have been expected to insist on the prompt and decided repression of what was almost universally considered as at once an insult and an encroachment. And there was nothing in his published writings—if we except the sentence just quoted—to debar him from acting in accordance with these circumstances. On the contrary, however, he was the ablest, and among the most persevering, of the small minority who resisted the Government measure. On the seventh night of the debate on the second reading, he delivered a speech, covering thirty-two columns of "Hansard," which exhibits with rare effectiveness the anomalous character of the arguments by which the bill

was supported, and closes in a strain of pure and lofty eloquence seldom reached in the House of Commons—where sparkling personalities and party hits are more keenly relished than the luminous enunciation of great principles, or touching appeals to noble sentiments. In this speech, the orator showed himself able to excel in the former, but delighting in the latter. After turning upon Lord John Russell one of his lordship's own most effective perorations, Mr. Gladstone proceeded thus: "My conviction is, that the question of religious freedom is not to be dealt with as one of the ordinary matters that you may do to-day and undo to-morrow. This great principle which we (the opposition) have the honour to represent, moves slowly in matters of politics and legislation, but though it moves slowly, it moves steadily. The principle of religious freedom, its adaptation to our modern state, and its compatibility with ancient institutions, was a principle which you did not adopt in haste. It was a principle well tried in struggle and conflict. It was a principle which gained the assent of one public man after another. It was a principle which ultimately triumphed after you had spent upon it half a century of agonizing struggle. And now what are you going to do? You have arrived at the division of the century. Are you going to repeat Penelope's process, but without Penelope's purpose? . . . Show, if you will, the pope of Rome, and his cardinals, and his church, that England as well as Rome has her *semper eadem*; that when she has once adopted the great principle of legislation which is destined to influence her national character and mark her policy for ages to come, and affect the whole nature of her influence among the nations of the world—show that when she has done this, slowly and with hesitation and difficulty, but still deliberately and but once for all, she can no more retrace her steps than the river that bathes this giant city can flow backward to its source. . . . We, the opponents of this bill, are a minority, insignificant in point of numbers. We are more insignificant because we have no ordinary bond of union. But I say that we, minority as we are, are sustained in our path by the consciousness that we serve both a generous Queen and a generous people, and that

the generous people will recognise the truth of the facts we present to them. Above all, we are sustained by the sense of justice which we feel belongs to the cause we are advocating, and because we are determined to follow that bright star of justice beaming from the heavens whithersoever it may lead."

Mr. Gladstone's second important work appeared in 1840, under the title, "Church Principles Considered in their Results." It is virtually the supplement of his former production, developing, and largely arguing, views there only incidentally, if at all expressed; of greater interest to theologians than to politicians. It treats of the institutions or doctrines of the church, as regards their authority and operation—especially of the sacraments and of apostolical succession. The author's views on the first of these two points may be thus summed up in his own words: "In the midst of all the threatening symptoms of tendency towards unbelief and disorganization with which the age abounds, we are led to regard the sacraments as the chief and central fountain of the vital influences of religion when the church is in health and vigour, as their never wholly obstructed source when she is over-spread with the frost of indifference, as their best and innermost fastness, when latent infidelity gnaws and eats away the heart of her creed, and of all her collateral ordinances." On Apostolical Succession he is equally decided. His sense of the value of a question which to many is only one of "vain genealogies," is fairly expressed in the following clause of a sentence, too long for quotation entire:—"It is to us nothing less than a part of our religious obligation to seek the sacraments at the hands of those who have been traditionally empowered to deliver them in their integrity; that is, with the assurance of that spiritual blessing which, although it may be obstructed by our disqualifications in its passage to our souls, forms the inward and chief portions of those solemn rites." Venturing to transfer ourselves from the "dim religious light" of our author's diction, into the clearer atmosphere of popular phraseology, we may say;—he holds that the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper are veritable means of communicating grace, not merely the symbols of its communication; and that

Episcopal ministers, historically connected with the apostles, are the only authorised, and therefore effective, administrators of those ordinances. To trace out Mr. Gladstone's corollaries from these propositions, would be to overstep the province of a non-theological magazine; and to impute to him conclusions which he may possibly repudiate, would be to imitate one of the worst though commonest vices of controversy.

The Maynooth question having been removed out of his way, Mr. Gladstone re-entered the ministry in December, 1845, taking the post of Colonial Secretary, vacated by Lord Stanley on account of Sir Robert Peel's resolution to abolish the corn laws. In the spring of the previous year he had rendered important service to the new policy by the publication of a pamphlet, ("Remarks on Recent Commercial Legislation,") exhibiting in elaborate detail the beneficial working of the tariff of 1842. Probably none of the converts to the free-trade doctrine made a greater sacrifice of personal and party ties than did Mr. Gladstone. Not only were his father and brothers bigoted protectionists, but the late lord of Cumber so successfully exerted his ducal influence over Newark, as to prevent Mr. Gladstone's re-election; thus depriving the premier of his ablest lieutenant through the memorable parliamentary struggle of 1846. At the general election of 1847, however, Mr. Gladstone was compensated for this temporary exclusion from the House of Commons, by the bestowal of an honour two successive statesmen (Canning and Peel) have prized as nobler than any in the gift of crown or people, and have yielded up as the heaviest penalty of faithfulness to conviction—namely, the representation of Oxford University. How highly he appreciated this honour may be judged from the dedication to his *alma mater* of the first-born of his intellectual progeny, in these words of filial piety and pride:—

Inscribed to
THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD;

Tried, and not found wanting,
Through the vicissitudes of a thousand years;
In the belief that she is providentially designed
to be a

Fountain of blessings,
Spiritual, social, and intellectual,
To this and to other countries;

To the present and future times;
And in the hope that the temper of these pages
may be found
Not alien from her own.

This "hope" was in some danger of disappointment. The Low-church and Anti-tractarian parties, elated by several consecutive triumphs in the University, vehemently opposed Mr. Gladstone on account of the sentiments advocated in this very work, and in that on "Church Principles." They set up against him, in conjunction with Sir R. H. Inglis, Mr. Round; but Mr. Gladstone triumphed by a majority of some two hundred votes over the latter candidate. In the course of the late parliament, he incurred the risk of displeasing alternately both sections of his supporters—the liberals, by his opposition to University reform, and his speech on Mr. Disraeli's motion for the relief of agricultural distress; the conservatives, by refusing to take office with Earl Derby, in February, 1851, and inflicting on the late Government the only material defeat they experienced through the session of 1852. He was, therefore, exposed to a determined opposition at the last general election; when Dr. Bullock Marsham polled more votes than Mr. Gladstone himself in the previous contest. He has just emerged from a still more vexatious and protracted struggle. By taking a very prominent part in the recent free-trade and budget debates—gaining, indeed, the most signal rhetorical success of the whole conflict—and accepting office in the new coalition ministry, he at once exasperated his old opponents, and alienated some of his warmest supporters.*

We come now to an episode in Mr. Gladstone's career which has conferred upon his name a world-wide reputation, and gained for him the admiration of millions. In the winter of 1850, he went to Naples, actuated only by such motives as carry thither annually hundreds of our affluent countrymen. He came in contact, however, with circumstances which converted his visit of pleasure into a "mission" noble as was ever undertaken by any knight errant of humanity. Naples had been con-

* The following are the numbers of votes polled for each of the respective candidates in 1847:—

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|---------------------------|------|
| Sir R. H. Inglis | 1700 |
| Mr. Gladstone | 999 |
| Mr. Round | 824 |
| In 1852:— | |
| Sir R. H. Inglis | 1369 |
| Mr. Gladstone | 1108 |
| Dr. Bullock Marsham | 758 |
| In 1853:— | |
| Mr. Gladstone | 1022 |
| Mr. Perceval | 808 |

spicuous in the tragic drama of Revolution and Reaction. In January, 1846, a constitution was spontaneously granted to the kingdom of Naples, sworn to by the monarch with every circumstance of solemnity, accepted by the people with universal and peaceful joy. Under this constitution, a Chamber of 164 deputies was elected by about 117,000 votes. On the 15th of May following, a collision took place, or was assumed to have taken place, between the authorities and the citizens. The former were victorious, and made ferocious use of their victory. Nevertheless, the constitution was solemnly ratified, and the King conjured the people to confide in his "good faith," his "sense of religion," and his "sacred and spontaneous oath." On Mr. Gladstone's arrival in Naples, about two years and a half from the date of this address, he heard repeated the assertion of an eminent Neapolitan, that nearly the whole of the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies (the Chamber itself having been abolished) were either in prison or in exile. He deemed this statement a monstrous invention; but was convinced, by the sight of "a list in detail," that it was under the truth—that an absolute majority of the representatives were either suffering imprisonment, or avoiding it by self-expatriation. The knowledge of this terrible fact led him on to the investigation of other and yet more horrible statements—that there were ten, twenty, thirty thousand political prisoners in the kingdom of Naples; that many of these unhappy persons were of eminent station and of unimpeachable loyalty; that few or none of the *detenus* had been legally arrested or held to trial; that, nevertheless, they were suffering intolerable wretchedness—sickness, hunger, suffocation, and irons; that, in short, the government was "the negation of God erected into a system." Having with his own eyes tested as many of these statements as admitted of verification, and found the horribleness of reality to exceed the horribleness of rumour, Mr. Gladstone determined—despite his strong conservative prejudices against interfering in the affairs of other nations, and especially of even seeming to side with republicans—to make an effort for the abatement of such gigantic atrocities. Immediately on his return to England, therefore, he addressed a

written letter to Earl Aberdeen, as ex-Foreign Secretary, reciting what he had witnessed, and suggesting a private remonstrance with the government of Naples. That remonstrance having proved ineffectual, Mr. Gladstone published, in July, 1851, that and a supplementary letter. Never did pamphlet create a more profound sensation. Fifteen or twenty editions sold in less than as many weeks; newspapers multiplied its revelations a million-fold; and Lord Palmerston presented copies to all the continental ambassadors, for transference to their respective governments. Only one English *litterateur*, Mr. Charles Macfarlane, could be found to indite an "Apology" for the power thus formally impeached at the bar of universal opinion; and that performance was justly deemed so unsatisfactory by his clients, that an "Official Reply" was put forth. Mr. Gladstone briefly rejoined; and his facts, by almost unanimous consent, stand equally unimpeachable with his motives.

That he is "a member of the *Conservative* party in one of the great families of European nations," is alleged by Mr. Gladstone as one of his reasons for doing the very thing which has procured for him the sympathetic admiration of English and European liberalism. "Your deviation from the *Conservative* principles of finance will be followed by a late but ineffectual repentance," was his final appeal against the budget of a tory minister. These circumstances are strikingly significant—the explanation of his apparently vacillating career, and of his present anomalous position. He is emphatically a Conservative-Liberal—Conservative in conviction and sentiment, Liberal by the prescience of his intellect and the generosity of his nature. One of the hereditary princes of commerce, he is also one of the elected chiefs of the republic of letters; having early set himself to win distinction in the quiet walks of scholarship, and in the noisy arena of intellectual strife. Content with no less than a triple crown, he would add to the reputation of the schoolman and the philosopher, that of the politician. He enters the senate as the champion of prescriptive power, at the moment when innovation is elate with triumph, and impatient for renewed struggle;—yet in the only decisive struggle which has since occurred, he bled and con-

quered in the rearguard of progress. He asserts the principle of authority in religious faith, and of unity in political institutions, with a rotund positiveness from which even its veteran devotees recoil;—nevertheless, he surrenders one by one every remnant of the times when that principle obtained, with a promptitude shocking to many of its professed opponents. He submits to toil and sacrifice to aid in the abolition of a system, for the loss of which he is afterwards not sure those who benefited by it should not be compensated;—yet when that very position is embodied in a Government, his is the hand put forth to overturn it, and no one attributes to him an unworthy motive. He avows himself in virtual alliance with the established governments of Europe,—yet has done more to make them hateful, and therefore feeble, than any one of the revolutionary chiefs. He framed a theory of social relations which requires in the members of a Government something like a common faith and a corporate conscience; yet takes his seat in the Queen's councils with men whose religious views are the antipodes of his own, and whose conscience has dictated conduct quite the opposite of his, on questions of the highest moment;—still no one calls him unprincipled. Though a man of nicest honour, he clings to a society in which he is insulted by some, and can have little congeniality with any,—because, all are agreed, he loves the name it bears, and the cause it represents. Holding, as Mr. Gladstone does, that government is not a human arrangement, necessitated by human imperfection, but a divinely appointed power,—though designed for the general good, not originating in the general will,—he is necessarily a Conservative. Believing, too, that it is the

function of the understanding, not to develop, but only to apply, religious truth—that there is efficacy in outward rites duly administered, deeper than our consciousness, and lasting as our existence—that to a class of men is committed the influences to which it is unspeakably important that all men should be subjected—his sympathies are engaged, beyond the utmost compulsion of the intellect, to that side of public affairs which we are agreed to call the aristocratic. Further, the natural bias of his mind, strengthened by the direction of his studies, is towards an undue reverence for the past. Thus we find, that all his arguments are based, in theology, upon revelation—in politics, upon precedent; all his appeals addressed to the religious prepossessions or historical knowledge of those whom he would persuade. He never takes his stand upon the immutable facts of our nature, the inalienable rights of man—never rises to those prophetic heights whence pictures of social perfection may be discerned. But over against all this must be set that rectitude of intellect which makes him anxious to understand both sides of a controversy,—that keenness of perception, which detects the entrance of a question upon what he calls its “fluent state”—and that delicacy of conscience which will permit him to inflict no known injustice, nor gain for his party any unfair advantages. A philosopher among statesmen, he is also a purist among politicians. It would be most hazardous to predict the career of a man so thoroughly individual; but, reviewing the incidents of a career chequered but unblemished, we may confidently anticipate, that as that future lengthens out it will yield only honour to him, and chiefly service to his country.

W. W.

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

THE father of the subject of the present biography, William Macready, was an author, actor, metropolitan and provincial manager. He was a native of Dublin, where he was bred to the business of an upholsterer, which he deserted for the stage, for which during his apprenticeship he had imbibed a taste. After various vicissitudes he

became a stage manager and sometimes got engagements in London; it was during the time he was a member of the Covent Garden company, his celebrated son was born on March 3, 1793, at a house in Charles Street, Fitzroy Square.

His father, it would appear, however successful he might have been himself

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upon the stage, did not intend his son for the same profession; but he determined to give him a first-rate education, and some say, intended him for the church, but others with more truth assert that he was brought up with the intention of practising at the bar. For this end he, after having been the usual time at a private academy, was removed to Rugby school in Warwickshire, and received his education under the celebrated Dr. Arnold, an accomplished scholar and gentleman, whose early death must be regretted as a public loss. Certain circumstances (probably his father's failure, the elder Macready having become a bankrupt at the Manchester Theatre in the year 1809,) altered the determination of his after life. The law was abandoned, and before he had attained the age of 17, William Charles Macready made his debut at Birmingham in the year 1810. His success was great, and determined him upon the course he had taken; after fulfilling his engagement at Birmingham, he visited the principal towns in which his father managed, and in 1813 and 1814, performed with undiminished success at Newcastle, Dublin, and Bath, where he immediately became a great favourite. His fame preceded him to the metropolis, and he was solicited by the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre to accept an engagement, this temptation he wisely declined. Most people have probably forgotten that Mr. Macready, not satisfied with following his father as an actor, attempted authorship as well, and produced on May 20, 1814, at Newcastle, a romantic play founded on Sir Walter Scott's poem of "Rokeby," the principal part in which he performed himself. We may add *en passant* that another actor, Mr. George Bennett, has produced a play from the same source called "Retribution." After an engagement at Bath, overtures were made him by the managers of Drury Lane Theatre, amongst whom were Lord Byron and the Hon. Mr. Kinaird; the theatre being governed by amateurs. This engagement was never concluded, and Mr. Macready remained in the provinces. At last on Monday, the 16th September, 1816, the rising actor had the honour of making his first appearance before a London audience at Covent Garden Theatre, as *Orestes* in Phillips's tragedy of "The Distressed Mother." Hazlitt and other

distinguished theatrical critics pronounced him to be the best actor that had appeared since J. P. Kemble; and "The Theatrical Inquisitor," a journal of the day, thus speaks of him: "Mr. Macready's performance of *Orestes* is in many parts very fine; not being used to a large theatre, allowance must be made for his voice being occasionally too low—some of his tones remind us of Mr. Elliston, who we apprehend has been Mr. Macready's model. Those who recollect Mr. Holman in *Orestes*, will be delighted with the superiority of this young man's performance. His love, his apprehensions, his hope, and his despair, were admirably depicted, and his mad scene was a natural picture of insanity."

On the announcement of Mr. Macready's name for re-appearance it was received with three distinct rounds of applause—the foreign and absurd custom of calling before the curtain being not then in vogue. Mr. Hazlitt, who was then considered the first theatrical critic, thus speaks of him. We quote the passage, as it will serve to give our readers an insight into Macready's powers at the time:

"A Mr. Macready appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, on Monday and Friday, in the character of *Orestes*, in 'The Distressed Mother,' a bad play for the display of his powers, in which, however, he succeeded in making a decidedly favourable impression upon the audience. His voice is powerful in the highest degree, and at the same time possesses great harmony and modulation. His face is not equally calculated for the stage. He declaims better than anybody we have lately heard. He is accused of being violent, and of wanting pathos. Neither of these objections is true. His manner of delivering the first speeches of the play was admirable, and the want of increasing interest afterwards was the fault of the author rather than the actor. The fine suppressed tone in which he assented to *Pyrrhus's* command, to convey the message to *Hermione* was a test of his variety of power, and brought down repeated acclamations from the house. We do not lay much stress on his mad scene, though that was very good in its kind; for mad scenes do not occur very often, and when they do, had in general better be omitted. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying, that Mr. Macready

is by far the best tragic actor that has come out in our remembrance, with the exception of Mr. Kean. We, however, heartily wish him well out of the character of *Orestes*. It is a kind of forlorn hope in tragedy. There is nothing to be made of it on the English stage, beyond experiment. These French plays puzzle an English audience exceedingly. They cannot attend to the actor, for the difficulty they have in understanding the author. We think it wrong in any actor of great merit (which we hold Mr. Macready to be) to come out in an ambiguous character, to salve his reputation. An actor is like a man who throws himself from the top of a steeple by a rope. He should choose the highest steeple he can find, that if he does not succeed in coming to the ground, he may break his neck at once, and so put himself and the spectators out of further pain."

After *Orestes*, his most successful character was that of *Gambia*, in "The Slave," in which, by a vivid delineation, he confirmed the most sanguine presages of his talent, and succeeded in gaining a position on the metropolitan boards. He was next cast for *Othello*; Mr. Young sustaining the part of *Iago*; and, at last, in conjunction with Charles Kemble, in *Pescara*, in "The Apostate," he, to quote the words of an authority, "shone forth as an original genius, and his talent was conceded on all hands."

The late Richard Lalor Shiel had written a powerful tragedy, which was produced at Covent Garden in February, 1819, under the name of "Evadne." In this play the part of *Ludovico*, which Mr. Macready sustained, and on which the whole of the play hinges, appears to have been written for our actor, and being intrusted to his care, was most successful,—the fact that such great actors as Young, Kemble, and Abbott were playing second and third rate to him, goes far to prove that even at that early age he had nearly reached the summit of his art.

It was about this time that the celebrated Scotch Novels, as they were called, issued from the pen of the Great Unknown with amazing rapidity. The incognito of the author, which he was careful to preserve, aiding, rather than otherwise, their popularity; among the most admired was "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," which was dramatised by T.

Dibdin, and first acted at Covent Garden, the 17th of April, 1819; in this play Mr. Macready acted *Geordie Robertson* most effectively, and by it added to its popularity. Mr. Liston was the *Dumbdikes*, and the late Mrs. Charles Kemble the *Madge Wildfire*. The next appearance of our hero was in a tragedy by that extraordinary author, the Rev. Charles Maturin, called "Fredolfo;" but although admirably acted, it was not permitted by the audience to be announced for repetition. *Rob Roy* was also another popular character of Macready, and rendered by him with a deep feeling, and a wild, free, and careless step, and confident bearing, which realizes the admirable portrait drawn by the powerful pen of Sir Walter Scott. It was a conception of the mind both vigorous and poetic, and by it the young actor achieved one of his earliest and greatest triumphs.

As yet, however, our hero had not grappled much of the creations of our elder and better dramatists, and this he determined to do. In January, 1820, he enacted *Coriolanus*, but unsuccessfully. In February, *Othello*, which was brilliantly successful; and in April of the same year, *King Lear*. In the same month, Morton's comedy of "Henri Quatre" was produced at Covent Garden, in which Mr. Macready greatly distinguished himself as the hero. This play came out most opportunely, for at the rival theatre of Drury Lane, Edmund Kean was playing the whole round of his characters previous to his departure for America.

A short time previous to this it is said that Kean had himself suggested to Mr. Sheridan Knowles, that the death of the Roman maid Virginia would form a fit subject for a tragedy. The suggestion, such as it was, could not be much, the old tragedians had already adopted the subject, and "Appius and Virginia," by John Webster, is one of the finest plays in our ancient drama. Mr. Knowles had previously entertained the same idea, and wrote his noble tragedy of "Virginius," which the author (distrusting a London audience) had produced at Glasgow, Mr. John Cooper sustaining the part of the hero. The play was highly successful; shortly afterwards, on the 17th May, 1820, the tragedy was produced at Covent Garden, for the purpose of bringing forwards Mr. Macready as *Virginius*.

The production of this play was a new era in dramatic art; the legitimate drama was at a low ebb; Shakspeare's plays, however fine, and however popular in the country, had been acted so often that a London audience grew tired. To bolster up the sinking theatre wild melodramas and wilder farces had been used in vain; but Knowles's tragedy, caused an echo amongst the noblest feelings of humanity, elevated their sentiments, purified their thoughts, and added life to feelings which had become *blasés* and outworn. The great success of this play had such an effect on the Drury Lane visitors that Mr. Kean, instead of sustaining any of his celebrated characters for his benefit, which took place in June, 1820, was compelled to have recourse to novelty, or to play to comparatively empty benches. This upon the eve of his departure for America was somewhat disheartening, and a play of the name of "Admirable Crichton" was got up solely for his benefit, at which Mr. Kean sang, danced and fenced, and was advertised to have played harlequin, which he would have done, had he not sprained his ankle. On the 17th September, he took his farewell of Drury Lane Theatre, and set out for Liverpool, preparatory to his embarkation for New York. Thus on the reopening of both theatres in October, Mr. Macready and the other actors at Covent Garden were left in undisputed possession of the field. Macready took the place of Kean as the first actor of the day, and on the 25th October, only fourteen days after Kean had sailed, he made his appearance as *Richard III.*, a difficult part, in which he was most anxious to appear; but in the personation of which he fell somewhat below the scale in which, his admirers had anticipated he would have been placed. To appear in this character so shortly after Cooke, Kemble, Kean, and Young, who had engrafted on it their peculiar excellence, was a bold attempt; the result proved that it was not too presumptuous; he did not, indeed, electrify the audience by touches of genius such as Kean showed. Coleridge has well remarked, that Kean's acting was somewhat like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning; by vivid touches Kean was able to throw a sudden light upon the play which revealed the whole part to the imagination of the audience, this was the work

of a genius, perhaps the most brilliant, if the most uneven, which the stage has produced; but in Macready there was none of this; in the scene with *Lady Anne*, which has astonished the readers of Shakspeare, that a woman so devoted to her husband should yield to the solicitation of his murderer, Kean's acting was such that we have heard those who have often wondered at and admired the scene as played by him, declare that they could forgive a woman who yielded to such passionate and intense entreaty. In Macready there was too much bluntness, there was none of that insinuating address which characterized the inimitable performance of Edmund Kean, and made a wife forget all injuries, by the subtle fascinations of the man. The tent scene, on the contrary, was excellently acted, and called forth general approbation. Few examples could surpass this effort, and his portrayal of the terrors which "shook the guilty soul of Richard," was pronounced perfect.

On the 15th of May, 1821, "The Tempest," was revived, as an opera, our hero being the *Prospero*; he exerted himself but slightly, and the opera was a failure. On the 28th of the same month, "Damon and Pythias," retouched and adapted by Shiel, was produced. Macready's *Damon* was pronounced to be admirable throughout; he had as yet been seen in no play to more advantage, and his delineation of the character stamped him as the hero of what is called the romantic drama. In this sphere his deep and subtle powers of analysis, and of portraying the mind which pervades a character, were perceived, and acknowledged by the critics with surprise and applause. On the 25th of June, "Henry IV., Part 2," was revived. Mr. Macready in his personation of the aged and dying monarch, imparted great judgment and discrimination to the character. He also played *Hamlet*, *Mirandola*, in Barry Cornwall's tragedy of that name, *Pierre*, and *Romeo*; at the close of the Covent Garden season his engagement terminated, and he proceeded on a tour to the provinces. Whilst playing at his father's theatre in Birmingham, in August, 1823, after leaving the theatre, he, it is said, passed a house in flames, whence, we may record to his honour, that he rescued a child from a most horrible death. The record of this fact, which appeared in the local papers,

greatly contributed to his popularity. In 1823, having slightly quarrelled with Charles Kemble, Mr. Macready quitted Covent Garden, and appeared at Drury Lane; here he brought out Sheridan Knowles' tragedy of "*Caius Gracchus*," which was a failure. Mr. Macready also is said to have suggested to Mr. Knowles the subject of "*William Tell*," which was now produced. The play is a smooth and even production, containing many appeals on liberty and other subjects which are telling on an English audience, and in it Macready made a triumphant display of his powers in melodrama. He also, assisted by Mr. Shiel, altered and adapted Massinger's fine play of "*The Fatal Dowry*."

When the late R. W. Elliston, on May 18th, 1826, made his first appearance as *Sir John Falstaff*, he was supported by Macready as *Prince Hal*. The play was extremely successful and well appreciated. Before the close of the season he successfully assumed the difficult part of *Jacques* in "*As You Like It*," and failed in the parts of *Delaval* and *Sir Charles Racket*. He now made a visit to America, where he was attended by even greater success than in England—the Americans had no recollections to bring forward in comparison with his style of acting, and hailed him as the first tragedian of the day. After this tribute of transatlantic applause, he visited Paris in 1828, where he was pronounced second only to Francis Joseph Talma; and this proud position was granted to him after Kemble, Young, and Kean had been coldly regarded. The truth seems to be, that the mental calibre of Mr. Macready is suited to the Parisians; without any intense feeling, which only nature could dictate, and which must proceed entirely from the heart, he had always an intellectual conception of a part, which must have charmed his French audience—indeed he seems to be suited to the tragedies of Corneille or Racine, grand, cold, and declamatory as they are; but as the Parisians themselves are below the appreciation of Shakspeare, so they attributed to Macready, a colder actor than Kean, the pre-eminence over that great master.

In 1830-31 we find him again at Drury Lane Theatre, producing Lord Byron's play of "*Werner*," wherein he acted the hero; the play to us seems essentially undramatic and false in taste,

but it suited the nature of Macready, and he invested the imperfect outline of the poet with a vitality and power—with an overweening pride and masterly display of power and pathos which arose almost to sublimity; the character has always been a favourite with the actor and the audience. We may, also, remark that the play itself is a shameful plagiarism on one of the "*Canterbury Tales*" by Miss Lee, whole passages are merely chopped up into deca-syllabic verses of the most ordinary kind. The merits of the play are owing rather to the situations than the skill of the dramatist. At the close of the season of 1832, Mr. Macready absented himself from the metropolis, and formed a long engagement, an engagement in fact for life, with a Miss Kitty Atkins, who had been for some time a member of his father's company, and with whom he has, for more than twenty years, lived happily;—the lady has recently deceased.

Edmund Kean's last appearance took place on the 25th of March, 1833, on which occasion he sustained the character of *Othello*, his son, Charles Kean, playing *Iago*. As the great actor uttered the line,—"*Othello's occupation's gone*," he fell back in his son's arms, totally unable to proceed; he was led off the stage, and the late J. P. Ward was substituted to conclude the part. The great actor died on the 13th of May following, a victim to his passions and to intense dissipation.

On the opening of the season at Drury Lane, October 1st, 1835, Mr. Macready made his appearance as *Macbeth*, on which occasion Miss Ellen Tree attempted the part of *Lady Macbeth*, and failed. On the 17th February following, Mr. Macready had a son and heir born to him, at Elstree, in Devonshire. Soon after this Mr. Macready made himself conspicuous in another character, and figured in the police report of the day, by administering a personal and severe chastisement to the then manager, Mr. Alfred Bunn, for what he considered a series of professional and personal insults. The feeling of the town appears to have been, that Mr. Bunn richly deserved the punishment that he got; and on Mr. Macready quitting his theatre, and appearing at the rival establishment of Covent Garden on the 12th May, 1836, the pit rose *en masse* to receive him, and greeted

him with an enthusiasm which has seldom been equalled or surpassed.

In the spring of 1837, Mr. Macready produced at the Haymarket (where he had formed an engagement with Mr. B. Webster) "The Maid's Tragedy," adapted for representation by Knowles and himself, under the title of "The Bridal;" Mr. Macready enacting the part of *Melantius*, supported by the late Mr. Elton, as *Aminor*; there had not been for some time past anything produced on the boards of the Haymarket half so dramatic as the interviews between *Evadne* and *Melantius*, her brother. They were considered the perfection of histrionic art, and elicited repeated and long-continued plaudits. Mr. Macready next commenced the lesseeship of Covent Garden Theatre, and endeavoured to restore dramatic art to what it should be; to do this, all things before and behind the curtain stood in need of a thorough reformation. Under Mr. Macready's management, to quote the words of Mr. W. J. Fox, "a great change began to be perceived and felt. The art of Stanfield commenced the creation of a noble gallery of paintings. A strong company was collected, including the best talent that could be obtained in London or from the provinces; by frequent and careful rehearsals the mind of the great master was made to pervade the entire performance. Aspiring actors learnt to co-operate, and not to sacrifice the spirit of a scene for individual prominence. The public felt the harmony of the representations thus produced—people went to see a play—theatrical favouritism and partisanship merged in the recognised presence of dramatic poetry."

On the rising of the curtain, Mr. Macready's appearance to speak the opening address was hailed with the most enthusiastic applause. The address was written by Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, and the opening piece was a splendid revival of Shakspeare's play of "The Winter's Tale;" Mr. Macready personating *Leontes*; Mr. Jas. Anderson, *Florizel*; and Miss Taylor, *Perdita*.

But Mr. Macready was not satisfied with making the merely dramatic portion of the theatre perfect. He was determined to cleanse it, and it was an Augean task, from its vice and its licentiousness. Other managers had added to their attractions the stimulus of licentiousness, and with them the

saloon, thronged with characters too base to mention, formed a portion of the theatre. The old Puritans had seen this end, and from Prynne downwards had denounced, and justly, the immorality of the stage. Their accusations cannot be denied, the licence of theatres had become notorious; in Charles' days the young nobility had regarded it as a vehicle whereby to gratify their lust. Mistresses were chosen from the actresses, and Nell Gwynne herself, King Charles' favourite, had been taken from the stage. Infected with this vice, the writers, instead of aiding morality, turned their pens to aid the vice which was destroying, and has destroyed, the public love for the drama. The comedies of Congreve, of Wycherly, and Vanburgh, and of Mrs. Centlivre, are so notoriously impure that they cannot be read with any pleasure, although they abound in the most striking and glittering wit; at last this shamelessness grew to such a height, that the ladies who frequented the theatre were obliged to go masked, lest something in the representation should be of so immoral a character, of such open indecency, that it might even cause their callous cheeks to blush. From the stage itself the sin rose higher, the novels and works of fiction were permeated with the same vice; and books were openly read by matrons and unmarried ladies, for which the publishers would now be prosecuted. Sir Walter Scott somewhere relates, that his grandmother hearing that he collected old literature, begged him to bring her a novel which she recollected had been popular in her youth, and which she had heard read publicly in the presence of ladies. He did so with some reluctance. The next time he saw the old lady she returned the book: "Tak' your bonnie books awa'," said she, "and burn them, yet I mind the time when even girls read them." So it was, from open and public licentiousness on the stage, a plague like a thick cloud arose, which cast a more than Egyptian darkness over the whole region of religion and morals. A saloon had become associated with the name, and was deemed essential to the prosperity, of the theatre. Privileges and tickets were bestowed to secure the attendance of those whose presence was a bane to all. The most reputable managers believed themselves under the necessity of making this

gross addition to their attractions. But it redounds greatly to Mr. Macready's honour, that he was the first to do entirely away with this license, to purify the theatre, and after a vexatious opposition he succeeded; for this he deserves the praise and the gratitude of all those who desire—and who will be so bold as to say he does not?—the advance and establishment of religion and morals.

On Monday, Nov. 26, 1838, "*Othello*" was produced: *Othello*, Mr. Macready, and *Iago*, Mr. Vandenhoff; and December, "William Tell." On the 7th of March following, a successful play by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, called "*Richelieu*," was produced, supported by Mr. Macready, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Anderson, and Miss Faucit, and on June 10th of the following year, Shakspeare's play of "*Henry V.*" was magnificently revived.

The exertions of Mr. Macready in the cause of morality and the drama awakened a determination in the country and amongst the lovers of the drama to present him with a testimonial; the result was a design in silver of the actor studying a drama—the arts and muses grouped around to render him their aid. Bas-reliefs of celebrated scenes surround the base, and the form of Shakspeare crowns the summit—the most illustrious names of the day were among the list of contributors, and the Duke of Cambridge presided at the presentation. Just before this, Mr. Macready's brilliant reign at Covent Garden was terminated in consequence of the Lord Chamberlain not granting him a personal license. Mr. Macready was shortly afterwards engaged by Mr. Webster of the Haymarket, for two seasons. In October 1839, he produced Bulwer's play of "*The Sea Captain*," which was decidedly successful; and after playing a round of his characters, the Haymarket closed on the 15th of January, after having produced 60 different tragedies, comedies, farces, &c. On the 27th of the same month, he was engaged by Mr. Hammond for Drury Lane, and "*Macbeth*" was produced—the cast included Messrs. Bennett and Marston, now of Sadlers' Wells. Mr. Hammond, the lessee, was unsuccessful, and failed to the amount of £8000. Mr. Macready performing gratuitously for a week, out of respect for him. He then returned to the Haymarket where on the 23rd May, a new play by Talfourd, called "*Glencoe*," was produced, which was

not successful. During this season Serle's play of "*Master Clarke*," and Sir E. L. Bulwer's comedy of "*Money*," was produced. Mr. Macready's engagement at the Haymarket theatre terminated in May 1841, after which he made a second attempt to revive the drama by taking Drury Lane Theatre, and reopening it on a scale of splendour unknown before. He produced "*Acis and Galatea*" by Handel, and Douglas Jerrold's "*Prisoner of War*," Lord Byron's "*Marino Faliero*," and Mr. Westland Marston's fine play of "*The Patrician's Daughter*." He also produced a new play by Mr. Browning, called "*The Blot on the Scutcheon*." The Queen and Prince Albert patronized Drury Lane Theatre and visited it on the 12th June, 1843, and on the following Wednesday, Mr. Macready closed his second season of 183 nights, 93 of which were devoted to the plays of Shakspeare. In his address, he declared that his actual loss during the two seasons amounted to near £10,000; and calculating his salary as an actor and manager, and the abandonment of his provincial engagements, the loss would be little less than £20,000. The theatre closed, and one of Macready's best actors, Mr. Elton, proceeding by sea to a provincial engagement, was drowned. On the 5th of September following, Mr. Macready again sailed for the New World, where he pursued a brilliant but troubled career. He then went to Paris, where he performed before Louis Philippe, and on January 19, 1845, that king, out of respect for his genius, presented him with various magnificent gifts, besides three bank notes of 1,000 francs each to defray his travelling expenses. He again appeared in London at the Princess's Theatre; and, at the same theatre June, 1846, he produced Mr. White's play of "*The King of the Commons*." The theatrical career of Mr. Macready was now drawing to a close, and after various small engagements in London at different intervals, he took his farewell of the stage at Drury Lane Theatre on the 26th of February, 1851, in the character of *Macbeth*; the house was crowded, and the sum of £906 was taken at the ordinary prices. At the conclusion of the piece, Mr. Macready came forward and delivered his farewell speech, part of which we quote:—
"My last theatrical part is played, and, in accordance with long-established

I conceived that the proprietors should have co-operated with me. They, however, thought otherwise, and I was reluctantly compelled to relinquish, on disadvantageous terms, my half-achieved enterprise. Others may take up that incomplete work, and if inquiry be sought for one best qualified to undertake the task, I should seek him in a theatre which, for eight years, he has raised from its degraded condition—in that theatre which he has raised high in the public estimation, not only as to the intelligence and respectability of the audiences, but by the learned and tasteful spirit of his productions. With a heart more full than the glass which I raise to my lips, I return you my most grateful thanks for the honour you have done me."

It would be unjust to take leave of Mr. Macready, without enumerating the original plays which he has been, either directly or indirectly, instrumental in producing,—and estimating thereby the amount of benefit which the new drama of England has received from his patronage. Earliest on the list is, we believe, the tragedy of 'Mirandola,' by Barry Cornwall,—and next Sheridan Knowles's 'Virginus.' Then comes Haynes's 'Damon and Pythias,' Shiel's 'Huguenot,' Miss Mitford's 'Julian,' Knowles's 'Caius Gracchus' and 'William Tell,' Byron's 'Werner,' Knowles's 'Alfred the Great,' Browning's 'Stafford,' Byron's 'Sardanapalus,' Lovell's 'Provost of Bruges,' Talfourd's 'Ion,' Bulwer's 'Duchess de la Valliere' and 'Lady of Lyons,' Knowles's 'Woman's Wit,' Byron's 'Two Foscari,' Bulwer's 'Richelieu' and 'Sea Captain,' Haynes's 'Mary Stuart,' Talfourd's 'Athenian Captive,' and 'Glencoe,' Serle's 'Master Clarke,' Bulwer's 'Money,' Troughton's 'Nina Sforza,' 'Gisippus,' by the author of 'The Collegians,' Darley's 'Plighted Troth,' Byron's 'Doge of Venice,' Marston's 'Patrician's Daughter,' Knowles's 'Secretary,' Browning's 'Blot on the Scutcheon,' White's 'King of the Commons,' and Taylor's 'Philip Van Artevelde.'

Of these, how many have retained possession of the stage?—'Virginus,' 'Damon and Pythias,' 'William Tell,' 'Werner,' 'Ion,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'Richelieu,' 'Money,' and 'The Patrician's Daughter,'—nine out of a list of thirty-three. Of Mr. Macready's own managements at Covent Garden and

Drury Lane, extending over four seasons, only three pieces survive; and indeed, not many more were attempted—spectacular revivals substituting original production. These three plays gave two new authors to the stage, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and Mr. Marston; the first, one who had previously commanded a position on it,—the second, a young and untried poet, who has since amply justified the manager's preference. The only living writer, besides who owes his present dramatic existence to Mr. Macready, is Sir Thomas Talfourd.

We have not mentioned, as almost unworthy of record, the very serious disturbance in America, occasioned by the admirers of Mr. Forrest, offering a violent opposition to Mr. Macready in his performance. But the quarrels of authors have been recorded, and those of actors should have a Parthian glance thrown at them ere we close. Suffice it to say, that in New York, Mr. Macready had such a riotous opposition in the Theatre from the partizans of Forrest, that he was driven from the stage, and obliged to seek safety in flight. Nor did the affray end here. The military were called out, and were obliged to fire upon the mob, occasioning, we believe, loss of life. Mr. Macready in disguise reached his hotel, and immediately sailed from those shores, which had in every other instance proved to him so hospitable.

Mr. Macready's personal appearance is striking; his forehead is broad and high; his eye small, but full of fire; his nose is the most faulty feature of his face; his lips are constantly compressed, giving to his face a determination, which is borne out by an abrupt and somewhat harsh manner. His figure, though tall, is not graceful, and he appears to disadvantage in modern costume.

On the retirement of Mr. Macready from the stage, the newspapers were full of sketches of his life, and of criticisms on his acting. The majority of these papers were laudatory, and perhaps too much so. But on the other hand, some severely commented on his behaviour to his brother actors, and especially on his *hauteur*, and distant and proud bearing towards the younger professors of his art. With this kind of criticism we have nothing to do, but the ablest purely critical paper we insert, recom-

mended as it is, by its acute analysis and poetical appreciation: and moreover by a personal knowledge of the actor, and opportunities which few others could have had.

"A career of thirty-four years admits of many vicissitudes; we can remember the whole of Mr. Macready's, though many years his junior. We have witnessed its entirety as amateur and critic; and may have said in a slight degree to have participated in it. We have seen him on and off the stage; have enacted a Shakesperean part to him; have seen him in the green room; have constantly criticised him in all the new parts, and studied him in the old; and have thus as intimate an acquaintance with his stage life as is well possible for a public writer to have. We have no feud with him, for we never were in a position to quarrel; we have no partiality, for we only know him as an artist. Thus sure, if truth is to be found in criticism, it might be hoped for in this memorial; and we are desirous to record an opinion that, unbiassed by either a base or a generous partizanship, shall give a faithful character of one who has filled so prominent a part in theatrical matters.

"It is now only to consider the oft-mooted question,—is Mr. Macready a Shakesperean actor? Or, in other words, is he an actor of the highest genius? To this we must reply in the negative; and our reason is, that he is essentially a man of great and cultivated talents but has little impulsive genius. To elucidate Shakespeare requires something of the same plasticity of imagination, the same wonderful quality of conception,—a facility minute and keen in its operation, but easy as 'a cheverel glove'; as bounteous, as full of spirits, as graceful, as prodigal in the richness of its fancy, as the poet himself. No actor can study himself into Shakespeare. He must have the lightning flash which reveals all at a glance. There is no reducing his perfect creations to an analytical process. Now, truly, it seems to us that to Mr. Macready is denied plasticity. He has not the essential attribute of an actor. He cannot personate. He has not a particle of the Protean power. Instead of being subdued to the character, he subdues the character to himself. Like Le Brun he can give you certain abstract passions, but of

those only a limited number: grief on its petulant side, rage on its demoniac, pathos and affection, but all modifications of himself, not representations of a person. Thus all his performances are alike; and are only variations of certain general characteristics, such as a straddling totter for age, and a defiant gait for youth. Now this generalizing personification is the mode of the old French tragedies, and of our vague and vapid dramas founded on them. Therein we have the general, but not the particular. In all Shakespeare's characters we have the particular. A perfect man, as true as if we had known him fifty years. No mere tyrant, no mere age, no mere youth. Shakespeare created his style; it was his in its full perfection alone; and probably will so for ever remain.

"It may be said, in answer to the charge of the want of personification, that Mr. Macready has a great deal of reality; that he is logically correct. True; but we want imaginative truth, and not harsh facts. It is true *Macbeth* might find his state of man shaken when he goes to murder *Duncan*, but he is very different from a cowardly burglar. *Lear* is a choleric, barbaric chief, but he would not bully every one he comes near. *Iago* is a designing ruffian, but he is not an exaggeration of deceit. No rationale in the world will supply the want of an entire and perfect imaginative conception. Neither Brown nor Dugald Stewart could supply language nor logic to make *Hamlet* comprehensible to a mere mathematical mind. For these reasons we must say, as Godwin said of James I., Mr. Macready has chosen a wrong trade. It is true he has professionally succeeded; but he has not artistically. He has won his way to a high position; by what means principally, we have shown. He has commanded admirers; and, to a certain extent, deservedly, we do not deny. But it is not for his powers as a personator—as an actor; but for merits and demerits that are the very contrary of those of a great or true actor. He is a capital reciter; he has a vehemence that kindles emotion. He has strong powers of declamation. He appears thoroughly in earnest. He knows how to suddenly introduce a reality of action or tone, that surprises the unreflecting and the unimaginative into admiration. Still it is Mr.

Macready we hear, see, and know under that phase. He has the power of a declaimer, an orator, a rhetorician, but not of an actor. His self-consciousness is of a most robustious kind. His personality is utterly unsubduable. He is a very clever man who has a perfectly logical perception of the author's utterance; but has no power to embody that and lose himself. As, however, the vehement religious enthusiast excites the generality of the audience who hear him, because emotion of whatever kind is contagious, so do all vehement actors. Such expression may not convey the idea intended by the author, but if it call up a strong sensation it will pass for excellence. Most persons like to be mentally excited; and are careless of the means. And those not easily excited are led frequently by a common-place logic, and banishing the idea of illusion, or being impervious to it, make an analysis of the performance, and are satisfied if the facts cohere rationally. Neither of these states answer to that which the appreciator of Shakspeare must be in. To him must be awarded some portion of that plastic imagination belonging to the poet himself. The suggestive power of the dramatist leads him to weave for himself the pictures and the characters before him. He is neither carried away by a spurious enthusiasm, nor misled by the untimely contagion of some abstract emotion; nor is he the slave of a low logic which turns the action of the piece into an arithmetical problem. But the play and the performance is as a fine strain of music; as a noble and a cohering stream. It is never thought of as a reality. The vision is perfect as the creation of magic, and melts away into the same unsubstantiality. It is a thing of the soul and not of the body.

" . . . These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirit, and
Are melted into air, into thin air." . . .

Unless poetry be read and played as such it is incongruous nonsense, or mere prose upon wheels.

"Such being our notions of acting and the drama, we have never been able to see in Mr. Macready the true Shakesperean power. But we have always acknowledged in him strong prosaic talents. Capacity to kindle and move mixed audiences by an abstract expression of some of the passions, considerable acquirements, stage intelligence, and the utmost comprehension of his author that a highly-cultivated understanding could give. But we must conclude, as we began, by saying that his imaginative power is small, and that consequently he lacks entirely the power of personification; and that he is consequently rugged, disjointed, fragmentary, and inharmonious; a forcible declaimer and expounder, but not a poet, and consequently not an actor."

In reviewing the past life of a man who has won so high a position and in so arduous a profession as Mr. Macready, we cannot but be struck with admiration and gratitude when we consider that he has never done anything to degrade but on the contrary everything to elevate his art—he has endeavoured in every way to depress any vicious tendency which exists either on the stage or in the lives of those who are devoted to it; he has shown by his own conduct that an actor has a profession which is elevating, instructive, and moral, and which, if rightly professed, might be brought to the aid of the pulpit itself. Schlegel has well remarked that "the life of an actor is but the record of his art," and if this life presents few romantic incidents, no great contrasts of poverty or wealth, no vivid struggles to emancipate a people, or deep study to reform the laws, it yet shows the earnest devotion of one to a noble, though a misunderstood art, and his continued and unremitting attempts crowned with a partial success, to rescue it from the contempt and degradation to which professors less worthy than himself had reduced it.

H. G.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

THE brilliant meteor which, during its brief but dazzling existence, outshines all the other stars of heaven, and then fades into impenetrable obscurity, is speedily forgotten when its transient radiance has passed away. So is it with the witty conversationalist—the man of clever sayings—the unsalaried jester, whose pleasant sallies have so often “set the table in a roar.” He is remembered while amusement is born with his smiles, while his lightest words are echoed in peals of laughter, and while even the mere rolling of his eye is a provocative of merriment; but when sickness or age have lain their fingers upon his brow, or the tomb has closed upon him, he rarely occupies even the humblest place in the memory of his former admirers. Hook formed no exception to this rule. He was the “comet of a season,” praised, flattered, worshipped; but when he vanished, the momentary inconvenience occasioned by his loss was remedied by less gifted but equally amusing successors. In the mad whirlpool of fashion and pleasure he had been hurrying round year by year, drawing closer to the fatal vortex, and when at last he was engulfed beneath the tide, the waters dashed on as rapidly and as laughingly as before.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK was born in London on the 22nd September, 1788. His father was for many years musical director of Vauxhall Gardens, and composed the music of upwards of 2000 songs for operettas, vaudevilles, and other light dramatic pieces of that day. An elder brother of Theodore was destined for the church, took holy orders, and became Dean of Worcester, but the embryo wit manifested decided symptoms of unfitness to follow in the same course. At a very early age he displayed a talent for practical joking, and scholastic rule, as may be supposed, was one of the first subjects against which it was directed. From an academy in Soho Square, at which he had been placed, he absented himself without permission for a fortnight. An accident revealed this truant conduct of the boy, and parental hands soon punished it. But to eradicate that, which in Hook's case appears to have been inherent, was beyond parental or scho-

lastic power; and on the first night of his entrance into Harrow School—whither he was soon after sent—he gave another illustration of his disposition, by throwing a large piece of turf at the window of a bed-room, in which a lady was retiring to rest. There had been, of course, not the slightest provocation; and it would appear that no malicious spirit influenced the deed. It was merely done, at the suggestion of Lord Byron, then a mischievous inmate of the School. Fortunately, a broken pane of glass was the only damage occasioned by the act. Theodore Hook did not prove an attentive scholar, and obtained no distinction by his studies. He confesses that he had no application; that tasks which could be done quickly he could do well: but that to devote himself assiduously to any study, especially that of languages, he was quite unable. What progress he might ultimately have made, what effect upon his nature the stimulus of rivalry might have exerted, it would be idle now to discuss. Unfortunately the death of his mother, to whom he was deeply attached, prematurely terminated his school life. He went home, his father found relief from sorrow in the lively conversation of his young son, and would not hear of his return to Harrow. Theodore had no desire to revisit that seat of learning. He preferred to remain with his father. Town talk was better than school teaching. The last new song at Vauxhall was worth the whole Latin Dictionary, and we suspect he went little farther into that language than the *exempla minora*. Accordingly Theodore remained at home; but he was not altogether idle. Secretly, and no doubt with some little fear and trembling, he wrote two or three songs, composed the music for them, and one day, to the astonishment and delight of his father, produced these precocious evidences of talent. That day decided Theodore Hook's fate. There could be no more schooling after such a display of genius, and, as author and composer, father and son now entered into partnership. But the young musical bard soon grew ambitious; mere song-writing and song-singing—in both of which arts he had become proficient—did not satisfy those yearnings for applause with which the

extravagant praises of indulgent friends had filled his breast. His pen took a higher flight, and in 1805 his first dramatic effort, "The Soldier's Return," (the music of which was composed by his father,) was produced at Drury Lane Theatre. This piece, flimsy enough in itself, and no doubt borrowed without acknowledgment from some French author—as almost every piece produced at the present day is—met with a highly favourable reception, and Theodore Hook, at the age of *sixteen*, found himself a successful dramatist. To all those mysterious fascinations generally supposed to exist "behind the scenes," Hook was now admitted. The companion of Liston, Terry, Mathews, and other popular actors, he kept the green room and the entire company of the theatre in a constant state of merriment by his sprightly manners, his witty sayings, and his practical jokes. While passing through this dangerous existence he did not forget to exercise those talents which had thus early received the stamp of public recognition and approval. In rapid succession he contributed several farces, vaudevilles and melodramas, to the Haymarket and Lyceum theatres. Of these pieces scarcely one is now to be met with on the stage. "Tekeli," a violent melodrama, of the transpontine school, is occasionally performed at some of the minor theatres of the metropolis, and "Killing no Murder," Hook's best farce, now and then undergoes reproduction: but despite its real wit, the coarse and meagre character of the plot renders the piece disagreeable to a modern audience. But Hook soon began to be known in another capacity besides that of a successful dramatic writer. As an extempore versifier and composer, he had by turns astonished and delighted a large circle of friends. He would sit down to the piano and pour forth verse after verse of unpremeditated song,—some incident that had occurred during the evening, some peculiarity in the name or appearance of the guests, interwoven with allusions to passing topics and well garnished with puns—generally forming the material of these efforts of improvisation, which, although brilliant, had in them no real merit. His fame spread rapidly. At a dinner given by the actors of Drury Lane, to congratulate Sheridan on the success of his elec-

tioning contest for Westminster, the whole of the company were amazed by the power which Hook displayed. Sheridan was gratified beyond measure with the young author, congratulated him upon the possession of such peculiar and brilliant talent, and afterwards mentioned his name in terms of high eulogy to many aristocratic friends. Thenceforth Hook became a "lion." He was invited to noble houses to display his surprising genius—as professors of parlour legerdemain are introduced into festive parties at Christmas time—and delighted his high-born patrons with an exhibition of wit and cleverness, which quite enchanted them by its novelty. Even royalty became anxious to hear the performances of Mr. Hook, and one evening, at a supper in Manchester Square, the Prince of Wales attended for the express purpose of gratifying his curiosity, gracefully acknowledged the pleasure which the improvisatore had afforded him, and left Hook in a perfect flutter of delight. In fact, it was not surprising, at such an early age, with a mind comparatively unstrengthened by education, and filled with the most extravagant ideas of its own powers, that he should become intoxicated with the incense of flattery and applause which had risen around him. He soon felt a distaste for his dramatic avocations, and looked upon the stage with the most intense contempt. The glimpses he had seen of fashionable life were sufficiently dazzling to render him discontented with a less glittering existence. He began to fancy himself fitted only for that sphere in which he had gained so much distinction. He entered into all the gaieties and amusements of the town, and soon rendered himself famous by the originality and impudence of his exploits. He formed a "Museum of Practical Jokes," in which knockers, sign-boards, barbers' poles, gigantic Highlanders, &c.—the glorious trophies of many a midnight deed—were displayed for the gaze of admiring friends.

Hook, therefore, had the miserable distinction of founding, that cruel, thoughtless, and unmanly school of practical jokers, the greatest disciples of which were the Marquis of Waterford, and certain medical students. Foreign nations looked with surprise at an English lord going about attended by a prize-fighter, who, at a sign by his lord-

ship, seized an unconscious policeman and threw him over his head, the joke (?) consisting probably in the broken bones or perhaps total incapacitation of an inoffensive and useful man. During these attacks, thieves and burglars were left unwatched, and no doubt thanked the friendly offices of his lordship. Another of these playful sallies resulted in the death of a cabman, who had a whole bottle of strong rum given him to drink at a draught, for the purpose of earning a sovereign given by this noble (?) man. After his lordship's marriage, his followers dwindled down to students, shopmen, and "*gents*," of which Mr. Albert Smith is the historian, and one feat of theirs, which Mr. Smith related in an early number of "*Punch*," doubtlessly for the purpose of creating a laugh, was to obtain a red lamp of a doctor, whose house was near a railway, and by its aid to stop the advance of the mail train. *Proh Pudor!* Well might the French term us *farouches*, and represent on their stage, each lord accompanied by his *bozeur*, and well may future times, possibly reverting to the manners and customs of the nineteenth century, presume us to be but half civilized. Hook gave rise to the "Tom and Jerry" school, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, gave a strong impulse to it, which lapsed into the class of young men just mentioned, but which is now, by the stringent measures of the magistrates and the ridicule of the satirists, nearly if not quite extinct. But the most daring of his jokes (?) was the celebrated Berners Street hoax, and the amount of time and positive labour bestowed upon its arrangement were indeed worthy of a better cause. Six weeks were consumed in preparations. Upwards of 4,000 letters were written, and on a certain day, tradesmen of every description, with every variety of their wares—visitors of every rank, from the Lord Mayor to the Duke of York, from ladies of title to servants in search of situations, presented themselves at the house of an unfortunate lady in Berners Street, who had in some manner offended Hook and two friends. The scene throughout the day was most exciting. The street was completely blockaded with carts, waggons, and carriages, the traffic in the neighbourhood was suspended, and as the news spread far and

wide, a laughing crowd gathered around the spot, and it was late into the evening before the commotion subsided. There was such an outburst of indignation at this occurrence, that Hook found it prudent to withdraw into the country for a few weeks until the storm of public anger had blown over.

He was now twenty-one years of age. He had determined to write no more for the stage, but he was too restless to allow his pen to remain inactive. He wrote a novel, "*The Man of Sorrow*," and published it under the pseudonym of Alfred Allendale, expecting no doubt a repetition of that applause which his dramatic pieces had gained for him. He was disappointed; the work, an ornate specimen of the Minerva Press School of fiction, slumbered placidly upon the shelves of the publisher, and but for resuscitation in another form some years afterwards, would have sunk into oblivion. With his expanded prospects new ideas arose. The education begun at Harrow must be finished at Oxford, and to Oxford Hook accordingly went. The frame of mind in which he entered upon his studies is best illustrated by the reply which he made upon being presented for matriculation. When asked by the Vice-Chancellor if he was prepared to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles, "Oh, yes," said the accommodating and ungenerating Theodore, "*forty* if you please."

It needed all the eloquence of his brother to prevent the wit's expulsion from the university after such a proof of orthodoxy. But the dull routine of college life, though enlivened by amusements permitted or forbidden, was not likely to prove agreeable to one who had tasted so largely the pleasures of the metropolis. Theodore was soon tired with this second version of school-boy days, and after remaining at Oxford during two terms, only was again in London.

His singing and joke-making were not forgotten, but on the contrary, were destined to receive tangible recompense. Inquiries had been made concerning Mr. Hook, his position, his means, his prospects. It was found that he was without any fixed income, and no doubt, the fact was regarded as a sort of national disgrace. Royal intimation was given that something must be done for him; and something *was* done for him

immediately. He was appointed Comptroller of the Exchequer at the Mauritius, with a salary of £2000 per annum, and setting sail from England, entered upon his duties in 1813. Why Theodore Hook was selected to occupy a position for which he was in no degree qualified by habits or education, appears rather surprising. His knowledge of accounts must have been small. His familiarity with the intricacies of colonial finance could not have been extensive. Even his intimacy with practical arithmetic might have been open to dispute. But no thoughts of his own unfitness disturbed his mind. He evidently went out under the impression that his labours would consist in seeing somebody else perform his duties; in killing time as he best might, in receiving his salary by quarterly payments. Of course, he led an easy untroubled life. The stern realities of office were but as shadows which scarcely for a moment flitted across his path, and dimmed the light which streamed upon it. "We breakfast," said he in a letter to Mathews, "we breakfast at eight. Always up by gun-fire. Five o'clock bathe and ride before breakfast. After breakfast lounge about. At one have a regular meal yclept a tiffin, hot meat, vegetables, &c., and at this we generally sit through the heat of the day, drinking our wine, and munching our fruit; at five, or half-past, the carriages come to the door, and we go either in them, or in palanquins to dress; which operation performed, we drive out to the race ground and the *Champs de Mars*, the Hyde Park Lane, till half-past six; come into town, and at seven dine, where we remain until ten, and then join the French parties, as there is regularly a ball somewhere or other every night. These things *blended with business* make out the day and evening."

The only business which Hook is recorded to have performed, consisted of occasionally signing his name in the account books, playing off most unofficial jokes upon visitors, and receiving his salary at the intervals before alluded to. But this butterfly life was destined to meet with a harsh interruption. In 1817, a new governor was appointed to the island, and some formal investigations into the state of the Exchequer were made. The accounts were pronounced correct, the examination satisfactory. Scarcely, however, had these

announcements been made when a serious charge of misappropriation of the public money, to the extent of 37,150 dollars, was brought against Hook, by one of his subordinates who a few days afterwards committed suicide. Although it was proved that the man was insane, the accusation was of too grave a nature to be entirely passed over. Another scrutiny of the books was commenced. Accounts which only a few weeks before had been examined and passed, were now found to be teeming with errors. A deficit of 62,717 dollars was discovered. Hook was arrested at midnight; placed in confinement; the whole of his property sold by the Crown, and he himself, shortly afterwards, sent prisoner to England. The voyage was a long and trying one. Nine months at sea, and during a portion of that time, with bad provisions doled out in small quantities, Hook, despite the buoyancy of spirit which he continually exhibited, must have spent many weary hours reflecting upon his carelessness. That he was guiltless of everything except extreme inattention, has been placed beyond all doubt; indeed on his arrival in England, he was at once acquitted of any criminal act, and set at liberty. But the mystery of the deficit had yet to be explained, and Hook, summoned before the Colonial Audit Board, underwent many disagreeable and perplexing examinations. It was to but little purpose. He could explain nothing. His signature, the supposed guarantee for correctness, was appended to accounts of the most confused and irregular description. Some mistakes were evident almost at a glance; others were discovered only after a long and wearisome examination, but mistakes there were in abundance. Amounts entered on the debtor side of the page instead of the creditor—bills confused with notes—dollars with rupees, and altogether such an incoherent jumble of figures that the experienced accountants of the Audit Board became as thoroughly confused as even Hook himself.

The ex-Comptroller of the Mauritius Exchequer found himself compelled to begin the world anew. He had arrived in England penniless, and he now commenced working hard for existence, by contributing to magazines and other periodicals. It was at this time, and when residing in a small house in the outskirts of London, that he formed an

unhappy acquaintance with a young girl. She bore him children. She lived with him. She loved him fondly. She was all to him that woman can be to man in the days of sorrow and misfortune. But though he felt and acknowledged the warmth of her affection, though his own heart yearned towards her, he shrunk with trembling from a marriage that might fetter him when brighter days arrived. He loved her too much to cast her off, but loved her too little to make her his wife. There is not one fact in the record of his life which is more painful to dwell upon than this; not one that shows the innate weakness of his character in a more pitiable light.

The stage, so much despised in the first flush of his prosperity, was not now thought unworthy of attention, and a farce, "Exchange no Robbery," for which he received £60, soon sprang from his pen. With the exception of an attempt which he made to establish a periodical, called *The Arcadian*, and which lived through only two numbers, Hook did nothing worthy of special mention until the commencement of the *John Bull* newspaper in December, 1820.

It has been asserted that the *John Bull* was called into existence by a royal suggestion, and that a royal purse supplied funds for the undertaking; but these statements, although far from improbable, have never risen above the rank of the *on dit*. The object of the paper was to crush the supporters of Queen Caroline, the Brandenburgh-House party, by merciless ridicule and bitter sarcasm. Hook was editor, and he devoted himself to the task with an eagerness, stimulated no doubt by his circumstances and hopes. His favourite axiom was, "that in every family there is some weak point, some secret cancer, the lightest touch upon which is torture." Upon this belief he acted, and with such effect, that "it seemed," to quote the language of the *Quarterly Review*, "as if a legion of sarcastic devils had brooded in synod over the elements of withering derision." The success of the paper was without precedent. Every copy of the first number was sold in a few hours, and the circulation increased week by week. The adherents of the Queen were in dismay, their opponents were in raptures. Extraordinary pains were taken

to discover the writers, but all in vain. A well-arranged system between publisher and editor effectually prevented detection. The Queen's death, in 1821, fortunately put an end to the fierceness of the *John Bull*. Its tone changed, and although the circulation decreased, yet as editor and part-proprietor, the paper yielded Hook for some time a yearly income of £2000.

The alteration in his prospects consequent upon the success of the *John Bull* must have been of the most gratifying nature; but Hook was soon reminded that former carelessness had yet to be atoned for. In 1823 he was arrested for the Mauritius debt, and his effects were seized by the Crown. Believing that his efforts in the *John Bull* had given him some claim to royal favour, he remained for nine months in a dirty sponging-house in Shire Lane, in almost daily expectation that he would be set at liberty, and the claim of the Colonial Audit Board be discharged by funds from the privy purse. At the expiration of this term, his health beginning to suffer by confinement, he removed to more commodious lodgings in Temple Place, within the rules of the King's Bench Prison. It was not until nearly two years after his arrest that he was finally set at liberty. The Audit Board then settled their claim at £12,000. All further proceedings were to be stayed, but it was distinctly announced that he was to be still held liable for the amount. Instead of making any attempt to pay even a portion of it—as an earnest of his desire—thoroughly to clear himself in the eyes of all men, Hook still clung to the belief that the Crown would release him from his responsibility. Had he offered to pay even a small sum, it would no doubt have worked interest in his behalf. He was in a position to make a considerable payment. His income was large, and in the preceding year it had been increased by the production of a series of tales, under the title of "Sayings and Doings," for which he received £750; but he looked upon himself as a martyr to the cause of colonial finance, and made no effort to shake off the bonds of debt by which he was surrounded. A second series of the "Sayings and Doings" yielded their author £1,000; and then, in 1827, the quiet little villa at Putney, to which he had removed on regaining his liberty,

was given up, and a large and fashionable house in Cleveland Row engaged in its stead. In 1829 he produced the third series of his "Sayings and Doings;" and in the following year "Maxwell," a novel. For each of these works he received £1,000. Now was the time, it might have been thought, for Hook to prove that early experience had not been lost upon him; that past recklessness had taught him lessons of prudence; but his mind seemed to scorn the teachings it had received. He had plunged into a whirl of excitement and gaiety. He had again become a lion of fashionable society. He was again welcomed to great men's houses. He was again that "dear Theodore," who years before had sung himself into the hearts of the beauties of May Fair. Notwithstanding the large income he was now making, his reckless mode of life and his profuse expenditure soon began to make serious inroads upon his finances. Salary was anticipated; money borrowed at any rate of interest; but debts accumulated with fearful rapidity, and after struggling on until 1831, the fashionable house was at last given up, and suburban seclusion once more sought.

The necessity now for working hard with the pen, in order to battle against the debts which attacked him on every side, stimulated Hook to great exertion. He was not an indolent man, and he now first began to show it. In 1832 he produced "The life of Sir David Baird," in two large 8vo. volumes. In the following year he wrote six volumes: "The Parson's Daughter," three vols., and "Love and Pride," three vols. In 1836 appeared "Jack Brag," in three vols. In the same year he commenced editing "The New Monthly Magazine," with a salary of £400 a year, exclusive of sums to be paid for original compositions. In the pages of this periodical "Gilbert Gurney" appeared, and afterwards "Gurney Married." In 1839 he wrote "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," for which he received £600; although the book scarcely paid expenses. But his labours were but of little use. He worked hard, and received large sums, but they were almost immediately squandered away. He was still to be seen, night after night, in the houses of his aristocratic admirers, amusing the heartless circle by the variety and excellence of his amusing powers, and early dawn too often found him engaged

in the maddening excitement of the gaming table. Such a fevered life could be sustained only by artificial aid. Powerful stimulants were resorted to. The remembrance of the previous night's losses had to be effaced by ardent spirits in the morning. Preparations for the evening demanded a renewal of the same assistance. His constitution, naturally strong, now began to give way. His mental energies felt the shock. Years of excitement and dissipation were leaving their marks upon the mind; writing their tale of triumph upon the tablets of the brain, and crushing the moral and material man in one common ruin. The pen trembled within the shaking hand. The ideas that might have given it strength and firmness trembled also. Hook wrote but little more. In 1840 he published a series of papers, under the title of "Precepts and Practice." A portion of "Peregrine Bunce" followed. He projected a History of the House of Hanover, and a life of his friend, the comedian Matthews, but owing to some misunderstanding, did not commence the former work, and finished only the first chapter of the latter. He was rapidly going down the hill of life, and becoming unfit for any mental exertion. "Ah, I see I look as I am," said he, at a fashionable party at Brompton, while surveying himself in a mirror, "done up in purse, in mind, and in body too, at last." He was right. In a few days he was compelled to take to his bed, and on the 24th August, 1841, after a short but painful illness, Theodore Hook, in the fifty-third year of his age, was numbered with the dead. He was buried in the church-yard of Fulham.

The long dormant claim of the Crown was now enforced, and all the personal property which Hook had left was seized and sold. His children and their mother were not suffered to remain in want. A subscription was immediately raised, and although but few of the wit's titled friends contributed to it, a considerable sum was obtained without their assistance. To the honour of a very high dignitary of the Church of England, a bishop, not unknown, and not without this detractor, it may be mentioned, that he was the last at the bedside of the dying wit, and the only one of the titled friends who did not desert him. Through the influence of this bishop, the children and

their mother received the proceeds of a subscription, made larger by the benevolent prelate himself.

Much of the fame which Hook gained in his lifetime perished with him. As a brilliant wit and wonderful improvisatore he was probably never surpassed; but a large amount of the talent he displayed was of that nature which finds a ready recognition from contemporaries, but which another generation scarcely acknowledges. His dramatic productions, those precocious evidences of ability, were written for the hour, and with the hour have passed away. It is in his novels, therefore, that we must look for the evidences of his genius. And here we think contemporary criticism has judged him too favourably. His works, thrown off hurriedly without allowing sufficient time to restrain that exuberance of spirit which tempted him into all kinds of extravagance, are, at the best, but sketches; overlaid in many instances with a profusion of colouring, intended to conceal the poverty of the original design. "Cousin William," and "Martha, the Gipsy," contain many forcible passages—but a melo-dramatic vein runs throughout, which mars, by its unreality, much that is otherwise genuine. He had a low idea of the place and position of an author, and seems never to have dreamt of teaching anything high or moral, or, indeed, of anything else, than mere flatter sketches of fashionable and, we regret to say, vicious life. Probably the novel of "Maxwell" is his best and most even production, although by no means the brightest or most startling. What he did, with one exception, "The Life of Kelly," was done for money, and money was his reward. After serving great men, without any conscientious scruples about the dirty work he did, when that work was done, he got deservedly neglected. He was admired and invited to amuse, and with the amusement the connection ceased.

In reviewing the life of Hook, the reader cannot but be struck with the lesson and the moral which it teaches, that the most brilliant talents and success are often but meteors which allure those who too eagerly follow them, to destruction. The flattering notice of a prince rendered his home but dull in comparison to the society of the aristocracy, and these received him merely

to amuse them, never for a moment regarding him as an equal. Yet he strove hard for his position, and rendered the most essential services to his party. His early success in obtaining a sinecure place, which he probably once looked upon as the most fortunate circumstance in the world, turned out to be the very rock upon which he split,—the very fact of his living with a government debt hanging, like the sword of Damocles, continually over his head, served but to make him the more careless and the more inconsiderate. He had also a moral wrong at his back, and no man prospers with that. Each child that was born to him he injured, for he marked it with the stigma of illegitimacy. The lady whom he lived with as his wife, seduced by himself, had with him as her portion a continual shame, and must have sat at the head of his table with a heart oppressed with the most painful feelings. Yet through this Hook lived on, the professed diner-out, the man who pleased all, without whom a dinner party was not complete, for invitations were expressly given "to meet Mr. Hook." It is this part of his life which is the most painful; these are the facts, which make not only the moralist but the man, judge him as a coward, and condemn him as a knave. His life is indeed a sad one, but he had nursed the scorpions which stung him, and he, alas! was not the only one to suffer.

In his humour broad farce preponderates. We are rarely taken out of sight of the foot-lights. His best scenes savour of the stage: and we almost unconsciously invest his characters with the peculiarities of a Liston or Mathews, as being essential to the complete realization of the author's conception, and thus one of his best characters, *Hull*, in "Gilbert Gurney," becomes far more amusing when we know all about old Mr. Hill, who sat for the portrait. There is a dash, a hastiness about Hook's novels—an evident want of concentrated thought and systematic arrangement, which, redeemed as it is by much spirited wit, and by many highly wrought scenes of passion, leaves an imperfect impression upon the mind. The constant excitement in which he lived breathed its spirit into his pages, but the flush which it gave them was not, we fear, the sign of life, but rather of quick decay.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

At a time when the relations between England and America are looked at with interest, and when that vast and increasing country is regarded as our natural ally, in the event of a combination of the despotic powers against us, it was not unnatural that the death of one of her greatest statesmen, and of one who was brought immediately into contact with our government in the important settlement of the Oregon question, should be looked at with interest, and the events of his life should be inquired after with some curiosity.

On the other side of the Atlantic ocean his loss was felt as national. The whole of the press teemed with memorials and reviews of his life; and what was more honourable to him, even those most opposed to him politically, —and America it must be remembered is a country wherein party spirit runs high,—were the first to offer their testimony to his talent, his integrity, and his thorough political honesty.

A man who could so interest a vast country, so pervade the hearts of his fellow men, must needs be remarkable; and such indeed was DANIEL WEBSTER. In tracing his life, we shall find how unvarying an accompaniment is success to industry and determination, and we shall read some useful lessons, in the history of one who commenced life as a schoolmaster, and rose to Secretary of state, to our own too exclusive and aristocratic government.

One of the very first settlers in New Hampshire was Thomas Webster, who had himself come originally from Scotland, and whose character, earnest, stern and unbending, seems to have fallen upon his descendants. From this same Thomas proceeded in the direct male line, Ebenezer Webster, an old revolutionary soldier, serving as a captain under Major-General Henk, and who finally died whilst performing the duties of the judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in New Hampshire; leaving by his second wife, Abigail Eastman, a lady of a Welsh family, five children, three daughters and two boys, Ezekiel and Daniel Webster.

The younger of these, and the subject of this paper, was born on the 18th of January, 1782, in the town of Salisbury, Merrimac county, New Hamp-

shire. In a speech delivered by him in 1840, at Saratoga, Mr. Webster himself alluded, with evident pride, to his birthplace, a very humble farm-house, and to the lowly condition of his family at the time:

“It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early as that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make it to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for *him* who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a better condition than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted for ever from the memory of mankind.”*

His earlier youth appears to have been entirely spent under the guidance of his mother, who, on account of his weakness, herself superintended his education at that period. His father, like many other American gentlemen, turned, it would appear, every possible source of income to account, being himself but a poor man: a fact, which made him also take out his son to help him in his business, when he should have been at school. But by this Webster lost little, as the following anecdote will testify:

“Near his birthplace and in the bed of a little brook are the remains of an

* Webster's Speeches, 6 vols. Boston.

old mill which once stood in a dark glen, and was then surrounded by a majestic forest which covered the neighbouring hills. The mill was a source of income to Ebenezer Webster, and he kept it in operation. To that mill, Daniel, though a small boy, went daily to assist his father in sawing boards. He was apt in learning anything useful, and soon became so expert in doing everything required, that his services, as an assistant, were valuable. But his time was not mispent or misapplied. After setting the saw and 'hoisting the gate,' and while the saw was passing through the log from end to end, which occupied from ten to fifteen minutes for each board, Daniel was usually seen reading attentively the books in the way of history and biography which he was permitted to take from the house.

"There, in that old saw-mill, surrounded by forests, in the midst of the great noise which such a mill makes, and this, too, without materially neglecting his task, he made himself familiar with the most remarkable events recorded by the pen of history, and with the lives and characters of the most celebrated persons who had lived in the olden time. He has never forgotten what he read there. So tenacious is his memory, that it is said by those who know, he could recite long passages from, and state with accuracy the contents of, pages in the old books which he read there and had scarcely looked at since."*

Even at so early an age, there seemed with the future statesman, a perfect consciousness of the value of life, and, what seems stranger possibly to us than to his own countrymen, where boyish foresight is not uncommon, a complete knowledge of the ways by which that life was to be made rich, honourable, and successful; for he himself has told us, that when a mere boy, the motto which prompted all his conduct was: "*Since I know nothing, and have nothing, I must learn and earn.*"

His education was, it would seem, the average education of an American citizen, the difference consisting, as it in truth does with most of us, in the use made of the time occupied in education. After being under various masters, of whom perhaps the most known was Joseph S. Buckminster, he went to college. Of the puerile and intensely

dull stories told of him at this period in the "Personal Memorials," published at Philadelphia, we relate nothing, the book having nothing curious about it but its benighting dullness.

In 1797 the future statesman entered Dartmouth College as a freshman. The students of that day were very different from the smart and dandified youths of our time. Daniel set out in a suit entirely of domestic manufacture, mounted upon the least valuable of his father's horses, the one which could best be spared from the farm, and the whole of his wardrobe and library deposited in two saddle-bags. Through rain and storm the student proceeded on his slow-paced nag, unmindful of the weather, being obliged to join at the commencement of term, and arrived at last in a very piteous condition. He joined his class the next day, and at once took his position, as a first-rate man, a position which he has since held in the intellectual world.

He went through college in a manner creditable to himself, and gratifying to his friends. He graduated in 1801, and it was thought that he would receive the additional honour of the Valedictory; but this honour was bestowed upon some other, less distinguished in after life than his less fortunate rival. He received, however, a diploma, which "common-place compliment," to quote from one who knew him well, only displeased him. This authority indeed adds a story of his assembling his class-mates on the college green, and tearing up the honorary document with the exclamation, "My industry may make me a great man, but this miserable parchment cannot;" an act which, if true, redounds by the way, very little to his credit.

On his return from college, his leading wish seems to have been that his brother Ezekiel (a great love appears ever to have subsisted between the brothers) should have the benefit of a collegiate education as well as himself. But his father's circumstances were too poor to admit of this; and to accomplish it, Daniel accepted the situation of schoolmaster, with the determination of devoting part of his earnings towards the expenses of his brother's education.

The place where Mr. Webster spent the most of his time as a schoolmaster was Freyburg, in the state of Maine. He had been invited thither by a friend

* Personal Memorials of Daniel Webster.

of his father, who was acquainted with the circumstances of the family. His school was quite large, and his salary 350 dollars, to which he added a considerable sum by devoting his evenings to copying deeds in the office of the county recorder, at twenty-five cents per deed. He also found time during this period to go through with his first reading of Blackstone's Commentaries, and other substantial works, which have been so good a foundation to his after fame. At the drudgery of engrossing he laboured a great part of the night, and there now exist in his handwriting two large folios as proofs of his labours and industry. By economy at the end of the first year he was enabled to pay 100 dollars to support his brother at college. To add to this, Ezekiel taught an evening school for sailors at Boston as well as a private school.

In the year 1805, and of course in the twenty-third year of his age, Mr. Webster was tendered the vacant clerkship of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Hillsborough, New Hampshire. His father was one of the judges of court, and the appointment had been bestowed upon his son by his colleagues as a token of personal regard. The office was worth some 1500 dollars, which in those days and that section of country, was equal to the salary of secretary of state of the present day.

That son was then a student in the office of Mr. Gore, in Boston. He received the news with sensations of gladness that he had never before experienced. With a throbbing heart he announced the tidings to his legal counsellor and friend, and to his utter astonishment that far-seeing and sagacious man expressed his utter disapprobation of the proposed change in his pursuits. "But my father is poor, and I wish to make him comfortable in his old age," replied the student.

"That may all be," continued Mr. Gore, "but you should think of the future more than of the present. Become once a clerk and you will always be a clerk, with no prospect of attaining a higher position. Go on and finish your legal studies; you are indeed poor, but there are greater evils than poverty; live on no man's favour; what bread you do eat, let it be the bread of independence; pursue your profession; make yourself useful to the world and

formidable to your enemies, and you will have nothing to fear."

The student listened attentively to these sound arguments, and had the good sense to appreciate them. His determination was immediately made; and now came the dreaded business of advising his father as to his intended course. He at once sought him and finding him alone spoke gaily about the office; expressed his great obligation to their honours, and his intention to write them a most respectful letter: if he could have consented to record anybody's judgments, he should have been proud to have recorded their honours, &c., &c. He proceeded in this strain till his father exhibited signs of amazement, it having occurred to him, finally, that his son might all the while be serious. "Do you intend to decline this office?" he said at length. "Most certainly," replied his son. "I cannot think of doing otherwise. I mean to use my tongue in the courts, not my pen; to be an actor, not a registrar of other men's actions."

"For a moment Judge Webster seemed angry. He rocked his chair slightly, a flash went over his eye, softened by age, but even then black as jet, but it soon disappeared, and his countenance regained its usual serenity. 'Well, my son,' said Judge Webster finally, 'your mother always said that you would come to something or nothing, become a somebody or a nobody; it is now settled that you are to be a nobody.' In a few days the student returned to Boston, and the subject was never afterwards mentioned in the family."*

Not long after this, and in a surprisingly short time to a European mind, who do not consider how rapidly things are carried forward in a new country like America, we find Mr. Webster accumulating sufficient money from his legal practice to pay the debts of his father; and after another short interval we find him in possession of a large practice at Portsmouth, "doing the heaviest law business of any man in New Hampshire," retained in all the important causes, and but seldom appearing as a junior counsel. His powers as an advocate were at once conceded; but his manners at the bar were by some thought to be a little too severe and sharp, but there was no question

* March's Reminiscences of Congress.

as to his popularity and as to his ability. "The South," said a contemporary of him, "has not his superior, nor the North his equal." In March, 1805, Mr. Webster was admitted to practise in the Suffolk Court of Common Pleas; in May, 1807, he was attorney and counsel of the Superior Court of New Hampshire. In 1808, he married Miss Grace Fletcher, daughter of a New Hampshire clergyman, and by whom he had four children, Grace, Fletcher, Julia and Edward; only one of these survives him, Fletcher, a naval officer.

The time was now fast approaching when Webster was to distinguish himself in a larger sphere than that of a barrister, however well known, and however large his fees, and these latter were very heavy; he had, in fact, become so much sought after that his assistance was difficult to be obtained, and his power of oratory was so well acknowledged that counsel dreaded to have him against them.

At the age of thirty, in May 1813, he took his seat as representative in Congress, and soon distinguished himself. At the adjournment of Congress he left his residence in Portsmouth, and established himself in Boston. Towards the close of the year 1822, the inhabitants of Boston determined to be represented by one who should reflect a credit on their city, and they so strongly urged this upon Webster that he allowed himself to be put in nomination, and was elected, after being absent from the National Legislature for a term of six years. In 1823, he delivered perhaps the most powerful speech he had yet made, in a proposition looking to an early recognition of Greek independence. A part of this speech, which we shall quote, will let the reader partly into the secret of Webster's success in oratory. He calls to men's minds the ancient glories of the country of Plato and Alcibiades, of Xenophon and Praxiteles, of Poetry and Art, and connects this reverential regard with the present life and feelings of his audience by the familiar illustration of the interior of the house in which they sat, the house of representatives, which is of exceeding beauty, a beauty which, as he said, it owes to the arts of Greece. He wishes to raise a sympathy with a people struggling for freedom, and he does so by pointing to the polished marble column which their forefathers taught

us to raise, in our endeavours to imitate the magnificent structures which they have left us.

"A spot," he said, "so distinguished, so connected with interesting memorials as Greece, may naturally create some warmth and enthusiasm. . . . We must, indeed, fly beyond the civilized world, we must pass the dominion of law and the boundaries of knowledge, we must more especially withdraw ourselves from this place; and the scenes and objects which here surround us, if we would separate ourselves entirely from the influence of all those memorials which ancient Greece has transmitted for the admiration and benefit of mankind. This free form of government, this popular assembly, the common council held for the common good, where have we contemplated its earliest models? This practice of free debate and public discussion, the contest of mind with mind, and that popular eloquence, which, if it were now here on a subject like this, would move the stones of the capitol—whose was the language in which all these were first exhibited? Even the edifice in which we now assemble, these proportioned columns, this ornamented architecture, all remind us that Greece has existed, and that we, like the rest of mankind, are her debtors." Not contented, however, with an illustration, at once so beautiful and so appropriate, the orator, warming as he proceeded, showed his audience that the Greeks claimed a sympathy above even that of a grateful pupil to its teachers, the sympathy of one Christian nation to another. "The Greeks address the civilized world with a pathos not easy to be resisted, they invoke our favour by more moving considerations than can well belong to the condition of any other people. They stretch their arms to the *Christian* communities of the earth, beseeching them, by a generous recollection of their ancestors, by the consideration of their own desolated and ruined cities and villages, by their wives and children sold into an accursed slavery, by their own blood which they seem willing to pour out like water, by the common faith, and in that Name which unites all Christians, that they would extend to them at least some token of compassionate regard."

The American Press circulated this powerful speech—part of which, by the

way, might well have been applied to certain wives and children sold in slavery in their own free land—throughout their vast continent, and in the glow of admiration excited by it Webster was said to equal Burke, and superior to Chatham. In the same year he consistently favoured the acknowledgment of South American independence; and in 1824 made what is called his great Free-trade speech, which was deemed the ablest ever delivered on the subject.

In the same year, John Quincy Adams was put forward by the New Englanders for President. To this election Webster, although it was known that he was no admirer of Mr. Adams, gave his unflinching support, from the belief that Mr. Adams would do well for the country. Daniel Webster and John Randolph were tellers on the occasion, and Quincy Adams was elected by the vote of thirteen States to eleven; Webster became one of the ablest supporters of the administration of Adams and Clay. In 1826 he was chosen a Senator of the United States, and took his seat in the Upper House. Towards the close of 1827 his first wife died, whilst he was on his way to Washington to take his seat in the Senate. The next year, 1828, was signalized by the defeat of John Quincy Adams, and the accession of General Jackson to the Presidency.

During the session of 1829-30, occurred the memorable debate on Foote's resolution respecting the Public Lands, wherein Mr. Webster, in replying to Colonel Hayne, of South Carolina, vindicated his right to rank first among living debaters. It is hardly too much to say of his great and lesser speech on that occasion, that they rescued the Federal Constitution from a construction fast becoming popular, which, once established as correct, must have proved its destruction. The constitutional right of any State of the Union to nullify an act of Congress, whether by its ordinary legislature, or by a convention specially called, once admitted as legal, would strip the federal authority of all just claim to be considered a government, and throw us back upon the inefficiency and semi-anarchy of the old Continental Confederation. Yet that doctrine of nullification, so frankly propounded and ably defended by Colonel Hayne, in a debate with Webster, claimed, with much

plausibility to be based upon, and clearly deducible from, the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 and 1799, which are known to have been drafted respectively by Jefferson and Madison, and repeatedly reaffirmed as containing the democratic creed respecting the powers of the Federal Government, and their rightful limitations. Mr. Webster inexorably demonstrated the incompatibility of this doctrine with any real power or force in the federal government, and, admitting fully the right of revolution as superior to all governments, showed that a state could not remain in the Union and assume to nullify acts of Congress upheld by the supreme court; that the contrary assumption was condemned by the Constitution itself, and utterly at war with the public tranquillity and safety. Mr. Webster's speeches arrested the Jackson party on the brink of committing itself irretrievably to the doctrine of nullification—a committal which would have proved an act of suicide.

In the Senate he also advocated the recharter of the second United States Bank, opposing the re-election of General Jackson, and supporting Mr. Clay in opposition to him; vigorously opposing nullification when attempted to be put in practice in 1833; opposing the tariff compromise of that year, the removal of deposits, &c. He was candidate for the Presidency in 1836, but received the 12 votes of Massachusetts only. In 1839 he visited Europe, where, with the exception of some weeks spent on the Continent, he passed his time in England, where he was received by our statesmen, and by all with the greatest attention and civility.

He continued in the senate warmly advocating General Harrison's election, and upon that event taking place was called to fill the place of Secretary of State, or head of the Cabinet. This he continued to fill after Harrison's lamented and untimely death, and remained in it till 1843. During his administration the relations of England and America seemed likely to become embroiled through a disputed line of boundary. This dispute was known here as the Oregon question. Oregon extends from 42 deg. to 54 deg. 4 min. north lat., and from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. The terri-

tory, vast and valuable from its products and furs, north of the Columbia River, and south of the parallel of 49 deg. N. lat., is that which was in dispute between the governments of Great Britain and the United States. The first negotiation that took place about this much-disputed territory was in 1844, when the discussion was left open. America, it would seem, claimed more than that for which her claim was valid. In 1818 a convention was made which threw open for a term of ten years the debateable land to the subjects of both nations; America, on this, tried to populate the territory as quickly as possible, so as to make her claim national. In 1826 Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson proposed that a boundary line should be drawn along the 49th parallel of latitude from the Rocky Mountains to the north eastern branch of the Columbia River. America refused to agree to this, and made a proposal by which Britain would have been cut off from the Columbia River, the navigation of which was indispensable to her commerce. This was rejected. In 1827 the convention was renewed for an indefinite period. Throughout the whole of this time the claims of America seem to have grown larger and advanced with time. In 1827 the claim advanced to the 49th deg. N.; and in 1843 the President enlarged his claim again, on this occasion embracing the whole territory up to the 54th parallel; the cry being throughout the States, "all or none." In England some were for calling in the sword for arbitration, but, fortunately, in Lord Ashburton and in Daniel Webster more efficient arbitrators were found. America, under her wise and conciliatory adviser, withdrew her exorbitant claims without losing her honour, and on the 13th of June, 1846, it was finally settled by convention that the boundary should be continued westwards along the 49th parallel to the middle of the channel which separates America from Vancouver's Island, and thence south through the middle of the said channel and the Fuca Strait to the Pacific Ocean.

Before this, which was to us in England the most noticeable action of his life, during Webster's administration as Secretary of State, Lord Ashburton, Minister Extraordinary of Great Britain at Washington, had settled the eastern boundaries of Maine, New

Brunswick, and Canada. The treaty being signed in 1842, and terminating a dispute which, through a Mr. Macleod setting fire to an American vessel, had threatened the worst consequences to the two nations. On March the 7th, 1850, while the country and congress were agitated by questions connected with the organization of territories recently acquired from Mexico, and the proposed interdiction of slavery therein, Mr. Webster made a very eloquent speech, taking stand in favour of a compromise respecting the territories and against any act or proviso by congress aiming to exclude slavery therefrom. He argued that such an act was wholly uncalled-for; that the law of God had interdicted slavery therein, and needed no re-enactment by man. Previously to this he had been opposed to the Mexican war on the principle that the acquisition of so vast a territory would weaken rather than strengthen the United States. When he found that he was in the minority in regard to the invasion, he did not withhold his support from the government in voting sufficient supplies, thinking that the war, if carried on at all, should be carried on efficiently. In American parlance, Mr. Webster "invested a son" in this war, who was appointed Major in the Massachusetts regiment of volunteers; but the fatigue, coupled with the enervating and distressing climate, proved fatal to the promising young officer.

Upon the accession of President Fillmore, Mr. Webster again became Secretary of State, in which office he continued till his death. At the Baltimore convention, to elect in the room of Fillmore, he was nominated to the Presidency, but the delegates gave him but 33 out of 293 votes. This, and it is said having personally to congratulate the President elect, killed the ambitious man. It became evident that his life was drawing to a close. He himself was aware of this, and had the male members of his family and his only surviving son, Fletcher Webster, sent for. He desired them to remain near his room, and more than once enjoined on those present, who were not of his immediate family, not to leave Marshfield till his death had taken place. Reassured by all that his every wish would be religiously regarded, he then addressed himself to his physicians, making minute inquiries as to his own con-

dition, and the probable termination of his life. Conversing with great exactness, he seemed to be anxious to be able to mark to himself the final period of his dissolution. He was answered that it might occur in one, two, or three hours, but that the time could not be definitely calculated. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "I suppose I must lie here quietly till it comes." The retching and vomiting now recurred again. Dr. Jeffries offered to Mr. Webster something which he hoped might give him ease. "Something more, Doctor—more; I want restoration." Speaking to an old friend, Mr. Peter Harvey, he said, "I am not so sick, Harvey, but I know you, and love you, and call down heaven's blessing upon you and yours. Harvey, don't leave me till I am dead—don't leave Marshfield till I am a dead man." Then, as if speaking to himself, he said: "On the 24th of October, all that is mortal of Daniel Webster will be no more." He now prayed in his natural, usual voice—strong, full, and clear—ending with "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and receive me to thyself, through Christ Jesus."

At half-past seven o'clock, Dr. J. M. Warren arrived from Boston to relieve Dr. Jeffries, as the immediate medical attendant. Shortly after, he conversed with Dr. Jeffries, who said he could do nothing more for him than to administer occasionally a sedative potion. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "I am to be here patiently till the end. If it be so, may it come soon!"

Between ten and eleven o'clock, he repeated somewhat distinctly the words, "Poet, poetry, Gray, Gray." Mr. Fletcher Webster repeated the first line of the elegy: "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day." "That's it, that's it," said Mr. Webster, and the book was brought and some stanzas read to him, which seemed to give him pleasure. From twelve o'clock till two, there was much restlessness, but not much suffering. The physicians were quite confident that there was no actual pain. A faintness occurred, which led him to think that his death was at hand. While in this condition, some expressions fell from him indicating the hope that his mind would remain to him completely until the last. He spoke of the difficulty of the process of dying, when Dr. Jeffries repeated the verse: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow

of death, I fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

Mr. Webster said immediately: "The fact, the fact. That is what I want: Thy rod, Thy rod—Thy staff, Thy staff."

A lethargy followed, from which he soon after aroused, his countenance animated, and his eye flashing with its usual brilliancy. He exclaimed, "I still live," and immediately sank into tranquil unconsciousness. These were the last words of the world-renowned Daniel Webster. His breathing now became fainter, and his strength seemed entirely gone. He lingered in this condition until twenty minutes before three o'clock, when his spirit returned to God.

So died, after a long and useful life, Daniel Webster, who, if we are to believe the eulogies of the journalists published immediately after his death, was the greatest, or almost the greatest, statesman ever produced by America. Their leading journal contained on the day after his death these words:

"Who is there left behind to fill his place? Who shall venture to occupy that lofty intellectual eminence? One of the mightiest lights of the age has gone out; a light whose radiance was seen and admired, not only in the New World, but the Old—everywhere throughout the earth where Civilization has planted her altars, and erected her shrines, and where liberty, and letters, and oratory, and eloquence are known and appreciated. The name of Daniel Webster and his fame are indeed world-wide."

And a poetess of no mean power addressed him in the following lofty strain of hyperbole:

"The honeyed words of Plato still
Float on the echoing air;
The thunders of Demosthenes
Egean waters bear;
And the pilgrim in the Forum hears
The voice of Tully there.

And thus thy memory shall live,
And thus thy fame resound,
While far off future ages roll
Their solemn cycle round;
And make this wide, this fair New World
An ancient classic ground.

Then with thy country's glorious name
Thine own shall be entwined;
Within the Senate's pillared hall
Thine image shall be shrouded;
And on the nation's law shall gleam
Light from thy giant mind."

Furthermore she would prognosticate

that in the total ruin of America the name of Webster would survive! Surely these praises are tintured with that exaggeration which frequently is the pardonable fault of a generous nation! Rather let us take the estimate of that power of Europe, which, wearing no crown upon its head, and employing no army, nay, nor weapon save the pen, and dealing not in titles or princely ministers, yet sways more willing subjects than the greatest, by its talent, its moderation, and its wisdom. We quote from the *English Times*: "He is spoken of in America almost as Peel was spoken of in England. The journals of the States appear in mourning for the departed statesman; writers of all denominations concur in eulogistic biographies, and the reception of the intelligence in every town of the Union is chronicled with uniform testimony to the popularity of the subject."

The writer then goes on with a searching, deep, and wise analysis, to show us the grounds of this reverential favour. The passage is marked by a great knowledge of the people of America. "In him they saw an American who had not only carried American elections and guided the discussions of Congress, but who had met the diplomats of Europe, on fair grounds without discredit, and who enjoyed in the capitals of the Old World a distinction which in other cases was limited to the towns of the Union." But in spite of all this lavish praise and love, "It cannot be denied that the questions of the Bay Fisheries and the Lobos Islands (in which he had only looked to the immediate profit of America, not to her honour) placed the departed statesman in no favourable light either as a minister or a civilian. In his earlier views of foreign policy he was both more successful and correct. At various times it became his duty to assist at, or to conduct some of the most important negotiations in which the government of the Union was ever engaged. The north-eastern boundary, the provisions of mutual extradition, the right of search on the high seas, and the Oregon frontier, constituted successive questions of policy involving the highest interests of more than one State, and in all these discussions the influence of Mr. Webster's authority was both powerfully and meritoriously evinced. On points, too, of more ex-

clusively local interest, such as the annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, the reception of new states into the union, and the compromise of slavery disputes, his voice was heard on the side of moderation and equity, indeed, when not biassed by the temptations of party, or swayed by the pressure of a political crisis, he was far too sagacious to be seduced into error or excess, and his support might be confidently anticipated by the supporters of right and reason."*

But possibly the greatest renown and worship was won for Daniel Webster by his oratory, and this was greatly aided by his personal appearance. All who saw him on his visit to England were struck with his intellectual appearance and his manly and somewhat English carriage. He had about him a certain "presence which was not to be put by," and this in the exaggerated expression of the Americans was termed godlike. His features were dark, so dark as to be almost swarthy in some lights, but yet delicately chiselled, although extremely large. His thin lip was ever firmly closed when the orator was not speaking; and his large, dark brilliant eyes, deeply set in his head, were surmounted by a towering and broad forehead which gave much nobility to his expression.

He had the good fortune before he went to Congress, to have established for himself a first-rate reputation as an orator at the Bar, or before literary and popular assemblies; and hence from the first he was listened to in the senate with attention. His style was peculiar to himself, and to his country. Cool, well-arranged, and clear; perfectly intelligible, seldom warm in the beginning, but frequently rising into the highest poetry in the peroration, his speeches took the listener captive by their strong and manly sense, then convinced the reason, finally also to enamour the imagination. Hence with those who had heard him the impression was lasting. He reminds us frequently also of the philosophical deduction of Burke, but his style is more pure and not so involved and glittering, yet there is scarcely a paragraph but which contains some truth; and the greatest praise should be awarded them from the fact of their never rambling, but always being addressed to the point in con-

* Article in "*Times*," Nov. 1852.

deration, and on that full, perfect, and exhausting. In the few specimens which we give, and the reader must remember that the whole of his speeches fill six octavo volumes, there will be yet enough to judge of the effect of the oratory of Daniel Webster. Sorry enough must be the chronicler of his life, to find that this oratory was time-serving, and used both for and against, that traffic which is the curse of America. In 1820, standing on Plymouth Rock he declaimed as follows:

"I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest, that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt,—I mean the African slave-trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts there dwell no sentiments of humanity or of justice, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon: and in sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter page of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this trade; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to co-operate with the laws of man, and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visage of those who by stealth and at midnight labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England.

Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it."

But yet on the 7th of March, 1850, thirty years afterwards, a space of time which should have made so great a man wiser and more humane, he could reverse all this, and plead for the Fugitive Slave Bill. Well can we sympathise with the indignation of Theodore Parker on such a theme.

"You know the Fugitive Slave Bill too well. It is bad enough now; then it was far worse, for then every one of the seventeen thousand postmasters of America became a legal kidnapper by that bill. He pledged our Massachusetts to support it, and that with alacrity. My friends, you all know the speech of the 7th of March—you know how men felt when the telegraph brought the first news. They could not believe the lightning; you know how the Whig party and the Democratic party, and the newspapers, treated the report. When the speech came in full you know the effect. One of the most conspicuous men of the State, then in high office, declared that Mr. Webster 'seemed inspired by the devil to the extent of his intellect.' You know the indignation men felt, the sorrow and anguish. I think not a hundred prominent men in all New England acceded to the speech. But such was the power of that gigantic intellect that, eighteen days after his speech, 983 men of Boston sent him a letter telling him that he had 'pointed out the path of duty, convinced the understanding, and touched the conscience of the nation;' and they expressed to him their 'entire coincidence in the sentiments of that speech,' and their 'heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation of the Union.'"

More than this, he declared that "discussion on slavery ought to be suppressed," and at a dinner after the toast, and sentiment (?) of "*The Fugitive Slave Law*—on its execution depends the perpetuity of the Union," Mr. Webster said distinctly, "You of the South have as much right to secure your fugitive slaves, as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce." The audience answered this with six-and-twenty cheers!!! This

speech luckily for his fame, is not printed in the six volume collection. As we are upon this fugitive slave question, we may as well quote, from a powerful authority, the reason of this total abandonment of principle in Webster. We do it the more readily, as it is from the pen of an enthusiastic admirer and one of his own countrymen :

"Here is the reason. He wanted to be President. That was all of it. He must conciliate the South. This was his bid for the Presidency—50,000 square miles of territory and 10,000,000 of dollars to Texas; four new Slave States; slavery in California and New Mexico; the Fugitive Slave Bill; and 200,000,000 of dollars offered to Virginia to carry free men of colour to Africa.

"He never so laboured before, and he was always a hard-working man. What speeches he made at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Syracuse, Anapolis! What letters he wrote! His intellect was never so active before, nor gave such proofs of such Herculean power. The fountains of his great deep were broken up—he rained forty days and forty nights, and brought a flood of Slavery over this whole land; it covered the market, and the factory, and court-house, and warehouse, and the college, and rose high up over the tops of the tallest steeples! But the ark of freedom went on the face of the waters—above the market, above the court-house, above the factory, over the college, higher than the tops of the tallest steeples, it floated secure—for it bore the religion that is to save the world, and the Lord God of Hosts had shut it in."

But the time came when this venal but great man should be punished for his venality, when the misery which he had been the powerful instrument to bring to the homes of the coloured population of America, should be brought to himself. The "juggling fiend" that "paltered to the sense," like other fiends of unholy ambition, broke it to the promise, all his vaulting ambition had overreached itself, and he fell indeed.

"But what was the recompense? Ask Massachusetts—ask the North. Let the Baltimore convention tell. He was the greatest candidate before it. General Scott is a little man when the feathers are gone. Fillmore, you know him. Both of these, for greatness of intellect,

compared to Webster, were as a single maggot measured by an eagle. Look at his speeches; look at his forehead; look at his face. The 293 delegates came together and voted. They gave him thirty-three votes, and that only once! Where were the men of the 'lower law,' who made denial of God the first principle of their politics—where were they who in Faneuil Hall scoffed and jeered at the 'higher law?'—or at Capron Springs who 'laughed' when he scoffed at the law higher than the Virginian Hills? Where were the kidnappers? The 'lower law' men, and the kidnappers, strained themselves to the utmost, and he had thirty-three votes. Where was the South? Fifty-three times did the Convention ballot, and the South never gave him a vote. No. Not one! Northern friends—I honour their affection for the great man, there was nothing else left in them for me to honour—went round to the South and begged for the poor and paltry pittance of a seeming vote in order to break the bitterness of the fall! They went with tears in their eyes, and in mercy's name asked that crumb from the Southern Board. But the cruel South—treacherous to him she beguiled to treason against God—she answered, 'Not a vote!'

We turn from such a humiliating lesson, deeper from the contrast, to a speech on the Presidential Protest, delivered in 1837, which is replete with a manly good sense which does honour to the statesman, and which contains a lesson to the ultra reformers of any country or time.

"Nothing is more deceptive or more dangerous than the pretence of a desire to simplify government. The simplest governments are despotisms; the next simplest, limited monarchies; but all republics, all governments of law, must impose numerous limitations and qualifications of authority, and give many positive and qualified rights. In other words they must be subject to rule and regulation,—this is the very essence of free political institutions. The spirit of liberty is indeed a bold and fearless spirit; but it is also a sharp-sighted spirit; it is a cautious, sagacious, far-seeing intelligence; it is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. . . . It looks before and after, and building on the experience of ages which are past, it labours dili-

gently for the benefit of ages to come. This is the nature of constitutional liberty; and this is our liberty if we will rightly understand and preserve it. Every free government is naturally complicated, because all such governments establish restraints as well on the power of government itself as on that of individuals. If we will abolish the distinction of branches and have but one branch; if we abolish jury trials and leave all to the judge; if we then ordain that the legislator himself be that judge; and if we place the executive power in the same hands, we may readily simplify government. We may easily bring it to the simplest of all possible forms, a pure despotism."

In the same speech there is a figure which has often been quoted, but which is so beautiful that we shall lay it before our readers. It is, the reader will perceive, an expansion of a well-known expression, but more beautiful than the original; Webster is speaking of England as "a power to which Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military hosts, *whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.*"

It was such passages as this which caused men to hang delighted on the lips of Webster, and another cause was his thorough nationality, which, like that of Shakespeare, seemed ever to pervade his words, for America, the one whole and undivided nation, he would have perilled everything,—how well he could declaim on the beauties of union, the following, from a speech at a dinner given to him in 1851, and at which Sir H. Bulwer was present, will testify:

"The support of the Union is a great practical subject, involving the prospects and glory of the whole country, and affecting the prosperity of every individual in it. We ought to take a large and comprehensive view of it; to look to its vast results, and to the consequences which would flow from its overthrow. It is not a mere topic for ingenious disquisition, or theoretical or fanatical criticism. Those who assail the Union at the present day seem to be persons of one idea only, and many of them but half an idea. They plant

their batteries on some useless abstraction, some false dogma, or some gratuitous assumption. Or, perhaps, it may be more proper to say, that they look at it with microscopic eyes, seeking for some spot, or speck, or blot, or blur, and if they find anything of this kind, they are at once for overturning the whole fabric. And, when nothing else will answer, they invoke religion and speak of a higher law. Gentlemen, this North Mountain is high, the Blue Ridge higher still; the Alleghany higher than either; and yet this higher law ranges farther than an eagle's flight above the highest peaks of the Alleghany. No common vision can discern it; no conscience, not transcendental and ecstatic, can feel it; the hearing of common men never listens to its high behests; and therefore one should think it not a safe law to be acted on, in matters of the highest practical moment. It is the code, however, of the fanatical and factious abolitionists of the North.

"The secessionists of the South take a different course of remark. They are learned and eloquent; they are animated and full of spirit; they are high-minded and chivalrous; they state their supposed injuries and causes of complaint in elegant phrases and exalted tones of speech. But these complaints are all vague and general. I confess to you, gentlemen, that I know no hydrostatic pressure strong enough to bring them into any solid form, in which they could be seen or felt. They think otherwise, doubtless. But, for one, I can discern nothing real or well-grounded in their complaints. If I may be allowed to be a little professional, I would say that all their complaints and alleged grievances are like a very insufficient plea in the law; they are bad on general demurrer for want of substance. But I am not disposed to reproach these gentlemen, or to speak of them with disrespect. I prefer to leave them to their own reflections. I make no arguments against resolutions, conventions, secession speeches, or proclamations. Let these things go on. The whole matter, it is to be hoped, will blow over, and men will return to a sounder mode of thinking. But one thing, gentlemen, be assured of, the first step taken in the programme of secession, which shall be an actual infringement of the Con-

stitution or the Laws, will be promptly met. And I would not remain an hour in any administration that should not immediately meet any such violation of the Constitution and the Law effectually, and at once."

The speech quoted, however, savours of slavery, which was the rock upon which Webster split. He seems to have been a man supremely suited to his age and country. An age which worships intellect more than any other age, and which also counts upon riches as the greatest good. To lead it and conquer its vanity and to guide it to a higher aim, the great man should be gifted above all, with a fine conscience, and a great heart, great in affection, and greatest in all in his religion, and his dependence on his God. Daniel Webster seems to have been in his last days little else than intellect, and intellect of the most busy and bustling kind without God, bending to expediency, he forgot the eternal law of right; truckling for the Presidential chair, he gave an absolute negation to his nobler speeches, and sought to aggrandize himself by the misery of his fellows. These are grave faults; but even those more base in the eyes of the world, are laid to his charge. "A senator of the United States," says Theodore Parker, "he was pensioned by the manufacturers of Boston. Their gifts in his hands, how could he dare be just? His later speeches smelt of bribes." Alas! the student of history is not comforted by recalling the rapaciousness of Raleigh, and the venality of Francis Bacon, or the blot which a bribe has fixed upon the name of Sidney. Webster is one more fallen from bright hopes and brilliant beginnings, one more example that the heaven which "lies about us in our infancy," and still glows in our youth and honest manhood, grows dark and sullen as we near the grave.

Weighing well these facts, we shall concur in the estimate given by one who has no interest to praise or blame. He presents a marked resemblance to Daniel O'Connell, but he enjoys this superiority of the great Agitator, that he never seriously designed to lead his countrymen astray. . . . He was beyond all doubt an acute lawyer, an accomplished scholar, an experienced diplomatist and a great statesman. . . . It must be remembered that ministers are

adjusted to states, and a minister who can secure the permanent approbation of his own countrymen with as fair a renown abroad as was enjoyed by Daniel Webster, has achieved as much glory as even the best politicians are likely to obtain.

The disappointment of defeat was poignant, and Webster lived not long after it, he went home to Marshfield to die, and died better in good honest truth, than latterly he had lived. We have not touched upon his private vices, nor will we; his neighbours loved him for his farmerlike manners and kindly presence and voice, and there are few more touching scenes than that which follows:

"He had started small and poor, had risen great and high, and honourably fought his way alone. He was a farmer, and took a countryman's delight in country things—in loads of hay, in trees, turnips and the noble Indian corn, in monstrous swine. He had a patriarch's love of sheep—choice breeds thereof he had. He took delight in cows—short-horned Durhams, Herefordshires, Ayrshires, Alderneys. He tilled paternal acres with his own oxen. He loved to give the kine fodder. It was pleasant to hear his talk of oxen. And but three days before he left the earth, too ill to visit them, his oxen, lowing, came to see their sick lord, and as he stood in his door his great cattle were driven up, that he might smell their healthy breath, and look his last on those broad generous faces that were never false to him."

We have told how he died, broken and worn with storms of state and wrecked ambition, and after his death all his backslidings were forgotten, and the people mourned for him as they might for a great and mighty voice which henceforth was to be silent amongst them. They showed respect in every possible way, the ships lowered their flags half-mast high, the papers went in mourning.

Before the interment took place, the body was removed to a lawn in front of the mansion, and placed on a bier beneath one of the large poplar trees, and from nine to half-past one the assembled multitudes took a last look. The countenance was serene and life-like. Two garlands of acorns and oak leaves, and two bouquets of flowers were placed on the coffin. Many shed tears and grieved

for the loss, as for a departed father or dear friend. The funeral procession contained no carriages, nor were there any ladies, but to such a length did it extend, that the corpse had reached the grave before scarcely two-thirds had left the house. The burial took place exactly at half-past two o'clock, and an eloquent prayer was offered up by the Rev. Mr. Olden, the parish minister. The funeral was attended by upwards of 10,000 persons; among whom were Gen. Franklin Peirce, (now President,) Governor Massy, the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, the Hon. Edward Everett, the Hon. Charles Ashman, Chancellor Jones, &c. The whole of the proceedings were solemn, appropriate, and affecting. Mr. Webster was buried on his own grounds, by the side of his children. At New York a general feel-

ing of mourning was perceptible; the ships of all nations lying along the course of the north and east rivers displayed their flags at half mast, and minute guns were fired throughout the day. And so passed away from amongst his people Daniel Webster, bearing once the proud title of "Expounder and Defender of his Nation's Laws;" and if accomplishing little, yet revered as he was for his intellectual power, leaving a great name which will long be heard of in America.

Hurl'd into fragments by the tempest blast
The Rhodian monster lies; the obelisk
That with sharp line divided the broad disc
Of Egypt's sun, down to the sands was cast:
And where these stood, no remnant trophy stands,
And even the art is lost by which they rose;
Thus with the monuments of other lands,
The place that knew them, now no longer knows.
Yet triumph not, O Time; strong towers decay,
But a great name shall never pass away!

THE CARICATURISTS.

It is much to be regretted that to many minds certain objects which excite mirth, should be looked upon as weak, frivolous, and beneath notice, as if Heraclitus were the true philosopher, and Democritus none. Books which are amusing have been too often set down as the very reverse of instructive, and dry uninteresting treatises have been deemed the proper garb of science. Yet few dogmas have less of truth in them than the foregoing; Horace perceived this long ago, and boldly asks,

"Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?"

and some bold spirits in our own day have absolutely made knowledge interesting, and planted flowers along the dusty high way of the schools. At first they were laughed at; one who amused his readers was declared not to be profound, just as Wordsworth, when he called a bird a nightingale, and not "Philomel," and left off styling the sun "Bright Phœbus," or "Apollo's golden fire," was thought by many to be very unpoetical. A fault which he quadrupled by writing, poetically, of "the Cumberland Beggar," "the Idiot Boy," and "the Female Vagrant." How could an idiot, a vagrant and a beggar, things essentially unpoetical in themselves, be

written about poetically? asked the scoffers; and so they scoffed down Wordsworth, whilst they allowed poetry to a pirate as in "Lara," or a rake as "Don Juan." But Wordsworth won the battle which he fought, and brought poetry to the humblest hearth, and we are rapidly winning ours. The truth is, that wisdom is sometimes clothed in the jester's motley, and as deep morality and meaning lies in the gibes of the gravedigger, or the jests of Yorick, as in the melancholy of Hamlet.

These remarks will perhaps be found necessary to introduce an article upon "Caricature" in a work intended for the student and the closet; we shall find that many grave affairs have been brought about by the pencil of a Gilray, and many a lesson taught by the etching point of a Cruikshank, whilst to the Historian, such notices illustrating as they do a very important portion of our history, will not be found uninteresting.

But, whilst thus insisting upon the dignity of our paper, we must not be thought to countenance in any way undue, stupid and frivolous levity. A wit of our own day has endeavoured to render history comic. The grand legends of Rome have been made the vehicle for word-play and pun; and the

noble achievements of our fathers, their hard-won liberties, their blood-shedding and battles; their martyrdom and imprisonments, have been made the vehicles of the smart sentence and the inane jest. Nothing could be more odious to the writer, or more hurtful to the young than such a proceeding; how could they reverence past ages, their early acquaintance with which began with laughter? how could they worship a hero whose deeds had been a subject of jest? No; *such* is not the purpose of this paper; too much dulness is indeed a grave fault; but unbounded levity, often, as in the case of a modern revolution, the concomitant of impiety and cruelty, is a sin.

But to our subject.

Caricature seems to be derived from an Italian word, *caricare*, to overload, and therefore a caricature has been well defined as a loaded, overcharged representation. Caricature in painting, bears an affinity to Burlesque in poetry, and a finely drawn caricature would bear the same analogy to Raphael's picture of the Last Judgment, as Butler's Hudibras does to Paradise Lost as an epic poem. Addison defines caricature, as pictures "where the art consists in preserving amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features, some distinguishing likeness of the person." Such, indeed, is the style of caricature which was prevalent in his day, but we have arrived to a much more refined state of the art, and have been gradually progressing towards, perhaps, a perfection which the elder caricaturists little dreamt of.

The application of pictures of a satirical kind to politics, which constitutes the great body of the caricatures with which we shall have to deal, is, it has been well observed, no new thing, and can be traced among every people with whom, historically, we have any acquaintance. In the very centre of the pyramids, upon Egyptian tombs, caricatures have been found; and many an old manuscript or sculptured piece of wood tells us that our most remote ancestors enlivened the darkness of the middle ages with pictorial satire. But in those days the artists laboured under immense disadvantages. Engraving was indeed understood, but the art of multiplying the impressions from the plate, and spreading them before the eyes of the Many was unknown. The

discovery of the printing press carried its boon to the caricaturist as to every one else; by it impressions could be multiplied indefinitely; and it was therefore during the latter part of the 16th and more than ever during the 17th centuries that caricatures became the potent weapons which they are in political warfare, and formidable instruments in working upon the feelings of the populace.

But the reader must not fall into the common mistake of regarding this art as entirely comic. Nothing can be farther from the truth. In their earliest period they were seldom, if ever, pictures merely to provoke a laugh, but were serious affairs, frequently of a very savage nature, and made subservient to the political warfare which was then going on, the character of which they, of course, partook. The chief of our English caricatures were imported from Holland, and they first came into extensive circulation and notoriety after the revolution of 1688, which happily placed the third William upon an English throne. No doubt, this arose from the fact of England possessing no artists of sufficient skill to enable them to produce the plates rapidly and effectively. The caricatures, of which there were plenty which satirized the Protector Cromwell, were executed chiefly by the Dutch; and in the flood of this kind of pictures, which that stirring time of speculation, the days of the South Sea Bubble gave rise to, the large majority came from the Dutch. Their character was totally different to what we now understand by the same term. They were chiefly emblematical, and in a folio volume of them, all relating to the speculating mania, which prevailed both in Holland and France at the time of Law and his Mississippi scheme, and which was published under the title of "*Her groote Tafereel de Devaasheid*," (The great Picture of Folly,) some of them are so difficult to divine, and have so very little point, that an authority* on the subject has suggested that the great sale of caricatures made the booksellers look up old plates published upon totally different subjects, and after adding new inscriptions and new explanations publish them as caricatures on the Bubble.

* Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., "History of the House of Hanover."

This dulness and emblematical character seemed for a long time to pervade the artists of the day, and even Hogarth, when he turned his skilful pencil to this kind of art, seems to have been unable to disengage himself from the prevailing fault. In his second scene of the election, the "Canvass," the British Lion is represented as swallowing a golden fleur-de-lis, an emblem, we take it, of French gold being used plentifully as a means of bribery; and in the third plate, the "Polling," the carriage of Britannia is represented as overturning, whilst the coachman and footman on the box are playing at cards; another emblematic representation of the gaming propensities of the ministers, a madness shared by the whole aristocracy. But these are mild and favourable instances. Two celebrated publications of this artist, which are undoubted caricatures, "The Times," and drew upon the designer much odium, contain more glaring examples of this fault than those we have quoted.

After Hogarth, the art of modern caricature appears to have taken its rise from the pencils of a number of known and unknown amateur artists, (amongst whom we may mention the notorious George Townshend,) who were actively engaged in the political intrigues of George II. These carried on the attack and defence for some time; in the earlier years of his successor, the rage for this kind of pictures became great, and then for a while died out to grow brighter, stronger, and more popular than ever, under the pencil, and by the conceptions of the fertile Gilray. This artist was succeeded by others who have not let the art die, and who have carried down the chain of caricaturists to our own day. So that all of their works collected and arranged with accompanying explanations would form a better and more copious political history of the time than any we have at present.

In writing the biographies of a class of men who have produced, or rather who have greatly assisted in producing such memorable events as have the caricaturists, it would be an omission not to include the name of WILLIAM HOGARTH, but it would also be an injustice to assume that he was nothing more than a mere caricaturist, for although he dealt largely in that spe-

cies of humorous composition, his finer works are so far removed from it, that they should rather be held as fine and deep satires upon humanity, satires moreover partaking more largely of Tragedy than of Comedy. "Recollection," says Charles Lamb, "of the manner in which his prints (the Harlot's and Rake's Progresses) affected me, has often made me wonder when I have heard Hogarth described as a mere comic painter, as one whose chief ambition was to *raise a laugh*. To deny that there are throughout the prints I have mentioned, circumstances introduced of a laughable tendency, would be to run counter to the common notions of mankind; but to suppose that in their ruling character they appeal chiefly to the risible faculty, and not first and foremost to the very heart of man, its best and most serious feelings, would be to mistake no less grossly their aim and purpose. A set of severer satires (for they are not so much comedies, which they have been likened to, as they are strong and masculine satires,) less mingled with anything of mere fun, were never written upon paper or graven upon copper. They resemble Juvenal, or the satiric touches in Timon of Athens.*"

Bearing the foregoing in mind, we will proceed.

WILLIAM HOGARTH was born on the 19th of December, 1697, in the parish of St. Bartholomew, London. He was descended from a Westmoreland family, which had borne the name of Hogard, or Hogart; his father being the youngest of three brothers, the eldest of whom lived and died as a yeoman, the second as a farmer, whilst the third, Hogarth's father, came up to London, being, perhaps, more educated and having more learning than the two eldest, and earned

* Swift, who might just as well be set down as a merely comic (i. e. that which is understood by the modern and somewhat peurile word *funny*) writer, as Hogarth solely as a caricaturist, seemed to have entertained the same ideas as Lamb.

"How I want thee, humorous Hogart!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art!
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted;
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them
From their features while I give them.
Draw them like for I assure-a
You'll need no caricature,
Draw them so that we may trace
All the soul in every face."

A Character, &c., of the "Legion Club," 1736.

a precarious living as a corrector for the press. He married one whose name or kindred no one has mentioned; kept a small school in Ship Court, Old Bailey, and having in vain sought distinction as an author, sank under disappointed hope and incessant labour, and died in 1721, leaving one son and two daughters, Ann and Mary.

As soon as William could be properly called master of his name, he, like the poet Malloch, who called himself Mallet, and the author Foe, who insisted on the "De" before his name, determined to improve its euphony by adding the final "h." The troubles of his father had an effect upon the boy which we cannot regret. The father was a scholar and a man of varied acquirements, but the son refused to make these his own. "I saw," he says, "the difficulties under which my father laboured; the many inconveniences he endured from his dependence, living chiefly on his pen; and the cruel treatment he met with from booksellers and printers . . . it was therefore conformable to my own wishes that I was taken from school, and served a long apprenticeship to a silver plate engraver." He was apprenticed to Ellis Gamble, a silversmith, in Cranbourne Alley, Leicester Square. The place has disappeared in the recent improvements, but one side of Cranbourne Street marks the spot where it stood. The profession which he embraced consists not only in engraving spoons and forks with crests or cyphers, but also in ornamenting the larger and more costly articles of plate, and in engraving thereon the armorial bearings of the possessors. It includes, therefore, or should include, a knowledge of heraldry, and, indeed, the silver engravers of that day were also the heraldic engravers. Hugh Clark, the author of the best small introduction to heraldry which we have, was a silver engraver, and the book-plates of the nobility were done by artists on silver. Many of these done by Hogarth himself are now in the portfolios of collectors, regarded as objects of great value and curiosity. The taste which led Hogarth to choose such an occupation was manifested at a very early age, even when a mere child he was employed at every possible opportunity in making drawings. He learnt not to write, but to "draw the alphabet with great correctness," and

he adds, "my exercises at school were more remarkable for the ornaments which adorned them than for the exercise itself. In the former I soon found that blockheads, with better memories, would soon surpass me; but for the latter I was particularly distinguished."

With such an intuition the choice he made was a happy one. Demi-lions, griffins, hydras, cockatrices, and sea-lions, and all the fabulous monsters of heraldry exercised his young hand, and gave it facility and precision. Before his apprenticeship, the long term of seven years, had expired, he had gone beyond these things, and had conceived the great ambition of being an engraver on copper-plate. "Engraving on copper was at twenty years of age my utmost ambition. To attain this it was necessary that I should learn to draw something like nature." To arrive at this desired end, he scouted the common path of continually copying other men's works, which he considered was like pouring wine out of one vessel into another; he therefore early practised himself in acquiring and retaining in his memory, we use his own words, perfect ideas of the things he meant to draw, considering that he "who could do so would have as clear a knowledge of the figure as he who can write freely hath of the twenty-five letters of the alphabet, and their infinite combinations." Filled with this, he began to turn every opportunity to account, and to sketch almost everything he had seen, carrying the idea away in his retentive memory. If, however, a very singular face struck him, he would, rather than lose its expression, copy it on the nail of his thumb, and carry it home to enlarge upon at leisure. Like the present Præ-Raphaelites he went at once to nature. "Instead of burthening the memory with musty rules, or tiring the eye with copying dry or damaged pictures, I have ever found studying from nature the shortest and safest way of obtaining knowledge in my art." We quote these sentences, and linger thus upon the threshold of his life, in the hopes that they may perhaps inspire some young devotee of art with a determination of following out so good a plan, and may strengthen a preconceived determination to go to the fountain of originality and excellence, Nature herself.

Keeping strictly to this determination,

Hogarth did not let slip any opportunity of exercising his art, under the tutorship of nature. On one occasion, he, in company with Hayman, the painter, strolled into a low pot-house, where two loose women were drunk, and quarrelling. One of them filled her mouth with brandy, and dexterously spirted it into the eyes of her antagonist. "See! see!" cried Hogarth, and taking out his note-book, sketched her. This figure afterwards was put to use, and forms a principal one in his "Modern Midnight Conversation." Such an anecdote as this offends many, as it did Horace Walpole, who from it has presumed that the painter was a man of loose habits and low conversation, an idea very far from the truth; but the conscientious biographer must chronicle a fact which throws a light upon the *modus operandi* of the artist.

After his apprenticeship was served, Hogarth had some difficulty in maintaining himself. "Owing," he says, "to my desire for qualifying myself for engraving upon copper, &c., I could do little more than maintain myself till I was near thirty;" and he adds a sentence which does him honour: "but even then I was a punctual paymaster. . . . I remember the time when I have gone moping into the city with scarce a shilling, but as soon as I have obtained ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied forth again with all the confidence of a man who has thousands in his pockets." So it ever is with rising talent; at first hard to be distinguished, it wins for its owner a scant and precarious existence; but when acknowledged it reaps, as it should do, the harvest which it deserves. The nature of Hogarth was too confident and bold to sink under difficulties which would have daunted others. Richard Wilson repined and grew melancholy under the pressure of misfortune, and in another walk of art, young Chatterton destroyed himself; but Hogarth, confident in the future, bore his disappointments manfully, and finally triumphed over them.

The first work of much merit which appeared from his graver, was called "The Taste of the Town," published in 1724. This was a legitimate caricature, and the prevalent follies were terribly lashed. Young satirists are always severe. The print is now termed "Bur-

lington Gate." Those vicious amusements, then very prevalent, masquerades, are held up to ridicule; multitudes are represented as crowding to one of those assemblies, led by a figure, appropriately tricked out with cap and bells. On the summit of the gate, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the day, William Kent,* an architect and artist, much in vogue, is brandishing his pencils, with Michael Angelo and Raphael for his supporters. But a more important personage, no less than Alexander Pope, also suffers from the artist's satire. The poet is introduced as "A. P—pe, plasterer, whitewashing and bespattering;" drawn as a deformed dwarf, Pope is mounted on a scaffolding, whitewashing the gate, whilst, by his awkwardness, he sends a shower of dirt on a coach below, and with his foot he is overturning a pail, and spilling the contents on a passenger beneath, who is explained as "any one that comes in his way." This is in allusion to the very free way in which that great poet placed any one who offended him in his satires.

Soon after the appearance of this plate the booksellers began to employ him as an illustrator, and draughtsman of embellishments and frontispieces. He illustrated Moutraye's "Travels," Apuleius' "Golden Ass," and Beaver's "Military Punishments." He engraved, moreover, subjects very foreign to his power, viz.: his illustrations to Milton's "Paradise Lost." In 1726, he was employed to illustrate Butler's "Hudibras;" little of the genius of the poet seems to have descended upon the illustrator. The plates are common enough to this day, but the figures are certainly clumsy and awkward. At this time Hogarth was in such indifferent circumstances, that he sold to Bowles, the print-seller, some plates just then completed by weight, at the rate of *half-a-crown a pound, avoirdupois*. He next published a print of a curious nature, the trial of Bambridge, the jailor of Newgate. This man was tried and found guilty of cruelty to his prisoners, of extortion, and breach of trust. The figure of Bambridge has

* Kent's judgment was considered paramount in all things. Walpole relates that "so impetuous was fashion, that two great ladies prevailed on him to design their birthday gowns. The one he dressed in a petticoat decorated with columns of the five orders of architecture; the other like a bronze, in a copper-coloured satin with ornaments of gold."

been highly praised by Horace Walpole for the expression of villany, fear, and the working of conscience it contains. "If this was a portrait," says Walpole, "it is the most striking ever painted—if it was not, it is still finer." Another caricature of his old enemy—Kent, procured Hogarth the friendship of Sir J. Thornhill, who regarded Kent as an opponent, and in 1829, on the 23rd of March, our artist, then in his 32nd year, married Jane, the only daughter of Sir James. This match, not an imprudent one on the part of the lady, who had passed the bloom of youth, was undertaken without the consent of her parents, and her father was offended. At the time Hogarth was scarcely considered a painter, and Sir James was serjeant and history-painter to the king, he therefore considered the match beneath his daughter's rank. Two years, however, and Hogarth's increasing fame, served to appease Thornhill's anger. The entreaties of his wife, the submission of his daughter, and the rising reputation of his son-in-law, were the arguments which prevailed. Hogarth laid aside his satiric designs, took a house in Leicester Fields, and commenced the profession of portrait painter—an art in which, to say the truth, he was not qualified to succeed largely, wanting grace and prettiness in his portraits, and being "a man whose talent was certainly not flattering, nor his talent adapted to look on vanity without a sneer." His facility of catching likenesses, however, drew him a considerable quantity of business for some time, and he also added novelty to his art by painting small conversational pictures, which he says succeeded for a few years, but even this he says, was "but a less kind of drudgery, and as I could not bring myself to act like some of my brethren, and make it a sort of manufactory, to be carried on by the help of backgrounds and drapery painters, it was not sufficiently profitable to pay the expenses my family required." The best of the portraits he painted at this time, is perhaps, that of Captain Coram, the philanthropic founder of the Foundling Hospital.

Captain Coram, as represented in Hogarth's portrait, has a dignity and sweet benevolence in his face, which we hear from contemporary authority was not in the original; yet the portrait

is wonderfully like. This excellent man having laid out his entire fortune in acts of benevolence, was reduced to great poverty in his old age. To the honour of the nation, an annuity of one hundred pounds was purchased and presented to him. On receiving it he said, "I did not waste the wealth which I possessed in self-indulgence or vain expense, and in my old age, I am not ashamed to own that I am poor." A second portrait of remark is that of Fielding, the novelist, painted from recollection, from a paper cutting, and from the mimicry of Garrick dressed in the departed author's clothes. So runs the story. Fielding himself, a rare instance among men of any celebrity, never sat for his portrait. A third portrait brings us closely home to our subject, and is that of the notorious John Wilkes. It has been styled a caricature, but is in fact so little so that Wilkes himself owned the likeness. "I am growing," he writes, "every day more and more like my portrait by Hogarth." The portrait is the work of a genius, and speaks for itself. The notorious author of the "Essays on Woman," the chairman of the "H—l-fire Club," and one of the most profane, yet able men of the day, is seated in an easy and not ungraceful attitude, with a wand in his hand, at the top of which is a Phrygian cap, bearing that word which was by the mob so often coupled with his own name, "Wilkes and Liberty." The portrait is correct, but the touch of the artist has preserved scarcely anything human in the face, which reveals only the sensualist and the fiend. The sinister eyes, the slightly open mouth, the wig, with its curls so placed as to look like horns, all proclaim sensuality and hypocrisy, and the demon stands confessed. Wilkes has lately had his champions, and there is little doubt that he was not so deeply sunk in every vice as some have represented him, but that he was a profligate and abandoned man there is little doubt, and the portrait by Hogarth will, to use the words of Pope, transmit him to posterity,

"Damned to everlasting fame."

The last portrait which can be mentioned here is that of "Garrick as Richard III." After working for some time at these, he designed and etched the first portion of the "Harlot's Progress,"

so much to the gratification of Lady Thornhill, that she advised her daughter to place it one morning in Thornhill's dining room. Mrs. Hogarth did so, the *ruse* succeeded. "Very well! very well, indeed," cried Sir James, "the man who can do these, does not need a portion with a daughter." There, was perhaps, a touch of avarice in this speech, but they were soon afterwards completely reconciled, and Sir James soon afterwards became generous to his son-in-law and daughter.

The "Harlot's Progress" was commenced in 1731, and appeared in a series of six plates in 1734. The public received it with general approbation, and the money which it produced relieved Hogarth from any fear of troubling his father-in-law. No one can look upon the plates without being struck with their boldness, force, and originality. They are full of truth, and are very far indeed from being overloaded or caricatures. Yet in them many living characters are severely satirised. Colonel Chartres, of whom Pope had written that a good man might wonder that

"Some old temple nodding to its fall "

did not

"For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall."

Parson Ford, Kate Hackabout, and Mother Needham have therein their portraits preserved. The success of this series of plates was so great, that the proceeds lifted the painter from the slough of mean condition in which he was, till then, plunged. He took a house for a summer residence in Lambeth Walk, and the vine which he is said to have planted is still shown there. About this time, he had the temerity to attempt subjects which were far, very far out of his style: on the great staircase of Bartholomew's Hospital, he painted two Scripture stories,—the "Pool of Bethesda," and the "Good Samaritan," with figures seven feet high. "These," he writes in some MS. notes left by him, "I presented to the charity, and thought they might serve as a specimen to show, that were there any inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting of them more easily attainable than is generally imagined." An inscription which adjoins these pictures tells us they were painted and presented by the artist in 1736;

but the pictures themselves will by no means suit the advanced taste of our own day. Hogarth himself writes of them very complacently, but no man is a judge of his own works. Milton preferred "Paradise Regained" to the greater and earlier poem, and the fact of Hogarth frequently recurring to the classical style, leaves us but little space to doubt but that he, in his own opinion, fancied that he could equal the old masters; for it must be recollected that his genius was of a most self-confident nature. But his keen sense of character and the very power which made him what he was prevented this. "He was ambitious," writes Horace Walpole, "of distinguishing himself as a painter of History, but the burlesque turn of his mind mixed itself with the most serious subjects. In his 'Danaë,' the old nurse tries a coin of the golden shower with her teeth; in the 'Pool of Bethesda' the servant of a rich ulcerated lady beats back a poor man who has sought the same celestial remedy."

The first of these incidents is a step beyond truth, and although very ludicrous is without thought. Surely when we believe the shower to be *divine*, we would not test the gold; the second contains a severe satire upon humanity, a satire no less true, than it is severe. Hogarth had by the "Harlot's Progress" won the good will of those whose opinion was worth winning. Somerville dedicated a work upon rural sports to him, and Fielding continually reverts to him in terms of the highest praise, both in his paper of the "Covent Garden Journal" which he then edited, and in the admirable novel of "Tom Jones."

In 1734, he lost his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, to whom he had been ever kind and attentive, and whom he appears really to have looked to with admiration. Hogarth wrote the obituary of Sir James in the "Gentleman's Magazine." In the following year he lost his mother, who lived near Cecil Court in the Strand. Mrs. Hogarth had lived to see her son famous, he had always been to her tender and respectful, and had aided her in every way he could, this aid was now to be extended to his sisters who were both unmarried, and who were left with little to support them, but luckily in trade in a ready-made clothes-shop in Little Britain.

The "Harlot's Progress" had been so successful, that the next work of the

painter appears to have been intended as a pendant to it. The second production by far surpassed the first. It was the "Rake's Progress," a work so notorious and admired, that grave divines preached upon its lessons from the pulpit; whilst at the same time the stage, for once, in those days, coming to the aid of morality, produced the story of dissipation and guilt, and its concomitant and wholesome moral, with all the power of scenic effect, and living tableaux to startle the eyes and wring the hearts of many of the audience, who were engaged in that same wild race, which ends in the prison or the grave. Fan-mounts, printed in red ink were also sold, bearing small copies of the subjects, three on one side and three on the other, so that the grave and satiric touches of the painter, permeated the whole mass of society, from the duchess who read its lesson upon her gilt and feathered fan, to the frequenter of the sixpenny gallery, who wept perhaps at its pathos, in Drury Lane Theatre. Hogarth had indeed read a great moral lesson; he was in this no caricaturist; there is no false sympathy, no overloading in the pictures which he has given us. In the first series, a young and innocent woman coming to town, is beguiled by one of the basest of her own sex, and led through six scenes of false and fleeting splendour and guilt, to punishment and misery, finally to end her life amidst beings as depraved and as wretched as herself. In the second series of engravings, the heir of a sordid old miser steps suddenly from a state of abject dependence upon another's will, to abundant wealth. At the moment in which fortune lavishes her favours upon him, he proves his baseness by deserting a poor creature whom he had seduced, and who before his accession to wealth, he had promised to make his wife. In the next scene we find him already on the high road to ruin, sharpers, gamblers, and bullies surround the young man and hurry him to dissipation. The foreign master of dancing, and foreign singer share with English parasites his stupid admiration, and the bully and fighting man show that others are ready to defend his cowardice whilst they share his gold. But these scenes are soon followed by retribution: whilst going in a gay dress to court, the Rake is

seized by the bailiffs, and owes his temporary liberty to the goodness of the very woman whom he had betrayed and cast off, and at last comes the fruit of all this riotous living, this "blazing out of life," as Johnson in his "Life of Rochester," has forcibly called it. The prodigal has no father or home to return to. His friends, all save one, have left him, and he dies mad in Bedlam, a victim to his own vice, extravagance and folly.

The fame of the painter now attracted certain pirates of prints, which kind of property was in those days unprotected by copyright. The whole of the eight prints of the "Rake's Progress" were pirated by Boitard, and printed on one large sheet, and issued a whole fortnight before the originals appeared. To do this, Boitard must have had some understanding with the printer who took proofs of Hogarth's engravings, and must have obtained surreptitiously the very proofs, which were worked off the artist's plates. The whole affair reveals to us a system of rascality which certainly does not place the honesty of the "good old times" in a very favourable light. The eight plates of the "Rake's Progress" were not, on the whole, so favourably received as their predecessors had been, and this, coupled with the pirating, stirred on Hogarth very naturally, to endeavour to turn the whole of the profits to himself. To do this he applied to parliament, and obtained an act, "for recognising a legal copyright in designs and engravings, and for restraining copies of such works from being made without the consent of the owners." This was in 1755. To commemorate this act, the artist drew and etched an allegorical plate, wherein a royal crown sheds rays upon bishops' mitres and lords' coronets, upon the mace, the speaker's hat, and the great seal; by which loyal symbols he typified the united wisdom of "lords and commons assembled," and the gracious sovereign, under whom they guided the nation. Underneath the subject are words no less loyal than the plate itself, whereby Hogarth, not faintly but strongly, lauds the Imperial Parliament for the measure which they had taken to secure him his rights.

In the next year, that is in 1756, the industrious artist again amused the town with a plate which, though full of most cutting and truthful satire, yet

borders in its quaintness upon caricature. It is called "The Sleeping Congregation," and represents a very monotonous and heavy parson promoting to the utmost of a very large ability, the happy endeavours of a singular audience to sleep. The very church itself seemed steeped in slumber, reminding one of the metamorphosis of the cottage of Baucis and Philemon into a church, the very pews are sleepy. The artist must have had Swift's lines in his mind:

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load;
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews,
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The only person in the congregation at all awake is the clerk, "a sleek and oily man," who has one eye kept open, by glancing in too worldly a manner upon a very fine young servant maid who is most pertinaciously asleep on his left hand. The clerk is in that ridiculous state when a person is conscious of going to sleep, but endeavours very vainly to keep himself awake. The effect is ludicrous in the extreme. The author of the "Philosophy of Drunkenness," Mr. Macnish, has also written an able treatise on the "Philosophy of Sleep;" in one chapter he has treated very scientifically, upon the strong temptation which all are subject to of sleeping in church. He might have illustrated his subject by an allusion to Hogarth's print.

In or about the same year, (for the plate is without a date,) Hogarth published another, called "Southwark Fair." It has the usual busy scene of such a subject, and is no doubt a very faithful transcript of those who thronged to fairs in those days, treated in a Hogarthian spirit. Next came another very celebrated piece, the "Modern Midnight Conversation," wherein nothing can exceed the drunken revelry of the assembly. A parson in the midst, said to be a portrait of the celebrated Orator Henley, the subject of Pope's satire—

"O orator, of brazen face and lungs,"

is the chairman of the drunken crew. According to Mrs. Thrale, the portrait is of another celebrated parson, Parson Ford, who was a relation of Doctor Johnson, and whose ghost—*credat Judæus*!—used to haunt the Hummums

in Covent Garden. The group is pervaded with a drunken spirit of life, which is indeed admirable, and which could only proceed from one pencil. This print has carried the name and fame of Hogarth into foreign lands. It is a great favourite in Germany, in France, and in Russia. His next work was no less full of life and motion—it was the "Enraged Musician." A professor of that art, evidently foreign from his dress and air, is interrupted in his practice by a concourse of noises, which are brought together with great ingenuity. The musician can bear it no longer, but, throwing up the window and placing his fingers to his ears to shut out the discord, appears to be vainly endeavouring to obtain a hearing and to put a stop to the terrific noise. But it still continues; a dustman cries "dust, oh!" a milkmaid (sweetly drawn, and full of freshness and innocence) cries out "milk above, milk below;" a fishmonger cries in linked sweetness, long drawn out, "e—e—ls;" a ballad singer chaunts the monotonous story of "The Lady's Fall;" a little French drummer drums; a paviour rams the stones; a post-boy blows his horn; and a sweep from the top of a neighbouring chimney raps his brush against the pot, and shouts out that "he has done;" but this is not all, the picture, like Prospero's island, is "full of noises,"—a cutler grinds a butcher's cleaver; and "John Long," a pewterer, in a shop close at hand, adds to the turmoil the clink of many hammers. In addition to this, the animal creation is called in, and an ass brays, whilst two cats squall and fight on the tiles of the houses; altogether the print well deserves the genial criticism of a wit of the day: "This strange scene," said he, "*deafens one to look at.*" This print was published in November, 1740, and was intended as a companion to the "Distressed Poet," published sometime before.

"The Four Times of the Day," four prints which described what they pretended: Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, were the next productions of Hogarth. The student of history and of the manners and customs of the day, will find these prints teach him more than many chapters in history. The state of the streets at night before gas was dreamt of, and when the watchmen were of the true Dogberry and

Verges race, is capitolly placed before us. The plates will well repay an attentive scrutiny. The first pair of pictures were sold to the Duke of Ancaster for seventy-five guineas, and Sir William Heathcote bought the remaining pair for forty-six.

The "Strolling Players," a very celebrated engraving, representing a company of actors in a barn, dressing for the representation of a comedy, formed the next publication; and the contrast between the *dramatis personæ*, who are all of the first order of heathen deities, the *Dii majorum gentium*, and their representatives in the barn, is both ludicrous and satirical. Juno is sitting on an old wheelbarrow, which will serve, no doubt, as a triumphal car. Night, dressed in a spangled robe, is mending her stocking; and the Tragic Muse is cutting a cat's tail to draw a little real blood, no doubt for theatrical purposes. On a Grecian altar from which one of the attendants of Pluto has just lifted a pot of beer, is a loaf of bread, and a tobacco-pipe with smoke issuing from it. Apollo and Cupid are endeavouring to reach down a pair of stockings, which are hung upon a cloud to dry, but Cupid's wings are of no avail, and his godship is obliged to have recourse to a ladder; but the most startling is the cup-bearer of Olympus, Ganymede, who is about to cure "a raging tooth" by a glass of gin. An excellent critic has well remarked, "that there is positively no end to the drollery. Into the darkest nook the artist has put meaning, and there is instruction or sarcasm in all that he has introduced!"* This wonderful picture was sold to Francis Beckford, Esq. for £27 6s. 0d. The gentleman thought the price too much, and the artist returned him the money, and resold the painting to one who had more judgment or more generosity, for the same sum. It must be a source of wonder that with the name and fame which his prints brought him, that Hogarth got paid so little, so very little, for his paintings, but we must recollect that it was the fashion then, and even now until very lately, to declare that he was "no painter;" and the artist supported himself by the sale of his prints. He was soon to find at how little his pictures, now so valuable, were reckoned.

* The British Painters, by Allan Cunningham.

On the 25th of January, 1743, he offered for sale the six paintings of the "Harlot's Progress," the eight paintings of the "Rake's Progress," and five other pictures, the "Strolling Players," and the "Four Times of the Day." The painter, who seldom did anything like other men, thought it incumbent upon him to issue a kind of catalogue or bill, containing strange conditions of sale, and the public paid little attention to the sale at all. The paintings of the two "Progresses" sold at fourteen guineas, and twenty-two guineas each picture; the Rake's fetching the largest price. Modern artists have realized, over and over again, more money for a single picture, than Hogarth obtained for the whole. His wit and humour, which were ever ready to flow, had induced him to issue, in addition to the conditions, a strange ticket to this sale, which was no less than "the Battle of the Pictures," an idea probably caught from Swift's "Battle of the Books," which Sir William Temple's essay had given rise to. The card is a satire on the passion for old masters, which was then prevalent. Hundreds of copies of the Bull and Europa, of Apollo and Marsyas, and of St. Andrew on the Cross, are ranked in order; and from these hostile ranks certain pictures advance and charge literally *through* pictures of Hogarth, which are placed in a row on the ground. All this, although some critics profess to be puzzled at it, seems to us to be merely typical of the injury which a passion for second-rate copies of the old masters was doing the native artist.

Chagrined at the result of his sale, Hogarth returned to his studio to work, and in April, 1743, advertised the series which, perhaps, reflects most honour upon him, and which from being the property of the nation, makes his name the most known. This was the celebrated "Marriage à la mode," which was published by subscription, the plates being engraved by first-rate Parisian artists, with the exception of the heads, which, in order that they might bear the very touch of the painter, were engraved by himself.

Of this work it is difficult to speak in sufficient terms of admiration. The grouping, the drawing, and the accessories, are alike excellent, and the tale which they tell is essentially dramatic.

A pompous peer, who, by extra-

gance and pride in building and adorning his estate, has impoverished himself, finds it necessary to recruit the income which will devolve upon his son, the viscount Squanderfelt, by marrying him to the daughter of a rich and sordid goldsmith. The bride and father are equally despised by the proud and careless young nobleman, and misery is the result. The bridegroom runs a career of vice and extravagance, and neglects his wife for the company of gamblers and courtizans. The lady, stung by this neglect, listens to the promptings of a designing lawyer, who after leading her to those empty and vicious frivolities of the higher classes, which were then so much frequented, the faro-table and the masquerade, completes his villany by seduction. In the very midst of their guilt, the enraged husband bursts in upon them, and after a few passes, receives a mortal thrust from the sword of his wife's seducer. Nothing can be more striking or vivid than this scene; the kneeling and horror-stricken wife, the dying man whose knees are giving way with the weakness of death, the open window through which the murderer is escaping, and the terrified valet approaching with the Watch, all tell a tale of guilt and horror which must affect the most hardened. The concluding scene is soon told, the wife dies at the house of her sordid father, who is removing her wedding-ring. She has perished by her own hand, as the empty vial testifies, and at her feet lies the last dying speech and confession of her seducer and her husband's murderer. These prints at once became popular. A drama was founded upon them, and Dr. Shebbeare interwove the scenes in a novel called the "Marriage Act;" every author since that time has, almost without exception, praised and admired them.

Soon after the publication of the prints, Hogarth advertised the original pictures for sale, with a bill almost as quaint as the first. But the sale was to be another failure. Mr. Lane, who purchased them, was the only one present on the day, and these six noble pictures, in frames worth four guineas each, only realised, exclusive of the frames, nineteen pounds six shillings. They are now the property of the nation, and the nation is justly proud of them. Colonel Cawthorne, who inherited them from Mr. Lane, sold them

in the year 1797 for £1381. They came into the National Gallery by the bequest of Mr. Angerstein.

The pride of Hogarth was deeply wounded, nor can we wonder at it, at this neglect. He knew how the foreign singer and dancer were patronised, whilst he was neglected; and he revenged himself by a little bit of legitimate caricature upon these puppets of fashion. Two little figures, dancing and twirling about, exhibit the *gracefulness* and *decency* of the favourite amusements of the aristocracy.

Another work, which was intended to teach the young, and which has been much admired by the staid citizens of London, next appeared by our artist. This was "Industry and Idleness," wherein two apprentices to the same master embrace different courses, and exemplify in their different endings the wisdom and the folly of the choice. The one who is industrious marries his master's daughter, and becomes Lord Mayor. The other, to use Hogarth's own words, "by giving way to idleness naturally falls into poverty, and ends fatally." The moral lesson was welcomed by the citizens of London, who hung them in the halls of their companies, for a special warning to those who were bound 'prentice. But it seems to us that the moral is imperfect: the race is not always to the strong; not every honest or industrious apprentice can hope to be so rewarded, or even after much hard work realize a competence. In this world the best are often severely tried, and in confining his rewards and punishments to mere mundane means the moralist has failed.

That old Jacobite, Simon Frazer Lord Lovat, who lived in the rudest state of regal barbarity in the Highlands, was rather foolishly betrayed into open rebellion, and expiated his treason upon Tower Hill. Hogarth met him on his way, at St. Albans, and took his likeness. A printseller offered the artist, so popular was the rebel chief, the weight of the plate in gold. The impressions could not be taken off fast enough, although the rolling press worked at them, without intermission. The plate produced, it is said, about twelve pounds a day for several weeks.

The war, which had been of some duration betwixt England and France, was concluded by a treaty at Aix-la-Chapelle, and Hogarth was amongst

the "travelling English" who flocked over there. His visit was not of long duration, for having dared to take a sketch of the gates of Calais, he was arrested as a spy, and conveyed back to England. The artist tried to avenge himself for this affront, by a print which he termed "The Roast Beef of Old England." The print comes, one can well see, from the hands of an angry man. It is very absurd and ridiculous, no doubt, to be ragged and ill fed, but as few people would submit to such unpleasant fortune if they could help it, the satire upon these weaknesses falls to the ground. We have now, happily, outlived the times when our most bitter taunt against a Frenchman was the meagreness of his diet. Upon this vulgar prejudice, Hogarth's print hinges; it is not worth description. In the year 1751, he presented to the Foundling Hospital a picture of "The Finding of Moses," which is perhaps the best of his serious works. This painting, with others presented by other artists to the same Institution, used to be exhibited for the benefit of the Foundlings,—a proceeding which gave rise to the present Royal Academy. Hogarth was the earliest and amongst the largest of these who, by their paintings, thus contributed to so deserving and meritorious a charity. The next works of our artist were, "The Four Stages of Cruelty," which are revolting in the extreme; and a ludicrous picture of the "March of the Guards to Finchley." Prince Charles Edward, the darling of Scottish minstrelsy, and the hope of a great portion of the then British nation, had begun a successful campaign by one or two bold strokes, and was advancing upon London. The guards of the Hanoverian prince, who occupied the throne, are advancing to meet him; and the drunken and reeling rout of soldiers do not badly represent the terror which spread over all parts of the community. In the gossiping pages of Horace Walpole, we shall find the true feeling of the country concerning this advance of the Chevalier, and in the papers of Fielding's *Covent Garden Journal*, we find the fear and alarm visibly depicted. Hogarth has probably highly caricatured the scene he beheld, but the drunken panic and disorder, the hurried march, the carousing and swaggering, and thorough carelessness of discipline, had, without doubt, some

foundation in truth. The print was inscribed to George II.; but when the proof was laid before his Majesty, he did not quite understand the joke. "Does the fellow," said he, "mean to laugh at my guards? Take his trumpery out of my sight." The picture was removed, and the dedicatory inscription erased; and Hogarth dedicated his print to the king of Prussia, from whom he received a handsome acknowledgment. The original painting was disposed of by the kind of lottery which at present is known by the name of the "Art-Union;" every purchaser of a print receiving a ticket. Some chances which remained were presented to the Foundling Hospital, and one of these latter tickets carried away the prize. This plan was more beneficial to the painter than his sales: "a lottery," he observed, "is the only chance a living painter has of being paid for his time." "Beer Street," and "Gin Lane," two works, one of which has, no doubt, great admirers amongst the temperance societies, next appeared. Their logic is weaker than their execution. The imbibers of beer are very joyous, pleasant people; the gin drinkers are no doubt copied from nature, and amongst them, the only being who thrives is the pawnbroker. Two national prints, called "France" and "England" followed; and ridiculed the fear which was then as now, (and probably ever since the Dauphin landed at Dover, in King John's reign,) very prevalent, namely, of the French invasion. Both pictures belong properly to historic caricature, and both are in their way overloaded. The French soldier in the first print, who has spitted five frogs upon his sword, and is roasting them at a bivouac fire, was a popular element in national ridicule, which would now be scouted at Astley's, or the lower theatres, whereat highly coloured nautical dramas are popular. Some scenes called "The Cockpit," followed this pair of prints, and are broad satires upon that cruel sport. The satire fell harmlessly. Lords and gentlemen, as well as blacklegs and butchers, continued to indulge for years after, in the noble sport of "cocking." The next series was "The Election," in four plates. The bribery and corruption of such a scene had, perhaps, never been placed so prominently before the eyes of the world. To the polling, the lame,

blind, dead, and deaf, are carried up to record a vote for one or the other member. A doctor by the side of a sick man, has him borne along to vote for a favourite client. This incident is a fact, and is related of Dr. Barrowby. The patient expired at the hustings. The fourth scene is the "Chairing of the Member," who resembles in his person the celebrated Bubb Doddington, raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Melcombe Regis. He is seated in a chair, raised aloft by four brawny constituents. The pictures are full of expression and life, and are finely painted, merely to speak of their mechanical execution. Foes mingle, however, in his *cortège*, but a blow from a flail prostrates one of his bearers, and is about to overthrow the member. The pictures are now in the museum of Sir John Soane, which he bequeathed to the nation; whilst looking on them, and remembering recent scenes of bribery and riot in our own days, the reader will sigh to think how little we have politically improved, since the days when Hogarth published the election scenes of the honourable and immaculate member for Guzzledown. David Garrick bought these excellent pictures for £200.

The time now came when Hogarth was to come forward as an author; that is to say, for it has been denied that the book was written by him, he published a book called the "Analysis of Beauty," a work containing many new notions on his art, and only probably interesting to artists. The chief point on which it insists, being in the undulating line, called the line of beauty and grace, and which Hogarth had some time before introduced upon his palette in his own portrait. Of this line, he claims to be the discoverer, and asserts with truth, that nothing beautiful in nature is stiff or angular, the line of grace being found in the undulating hills, in the shape of the flower, and in the beauty of man and woman, bird and beast. With one or two exceptions, such as the leaves of the holly, the thistle, and the various cacti, this is true, but some denied the discovery, and asserted that the principle was known to Michael Angelo. A book from so universal a satirist as Hogarth, was sure to be assailed, and assailed it was by writers from Wilkes to Walpole. Every part of the work came in for a share of rough

treatment, and the prints and illustrations which accompanied it, were not left untouched. Hogarth, who seems to have had like most great men in his art, a considerable share of vanity, was not undisturbed by these attacks; he had endeavoured—the work of a giant—to fix the principles of taste, and he failed, yet his book has its merits, and it has been highly commended by a president of the Royal Academy, Sir Benjamin West, whose judgment was vastly superior to his powers as a painter.

In 1759, Hogarth, about to discontinue painting, determined to enter into competition with a painting said to be by Correggio. His wife, who was a very handsome woman, supplied the model, and the artist produced his "Sigismunda." The picture was painted for Sir Robert Grosvenor, but the gentleman refused the picture, when it was completed, and it remained on Hogarth's hands. The answer of Sir Robert was, besides this, unmanly and insulting, for age was growing upon Hogarth, and a refusal should not be coupled with insolence; he refused the picture because, he writes, "the performance is so striking and inimitable, that constantly having it before one's eyes, would be too often occasioning melancholy ideas to arise in one's mind, which a curtain's being drawn before it would not diminish in the least." The artist gave no answer to the insult, and the picture, as we have said, remained on his hands, attacked and laughed at by all his enemies.

Of these Wilkes and Churchill were the bitterest, and those who made their anger the most felt. Hogarth in a print called the "Times," published in 1762, when he was sixty-five years old, ridiculed the opponents of the Ministry and the friends of Wilkes, as agitators. Wilkes, although not included in this political caricature, wrote a furious North Briton attack (in number 17 of his paper) on "the King's Sergeant Painter, William Hogarth," in which he accused him of being a vain, greedy and treacherous hanger-on, of a corrupt court. Hogarth replied with his pencil, and the print of Wilkes, which we have before described, appeared, and was sold by thousands. Wilkes felt now the sting of the satirist, and Churchill the poet, who appears to have been sincerely attached to the demagogue,

came to his rescue, in a personal satire, called the "Epistle to Hogarth." The quarrel only shows how furiously angry men could abuse each other; both Wilkes and Churchill had been personal friends with the artist, and now they vigorously abused him. The world has much to regret in the loss of so vigorous a poet as Churchill, from the fact of his being led away to vice and dissipation. The satirist whom Cowper owned as his master, and who has much of the manly freedom and masterly ease of Dryden was an ally on the side of virtue, of whom the best might be proud. Alas, that he spent his talent upon personal abuse, or in vain regret. He attacked Hogarth as Pope attacked Dennis, upon his old age, and declared that malice led him to satirise Wilkes.

"Malice (who, disappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Preys on herself, and driven to the stake,
Gives virtue that revenge she scorns to take)
Had killed thee, tottering on Life's utmost
verge,

Had WILKES and LIBERTY escaped thy scourge.

Hence, Dotard, to thy closet, shut thee in,

With all the symptoms of assured decay;
With age and sickness pinched and worn away;
From haunts of men, to shame and sorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die."

Surely it is no crime to be sick and old, feeble and weak with disease. Hogarth might have retorted upon that weakness which proceeds from dissipation; more cutting probably was the allusion to Hogarth's failure.

"Poor Sigismunda! what a fate is thine!
Dryden, the great High Priest of all the nine
Revived thy name, gave what a muse could give,
And in his numbers bade thy mem'ry live;

But, 'how fallen! how changed!'

Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand,
The helpless victim of a dauber's hand!"

That these attacks wounded Hogarth and hastened his decline, there can be little doubt. He retorted on Churchill, by a caricature called "The Bruiser C. Churchill, (once the Rev.) in the character of the Russian Hercules regaling himself after having killed the monster Caricatura, that so galled his virtuous friend, the 'heaven-born' Wilkes." Churchill was drawn as a canonical bear, with a pot of porter and a knotted club, bearing on the various knots "Lye 1, Lye 2," and so on, by his side Hogarth's dog tramples on his "Epistle to Hogarth." The intrusion of the painter's dog by the side of the "Russian bear" is accounted for by Hogarth in the following manner: "having an old plate

by me, with some parts ready sunk, as the background and the dog, I began to consider how I could put so much work laid aside to account, and so patched up a print of Master Churchill in the character of a bear. The pleasure and pecuniary advantage derived from these two engravings, together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life."

Hogarth speaks thus lightly of the fray, but it probably broke his spirits and hurt his health. Churchill, who was an unfrocked clergyman, and a man of the loosest life, was unworthy of notice. A short time after he writes thus heartlessly of the old and failing painter. "—— (naming his mistress) tells me with a kiss, that I have already killed him. How sweet is flattery from the woman we love;" and again, even more heartlessly, the malevolent satirist says—"he has broken into the pale of my private life, and has set the example of illiberality *which I wanted*, and as he is dying from the effects of my former chastisement, I will hasten his death by writing his elegy." Even Wilkes, debauched as he was, was more generous than Churchill: he remarked of his squinting portrait, "that he did not make himself," and therefore might be excused for being so very ugly, but Churchill exulted over the painter's failing health, and when he heard of his death, rejoiced that it was imputed to the terrors of his satire.

We are now to chronicle the last work of Hogarth, which we think shows a failing power, and an exaggeration of which the painter was not always guilty. It is termed "Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism," and seems to be intended by the artist to show the effects of a low conception of religion, and also the idolatrous tendency of pictures and prints in churches or in books. A fierce preacher seems to be condemning with terrific energy the whole world to perdition, such is the fury of his looks and gestures. His congregation are in a terror of alarm, and are thrown into various gestures typical of their state, and in the corner the notorious Mrs. Tofts, whose imposture is unequalled in the annals of credulity, seems to have added a quantity of monsters to the scene. At the window a Turk, calmly smoking, looks in at the window, apparently drawing

a very satisfactory parallel between the workings of his religion and that which he witnesses. The aim of Hogarth was no doubt good, but it is not too clearly perceived in this curious print, and those who sneer at religion, sometimes allude to this engraving as a proof that Hogarth sneered too, which is very far indeed from the fact.

The time had now come when he was to find a consolation in religion. He had bought a small house at Chiswick, which yet remains; it is not very far from the one occupied by the Duke of Devonshire, and is still called Hogarth House, and to this he retired; at that time indeed it might have been called retirement, for it was very prettily situated, and the garden contained many fruit-trees, and in it he had buried his favourite dog, the headstone of whose grave, standing in a corner of the garden, close against the wall, still remains. The cottage has since been inhabited by another man of genius, the Rev. Henry Cary, the translator of Dante. It was in this cottage that Hogarth felt death coming upon him, but his spirits did not desert him; he seems to have summed up his actions of past life, and to have been as much as most men at peace with the world, and with his Creator. "I can safely assert," he writes, "that I have invariably endeavoured to make those about me tolerably happy; and my greatest enemy cannot say, that I ever did him an intentional injury; without ostentation I could produce many instances of men who have materially benefited by me. What may follow, God knows." This reasoning is scarcely satisfactory to the Christian, alas! That many men have materially benefited by our weak endeavours to do good is not sufficient; the better the man, the less confidently will he look back upon his past life; the great Newton talked sorrowfully of wasted time, and Coleridge, weeping, confessed that even then, in his last few days he, who had been praying all his life, scarcely knew "how to pray."

On the 25th of October, 1764, Hogarth left Chiswick, and returned to Leicester Square. He was very weak, but at the same time extremely cheerful, and his mental powers were as perfectly unimpaired as ever. Physicians do not appear to have been with him, and of the nature of his complaint he himself was unaware. Having re-

ceived an agreeable letter from a friend, he wrote a rough draft of an answer, and finding himself weak, postponed writing the letter, and lay down upon his bed. He had lain but a short time when he was seized with a vomiting, and starting up, he rang the bell with such violence that he broke it. An affectionate female relative came to his aid, and after two hours' intense suffering, he expired from a suffusion of blood among the arteries of his heart.

So lived and died William Hogarth, a genius entirely English, and master of a style of which he might have said with Swift,

"Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use."

And in which, although he has had many imitators, he has not had one worthy successor. His great success in his own peculiar style, and his entire difference from other painters, seems to lie in this, that he paints perfectly dramatically, and takes care to let his own peculiar mind pervade his pictures. No painter ever told a story better than Hogarth. He is not entirely a painter. he may be called an author, and viewed in that light we shall understand the answer given by the gentleman who, Charles Lamb tells us, being asked which book he preferred most, said, "Shakspeare," and which next, said, "Hogarth." Most of his admirers have felt the truth of this; they read his pictures, at those of other painters they merely look. Great draughtsmen and fine colourists some artists may be, but they do not throw the soul into their pictures which Hogarth did. In the painted illustrations of the "Waverley Novels," or of "Gil Blas," or of the "Vicar of Wakefield," we see various figures over and over again, to represent the "Vicar," or "Gil Blas;" but in painting the "Rake" or "Counsellor Silvertongue," or "Viscount Squanderfelt," Hogarth has indelibly fixed them on our minds, and they will bear no second impression. All his pictures are of this kind. The puzzled face, rather indeed prosaic, of the distressed poet, we never forget; the vivid face of the young nobleman, the conceit of the Italian singer, are to us as much matters of fact and reality, as the madness of Don Quixote, or the burlesque cowardice of John Falstaff. More than this, Hogarth stands alone, he is *qui generis*, and with-

out a rival; Sir Joshua Reynolds foolishly denied him the title of "painter." That he could paint, and in many points better and more solidly than Sir Joshua himself in his "flying colours," the scenes of the "Rake's Progress" in Sir John Soane's Museum, abundantly testify; but he does not want the petty title, he was no Royal Academician we know, but there have been many hundreds of painters, and but one Hogarth.

Besides this, he was like all great men, evidently of his age, and yet beyond it. His satire upon its defective morals will testify the latter, and for the former we may cite Walpole. "The Rake's Levee Room," says that author, "The Nobleman's Dining-room, the apartments of the husband and wife, in the Marriage à la Mode, the Alderman's Parlour, the Bedchamber, and many others are the history of the manners of the age."

This is high praise, "but greater yet remains behind," he was not only the historian, but the moralist of his time; in openly reproving vice, he stood out beyond all other painters. Art in his hand did not degenerate into sensuousness and prettiness, nor did he excite religion by the faces of meek Madonnas, or emaciated saints; but he showed vice her own image, stamped the paltry and conceited coxcomb with a brand; placed abject poverty, copied with an unerring hand, by the side of prodigal and selfish wealth, and preached such a sermon thereon, as the world will not easily forget. If fame be worth anything, he has fame enough; the portrait painters and effeminate flatterers of the day were ashamed to own his masculine genius; the sentence is now reversed, there is scarcely an educated Englishman, but who is proud to own that he is the countryman of William Hogarth.

In his personal appearance, Hogarth was not singular. His portrait gives us a blunt English-looking face, marked with great determination and self-possession; his eye was peculiarly bright and penetrating, and his forehead high and broad. He was rather below the middle size, active in person, and bustling in manner, and fond of some little importance and state; he had a great deal of *bonhomie*, and was sought for as an excellent companion; when out on a trip or jaunt his spirits rose to a great height, and kept the company in a considerable state of amusement.

The history of his five days' peregrination to Gravesend and Rochester will show what sort of man he was, better than any laboured description. Under the town-hall in Rochester, the curious are still shown the place where he publicly played at hop-scotch with a jovial companion, to the great delight of the onlooking boys. His personal spirit was great, and he would resent any insult offered by any one, nor did he bend in any way to rank or power. He loved state in dress, and a certain decent order in his household; his wife who tenderly loved him, assisting him in entertaining his guests at a pleasant house and handsomely furnished table. "In his relations of husband, of brother, friend, and master," says Ireland, "he was kind, generous, sincere, and indulgent; in diet abstemious, but in his hospitalities, though devoid of ostentation, liberal and free-hearted, not parsimonious, yet frugal; but so comparatively small were the rewards paid to artists, that after the labour of a long life, he left an inconsiderable sum to his widow, with whom he must have received a very large portion." To this another biographer adds, that he was very considerate and kind to all his servants, that they had remained many years in his service, and that he painted all their portraits, and hung them up in his house. He used to study at all times and in all places; he would sketch any remarkable face which he saw, sometimes upon his nail. He was a great observer of the workings of the passions in the face. Barry once saw him patting the back of one of two fighting boys, who was hanging back from the fray, and telling him not to be a coward, all the while very attentively observing the face of the other. He went into good society, and dined with Gray, at the table of Horace Walpole. He left his wife by his will, all his property in his plates, the copyright of which was secured to her by Act of Parliament for twenty years; the number of impressions annually sold, produced a very respectable annual income, but she outlived her right and became reduced to the borders of want. The interposition of the king with the Royal Academy, procured for her a pension of £40 per annum, which she lived but two years to enjoy.

Hogarth was buried plainly and without show, in the churchyard of

Chiswick, and his wife raised a monument to his memory, bearing the following inscription: "Here lieth the body of William Hogarth, Esq., who died Oct. 26th, 1764, aged 67 years." A mask, a laurel wreath, a palette, pencils, and book, inscribed "Analysis of Beauty," are carved on one side of the monument, with some verses, which, by the way, are not worth quoting. Dr. Johnson wrote four lines which are somewhat better, but which are certainly not worthy of the Doctor, or of the painter:

The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew the essential forms of grace.
Here closed in death the attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face.

One must not omit to add that the latter days of Hogarth, himself a caricaturist, were wearied out by attacks by anonymous brothers of the art. After the publication of his "Analysis of Beauty," a great number of caricatures were launched forth against him, and every possible means taken to annoy and disturb him. His ridicule of the absurd idolatry shown to the ancient masters by those who, with pretended taste, formed large collections of *copies*, called forth a large print, wherein he is represented in the act of undermining the sacred monument of all the best painters, sculptors, &c., in imitation of the Greek Erostratus, who, in the distance, is seen firing the Temple of Diana; other caricatures represent him in his studio, where are hung parodies of his paintings. The artists of these works are anonymous, but we cite them—and we have not mentioned a tythe of the prints launched against Hogarth—to shew that when he died, in October, 1764, he left many behind him to follow in the career of political caricaturists. His greatest persecutor, if we except Wilkes, Charles Churchill, did not long survive the victim whose death he rejoiced to have caused. He died at Calais in November of the same year.

Caricature was carried on after the death of Hogarth by various hands, the most noted of whom was

JAMES SAYER,

the son of a captain merchant, at Yarmouth, and after being articled to an attorney, passed his examination, and was entered on the roll. Sayer, however, did not need to follow the laborious and dry study of the law. His

father had left him a small fortune, and this placed him in a position which gave him leisure to indulge in talents, which he had manifested at an early age. These were caricaturing and song-writing. Even at school he had shown extraordinary talent in turning to ridicule any prominent feature of those who annoyed him. But this is a story related of almost every clever boy,—a story which has furnished very many pictures of rebellion to scholastic authority, which it were better, perhaps, altogether to repress. The world seems too satisfied in taking scholastic insubordination as a proof of talents. When Sayer grew up he soon gave a proof of his talent, and finding that the majority of the caricaturists were upon the side of the people, and few or none upon that of the government, he appears to have been partly biassed by early predilections, and partly by interest, in taking the ministerial side in the warfare of political pasquinade, song, and print. He appears to have, in his earliest specimens, courted the favour of the Right Hon. William Pitt, who was then, by his extraordinary genius, astonishing the nation, and alarming the opposition. On May the 7th, 1782, Mr. Pitt made his first motion for the reform of the representation,—a motion which procured him considerable popularity, but which was defeated by a small majority. Under the Shelburne administration, Mr. Pitt held office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the alliance of the Whigs and Tories drove this ministry from office. Another body, similar in construction to this, seceded from Lord North, and professed themselves the friends and supporters to the court, in opposition to the new ministry. Of these Pitt was the recognised and powerful leader in the House of Commons, and James Sayer, the volunteer caricaturist in the print shops of London. One of his earliest productions is a large caricature published on the 5th of May, 1783, founded upon a speech made by one of the opposition Lords, in the Upper House, immediately after the formation of the new ministry, who, speaking of Lord North, had expressed himself as follows:—"Such was the love of office of the noble Lord; that, finding he would not be permitted to mount the box, he had been content to get up behind." The new Whig coach, with Fox's crest on

the panels, is drawn by two miserable hacks through a rough road, joggling and nearly being upset, every minute, by some of the large stones thrown in its way by the opposition, and by which one of the wheels has received a very serious fracture. Lord North is holding on behind with an air of alarm, whilst Fox and the Duke of Portland, seated on the box, are joining in their efforts to draw in the reins. Contemplating this print one cannot but think upon the many times which the subject has been repeated. Almost every ministry has been typified by a coach, and the reins of government have been spoken of in the same terms as the reins of the stage coachman. We need but turn over a very few leaves of our contemporary *Punch* to find the same idea repeated over and over again.

On the 21st of April, 1783, Sayer again satirized the whole of the ministry, and the print is valuable by affording the historian undoubted portraits of the New Whig Administration, as it was called. The plate is entitled, "The Razor's Levee; or the Heads of the New Whig A———n on a broad bottom." The scene is the shop of a barber, who is busily engaged in arranging a quantity of blocks, representing the members of the coalition ministry. He is particularly occupied on the heads of Fox and North, joined on one stand, to intimate what some of the present day would call an unprincipled coalition. On a wall immediately behind are the heads of Cromwell and Charles the 1st, in a curious juxtaposition, apparently to intimate that the most opposite principles were for the first time brought together. Over the fireplace is a new map of Great Britain and Ireland, from which Ireland is nearly torn away. The celebrated Westminster publican, Sam House, of whom we shall hereafter have to speak, and who described himself as "a publican and republican," sits in front with a pot of beer, and looks on admiringly. This caricature cannot also fail to call to mind similar prints of a more modern date. When Mr. Gilbert Albert à Becket first started that rabid political paper, *Figaro in London*—the illustrative cut on the title had the same scene as the one described. Figaro, the barber, is about to sharpen his razor, and to proceed to operate upon various

blocks, bearing the portraits of the popular political leaders of the day. So that the historian of political warfare, turning over the many similar prints which like exigences have called forth, cannot but remember, with a sigh, that there is "nothing new" under the sun.

Another plate, by the same hand, represents Britannia pointing with her finger, and directing the attention of the coalition (Fox and North, who are joined together something like the Siamese twins) to a distant block and a gallows, by which the artist means to insinuate that a violent and shameful death was the proper destination of the ministry. Here we may remark, that Britannia at this period was the presiding genius of caricature, and that *John Bull* had not arisen to the prominence which he at present occupies.

Aided by such means as these out of doors, which gradually undermined whatever popularity the ministry had, Pitt shewed that he was no unskilful leader of an opposition. He let the ministry, by ceaseless provocation and other parliamentary tactics, make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the House, so that their majority of sixty gradually dwindled down to a ridiculously small number. In July the parliament separated, and the ministry were left to prepare some great measures which they were about to bring forward for the consideration of the legislature.

Parliament met on the 11th of November, and the first measure which was brought forward was the bill for the regulation of India. It passed through the House of Commons by large majorities, and out of doors the people at large were interested in its fate. "The Politicians of London, who are at present a most numerous corporation"—writes Horace Walpole, "are warm on a bill for the new regulation of the East Indies, brought in by Mr. Fox. Some of his associates apprehended his being beaten, but his marvellous abilities have hitherto triumphed, and on two divisions in the House of Commons he had majorities of 109 and 114. . . . The forces will be more nearly balanced when the Lords fight the battle. . . . In Parliamentary engagements a superiority of numbers is not vanquished by the talents of the commanders, as often happens in more martial encounters. His competitor, Mr. Pitt, appears by no means an ade-

quate rival. Just like their fathers, Mr. Pitt has brilliant language, Mr. Fox solid sense, and such luminous powers of displaying it clearly, that mere eloquence is but a Bristol stone when set by the diamond reason."

The opponents of this India Bill declared that it was an infringement of the Company's rights, and that it would give immense influence to ministers. Some said that Fox aimed at a sort of supreme India Dictatorship, and on this account they gave him the title of "Carlo Khan." Out of doors the caricaturists were at work as busily as ever. Caricatures, squibs, and pamphlets, were showered down upon him fast and furiously. Sayer came out on the 25th of November with a print called "A Transfer of India Stock," wherein the minister is represented as carrying the India House on his shoulders to St. James'; a hint of course of the transfer of power. Sayer appears to be assiduously courting the notice of William Pitt, and on the 5th of December issued his most famous production, a caricature which is very inferior to most of his works, but which had an extraordinary sale; and which accomplished the end for which it was intended. It bears the title of "Carlo Khan's Triumphant Entry into Leadenhall Street," and represents Fox as Carlo Khan, seated upon the back of an elephant, the face of the animal being that of Lord North. The elephant is led by the celebrated Edmund Burke, as Fox's imperial trumpeter; Burke having been the loudest supporter of the India Bill in the House of Commons. A bird of ill omen on the top of a neighbouring house is croaking forth the impending doom of the monarch.

"The night crow cried foreboding luckless time."

Fox is said to have acknowledged that his India Bill received its severest blow in public estimation from this caricature, which had, as we have before said, a prodigious sale, and the effect of which was increased by a multitude of pirated copies and imitations. On the 17th of December the bill was thrown out by a majority of nineteen, and on the night of the 18th, the King dismissed his ministers, and gave the seals into the hands of Lord Temple. When Pitt came into power, he rewarded the caricaturist with a profitable place,

(the offices of marshal of the Court of Exchequer, receiver of the six-penny duties, and cursitorship,) and the artist to gratify his patron, came out with a triumphant set of plates, "The Fall of Phaeton," wherein Fox is represented as falling headlong from the car of state, the reins being snatched by royalty, the influence of the King being used to throw out that great minister. In another, published the 12th January 1784, Sayer has attempted a parody of Milton's passage descriptive of the assembling of the fallen angels, exhibiting Fox as the political Satan, surrounded by his satellites Lords Portland, Carlisle, Cavendish, Keppel, and North, and also Edmund Burke; all his followers have rueful countenances, but Fox encourages them; he

"With high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears."

Leaving James Sayer, comfortably enjoying his place, and passing in affluence a life, presenting no other remarkable occurrence than the issue from time to time of a strong political lampoon, or a smart caricature, we must now proceed to take up the thread of caricature history as exemplified in the life of Gilray. We are moreover almost obliged to pursue this course, because the most notable instances in both lives run parallel with each other.

JAMES GILRAY

has perhaps the most famous name in political pasquinading in the world. His life being passed in a most exciting period, when the world was undergoing such a transition as possibly we shall not see again, he had a greater opportunity of influencing the mass, ignorant and excitable as most of the populace then were, than any modern caricaturist can hope for. His father, who bore the same name as himself, was born Sept. 3rd, 1720, at Lanark. He enlisted early in life, and was present at the famous battle of Fontenoy, where he lost an arm; on his return to England, he became an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, and in order to add something to the very small dole which the government afforded to its veterans, became sexton to the Moravian burial ground in that parish. He married, but who or when, we are not told. His celebrated son was born about the middle of the last century.

When of sufficient age, he was, like Hogarth before him, and William Sharp the eminent line engraver, bound apprentice to a silver or heraldic engraver. This sedentary, and if not laborious, at least fatiguing business, did not please him, and having imbibed a taste for private theatricals, he ran away to join a company of strolling players. If the monotony of an engraver's bench, and of having his head continually bent down watching the strokes of his *burin*, were tiresome, he now found that he had escaped from one kind of drudgery to embrace a worse. The hardships he had to endure, the mean and dishonest shifts which the strollers are put to; the sordid way of life, so different from the glowing pictures before the scenes, totally destroyed the illusion which he had formed, and uprooted any love which he had for the life of an actor. He returned to his father, and entered his name as one of the students of the Royal Academy. His style of drawing, vigorous, free, and masculine as it is, will witness that he did not neglect his lessons. He appears first to have obtained work from the booksellers, and illustrated Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," in an edition which was published in 1784. His master in the art was most likely Ryland, a well known artist of the time.

Caricature, however, was soon found to be his *forte*, and he very early gave intimation of his powers. In 1779 he published, as far as we can ascertain, his first plate, which appears to be an imitation of the very successful Sayer, as it bears that artist's monogram. This was called "Paddy on Horseback," and contains a joke, which at that time was, perhaps, new; namely, of an Irishman riding with his back to the horse's head, and the horse, moreover, being represented by a bull, intimating, no doubt, the headstrong tendency of the Irishman for that kind of verbal error. Gilray made his appearance in a stirring time. Lord George Gordon, whom Walpole designates as "The Jack of Leyden of the age," was at the head of a society termed the "Protestant Association," and after various inflammatory speeches, gave notice, on the 26th of May, 1780, of his intention on the 2nd of June following, of presenting a petition against the toleration of the Roman Catholics, signed by above a hundred thousand men.

Agreeably to this intimation, an immense multitude assembled in St. George's Fields, where Lord George addressed them in an inflammatory speech. Then the procession marched, six abreast, over London Bridge to Old Palace Yard, where they behaved riotously, and annoyed and insulted the members who were entering the house. We need not here go any further into the history of the "No Popery" riots. In his admirable tale of "Barnaby Rudge," Charles Dickens has already made that period of history popular. The caricaturists did their part in ridiculing the rioters, and in throwing the whole proceeding into contempt. An anonymous print probably gives us a very good specimen of what sort of men these rioters were. The "no popery man" appears to have been of the lowest kind of rabble, and has his hat ornamented by a cockade, on which is written, "No Popery." The subscription of the plate is entitled, "No Popery, or the Newgate Reformers." The rioter is in the act of shouting, "Down with the Bank," a consummation which was indeed devoutly wished by a great majority of the concourse of thieves and low people, who formed the supporters of Lord George.

The riot went on with fury for some days, but on Saturday, 8th June, 1780, after a great many of the rioters had been killed by the soldiery, and a yet greater number had perished through excessive intoxication, and some by being left helplessly drunk in the burning houses, tranquillity was restored. On the following Saturday, Lord George Gordon was committed to the Tower, whence he was subsequently brought to trial for high treason. He escaped conviction, and was committed to Bedlam, having shown sufficient proofs of insanity. Lord Amherst, who after the death of General Wolfe had obtained the credit of the conquest of Canada, directed the military operations against these rioters. His severity rendered him unpopular, and he became the butt of the caricaturists; one by Sayer, (an admirable portrait,) represents the General as killing geese, (in allusion to the rioters,) whilst he is so occupied he is made to declare, "If I had the power I'd kill twenty in an hour." By another plate we are made acquainted with the fact, that a rumour existed that the King (George III.) was secretly inclined to Popery; he is represented as

kneeling before an altar, and wearing the dress of a monk; a picture of the Pope hangs above the door, on one side, whilst on the other a print of Martin Luther is dropping in neglected fragments from the wall. To the fanatical ultra Protestant party, the great Burke had also made himself particularly obnoxious, on account of his advocacy of the Catholic emancipation. With the mob he obtained credit for a character under which he was often pictured; namely, that of being a concealed Jesuit. In another of these humorous prints, we shall find that the personification of John Bull, under which the British nation at the present moment is so often typified, was not yet (1780) invented, or rather since it is taken from the satirical fable of Swift and Arbuthnot, had not become popular: Britannia, with her faithful lion and her red-cross shield, supplies his place. We meet this latter figure in various plates, and in many different attitudes. Sometimes she sits dejected and weeping, at others exulting. The different political views of the caricaturists inducing them to clothe her in regal purple or in rags; or to represent her as victorious, or destitute and about to be executed. But shortly after this time we have a faint gleam of the coming glory of the effigies of John Bull. In the month of April, 1780, an unpopular ministry had been defeated, and a caricature called "The Bull over-drove; or the Drivers in Danger," represents the British bull in a rage kicking at the ministers; the kings of France and Spain are standing by, and the latter exclaims, "I wish I was out of the way, he beats the bulls of Spain."

Parallel circumstances call forth similar ideas, the history of caricatures is not free from plagiarism any more than any other art; our readers will recall many touches in *Punch* similar to that of the "Bull over-drove;" but in 1784 we have a subject from the pencil of Gilray, which has since been repeated by Mr. Leech, in *Punch*. Pitt in the character of the infant Hercules, is strangling the two serpents of the coalition, Fox and Lord North. The coalition must have been extensively unpopular, from the multitude of songs, pasquinades, and pictures, which were published against them. There seems to be in the nature of such connections, something extremely disagreeable to the English nation. A bold and forci-

ble print by Gilray, represents the probable fate of the obnoxious Ministers; it is called "Britannia aroused," and the genius of the country has hold of Fox by one leg, and of Lord North by the shoulder, and is about to dash them to pieces in her ire. Another, bearing the old title of "a long pull, and a strong pull," represents King George the III. and Fox, pulling each different ways, by the halters of an ass, which is laden with packages like sand-bags, labelled taxes. The ass, of course, typifies the British nation. The road to which Fox would take the animal leads to "Republicanism," the other to "Absolute Monarchy;" republican being a term of reproach applied to Fox's party; they, however, had their caricaturists, and from the style of some of these it would seem that Rowlandson worked for them.

In March 1784, the dissolution of the unpopular ministry took place, and William Pitt, then only in his twenty-fifth year, was firmly established as prime minister of England. His colleagues were those who were well known as the "King's friends," and he united in himself the offices of First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The royal hand was shown in many ways, in turning out the coalition, and in establishing the Pitt ministry, and for once the nation and the monarch were on the same side. "Addresses were poured in upon the Crown, thanking the king for exerting his prerogative *against* the palladium of the people," writes Walpole, and the great whig families were, in the election which ensued, turned out of seats which they had hitherto regarded as their own.

But the most remarkable contest perhaps ever witnessed in the history of elections took place at Westminster. It had been represented previous to the dissolution by Sir Cecil Wray and Fox. Wray deserted his side, and turned to the Court, and the king resolved to turn Fox out, and place Admiral Hood in his seat. The poll was opened on the 1st of April, and continued without intermission until the 17th of May, 1784. For the first few days Fox was in the minority, but eventually he was returned by a majority of 236 over Sir Cecil Wray.

No political event seems to have given birth to a greater number of songs, squibs, and caricatures, than this election. Sir Cecil had, in the for-

mer parliament, proposed a tax upon servant maids. This was a point not to be neglected; and innumerable satirical plates represented "Judas," as Wray was called, from his desertion of Fox, as obnoxiously interfering with our domestic concerns; in the songs the ladies, who in this extraordinary election were no less active in their endeavours than the men, are warned not to solicit votes for Sir Cecil,

For though he opposes the stamping of notes,
'Tis in order to tax all your petticoats;
Then how can a woman solicit our votes,
For Sir Cecil Wray?

The exertions of the Court against Fox seem to have been of a very extraordinary kind. The King received intelligence of the progress of the election several times a day; and the royal name was used very freely to secure votes for Wray and Hood. On one occasion 280 of the household troops were sent to vote in a body, as householders, and all dependents of the Court were ordered to vote on the same side. Not satisfied with this, the ministerial party showed that they were not backward in creating a popular disturbance when such a measure could serve them. Lord Hood brought up a party of sailors, who interrupted the liberal voters and were the occasion of much disturbance. On the other hand, the partisans of Fox met them by a numerous band of chairmen, chiefly Irish. On the third day the sailors surrounded the tavern where Fox's committee had their meetings, and began shouting at, jostling, and even striking the gentlemen who were proceeding to join that body. Annoyed by this the committee sallied out and beat the sailors. Next day the chairmen also beat those aggressors, who marched off to St. James-street, with the idea of breaking up the chairs belonging to their opponents, but they were again met and defeated, and here heads, arms, and legs, were broken. The guards were at length called out and put an end to the disturbance, and the next day special constables were sworn in. These latter did more harm than good. They were so decidedly anti-Foxite, so much inclined to the Court party, that they interrupted and insulted all voters who were not on their side.

Besides meeting Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Hood with armed force, the politicians on the side of Fox opposed the

two court candidates with placards of a virulent nature, and with caricatures of a humorous and of an insulting kind. In one Wray was represented as driven away by a maid-servant's broom, and a pensioner's crutch; in another, he was flying from a crowd, bearing on their banners, "No tax on maid-servants;" in a third, he was riding a race, mounted upon a slow and obstinate ass, whilst the successful candidates upon spirited horses are far in the distance.

The other side were not idle. Their caricatures came forth upon sheet, holding up to scorn gambling, the besetting sin of Fox. And we now first perceive the unhappy difference which took place between the Prince of Wales and his father. Incensed, it is said by Pitt's haughty bearing towards him, the young Prince became a warm partizan of Fox, and a most determined opponent of Pitt. An early caricature by Gilray, represents the heir to the throne "Returning from Brookes's," in a state of drunkenness, and supported on one side by Fox, and on the other, by "Sam House," an ardent admirer of the latter. This "Sam House," was a publican, and a character of his day. During the election, he kept open his house for Fox's supporters at his own expense, and was gratified by the company of many of the Whig aristocracy. He was remarkable for a clean, a perfectly bald head, on which he never wore hat or wig. He dressed in nankeen breeches, and brightly polished shoes and buckles. His waistcoat he wore open, displaying remarkably clean and fine linen. His legs, often bare, were, when clad, covered with the finest silk stockings. When asked who he was, at the canvassing booth, he answered, as he gave his plumper for Fox, "a Publican and a *Re*-publican." He was remarkably successful in his canvassing, and his figure is therefore a prominent one in the caricatures of the day.

But the most successful of Fox's partizans was the very beautiful Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire. As active and generous as she was handsome and accomplished, she entered with spirit into the contest, and attended by several beautiful ladies of title, went and personally solicited votes for Fox. The success she had greatly irritated the Tories, and their papers and caricatures were most insulting to the Duchess. In one, she is represented (according to a current report of the day)

as bribing a butcher with a kiss. In another, she is seeing a cobbler's wife with gold, whilst the husband mends her shoe. In a third, Fox is represented as the successful candidate carried triumphantly upon the back of the Duchess. The papers were even less civil. Hints and innuendos were thrown out, which are no less disgraceful to the writers than to the time in which they appeared. In fact, few can look back upon the political features of the age, the faction, hatred, bribery, and intimidation manifested at an election, without feeling thankful that we have, if not quite, yet in a great degree, escaped the contagion.

The election of 1784, which made the caricaturists so busy, threw out no less than 180 of Fox's most staunch supporters, who, on this occasion, received the burlesque title of "*Fox's Martyrs*." The number of members entirely new to the House gave rise to some ironical observations from Fox, and Pitt, in defending his supporters, grew angry enough. The prints of the time give us the portrait of Fox as "Catiline reprehended," sitting, with his face almost hidden by his hand and hat, listening to one of these Philippics. Pitt, of course, being the eloquent Cicero. The print is by Sayer. A companion to it shews us the philosophic Burke sending the whole house to sleep by his rather too discursive harangues. The print is a voucher for the truth of Goldsmith's assertion, that Burke

Kept on refining,
And thought of convincing, whilst they thought
of dining.

It is entitled, " . . . on the Sublime and Beautiful."

The thoughts and attention of the nation were now again turned on the thoughtless extravagance and riotous living of the Prince of Wales. Separated from the family of the King, and surrounded by such *bon vivants* as Captain Morris, and others of the same stamp, the Prince's natural impulses to vice received an impetus which he had little wish or power to resist. The caricaturists of the day let us know something of his private life at this period. He is frequently represented with Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Lord North, and Captain Morris. In the summer of 1786, his debts had become so great that he was on the point of borrowing a large sum of money from the Duke of

Orleans, old *Egalité*, father of Louis Philippe. Dissuaded from this, he determined to commence a life of economy, suppressed the works at Carlton House, shut up his state apartments, and sold his race horses, hunters, and even coach horses, and, at the same time, invested £40,000 per annum, out of an income of £50,000, for the payment of his debts. This determination rendered the prince far from unpopular, and his friends trumpeted the action far and wide, but the Government caricaturists published scenes of his promiscuous amours in not very decorous prints. In one, by Gilray, he and his friends are pictured as "The Jovial Crew; or, the Merry Beggars;" in another he is shown as having just arrived at Botany Bay; he is carried on shore by two convicts, and supported on either side by Fox and North. These attacks were continued from time to time, just as particulars of the licentious life of this Prince came before the public. In 1787, Gilray represents him as "The Prodigal Son," he is seated on the ground by a hog trough, and the animals are devouring the Prince's feathers. There is fine satire in the touch which shows us the Prince's garter all but devoured, of the motto only the word "*honi*" is visible. In another, we see him pictured as receiving money from the Duke de Chartres. With a bitter satire, the Prince is represented as fat and bloated, but the motto under the feathers is "*Ich starve*."

In 1787, on the recommencement of the parliamentary session, Burke again brought forward his impeachment of Warren Hastings. It is not my province to enter upon that (to me) very theatrical trial. We want some new and uninterested historian to write an account of an affair, which made so much noise at the time, and was so eagerly seized upon by Burke and Sheridan for oratorical display, let it suffice for my present purpose to say that neither the pencils of Gilray or of Sayer were idle. One of the most celebrated prints of the former represents "The political Banditti, assaulting the Saviour of India," the person designated by that title being Warren Hastings. Burke fires a blunderbuss at him in front, and Fox endeavours to stab him from behind, while Lord North robs him of his money-bags. Hastings, however, defends himself with the "shield of honour." On the other side, the Go-

vernor-General was represented as Verres, and the eloquent Sheridan was the modern Cicero who impeaches him. The truth seems to be that both Hastings and his opponents spent money freely amongst the artists and writers of the period. Those who wish to see some proof of this, will find an interesting memorial, in the trial of "Pasquin v. Faulder," attached to Gifford's "Bæviad."

To chronicle every single work of artists so notoriously fertile and industrious as those we are contemplating, forms no part of the plan of this work; I must therefore let appear a huge *hiatus*, not perhaps *valde defendus*, and hasten to the busiest period of the life of the principal caricaturist, James Gilray.

This was about the time of the terrible first French Revolution, when the minds of the English were kept at almost a fever-heat, by various appeals to their loyalty, their patriotism, or their fear. Mr. Cobden's recent pamphlet has shown very successfully, I think, that the French nation did not seek at that period to quarrel with, and revolutionise Great Britain. But there were no doubt violent propagandists who would have gone any length to have established their unripe doctrines of Republicanism over the world. The opinions of these, evidently a contemptible minority, were promulgated by the English ministry and aristocracy as those of the whole French nation. The aristocracy of England were fearful lest their fate might be that of those of France; and the wild and insane speeches of the injudicious partizans, but worst enemies of an ideal republic, were weapons in their hands which they well knew how to use.

Both the ministry and the opposition seemed of one mind in regard to the new government, the Convention of France. The recent and brilliant work of Burke, "Reflections on the French Revolution," full of glittering phrases, written evidently *ad captandum*, made a great impression upon the young and generous minds of the English youth. Upwards of 30,000 copies were sold before the first demand was satisfied. The picture of Marie Antoinette, the pause, and theatrical apostrophe to that unfortunate Queen, made the swords of the young volunteers ready, indeed, to leap from their scabbards for her rescue. Those in power took care to cultivate

the war-spirit thus infused, and these sentiments ripened into a deep hatred of the French and of France.

In September, 1792, the French Convention elected two English members to their body. They were, Thomas Paine, and Dr. Priestley. Henceforward nothing was too bad or too abusive to be said of the English liberals. Dr. Priestley's house, in Birmingham, was attacked and burnt, and Paine fled to France. In calling this behaviour atrocious, I do not seek to defend the peculiar religious tenets of either of these men; but their political belief should have been held as sacred from mob violence, as was their religious creed. Younger and better men than they, world-famous now, drank eagerly of the same draught of liberty: Southey the deep scholar, Wordsworth the poet of nature, and Coleridge, philosopher, metaphysician, and bard; than whom possibly flourishing at one period, three greater cannot be found, had imbibed these doctrines, and were at that time ardent republicans. Yet Sayer could produce plates, representing the belief of these men as demoniacal; and Fox and North, clad in shirts and boots, but veritable *sans-culottes*, force obnoxious liberty down the throat of John Bull. Gilray, whose continued drunkenness had by this time produced fits of insanity, seems to have gone mad for the occasion, and his plates, wild, bloody, and fiery, exhibit some of the worst scenes which took place in the worst days in Paris. The guillotine, the pike, the bleeding and severed head, the firebrand, and the extempore gallows (*la lanterne*), bloom in hideous profusion all through the series. One side of the Channel presents of course a flattering contrast to this noise and turmoil; a plate by Sayer of the 10th of December, 1792, represents the soldier and sailor as the only defence of England against the horrors of Republicanism.

Gilray, eccentric in every thing, appears for a moment to have had a gleam of sense, and published a deep satire on the alarmists, in opposition to one of Sayer's prints. It represents Pitt as working upon John Bull's fears, as in truth he did; he has John by the arm, and pretends to descry through a telescope the enemies of his country. A clever burlesque of Pitt's speech at the opening of parliament shows both his own alarm and that of his protégé. "There,

John! there! I see them, get your arms ready, John! there's ten thousand sans culottes on their way, and there! the Irish and Scotch have caught the itch, and have began to pull off their breeches." John is terribly alarmed, but his common sense whispers a better way than fighting. "Where's the use of firing now? What can us two do against them hundreds of millions of thousands of monsters? *had we not better try if they won't shake hands with us and be friends?*" The nation was too alarmed to take this hint. The aristocracy and the young farmers rushed to militia bands, felt proud of their uniform, and clumsy leather fire-man's helmet, and the land bristled with bayonets, and the coasts of Kent were white with tents. Church, king, and laws were appealed to; a king whose hot and ungovernable temper had lost us America; a church, pure in doctrine, but corrupt and persecuting in her practice; and laws which permitted Old Sarum, and pocket-boroughs, and legalized judicial murder for a petty theft.

Ye Britons be wise, as you're brave and humane,
You then will be happy without any Paine;
We know of no despots, we've nothing to fear,
And this new-fangled nonsense will never do here.

Then stand by the church, the king, and the laws,
The old lion still has his teeth and his claws;
Let Britain still rule in the midst of her waves,
And chastise all those foes who dare call her sons
slaves,

Derry Down.

The success of these song writers and caricaturists was complete. Britain strove to chastise France, but in the struggle suffered too. In turning over the crimsoned productions of mad old Gilray, we are reminded that for some time we are to undergo the saddest province of the historian, and to contemplate, like the shipwrecked wretch of Lucretius, the mad turmoil, the blood, the tears, and wounds, occasioned by that saddest of all infectious diseases, the martial fever of nations. The thousand gentle charities broken off, the sweet intercourse interrupted, the flowers of peace uprooted, the industry of the merchant thwarted, his ruined family and bankrupt state, the scholar unheard amongst this din of war, and more than all these the sharp calls of the weakest and poorest of mankind for justice, reform and progress neglected and passed by, start up and haunt these plates like ghosts. Some millions slain, and a few names brodered in glistering tinsel

upon a flaunting flag, are all we have to show for what we might have done.

The caricaturists began the attack by ridiculing Fox, Paine, and Priestley. The author of the "Rights of Man," who had been a stay-maker at Thetford, was by no means a pure or unassailable subject. Gilray brought out a print, on the 10th Dec. 1792, called "Tom Paine's Nightly Pest," which represents the English republican stretched upon his pallet of straw, dreaming of judges' wigs, and all sorts of horrors and punishments. On the 2nd of the following January, another print by the same hand, represents Paine fitting Britannia with a pair of French stays. The lady objects to the republican tight-lacing, and clings to the British oak for protection. Meanwhile, the object of these pictorial satires had, by advocating leniency to the unfortunate king, incurred the odium of his fellows, and was at Paris, thrown into a dungeon by Robespierre and his associates. In prison he wrote the most blasphemous of his books, the "Age of Reason." All readers know the strange accident, which looks almost like the interposition of Providence, which saved him from the guillotine; but neither prison nor the strange escape taught him humility or veneration, he went to America, and there lived, publishing harmless slanders against religion and his native country, till death put an end to the strange freaks of "Citizen Paine."

"The Republican Soldier," "False Liberty rejected, or no fraternizing with the French cut-throats," and others mark the temper of the nation at the time; meanwhile Fox's affairs were getting more and more involved, and the great statesman was reduced to a condition of absolute poverty. His friends held a meeting at the Crown and Anchor, and the popularity which he still enjoyed was proved by a large subscription, by which an annuity was purchased. This Gilray ridiculed as "Blue and Buff Charity," in a print wherein Fox is receiving aid from Priestley, Horne Tooke, Michael Angelo Taylor, Earl Stanhope, and Mr. Hall, the son-in-law of that eccentric nobleman. Mr. Hall had been an apothecary in Long Acre, and is represented as ragged and poor, with a phial in his hand. Stanhope had sincerely embraced republican principles, and had married his daughter to a plebeian to prove his sincerity.

Rank, character, distinction, fame,
And noble birth forgot,
Hear Stanhope, modest Earl, proclaim
Himself a sans culotte.

Of pomp and splendid circumstance
The vanity he teaches;
And spurns, like citizen of France,
Both coronet and breeches.

These ideas of freedom were enough in the then state of opinion to render him obnoxious to the mob. In June 1794, his house was attacked and fired in several places by bands of ruffians, and a gentleman or nobleman was seen to distribute money to them from his carriage windows; if the people could be worked up to such outrages, what wonder if they could be persuaded reform was odious, and that economy and liberty, were but so many synonyms for robbery, spoliation, and murder? The English were hurried into a war, the Duke of York was dispatched to Flanders, to co-operate with our German allies, but for a time did nothing but commit a series of mistakes. Gilray himself went over there on a sketching tour, and has given us a plate of "The Fatigues of the Campaign in Flanders," which is a picture of drunken revelry and licentiousness. Whilst the duke was commanding in his gallant way, his mistress, the celebrated Mary Anne Clarke, was selling commissions in the army at a very reduced rate,* and diverting the money of the nation to her own pocket; for this the lady was brought to the bar of the House of Commons, a trial which Gilray has perpetuated.

These incidents made the "swinish multitude," as Burke politely termed the lower orders of our countrymen, little satisfied with the war. New taxes made the householders equally against it, and the caricaturists, who turned their satires to profit, took advantage of what they themselves had contributed to occasion, and pictured John Bull as reduced to a state of beggary. The King was represented as the Horse of Hanover riding over the swinish multitude, in the shape of a drove of pigs, in one print; and in another as a "state caterpillar," the ring of the body composed of state offices, pensions and other sources of extravagant expenditure.

But this caterpillar has another phase of existence as a chrysalis in Holland, and at last bursts into existence as a glorious butterfly in republican France. This hint is significant enough; but the people, pressed for bread and irritated with loss of work through the stoppage of factories, were at last tired of war, did not care for glory, and little thought of patriotism. When George the third went to open parliament on the 29th of October 1795, his carriage was surrounded by an infuriated mob, who cried, "Down with George, no peace, no king, down with him;" the window was smashed, and the panel perforated by a bullet, it is presumed, from an air gun, the populace all the while crying, "Bread, bread! Peace, peace!" The arrival of the guards rescued the King, and on the 1st of November, Gilray gave a burlesque version of this attack, wherein the ministry are attacked by Fox, Stanhope, and other Whig leaders.

In December, 1796, ISAAC CRUIKSHANK, the father of the present caricaturist, came before the world with a plate bordering upon servility to the triumphant minister. Pitt is represented as the royal extinguisher, putting out the flame of sedition. Bitter prints on the other side represent that minister as feeding (in consequence of the scarcity of bread) on gold; and others represent him as indulging in his favourite vice of the bottle. Gilray represents him as Bacehus, and his friend Dundas as Silenus.

To carry on the war new taxes were necessary, and an additional land tax was imposed. The people, smarting under their old burdens, resented this by naming Pitt 'Midas,' and saying, by their newspapers and caricatures, that he wished to turn everything he touched into gold; this idea is probably re-echoed by Cowper:—

Ten thousand casks
Touched by the *Midas* finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.

We must pass over some years now; new taxes, new complaints, riots in the manufacturing districts, and the death of Burke, marked the passing years, and gave rise to caricatures more or less powerful. The Irish rebellion, and a perpetual and carefully stimulated fear of invasion occupied the English nation, which grew at last quiet under the continued war, and now and then hilarious at the naval victories of Nelson,

* Some idea of which may be formed from the few figures subjoined—

| | Clarke. | Government. |
|--------------------------|-------------|-------------|
| For a major's com. . . . | 900 guineas | 2,600 do. |
| For a company | 700 " | 1,500 " |

John Bull is frequently represented as taking a "fricasee à la Nelson," composed of a course of French ships; and Buonaparte, mostly if not always in a ridiculous attitude and costume, appears disputing the world with John Bull. The Irish union, which took effect on Jan. 1, 1801, is chronicled by Gilray in a print called the "The Union Club," wherein Britannia and Hibernia, distinguished by their Shield and Harp, give each other the kiss of peace.

The fashions of the day may be seen in all their elegance or monstrosity by reference to some of the works of Gilray, but we can but refer to them, as they would not be understood, unless accompanied by illustrative cuts. Ballooning figures as "Folly in a new shape" in 1785, and the rage for masquerades, and the inordinate passion for gaming which some ladies of title indulged in, such as Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Luttrell, and Lady Archer, were severely and justly dealt with by the caricaturists. Other subjects which we meet with, thereby commemorated are, the "Infant Roscius," the management of Drury Lane, the O. P. riots, and Boydell's Shakespere Gallery. A glimpse into the passing follies of the day, is by no means the least instructive or amusing lesson which may be gathered from the pages of the caricaturists.

ROWLANDSON, an artist of eccentric power, but notorious for a vulgar and almost Dutch freedom of drawing, had made his appearance on the field of politics, in 1799, but Gilray for some years afterwards bore off the greater share of work. In 1802 the peace which took place between France and England was celebrated by that artist, as "The First Kiss these ten years;" a French citizen is embracing a fair English dame, and saying, "Madame, permit me to seal on your divine lips everlasting attachment." This caricature enjoyed vast popularity, many copies were sent to France, and Buonaparte was, it is said, highly amused by it. In 1803, the first consul again declared war with England, and prepared to invade her. Gilray's print on the question represents Pitt on one side the Channel and Buonaparte on the other; the latter distinguished by his immense sword and enormous cocked hat. The print is called, "Armed Heroes," and both the personages are terribly afraid of each

other; Mr. Pitt, in fact, although he puts on a bold countenance, is represented as almost sinking to the ground in his fright. In other prints, however, the conqueror of the greater part of Europe was represented as a mere pigmy compared to King George and his valiant Britons. In one, King George holds the Lilliputian hero in his hand, and looks at him with a magnifying glass; the print bears the name of "The King of Brobdignag and Gulliver." Our readers will recollect that Mr. Leech repeated the idea in *Punch* some two or three years back, by representing the Duke of Wellington, looking at General Tom Thumb dressed as Buonaparte; the print was called the "Giant and the Dwarf."

From this period to his death, the great majority of the works of Gilray satirize the Emperor Napoleon; one of them, published towards the latter end of 1803, is called the "Hand-writing on the Wall," and predicts the approaching downfall of Napoleon; his empress, his sisters, and his generals are bitterly satirized by its forcible drawing, and it is said that few things annoyed the great conqueror so much as a copy of this print which was shewn to him. Pitt in opposition, the new coalition, the volunteers, and other events make up subjects of the numerous plates of the indefatigable artist. The approaching death of Fox did not shield that great statesman from these pictorial attacks; a plate, called "Visiting the Sick," published on the 28th July, represents Fox on the bed of death, mourned over by few, and insulted by others. The 13th of September found that great man no more; he was succeeded as foreign secretary by Lord Grey, then Lord Howick. The name of that statesman, and of Sir Francis Burdett, in the field of politics, and of the elder Cruikshank, and of Rowlandson in the field hitherto so industriously occupied by Gilray himself, brings us down to comparatively recent times.

Gilray's labours to the last turned against Napoleon, representing him as entering into the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" in his struggle with the northern powers; how truly and clearly foreseen, we need not here remark; as bound in chains to the triumphal car of Great Britain; and as suffering every possible misfortune which the artist could invent. In 1809, the pencil of

the caricaturist ceased from its labours. Sayer had already given over, and others were rising, but none with the graphic force of Gilray; he would have still monopolised the field, had not his own acts destroyed him: He had an almost insatiate thirst for spirits, and left his own publisher with whom he lodged, in Bond-street, frequently, to sell plates to Fores, in Piccadilly, for the purpose of procuring ardent drink with the money. His last work is dated 1811, after that he sank into a state of mingled delirium and imbecility, and attempted suicide, by endeavouring to throw himself out of window. For four years he lingered in this state, and finally died on the first of June 1815, and was buried in the churchyard of St. James's, Piccadilly, near the rectory house.

James Gilray had occupied the public almost incessantly with his plates from the year 1779 to the year 1811. His drawings have force, great skill, and display an immense power of invention. He lived in a stirring political time, and seems to have hit upon popular subjects with an unerring sagacity. His politics were most probably liberal, but as he sold the efforts of his pencil, and perhaps cared most for the side which paid best, it is somewhat difficult to judge. He was a man who had, however humble some may deem his weapon, an immense influence on his fellow countrymen, and through them on the world, and in looking over, even casually as we have done, his numerous works, we cannot but endorse the opinion of Croker, expressed in his "New Whig Guide," "that political caricatures are parts of political history. They supply information as to the personal habits, and often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."

To trace the lives of Rowlandson and of Isaac Cruikshank, to give each particular of Woodward and of Bunbury, would be no easy task, neither, it must be confessed, would it be a grateful one. But there is one man whom we must not omit, and whose works are the most universal of any caricaturist who has yet existed, one whose works and name are a synonym for popularity, and who has exercised the very great talent he possesses, not alone in creating laughter and dispersing care, but also for the moral improvement and

elevation of his countrymen, That man is

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

The name, the reader will at once perceive, is Scotch. A generation of the Cruikshanks flourished in the '45, and the grandfather of the present artist went out with Charles Edward, and, like that once popular prince, finished his campaigns on Drummossie Moor. Tradition states that members of the artist's mother's family, were also active in aiding the young fugitive, and in shielding and hiding him in his many perilous escapes. These circumstances no doubt impoverished his family, and the father of Isaac came from Edinburgh to London, like hundreds of his countrymen, bent upon trying his fortune. He left his son an orphan in London, and there, in the parish of Bloomsbury, his son George was born, in the year 1794. He was the second son of Isaac Cruikshank, caricaturist and engraver, having for an elder brother Robert, a follower of the same art, and once known popularly as the illustrator of Coleridge's "Devil's Walk," and of "Monsieur Tonson," about the eccentric author of which Jerdan discourses pleasantly in his recent autobiography.

In that art in which he was to gain distinction, George Cruikshank had little or no instruction. He picked up his knowledge by seeing his father work, and once in his early life made a drawing from a cast, as a specimen to obtain his admission as a student of the Royal Academy, under the superintendence of Fuseli, a learned professor, who with his nine languages, might well claim to be classed amongst those who are accredited

Well versed in Greek, deep men of letters.

The classes of such a professor were sure to be well attended, and when Fuseli received the drawing of Cruikshank the room was crowded. He examined the drawing, was well pleased with it, and sent down the following characteristic message to the draughtsman, "Tell him, he may come up, but he must fight for a seat." The young artist did fight for room that evening, but engagements which brought in money, occupied his time fully, and he neglected to go any more. While upon the subject we may as well mention that the second drawing for admission to the Royal

Academy as a student, was made a few weeks ago, by the indefatigable artist, who mindful of the time of life at which Cicero acquired Greek, seeks for admission to the schools of the Academy for the purpose of studying from the life.

Cruikshank was soon after this well known, and he with the enthusiasm of youth was bitterly satirizing the then ministry, whom he believed in his ardent attachment to liberty to be some of the worst men under heaven, whilst the demagogues of the day were the best, when he applied to Fuseli. The Orders in Council, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Perceval were objects of his artistic ire, but above them all, the giant of his hate, towered Buonaparte. For some years, the artist has himself told the writer, he lived upon that great usurper Buonaparte; one feat in which he at the time particularly delighted, was that he buried the Corsican in snow, this was on the outset of the Russian expedition. The prophecy was a shrewd one. Not so successful, however, was one wherein he had left the emperor dead with cold, and about to

Fatten all the region kites.

He also made caricatures for a satirical publication called "The Scourge;" and before he had attained his twentieth year published, in conjunction with a literary friend of the name of Earle, a half-crown publication called "The Meteor." The negligent habits of his literary friend, habits which on account of the uncertainty of the profession are too often acquired by the *littérateur*, led to the failure of this work after an existence of some few months.

The main characteristics of his etchings at this time Cruikshank has retained; they were distinguished by boldness and power, free drawing, and an excellent knowledge of the use of the etching point. His works were very popular, and he supplied in himself the place of H. B. and *Punch*; consequently when Mr. Hone, the publisher, approached George Cruikshank, he did it with the respect which publishers know how to use towards a successful artist, either of the pencil or pen. Hone was decidedly an original, a man of talent, and moreover somewhat eccentric, and our hero and himself soon became friends.

Hone, at the time, was not very rich,

and being a thorough liberal, which embraced at that time the worst qualities of the present free-thinker, he determined to make a short road to fortune, by publishing what he thought would be extensively popular; namely, parodies on the liturgy of the Church of England. No churchman himself, (his father was a presbyterian,) but yet having that respect for the religious opinions of every sect which every sensible and deep thinking man has, Cruikshank was hurt and alarmed at this proceeding, and remonstrated with the publisher. "Take my word for it," said he to Hone, "you will be prosecuted for this, withdraw it." "I do not care," was the reply, "the children must have bread to eat," and the remonstrance failed, and the book appeared. It was soon seen how truly Cruikshank had spoken. A notice came from the attorney-general, for Hone to prepare for his arraignment for blasphemy, and the bookseller repented bitterly of his rejection of his friend's advice. He consulted Cruikshank, who dictated a letter to the attorney-general, begging him not to commence proceedings, which he sent by one of his little children to his private house. The boy found that crown officer but just arisen from bed, and was admitted to him whilst he was shaving. He opened and read the letter, and said, "Tell your father, my boy, that I'm very sorry for him, but the action must go on."

The action proceeded. Cruikshank did not desert his friend; in his studio he rehearsed Hone's trial, and the two together concocted the defence. The government were astonished to find that they had prosecuted a man who was deeply read in all that related to the particular subject in hand. Hone appeared to be deeply shocked at the bare accusation of being blasphemous; and his defence, full of curious reading and learning, was listened to with deep attention. The result of three separate trials was that he was acquitted; no jury would convict him, and by a chance, that which should have crushed the bookseller, brought him the notice of the whig opposition, and made him, from an unknown man, one of the most popular in England. No sane man can now applaud Hone's conduct, or that of his partizans, and as a proof of how much the taste of our countrymen

has changed, we are happy to point to the fact, that the once popular "Three Trials of William Hone for Blasphemy," has fallen into the hands of one of those booksellers who prey on garbage, a man who has dealt so largely in the indecent and immoral that his name has become pollution, and the very street in which he lives a synonym for every thing degrading.

From Hone himself, now the companion and gossip of Sir Francis Burdett and the reformers, Cruikshank did not, however, separate. Dining one day with him in the Dog chop-house in Holywell-street, Cruikshank proposed to Hone to publish a sort of comic newspaper interspersed with caricatures, and consisting of all sorts of curious and eccentric paragraphs. The idea was a happy one, and was acted upon at once. The paper appeared entitled, "A Slap at Slop," and sold enormously. About two years before this Hone had published a series of political squibs, which did much injury to the government, but which were beyond the pale of prosecution. Exhibited in the windows of Hone on Ludgate Hill, they drew crowds of admirers and purchasers. They bore the titles of "The Political House that Jack Built," "The Matrimonial Ladder," in allusion to Queen Caroline's unhappy union, "The Man in the Moon," "The Political Showman at Home," and "Non mi ricordo." These were published during the years 1819-20. For the thirteen cuts which graced the "House that Jack Built," Cruikshank was paid half-a-guinea each, and as above one hundred thousand copies of the work were sold, it is to be presumed that the publisher pocketed by the transaction nearly three hundred pounds. "Non mi ricordo" was founded on the convenient memory of Theodore Majocchi, one of the principal witnesses against the Queen, who, when cross-examined touching some actions of the King, which bore very much against his majesty, pleaded that he "did not remember." The satire conveyed in allusions and questions in this tract are of the bitterest kind; the towering false hair of the king, the whiskers, the padded garments, and the enormous bulk, were rendered ridiculously real by the cuts. The affectation of youth by the "dandy of sixty who bows with a grace," were obvious, ludicrously obvious, to the meanest capacity, and the popularity

of these pamphlets was equal to their merit, upwards of a quarter of a million of copies were sold, some ran to the thirtieth edition. The tail piece of "Non mi ricordo," represents truly the feelings of the subject of these satires. The King is represented as on a grid-iron, literally grilled by the fires of cross-examination, his contortions are at the same time painful and ridiculous; the print is called "The Fat in the Fire." After 1822, when the broad sheet called "A Slap at Slop" was published, Cruikshank retired almost completely from political caricaturing, and no more—

To party gave up what was meant for mankind.

In the year 1821, the artist contemplated a work which should shew the evils which result from that process which young men call "seeing life." In this undertaking he was assisted by his brother Robert, the story being told in a series of plates, in the same manner as the "Progresses," &c. of Hogarth. To these a story was written by Pierce Egan, but the author entirely lost sight of the moral aim of the artist, and before the work was completed George Cruikshank had retired from it in disgust. It was called "Life in London; or, the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., Corinthian Tom, and Bob Logic, in their rambles through the metropolis." The plates illustrating it were coloured, and the work had an amazing popularity. How it could have gained this we may well wonder now; the letter-press was silly, vapid, and vicious, yet people actually scrambled for the book at the booksellers' shops, the theatres dramatized it, and it was pirated in America, where it had an extraordinary sale. It was followed by another entirely facetious work, called "Life in Paris," but this latter had not a tythe of the popularity of its prototype, which, as a literary composition, it far exceeds.

Next comes "Illustrations of Italian Tales of humour and romance," and "Tales of Irish Life," drawn to illustrate a volume by Mr. Whitty, at present editor of a provincial newspaper. This was published in 1824, and in the same year appeared a work called "Points of Humour," which is one of the most meritorious of the artist's works. The illustrations contained in that volume to Burns's Merry Beggars, are excellent. In 1824 also Cruikshank

published his illustrations to Peter Schemmhl a German story of one who sold his shadow to the Prince of Darkness. One illustration wherein the Evil One detaches and wraps up the shadow which he has purchased, is full of excellence; the chuckle upon the face of the fiend seems at the same time to denote the worthlessness of the purchase, and yet the inconceivable misery which the want of the shadow would occasion to his victim.

In 1825 Cruikshank illustrated "Popular German Stories," and a book called "Mornings at Bow Street." The latter was in some sort the offspring of "Life in London." The young men of the day had taken it into their very empty heads that to imitate the actions of Corinthian Tom and Bob Logic was very great and glorious, and to carry out this ideal they began assailing the watchmen, in their slang, *the Charleys*, at a very great rate. A Mr. Wight, who had been, we believe, a merchant at Liverpool, was at that time the reporter to the *Morning Chronicle*, and used to head his reports of these assaults with the words MORE "LIFE." It says, perhaps, little for the taste of the age, that these were read eagerly, and that by them the circulation of the *Chronicle* was raised from 600 to more than 7000. Mr. Wight obtained the editorship of the paper, and a promise of a partnership from Mr. Thwaites, which the latter gentleman did not live to fulfil. Of the reports themselves we must in justice say that they were often humorous and seldom vulgar, but readers of the present day, accustomed to a more refined and polished wit, will find in them little to amuse or even to repay perusal. The sale of the paper being so effectually improved, Mr. Wight naturally presumed that the reports published separately and illustrated by the first artist of the day, would be no bad speculation, a selection was made, and published under the title of "Mornings at Bow Street," and the sale of the book answered the expectations of the proprietors. The illustrations of the work are excellent, and some of them were the best that Cruikshank had at that time done. Those bearing the titles of "A Cool Contrivance," "Jonas Tunks," "Bundling up," and "a Dun at Dinner Time," are perhaps the best. There is one also of a very pathetic nature called "A Distressed Father." The report

which it illustrates is told simply and is of itself deeply pathetic.

Illustrations to "Hans of Iceland," a wild story by Victor Hugo, and some few plates to the *Dublin Magazine*, an extinct periodical, formed the occupation of Cruikshank during 1825. In the next year he illustrated a book called "Greenwich Hospital," a collection of sea stories, by Lieut. Barker.

In 1830, he produced the plates of a work which has survived to this day, and which is worthy of more reputation than it has. This was "Three Courses and a Dessert." The three Courses consisted of west country, Irish and legal stories, and a *mélange* of prose and verse by way of Dessert. The book was written by a Mr. William Clark, a solicitor, which would account for his excellent legal stories. He came from the west of England, and we should presume from the excellence of the Irish stories had spent some years in that country. It is high praise to the illustrations and the text to say that they were worthy of each other. The cuts, in number more than fifty, exhibit a lightness of fancy and imagination which have never been excelled; the head and tail pieces are especially to be commended.

In quick succession after this book Cruikshank illustrated "Tales of Other Days," from the pen of a Mr. Akerman; and "the Gentleman in Black," a novel by one of the writers in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The illustrations of both these are very good. The tales are of *diablerie*, and of wild German fancy, and the cuts which illustrated them of a very different calibre to the later works of the same artist. Next came illustrations to Fielding's "Tom Thumb," so excellent that they should never be separated from that work, and as a pendant to them, the like number of cuts to the Burlesque of "Bombastes Furioso." The artist was then engaged upon "Sunday in London," a fine work which with one or two plates re-drawn, for the fashions have somewhat altered in more than twenty years, would do good service if reprinted now. The parts of the decalogue therein illustrated are turned to bitter satire: a bishop just alighted from his coach (the mitre glitters on the hammer-cloth), is about to enter a fashionable church, to preach no doubt a charity sermon; the inferior clergy wait at the porch to bow him in, and a

beadle, the prototype of the immortal Bumble, pushes his elbow in the face of a too curious gazer; the footman opens the carriage door, the coachman holds in two restive horses. The bishop will no doubt be paid for preaching, for the subscription of the cut reads,—“Thou shalt do no manner of work—thou, *nor thy cattle*.” The second quotation is, “The servant within our gates,” the cut representing the kitchen of a nobleman who is evidently about to entertain his guests magnificently: there is a perfect plethora of cooks; one fat fellow carries a roasted joint; another, a Frenchman, tastes with the air of a connoisseur, something from a stewpan, which is intended for an *entremêt*. The Sunday “*Soirée Musicale*,” the “Parks on a Sunday,” the “Gin Temple turn-out at Church time,” and a plate called the “*Cordial workings of the Spirit*,” wherein drunkards, male and female, maddened in their intoxication, are fighting with a demoniacal hatred, are all deeply moral satires which leave saddening, but improving, reflections in our minds. We must not omit two cuts, the one a view of Primrose Hill, with a crowd of pedestrian holiday makers, and another a pew in a very fashionable church, full of highly dressed and exceedingly well-fed people, the fat renter thereof having his be-ringed hand dangling conspicuously over the door; the print is entitled “*miserable sinners*.” Indeed the whole work is fruitful in painful but moral suggestions, and gives rise to feelings which are sometimes “too deep for tears.”

Cruikshank next worked upon Fielding's and Smollett's novels, some also by Defoe and Goldsmith; supplied illustrations for the forty-eight volume edition of the “*Waverley Novels*,” and twelve plates for Scott's “*Demonology*.” Thomas Hood had about this period written a comic poem called “*The Epping Hunt*,” and Cruikshank was called upon to illustrate it, finding, however, that puns would not make plates, the artist gave illustrations of his own to which Hood wrote additional verses which were then dovetailed into the poem. Next came “*My Sketch Book*” with two hundred groups, coloured; “*Scraps and Sketches*,” commenced in 1828; “*Illustrations of Phrenology*” and “*Illustrations of Time*.” One of the caricatures therein was very popular, and is even now

frequently adverted to. A fat, over-fed footman, who picks his teeth with a nonchalant air, inquires of a butler, “*What is taxes, Thomas?*” The reply shows the happy condition of the class, “*I'm sure I don't know.*”

In 1835 Mr. Cruikshank was struck by a happy idea of publishing a Comic Memorandum Book, which, intending at once to carry out, he took to the late Mr. Tilt, to consult about publishing. Tilt at once jumped at the idea, and in the course of a conversation, persuaded the artist to change the name to the “*Comic Almanac*,” verbally agreeing, at the same time, to bear part of the expenses and to share in the profits of the work. But by a stroke of publishers' strategy, assisted by the fact that the name of the Comic Almanac was Mr. Tilt's copyright, the originator had not, from the very first issue, any participation in the profits of the work, which were very great indeed, but became merely the artist engaged to illustrate the production. In this work, which has been carried on without cessation for eighteen years, are many of Cruikshank's happiest hits. Though not so carefully finished as his more elaborate productions, there are here also some very refreshing plates, when, launching out from the comic, the artist has given us some homely country scene. Such is “*May-Day in the olden time*.” In an elaborate review in one of the quarterlies, written by our greatest living author, Mr. Thackeray, (then indeed not so much known,) great praise is very justly attributed to the designs in the Almanac. As we have mentioned Mr. Thackeray's review we may as well tell a curious anecdote connected with it. The reviewer had declared Cruikshank to be so intensely national that he was a decided enemy to the French, and never let slip an opportunity to ridicule them. This paragraph being seen by a friend of the artist, who was a native of that country, and who was collecting Cruikshank's works, he took an early opportunity of withdrawing his amity from “*le perfide*” caricaturist.

When “*Bentley*” was first started with Dickens as editor, Cruikshank was engaged as illustrator, and furnished plates for “*Oliver Twist*.” Some of these he has never surpassed. “*Fagin in the Condemned Cell*,” “*Bill Sykes and his Dog*,” and “*The Death of*

Sykes," are wonderful in their dramatic effect and vividly personify the author's writings. From his own face, in a mirror, charged with feelings which he imagined might be those of a condemned criminal, the artist drew the plate of Fagin. Its truth was at once seen, and it has, besides, the popularity which it gave to the magazine (for who could look at the plates without a desire to read the text?) the honour of giving a *sobriquet* to the greatest living soldier. From his hook-nose, his fierce eye, and his general resemblance to the print, Sir Charles Napier is universally called, by his Indian officers, "Old Fagin." A determination on the part of Mr. Bentley, which bore slightly upon the quality of liberality—a quality not lacked by publishers—made Mr. Dickens relinquish the conduct of a magazine which he, in conjunction with Cruikshank, had raised to a large circulation. For some time the publisher had probably no reason to repent the step he had taken, for Mr. Ainsworth, who then became editor, wrote his novel of "Jack Sheppard," a work which Cruikshank illustrated, *con amore*, and which the reading public so far appreciated that it raised the magazine seven hundred copies in circulation above the number it had attained with Mr. Dickens. One may well doubt the morality of the novel, but not the excellence of the accompanying plates, they are full of spirit, and wonderfully attractive. Some them, such as "Sir Rowland Trenchard in the Well," you cannot easily forget. The smaller illustrations of "Jack's Progress to Tyburn," and his execution, with their multitude of figures, will bear comparison with the etchings of Jacques Callot.

Another determination on the part of Mr. Bentley, led Messrs. Cruikshank and Ainsworth to set up a periodical for themselves; and "Ainsworth's Magazine" was started, which contained in succession, the "Tower of London," "Windsor Castle," and the "Miser's Daughter." Cruikshank illustrated all these; and the effects of light and shade, and the fine pointing in some of the plates, remind us of Rembrandt. He still continued to work for Bentley, his name being printed on the wrapper of that magazine; on ceasing to do so, the artist started a periodical of his own, called the "Omnibus," which was edited by the late Laman Blanchard. The title page, "De Omnibus rebus," is a

remarkable plate, containing a view of the world, with a multitude of people on it. There was also a creation of his own, a Mrs. Toddles, a little woman, who is never in time for the "Omnibus," but who just rushes in as it is full and about to drive off, which has a great deal of fun in it; and a wood-cut of deeper import, called a "Monument to Napoleon," wherein that Corsican is standing on a pyramid of human skulls, himself a skeleton, distinguished by his cocked hat, jack-boots, and sword.

About this time, he furnished plates for a work, which contains some of his happiest efforts in a serious style. We allude to the "History of the Irish Rebellion," by Maxwell. "The Battle of Ross," with an insane rebel rushing forward and thrusting his wig into the mouth of the cannon of the military, and shouting to his fellows, "Come on, boys, her mouth's stopped;" the "Camp on Vinegar Hill," the "Defeat of the Rebels," and one or two other plates, he has never, in our opinion, surpassed.

After the completion of the "Omnibus," there appeared, in 1845, a similar magazine, the "Table Book," edited by G. A. a'Becket, which had some very fine plates in it, of a larger size, and perhaps more carefully finished than in the "Omnibus." One was called, "A Reverie," wherein the artist, with a dog in his lap, is portrayed as sitting before the fire with subjects floating around him. The portrait was, at the time, striking. Another was called, the "Folly of Crime;" and a third bore heavily upon the insane railway speculations of the year.

The next important work which Cruikshank produced, by some deemed the most important of his life, was brought out in 1847. It was intended to set, in the strongest possible light, the folly of an addiction to what teetotallers emphatically term, "strong drink." It consisted of a series of eight large plates, produced by glyptography, and published at the remarkable price of *one shilling!* If the effect were equal to the sale, it must have been immense. We do not doubt the capability of the work in deterring sober people from drinking, but we doubt reformed drunkards; but there can be no doubt as to the excellence of the plates, or of their perfect suitability to the class to which they were addressed. From the first, wherein the decent young mechanic

brings out the bottle, and persuades his wife to "take a drop," to the last, where the "Bottle has done its work; it has destroyed the infant and the mother, made the father a maniac, and brought the son and daughter to the streets," the interest excited is very intense and dramatically kept up; indeed the dramatic turn of the plates was at once perceived, and a piece was produced at the theatres, with tableaux of the plates.

The work made a very great sensation, and was so successful that in the following year the artist produced a sequel, in which the career of the son and daughter of the drunkard was followed up. One plate therein was remarkably appalling, the suicide of the unfortunate girl, who in a fit of despair plunges from Waterloo Bridge. In studying for these works, the scenes he witnessed, together with the arguments of some of the leading tee-total advocates, amongst whom he was thrown, produced in the artist's mind a conviction that a total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, is the sole effectual plan for producing a reformation in the lower classes of society. He therefore joined that cause, and has since become the leading and most noticeable advocate of the Tee-totalers. He is at present engaged in producing a pamphlet, called "The Glass," the vignette on the title of which, a skeleton hand holding a glass, frothing with serpents, in allusion to the Scriptural motto underneath, is very appropriate and striking. The determination which led the artist to this step, must not, however, be deemed sudden; for in his earlier works a vein of moral reproof against the evils of drunkenness is traceable, in his "Sunday in London," "The Gin Shop," "The Upas Tree," and "The Gin Juggernaut."

Since the appearance of the "Bottle," and its Sequel, Cruikshank has illustrated several works—"The Greatest Plague in Life," "How to Marry," and a work bearing on the crowded state of London, during the Exhibition, called, "The Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys," which was unsuccessful. He has lately furnished illustrations to an edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," published by Mr. John Cassel, which, however, cannot be classed amongst his happiest efforts.

He has latterly turned his attention to oil painting, and has contributed to the Exhibitions of the British Institu-

tion and the Royal Academy; many of these pictures possessed much humour, among which may be mentioned "Disturbing a Congregation," "Dressing for the Day," "A New Servant and a Deaf Mistress," &c.

The great success which has attended the career of the artist we have been considering, is to be attributed not only to his genius, which in the particular branch of art to which he addressed himself, is undoubtedly great, nor to a playful fancy and an imagination of almost exhaustless fertility, but in a great measure to an industry which never tired, and a determined punctuality which never failed. His immense industry would be testified even by the incomplete list of works which we have given, but a perfect list is probably unattainable, and a complete collection equally so. One which is far from perfect, and was advertised for sale some time ago, filled a *good sized cart*, when taken to its destination; the artist himself has not prints of the whole of his works, which certainly might have been expected. Another great source of success is the dramatic effect and arrangement of Cruikshank's productions; he himself, we believe, attributes a great deal of popularity to this quality, in fact, he seems personally to have a great deal of dramatic art, and when Mr. Dickens and other *littérateurs*, for purposes mentioned in the life of that gentleman (*Biog. Mag.*, vol. 2) organized a corps of actors, Mr. Cruikshank was recognised as one of the most capable and most successful.

It has been the habit of the artist to relieve the lassitude occasioned by incessant application to his art by various athletic exercises, fencing, rowing, and even boxing. He used at one time to make little of rowing up to Richmond and back, and is generally skilful in those exercises which he wisely indulged in to keep in health. His appearance is somewhat remarkable: of the middle height, and very broad shouldered, a piercing eye, and a kind of fixed look, a fine forehead, and a face surrounded with whiskers somewhat of the wildest, give him "a presence which is not to be put by." Mr. Cruikshank has been twice married, but has no children. Although by no means a young man, the energy and determination of the artist, kept up no doubt by his excellent constitution and abstemious

habits, have scarcely abated. He seeks admission as a student to the Royal Academy, and determines, we believe, ardent as Cicero, when at sixty he learnt Greek, to turn his talents to a new field.

The talent which he possesses has certainly never been abused. Whilst he was making the people laugh, he was generally teaching them. He has carefully avoided anything which could even by implication sanction vice. He has assailed sin in the palace equally as in the cottage, and it is great praise to say that although in his younger days he caricatured those in power, he has since refused a great price for work which would cost him little labour because

he should offend none personally. He attacked the vice and not the men. He is no mere caricaturist, he is that and something more; he has the higher qualities of an originator and of an inventor, and moreover is a moral teacher, which Gilray or Rowlandson seldom or never attained to. His greatest praise is that he seems ever to have worked with the knowledge that he must someday give an account for the use of the power granted him; he has therefore attained position, fame, and independence by the use, not abuse of his genius, and long may he live to enjoy that which he has acquired.

JAS. H. F.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

To all who feel a curiosity about eminent men of their own country and time, in whatever department they may have attained their celebrity, the present brief outline of the history of one, who has left behind him a reputation as a successful practical surgeon, surpassed by none—who has been reckoned, and not unjustly, one of the most instructive surgical teachers the world has ever seen, cannot, there is abundant reason to believe, fail to be acceptable. The subject, however, which occupies the few following pages, has been selected, in preference to others,—which probably on strictly professional grounds, may have superior claims upon our attention, not, because it can be affirmed with any degree of correctness, that Sir Astley Cooper was a man of genius, or even, in a high sense of the term, a man of science, or worthy of being classed with the great luminaries of his own branch of the medical profession; but simply for the reason that his career affords, probably, one of the most striking instances on record of what indefatigable industry, coupled with merely a more than ordinary amount of professional skill and intelligence, can sometimes accomplish for its possessor, in the shape of worldly fame, wealth and honours. If, therefore, there is but little to be found in the career of this remarkable man to command the admiration, and still less to enlist the

sympathies of the general reader, there is much in our opinion to be deduced therefrom in the way of instruction.

Sir Astley Cooper was born at Yelverton, in the county of Norfolk, on the 23rd of August 1768. The gentleman, who has furnished the reading world with his "Life," in a couple of somewhat formidable looking volumes, gravely assures us, that Astley's father, the Rev. Samuel Cooper, D.D., was wont to drive to the parish church of Yelverton aforesaid, of which he was the incumbent, every Sunday morning, in a coach drawn by "four powerful, long-tailed, black horses!" This equestrian display was no doubt excessively magnificent in its way, and must have hebdomadally impressed the Yelvertonians with a ponderously solemn sense of the official dignity and ecclesiastical importance of their parson—but it is highly questionable that their piety was very much improved by the exhibition. As described, however, the Rev. Doctor's weekly cavalcade and appurtenances thereto attached, partakes so largely in its character of the style and taste of the modern undertaker, that it is perhaps worthy of a passing notice, if only to show that "there is nothing new under the sun." Most of our readers doubtless, like ourselves, will be still more surprised to learn, on the same authority, that the mother of Sir Astley Cooper was the veritable authoress of several novels,

which are reported to have enjoyed no small reputation in her own time, and—it might perhaps have been added—amongst her own friends. Be that as it may, we fear it is beyond dispute now, that, as far as the ungrateful world is concerned, all memory of her works, however meritorious they might have been, has been cruelly suffered to perish long ago. We believe her, however, to have been both an amiable and accomplished lady; but whatever literary talent she may have possessed, Sir Astley, when a boy, seems to have inherited not a particle of the maternal love for letters. He was, like a good many other boys, who have afterwards turned out clever men, much fonder of bird's-nesting than book-reading. Blessed with an abundant flow of animal spirits, he was celebrated amongst his village compeers, only for the greater variety of puerile tricks, scrapes, and feats, in which he alternately played the part either of hero or delinquent—and is said to have found favour with no teacher, except a poor dancing Frenchman who included the vicarage in his weekly journey. It is not necessary to our present purpose to inquire what proportion of the success of great men in after-life, is to be attributed to impulses or predilections which grow up in their boyhood, suffice it to say merely, that it is customary in modern biography to assert, that most of those who have become distinguished, either in literature, science, or art, have in early life given strong and unmistakable indications of their destiny; and that Mr. Bransby Cooper, in strict accordance with this stereotyped theory, traces in his "*Life of Sir Astley Cooper*," his uncle's choice of calling to the following incident. When Astley was but thirteen years of age, he happened one evening to call at his foster-mother's cottage, just after her son, the play-fellow of his childhood, had met with a bad accident in the reaping field. The femoral artery had been cut; the poor people knew not how to arrest the hæmorrhage; life was ebbing fast away, when young Astley took a silk handkerchief from his neck, and bound it so adroitly round the limb that the flow of blood was stopped until a medical man reached the spot. To the praise which this presence of mind and cleverness of hand brought him, and still more to the pleasure he felt in saving his humble

friend and companion, is ascribed the selection of Sir Astley's walk in the business of life. From Sir Astley himself, however, we have it, that at Norwich, *two or three years later*, he chanced to visit the hospital, where he saw a Mr. Donee successfully perform the difficult operation of lithotomy; "and it was this," he says, "which inspired me with a strong impression of the utility of surgery, and led me to embark in it as my profession." An opportunity soon presented itself for his so doing.

In 1784, his uncle, Mr. William Cooper, an eminent London surgeon, and lecturer in Guy's Hospital, paid his annual visit at Dr. Cooper's parsonage, and a proposal that the nephew should be article to himself, and accompany him to town, was unanimously approved of by the family party. To London, Astley, now in his seventeenth year, accordingly travelled, where, we gather, that, during several months, there was a pretty constant succession of squabbling in the uncle's establishment, in consequence of the nephew being more smitten with the freedom and gaieties of a metropolitan life, than with the charms and attractions of anatomical science.

At this period, indeed, the youth appears to have been quite of the "Bob Sawyer" order of students, and his pranks were sufficiently numerous and indecorous, to have entitled him to the highest honours of that particular school. With a staid, business man, like the lecturer of Guy's Hospital, however, such a state of things could not possibly endure, and the connection with his uncle received its finishing stroke from an occurrence which is thus related:—"One day he had obtained the uniform of an officer, and in this disguise was walking about town, when, on going along Bond-street, he suddenly observed his uncle advancing towards him. Not having time to avoid meeting, he determined to brave out the affair, should his uncle recognise him. Mr. Cooper for a few moments could not decide in his mind whether it *was* his nephew or not; but soon convinced that it was he, and this, one of his pranks, he went up to him, and commenced a somewhat angry address about his idleness and waste of time. Astley, regarding him with feigned astonishment, and changing his voice, replied that he must be making some mistake, for he did not understand to

whom or to what, he was alluding. 'Why,' said Mr. Cooper, 'you don't mean to say that you are not my nephew, Astley Cooper?' 'Really, sir, I have not the pleasure of knowing any such person. My name is —, of the — th,' replied the young scapegrace, flaming with unflinching boldness, the regiment of which he wore the uniform. Mr. William Cooper apologised, although still unable to feel assured he was not being duped, and bowing, passed on." Soon after the detection of this very theatrical piece of imposition, which cannot fail to remind our readers of a precisely similar incident in Bourcicault's comedy of "London Assurance," we are informed that the articles of indenture were transferred from Mr. William Cooper to Mr. Cline.

This translation seems to have had a wonderfully salutary effect upon the youthful masquerader, and henceforth his genius for adventures appears to have taken quite a new turn, and displayed itself solely in the acquisition of "subjects" for experiment. These consisted principally of purloined dogs, and in the "Life" already referred to, we are complacently furnished with several anecdotes of the reformed Astley's painstaking system of scientifically torturing these poor animals, which, however, with a little more respect for the feelings of our readers, we shall refrain from introducing here. Astley speedily acquired great favour with Mr. Cline for the zeal and earnestness with which he took to the practice of dissection, and ere long, under that great surgeon's tuition, he made rapid progress in all the knowledge requisite for his profession. In the year 1787, being then nineteen years of age, he spent one winter at Edinburgh. He had good introductions, and, besides attending diligently on Dr. Cullen's medical course, Fyfe's anatomical lectures, and Black's chemistry, found time to be rather an active member of the "Speculative Society," a debating club then and afterwards of considerable celebrity and influence. His notes make us acquainted with some of the connections he formed here, and which must have been highly useful to him. Amongst others, besides those of his medical teachers, he mentions the celebrated names of Dugald Stewart, Adam Smith, Lord Meadowbank, and Charles Hope. Of Dr. Gregory, from a variety of others, we select the following beautiful and touching anecdote.

"It was the custom for each professor to receive at his own house the fees from the new pupils. One day Dr. Gregory, thus engaged, had used all his blank tickets, and was obliged to go into an adjoining apartment to procure another for a student whom he left sitting in his consulting-room. The accumulated money was lying on the table, and from this sum, as he was re-entering the room, he saw the young man sweep a portion, and deposit it in his pocket. Dr. Gregory took his seat at the table, and, as if nothing had occurred, filled up the ticket, and gave it to the delinquent. He then accompanied him to the door, and, when at the threshold, with much emotion said to him, 'I saw what you did just now; keep the money. I know what must be your distress; but, for God's sake, never do it again, it can never succeed.' The pupil in vain offered him back the money, and the Doctor had the satisfaction of knowing that this moral lesson produced the desired impression upon his mind."

After making a tour into the Highlands on horseback, in the following summer, Cooper returned to England, and resumed his attendance at the best schools in the metropolis. He now studied under John Hunter, and that eagerly, and with vast profit; and to his bold adoption and clever exposition of the doctrines of this illustrious preceptor, are mainly to be attributed the subsequent distinguished rank which he himself took, and the fortune he made as a lecturer and surgical teacher. In 1789, he was appointed demonstrator at St. Thomas's Hospital; and in 1791, Mr. Cline paid him the high compliment of procuring his nomination as joint-lecturer with himself in anatomy and surgery. From this date his career was one of rapid and uninterrupted advancement. In December of this year, we hear of his marriage with a Miss Anne Cock, the daughter of an intimate friend of Mr. Cline, a rich retired merchant, who inhabited a villa near Tottenham, but who, strange to say, died upon the very day that had been first settled for the wedding. Mr. Bransby Cooper thus relates the sequel: "A short time subsequent to this bereavement the friends of the young people considered it advantageous that their marriage should be no longer deferred. In December a christening was to take place from the house of Mr. Cline, and he thought that

this would afford an excellent opportunity for his young friends to be united. The marriage was solemnized, and they afterwards retired, as if they had been merely witnesses of the christening. On the evening of the same day, Mr. Cooper delivered his surgical lecture with all the ease of manner which characterized him on ordinary occasions, and the pupils dispersed without a suspicion of the occurrence. After lecture he went to the house in Jefferies-square, which Mr. Cock, promising to himself the happiness of seeing his daughter surrounded with every comfort, had but a short time before his decease purchased, and furnished for them." In June of the following year, the memorable 1792, the happy couple proceeded to Paris. The object of this nuptial excursion was, it would appear, in so far as Mr. Cooper at least was concerned, twofold. Along with his friend Cline's anatomical instructions, he had also imbibed that gentleman's peculiar political principles. Cline was a democrat, living in friendship with Horne Tooke, and Cooper was one of the most promising, and about this time, probably one of the most enthusiastic of their disciples. His visit to Paris, therefore, was, in the first place, more with a view to gratify his curiosity by attendance at the debates of the National Assembly, &c.; and secondly, of improving his professional knowledge by comparing the Parisian practice of surgery with our own, than for the sake either of change or amusement. During the terrible three months he remained there, he is said to have attended the hospitals daily, decorated with a democratic badge, which ensured his personal safety in the streets. He witnessed the 10th of August and the 2d of September, and notwithstanding the many atrocities brought under his eye, his Parisian experience did not disturb his adhesion to Mr. Cline's political views. On the contrary, we learn upon good authority that on his return, he was "an active steward of the festival of the Revolution Society of London, in 1793."

This circumstance, however, did not interfere with his being, in the very same year, appointed to the professorship at Surgeons' College, and he filled the chair with so much approbation that he was re-elected to it year after year, as long as he could place his services at their disposal. Before the close of the century he had reached, both as lecturer

and as practitioner, an eminence, which for a man of his standing, is perhaps without a precedent. The next great step, however, the appointment as surgeon to Guy's Hospital, met, in consequence of his French politics, with considerable opposition. But the difficulty was overcome by his avowing his determination to "relinquish the companionship and intimacy of his late democratical friends, and abandon for the future all participation in the strife of politics and party," a pledge to which he faithfully adhered. Fortune seems to have delighted in favouring him, for about this time he also succeeded to a great share of Cline's lucrative city practice, the latter having removed to the west end of the town. Mr. Cooper now occupied the spacious premises in St. Mary Axe, which Cline had vacated; and as yet, the great merchants of London, had not, generally speaking, abandoned the old custom of having their town-residences in connection with their places of business, he found himself in the centre of a most intelligent and opulent society, and soon became accustomed to munificent fees. For example, one ancient merchant, Mr. Hyatt, when pronounced all right again, tossed his night-cap to the surgeon, who, bowing politely, put it into his pocket, and, on entering his chariot, found pinned inside a bank-note for £1000!—Others regularly paid him liberal annuities. A Mr. Coles, of Mincing Lane, for a long course of time, gave him £600 every Christmas. While on the subject of fees, it may be somewhat encouraging to struggling practitioners, as well as interesting to our readers generally, to insert here the following curious statement from Sir Astley's fee-book:

"My receipt," says he, "for the first year was £5 5s.; the second, £26; the third, £64; the fourth, £96; the fifth, £100; the sixth, £200; the seventh, £400; the eighth, £610; the ninth, £1100, although I was a lecturer all the time on anatomy and surgery." In his later years, however, he is said to have made more money than any surgeon that ever lived before him. In one year, 1815, his professional income amounted to upwards of *twenty-one thousand pounds!* The secret of all this, as has already been remarked, was industry. Throughout the whole thoroughly active period of his life, we are informed, Astley Cooper was in his dis-

secting room, winter and summer, by six o'clock at the latest, by eight he was dressed for the day and at the service of gratuitous patients, who usually occupied him till half-past nine, an honourable custom which he never abandoned, fond as he was of money. His breakfast with his family occupied but a few minutes, and by ten his waiting-rooms were thronged with patients, who continued to stream in by the dozen until one o'clock. To the right of the hall were two large rooms occupied by gentlemen patients; two drawing rooms, immediately above were appropriated to the reception of ladies. The hall had generally servants waiting for answers to notes, the ante-room was for the one or two patients next in succession. The farther room on the right was full of gentlemen waiting their turn. These were anxious perhaps, but still, in a much less pitiable state than the occupants of the first to the right. All in this room had undergone some operation, which unfitted them for the present to leave the house. These patients used to remain in the room until either their pain had ceased, or Mr. Cooper himself dismissed them after completing the operation to which they had been subjected. Sometimes the people in the hall and ante-room were so numerous and importunate that he dreaded the ordeal of explaining the necessity for his departure. He was in the habit, under such circumstances, of escaping through the back yard into his stables, and so into the passage by the side of Bishopsgate church. He would run round past his carriage, standing at the front door, into Wormwood Street, to which place his coachman, who well understood the *ruse*, would immediately follow him. He was in a few minutes at Guy's, where a hundred pupils were waiting on the steps. They followed him into the wards of the hospital and from bed to bed until the clock struck two, then rushed across the street to the anatomical theatre, and the lecture began. At three he went to the dissecting-rooms, and observation, direction, and instruction kept him busy here for half an hour. Then he got into his carriage, attended by a dresser, and his horses were hard at work until seven or half-past seven. His family were assembled, dinner was instantly on the table, and he sat down apparently fresh in spirits, with his attention quite at

the command of the circle. He ate largely, but cared not what; after twelve hours of such exertion, he, as he said, "could digest any thing but saw-dust." During dinner he drank two or three large tumblers of water, and afterwards two glasses of port, no more. Then he threw himself back in his chair and slept. He seldom required to be roused, but awoke exactly as the allotted *ten minutes* expired, started up, "gave a parting smile to every body in the room, and in a few seconds was again on his way to the hospital." There was a lecture every other evening during the season, on the odd nights, however, the carriage was equally at his door by eight, and he continued his round of visits till midnight, often till one or two in the morning. His carriage was well lighted, and by night as well as by day, in passing from one house to another, his attendant was writing to his dictation—the chronicle of each case kept pace with the symptoms. "And Sunday shone no sabbath day for him." Such, we are told, for full fifteen years was the existence of the great surgeon of Broad Street, St. Mary Axe.

The following portrait of him is from the pen of Mr. Travers, one of the most distinguished of his pupils: "Astley Cooper, when I first knew him, had decidedly the handsomest, that is, the most intelligent and finely-formed countenance and person of any man I remember to have seen. He wore his hair powdered, with a queue, then the custom, and having dark hair, and always a fine healthy glow of colour in his cheeks, this fashion became him well. He was remarkably upright, and moved with grace, vigour, and elasticity: nor was he altogether unconscious of the fine proportions of his frame, for he would not unfrequently throw his well-shaped leg upon the table at a lecture, when describing an injury or operation of the lower limb, that he might more graphically demonstrate the subject of his discourse. He would look at particular or urgent cases before and after lecture, and he generally went round *à loisir*, as a florist would visit his *parterre*, with two or three elder students on a Sunday morning." Dr. Roots says of him: "From the period of Astley's appointment to Guy's, until the moment of his latest breath, he was everything and all to the suffering and afflicted; his name was a host, but his

presence brought confidence and comfort; and I have often observed, that on an operating day, should any thing occur of an untoward character in the theatre, the moment Astley Cooper entered, and the instrument was in his hand, every difficulty seemed overcome, and safety generally ensued." A high character, and, in a great measure, a true one. Sir Astley Cooper, nevertheless, is declared by some to have been a great actor in his way, and his love of display is alleged to have been as obvious on such occasions as his skill. Like many other actors of less importance, he had an unbounded confidence in his own abilities; and his admirable manual dexterity is stated to have been the result of his retaining the most perfect possession of himself in the operating theatre. He was kind and hospitable to his pupils, whose reverence and submission made them attentive listeners; and, under the habitual impression of his great professional ability, admiring spectators of the most ordinary operations when performed by him.

With his private patients he was also very popular, more so perhaps than any other contemporary practitioner in either branch. His goodly person had its effect with the ladies, his good-nature with all, and his affectation of feeling with most. John Hunter is said to have turned pale as death whenever he had to use the knife; even the comparatively coarse and rough-humoured Abernethy could never think of an operation without heart sickness. It was the same with Sir Charles Bell and many other distinguished men who might be named. All, however, came and went more easily with Astley Cooper; with scarcely any feeling, but with oil enough for every wound, he was the conveyer of more comfort than any one of his more sensitive brethren. With his hospital patients, however, we do not find that he was much in the habit of using the oil alluded to. Amongst them, and surrounded by his obsequious pupils, in whom, no doubt, he found ready laughers, Sir Astley's conduct was most remarkable for a facetiousness, which, to all but his attendant dressers and box carriers, must have been excessively dismal. And even with himself was probably as far from being genuine as it was unquestionably unbecoming and inappropriate. No man,

however, had a greater right to the natural satisfaction of reflecting that human suffering had been largely relieved by his ministry.

In 1815 Mr. Cooper removed from Broad Street in the city, to New Street, Spring Gardens, in the neighbourhood of the Court, as he had now come into very great practice among the nobility and gentry of London. About the same time also he retired from his professorship at the Royal College. Some time after taking up his residence at the west end, although not on the Royal establishment, he was chosen by George IV. to remove an "ugly tumour from his head." It was rumoured abroad at the time, that on this occasion the great anatomist's nerves failed him, and that Mr. Cline, who was present, performed the operation. This, however, we believe to have been but "a weak invention of the enemy." And the story receives a sufficient confutation from the fact of the king soon afterwards making Mr. Cooper his sergeant-surgeon, and, in due time, conferring upon him also the title of baronet. This latter circumstance completed the change which time and prosperity had been gradually working in his political sentiments. There are some interesting passages in his Notes of this period; and they are for the most part not only entertaining, but well written. The following is not perhaps one of the best, but it is a fair average specimen, and possesses, besides the additional recommendation to us of being shorter than most of the others. Sir Astley writes of the king. "He often awoke early, and read from five or six o'clock in the morning until nine or ten, and thus he became acquainted with all the new books of every description which he read, novels, pamphlets, voyages, travels, and plays. And he liked to talk of them. He usually received me at from ten to eleven o'clock, in his bed, chatted with me for half an hour or an hour, and was generally very agreeable, although now and then irritable. He was not strictly attentive to facts, but *embellished all his stories* to render them more amusing, so that it would not answer always to repeat his sayings of others. When ill the king would never allow that it was caused by his own imprudence. One morning his tongue was white, and he was much heated. 'By G—' said he, 'it is very extraordinary that I should be thus

heated, for I lived very abstemiously, and went to bed in good time. I must have some *beauze de vie*, sir.' When we went out of the room, W— said, 'you must not professionally act upon what his Majesty said, he was drinking *maraschino* at two o'clock this morning.' He was a good judge (continues Sir Astley) of the medicine which would best suit him. He bore enormous doses of opiates, *one hundred drops* of laudanum for instance. In bleeding, also, I have known from twenty to twenty-five ounces taken from him several times. He was irregular in his times for eating and drinking. 'Bring me cold chicken,' he would say at eleven, before he rose. 'Yes, sire.' 'Bring it, and give me a goblet of soda-water.' Soon after he ate again, and at dinner largely; but he did not in general drink much at dinner, unless tempted by the society of men he liked."

This is, in all conscience, but a sorry picture of regal life and manners; it bears, however, the impress of fidelity, and our readers, no doubt, will gladly turn from it, to this sketch of an illustrious lady, but recently passed from among us, which is equally remarkable for its unexaggerated truthfulness. Sir Astley was also sergeant-surgeon to King William IV., and thus he speaks of the late Queen Adelaide: "We often saw the Queen, who appeared a most amiable lady, elegant but simple in her manners, and sensible in her conversation. She was, in truth, an excellent person, and, though gracing the dignified position which she occupied, would equally have made an admirable clergyman's wife, and in such a situation have employed herself among her parishioners in acts of kindness and benevolence from morning to night." As a specimen of parasitical twaddle, which it would be impossible to surpass, we cannot refrain from also extracting what follows: "The abilities of George IV., were of the first order. He would have made the first physician or surgeon of his time, the first lawyer, the first speaker in the House of Commons or Lords, though, *perhaps*, (hesitatingly observes Sir Astley,) not the best *divine*. As a king he was prosperous, for he had the good sense to be led by good ministers, although, however, he did not like them all." The last sentence will be puzzling to those who endeavour to extract any other meaning or information from it,

than they are in the habit of receiving from the most common-place nonsense. However, *revenons à nos moutons*. It will be almost a superfluous piece of intelligence to make known that Sir Astley was by this time very rich, and he now affected more silkiness of manners and finery of habits than he used in his city days. He also indulged himself by purchasing a considerable estate in Hertfordshire, with a handsome mansion and grounds, to which he often retired for repose and relaxation. By degrees, it is said, he became extremely fond of the place, and usually spent three days of the week there. For a full and particular account of the sports and pastimes most in vogue at the medical Baronet's rural retreat with himself and the brother sportsmen and visitors, who at different times shared his hospitality, those who feel any curiosity on the subject are referred to Mr. Bransby Cooper's book. The guests, however, we may remark by the way, consisted principally of physicians or surgeons of renown; (with accomplished men beyond his own calling Sir Astley, indeed, never seems to have held nor desired to hold much social intercourse.) And as an illustration of how little it took to entertain them, we make room for the subjoined fragment, which will also serve as a mild sample of the staple run of anecdotes with which Mr. Cooper has tastefully enlivened the greater portion of his narrative. "It rarely happens," says he, "but that one or two of the dogs which we had out with us, had been submitted by Sir Astley to some operation or experiment, which, in some measure, accounted for their inferiority as sporting dogs! Some amusement was always afforded by the timidity which these animals manifested when near my uncle." Just so, what the dogs were deficient in for sport in one way they made up for in another—humane guests! wonderful uncle! sensible nephew! As a kind of set-off to this, however, it would be unfair not to mention a more becoming feature in Sir Astley's Hertfordshire pursuits. With that keen eye to the main chance which characterised him so strongly throughout his life, he now spent a considerable part of his time as follows: Michael, his coachman, having informed him that the horses sold at Smithfield were almost all cripples, "my uncle," (says Mr. Bransby,) "desired him to go

every market morning into Smithfield, and purchase all the young horses exposed for sale which he thought might possibly be convertible into carriage or saddle horses, should they recover from their defects. Five pounds was to be the average price. In this manner I have known thirty or forty horses collected at Gadesbridge, and thus Sir Astley procured stock to eat off his superfluous herbage. In the winter these horses were put into the straw-yard, and his waste straw thus converted into manure, saved him many hundred pounds in the purchase of this commodity. I believe, however, the greatest pleasure derived from this new plan was the occupation it afforded him, by treating these horses as patients, and curing them of their various complaints." It was certainly more creditable to him than his mania for canine experiments, but the heart had as little to do with the one as the other. The grand idea of profit was the source of all this unwearied well-doing. And "I myself," says the nephew, "have paid fifty guineas for one of these animals," (which doubtless originally cost Sir Astley five,) "and made a good bargain too. And I have known my uncle's carriage for years drawn by a pair of horses which together only cost him *twelve pounds ten shillings!*" In June, 1827, Sir Astley had the misfortune to lose his lady, and the shock was so severe, we are told, that he resolved on withdrawing from practice. Accordingly he sold his house in Spring Gardens, and shut himself up in Hertfordshire. The sense of his bereavement, however, was neither so heavy nor so enduring as to prevent his resuming his professional duties, and *remarrying* in July of the following year. Later in life he made an excursion to his native Norfolk, where his principal diversion, to judge from his journal, appears to have been dissecting eels, gurnets, porpoises, and herrings' brains! He also took a trip to Paris, once again, where, being invited to a grand *déjeuner* by the celebrated Dupuytren, at the Hotel Dieu, by way of appetizer we presume, he "dissected for nearly two hours before breakfast." Sir Astley on this occasion had a most flattering reception in the "gay capital," and was made a Member of the Institute. His anatomical zeal seems to have attended him to the last wherever he was. Be-

sides the hereditary honour conferred upon him, others had accumulated rapidly. William IV. bestowed a Grand Cross of the Guelphic Order. Louis Philippe sent, through Talleyrand, the decoration of the Legion of Honour; various Scotch and foreign universities showered diplomas on him; and at the Duke of Wellington's Oxford installation, in 1834, he was admitted D.C.L. In his latter years he began to suffer from attacks of vertigo, and was not always in a condition for exertion. He continued, however, ardent in practice, until his increasing infirmities disabled him for it, and he expired at his country seat, after a short illness, on the 12th of February, 1840, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Notwithstanding the laborious life he led, Sir Astley found time to contribute several essays to the records of the surgical art, which, although by no means remarkable for their merit as compositions, will, in all likelihood, continue to hold a respectable place in the literature of his profession; especially those on "Hernia," on his own great operation of "Tying the Aorta," on the "Anatomy of the Breast," and on "Fractures and Dislocations." Some of these were originally published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society;" but all of them, we believe, are now to be had in a separate form.

We have hitherto purposely omitted all mention of Sir Astley's connection with a set of the most infamous and daring ruffians that ever disgraced this or any other country; but we cannot close this summary of his career, without a reference to it. We allude to his heinous traffic with the body snatchers, or "resurrection men,"—a class of desperadoes which, happily for the character of the medical profession, now, we believe, no longer exists. Without entering into any of the diabolical details with which Mr. Bransby Cooper has thought fit to horrify and disgust his non-professional readers, we shall confine ourselves to the general statement, that so intimately was Sir Astley mixed up with the transactions of these sacrilegious wretches, who despoiled the grave of its dead—ransacked tombs—and robbed churchyards—to furnish him with "subjects" for dissection; that when they had been tried and imprisoned for their crimes, "he acknowledged their perfect right to depend

on him for pecuniary support to themselves, and pensions to their families." Perhaps as the law then stood, it may reluctantly be admitted that it was impossible for any man who was ambitious of becoming a great anatomist, to accomplish his object, without occasionally conniving at such unhallowed practices. The less, however, that is said, under that view of the case, the better. Sir Astley in his time is stated to have instructed no fewer than 8000 surgeons—and some idea may be gathered from this, of the extremely fearful extent to which he must have had recourse to the odious services of these malefactors. The recklessness with which he employed them, and the liberal encouragement he gave to them, cannot be palliated, however, by any plea of necessity, and we gladly turn from the contemplation of a most nefarious, and iniquitous business, which, as systematically fostered and upheld by him, must for ever sadly lower him in the estimation of every man who is not utterly destitute of all sense of social, moral, and religious obligation.

From the brief abstract of his career now before them, however, our readers will be enabled to form their own opinion of Sir Astley Cooper. They will have seen what proportion of his great wealth and honours was due to his own undoubted qualifications for the profession of his choice,—to his unwearied industry in practice,—to his zeal and attention as a lecturer,—to the incessant pains he bestowed upon the cultivation of the practical part of the surgical art,—and lastly, to the unquestionable skill which in time was the inevitable result of this application. They will also have seen for how much of his success in life he was indebted to the good offices of his early friend and benefactor, Mr. Cline. Through that gentleman's friendly instrumentality he received his first appointment as a public lecturer—Mr. Cline, again, helped him to a rich wife,—and subsequently, Mr. Cline turned over to his favourite pupil a share of his most lucrative practice. In Sir Astley's case there seems to have been no struggling with difficulties, on the contrary his path upwards to fame and fortune was thus rendered comparatively smooth and easy, and entirely freed from those

disheartening obstacles and privations with which, at the outset of their career, many men of equal skill and superior talents have had to contend. Yet there is nothing upon record which indicates that Sir Astley ever evinced or felt anything like a lasting gratitude for the unmistakable benefits thus from time to time conferred upon him. Indeed the reverse of this is almost made manifest, and were we to judge from the alacrity with which, when he saw it expedient to do so in order to attain a highly coveted object, he publicly made known his intention of relinquishing "the companionship and intimacy of *his late democratical friends*," we should incline to the belief that gratitude occupied as diminutive a space in the composition of Sir Astley Cooper, as either refinement of intellect or benevolence of disposition. "Number one," was his motto through life; the "main chance," his most prized maxim. Slice after slice of good luck fell to his share, only still further to stimulate his faculty of acquisitiveness, and his untiring powers of perseverance. A busy, bustling, plodding, lucre-grasping existence his, with scarcely a pause, nothing in the shape of a lull or a rest worth mentioning from beginning to end. To the last he strove, never content, still strove to make more money. Medicine as a science is indebted to him for no new discovery, and practical surgery for little else, save, probably, a few extra flourishes and novel graces of the scalpel. The most it is feared that can be said in his praise, is that he was an unprecedentedly popular practitioner, more so perhaps than any other who has ever lived—and—that he left a large fortune behind him—a kind of medical king, just as George Hudson is ycleped a railway king, and for precisely similar reasons, the unwieldiness of his coffers, and the obesity of his bank-books. To the appellation of a great surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper is, we will allow, most indisputably entitled; but to the far higher accompanying distinctions of having been also a noble-minded and humane man, and a good Christian, we cannot reconcile ourselves to the opinion, that he possesses the remotest shadow of a claim.

W. M. R.

ABD-EL-KADER.*

THERE are some men whose names are inseparably interwoven with that of their country, so much so, that you cannot refer to one without entering upon the history of the other. Thus Lycurgus recalls that Sparta to which he gave laws; Machiavelli, that Genoa for which he so successfully plotted; Washington, that great republic for which he fought and legislated; and Abd el Kader that territory for which he so long struggled, and from the surface of which he has, more than once, swept the invader. The story of the hero who becomes the "foremost man of all his time" in repelling an aggression, has been repeated often and often, from that of Aristomenes to that of Tell; luckily, while the human heart beats with a love of country or of home, the tale can never tire by repetition, but the narrator will find his story listened to with throbbing breast and glistening eye, and the name of the hero will become a household word, and his deeds will be repeated from age to age with still increasing interest,

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chesnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When the young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows.

When the good man trims his armour,
And mends his helmet's plume;
When the good wife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told;
How well Horatius kept the bridge,
In the brave days of old.

Even so; no matter whether the discourse be of Horatius Cocles or of Abd-el-Kader, we shall be listened to with interest. The title "*Defensor Fidei*" has scarcely been so nobly or so truly earned as that of "*Defensor Patriæ*," and the latter is the more respected.

The subject of our biography opens up new ground. Switzerland is the

patriot's *Sanctum*, Freedom has her chapel there, but Algeria, known only to Europe by piracy and slaves, renegades and swift feluccas, was scarcely deemed a fit place for the genius of patriotism to breathe in. For centuries, from the time when its Arab conquerors first gave it the name of *Al Jeriza*, (the Island) it has been identified with a tyrannous oppression, which was a galling sore to Christendom. That Spain which could glue its hand to the hilt with the innocent blood of Montezuma and his compatriots in another Continent, quailed before the crescent and the green and pointed ensign of the Moors in this. Societies of Christian knights, who of old had carried terror to the heart of Saladin and planted the cross upon the walls of Acre, were glad to buy off prisoners taken by the pirate Turk, and to form companies whose business it was to rescue those who had fallen into their barbaric clutches. Driven from Spain the Moors certainly were, but from the stronghold of *Al Jeriza* they arose and smote the Spaniard sorely.

Finding an easy prey in the rich merchants of Spain, they naturally, since love of piracy increased with success, turned their arms against other ships, and the trading Englishman became their prey. Luckily, we then had one at our head who never hesitated to protect those of whom he had styled himself Protector;—and the cannon of Cromwell, pointed by Admiral Blake, taught the Algerines to respect the flag of England. His most Christian Majesty of France acting upon this, in 1683 ordered Algiers to be bombarded by Admiral Duquesne, which led to a treaty between that power and France.

Nearly one hundred years afterwards the Spaniards grew bold enough to attempt the same thing, but without success. In 1775, General O'Reilly and a Spanish army landed near Algiers, but were obliged to retreat with loss. The Dutch, after some fighting, compounded for safety. So did the Danes and Swedes. The Austrian and Russian vessels were protected by special interference of the Porte. The Italians were, however, the most frequent losers, and the prisoners taken from them were

* For a large portion of the *material* of this article, we are indebted to a recent biography of Abd-el-Kader, contained in *La Nouvelle Biographie Universelle*, edited by Dr. Hoeffer. We have also availed ourselves of the notes of commandant Boissonnet, who was governor of Amboise during the Emir's confinement in that fortress.—Ed. B. M.

sold as slaves or made to toil in the public works.

This state of affairs remained till 1815, when America took an Algerine frigate and brig, and abolished all tribute paid to the Dey, besides making that potentate pay 60,000 dollars, compensation for the ships which had been plundered; and at the Congress held at Vienna in 1816, it was at last determined by the European powers to put an end to Christian slavery. This was effected by Lord Exmouth, who bombarded the city and reduced the Dey to terms upon that and other subjects. For eleven years subsequent to the bombardment the Algerines appear to have been sufficiently humbled; but in 1827 an insult was offered by Hassan or Hussein Pacha, the last Dey, to the French Consul, which led to the capture of Algiers by that power. This took place in 1830. The Dey capitulated to General Bourmont; abdicated and retired to Europe, and on the 4th of July, 1830, the French became possessed of the "city of Algiers, and the forts and harbours depending on it."

The "Napoleon of Peace," as he proudly styled himself, Louis Philippe, wanted to secure his throne; and to direct the attention of the fickle people he governed elsewhere, some external excitement was needed. In this he was gratified by the acquisition of Algiers. France had always dreamt of colonization. That by nature she is unfitted to be the mother of many and flourishing colonies was no matter to her. If *la perfide Albion* boasted of colonies and dependencies in every habitable portion of the globe, it was thought reasonable enough that *la belle France* should outstrip her. France then, to use the words of her historian, seized upon Algeria with "an admirable instinct." The minds of the revolutionary and dangerous classes were filled by constant rumours of conquest and aggrandizement. A portion of that immense army which is the bane of the country was kept employed, and underneath the cloak of foreign conquest the wily son of *Egalité* consolidated his power at home.

There was one, however, who proved a great obstacle in the way of French conquest, and this was Abd-el-Kader. His biography is the history of the successes and the reverses of the French in Africa, and the two subjects are natu-

rally interwoven. He was born in the environs of Mascara, in the commencement of the year 1807, and was therefore in the first glow of youthful vigour and enterprise, when the government of Charles X. undertook in 1820 the Algerian Expedition.

At the commencement of this enterprise they declared, as all people will declare and have declared, even in the most shameful oppressions, that they only intended by the expedition to exercise "a moral influence," by a striking and astounding victory. In answer to a question of the English minister, M. de Polignac avowed that the "only design of the expedition was to destroy piracy; and that end being accomplished, the "evacuation of Africa would be determined by an European congress." We have seen how the promise was kept, the occupation of Rome was undertaken under a somewhat similar pretext. Will it hereafter be declared, that France seized upon that city with "an admirable instinct?"

To hold in subjection a country stretching for two hundred and fifty leagues along the coast, from Morocco to Tunis, and of a breadth of from sixty to eighty leagues, bounded by the desert, and peopled by fierce hordes, the descendants of the Numidians, a race of Kabyles, bold, determined, and energetic, was not an easy task. The towns were few and had little sympathy with or authority over, the inhabitants of the plain; they were peopled by a mixture of Jews and Moors, two races equally feeble and degenerate, and therefore although easily reduced were of little use in the hands of the victors. Besides this, it was necessary in case of an European war, not to displease England, and consequently the French, in sending Marshal Clausel to Africa, enjoined him to remain almost in a state of inaction ("d'agir le moins possible.")

The inhabitants, seeing the French shut up in Algiers, began to doubt their invincibility. Of the three Deyes, one only, that of Oran, submitted to them. The other two entertained far less peaceable intentions. Achmet Bey maintained himself in Constantine, and defied the Christians to approach him; whilst the Bey of Tittery, who was near to their territory, thought it incumbent on him to deal the first blow; he preached a religious war, and

endeavoured to shut up the French in the town they had taken. Under these circumstances Clausel had only one way left him. He put the government in order, prepared his army, and passed, for the first time, the celebrated defile of Téniah, overthrew the Arabs, occupied Médéah, the Bey's capital, and deposed the Bey. Here he stopped, having already gone far beyond the limits of his instructions. General Berthezène was sent to replace Clausel, who had so compromised his government, with orders to behave so that it would be evident that the French were uncertain about their occupation of Algeria; to impress this idea more strongly, they left him but 9,000 men to occupy their vast conquest.

The first result of Clausel's extended victory was to deliver up the inhabitants of Algeria to complete anarchy. Some wished to submit to the conquerors, others to dispute the territory inch by inch. Some united themselves under a revered Marabout, named Sidel-Hadji-Mahiddin, who persuaded them that it would be better to band together for the extinction of a common enemy than to indulge in an internecine war. This advice was listened to, and the tribes who occupied the territory bordering on Mascara, wished to elect the old Marabout their chief. This honour he declined on account of his old age, but whilst himself refusing, he offered in his place the third of his four sons, and declared that he was possessed of all the qualities necessary for the success of their enterprise, knowledge, activity, valour, and piety. He moreover declared that in his journey to Mecca, an old fakir had predicted that he would become the Sultan of the Arabs. This son was Abd-el-Kader, born at the *guetna* of his father, a short distance west of Mascara.

The Guetna of Mahiddin is a kind of college where the Marabouts assemble their young men for instruction in literature, theology, and jurisprudence. Here Abd-el-Kader became, at an early age, versed in the study of the Koran. His explanation of and observations on the difficult passages, were said to exceed those of the most skilful commentators. He had also studied with eagerness the history of his own country, and was besides a perfect master of oratory. But he did not rest with the reputation of a distin-

guished *thaleb*, (doctor or *savant*;) but made himself also remarkable by those corporeal exercises which form so essential a part of the education of the Arab. He was remarkable for his skill in horsemanship, and in the use of the yatagan and the lance. To acquire the title of *Hadgi*, (saint,) he twice made the pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca; the first time certainly was in his infancy, but the second time was when he was already a young man in 1828. On his return he married, and by his wife, whom he loved tenderly, he had two sons. For some time he lived in obscurity, rendering himself remarkable by the severity of his manners, his piety, and his zeal in observing all the precepts of the Koran, until his aged father caused him to be proclaimed Emir by the inhabitants of Mascara. He then began to preach a religious war, (*djehad*;) and both father and son, having placed themselves at the head of ten thousand horse, in the month of May, 1832, commenced the war by the assault of Oran. For three days they continued most determined and furious attacks, but were repulsed with loss. In this, his first battle, Abd-el-Kader is said to have shewn an almost extravagant amount of valour. Seeing the Arabs astonished and intimidated by the artillery, the young Emir turned his horse's head directly against the grape and bomb-shells, which he saw *ricocher*, and smiled as the bullets whistled past his ears.

The French general Desmichels appeared at first to wish to break through the system of inaction which had been the rule of his predecessors. He advanced against the Arabs, made a *razzia* against the hostile tribe of the Gharbas, and resolved to surprise Abd-el-Kader in his camp. Dissuaded from this, he contented himself with extending the French territory to two important posts, to Argen and to Mosaganeur (July 3rd and 20th, 1833). Abd-el-Kader, on his part, determined to centralize the Arab forces, and to extend his power. He marched on Tiemsem, reduced some hostile tribes, placed over them a new *Kaid*, and returned to Mascara, where he learnt with profound grief the death of his aged father.

Proceeding in the tortuous line of policy of putting the natives of Algeria to all sorts of inconvenience, and the

embarrassments of a country occupied by a foreign army, the French concluded with Abd-el-Kader a treaty which constituted him sovereign of the province of Oran, with the rights of monopolising the whole of the commerce of the country, in the same way in which Mehemet Ali did in Egypt. The Arabs were forbidden to trade with the Europeans except through the agent of the Emir, who himself fixed the price of their goods, which he resold to the European merchants. The treaty was divided into two parts, the Arabian and the French agreement; the first part only Desmichels communicated to his government, upon which a misunderstanding arose between the Governor-general Voirol and Desmichels, which the Emir knew how to turn to his own advantage. But as every ambitious chief has other enemies than those he meets in the open field; the coldness of his partisans, the revolt of some and the jealousy of others at his elevation, so it happened with Abd-el-Kader. Many *Kaids* declared against him, and on the 12th of April, 1834, Mustapha Ben Ismaël, chief of the Douaires, raised the standard of revolt, and, in spite of a determined resistance, overthrew him, put him to flight, and would have taken or slain him had it not been for the devotion of one of his men, who raised and remounted him. This time Abd-el-Kader was indebted to the French for assistance. Desmichels refused the friendship of Ben Ismaël, one of the most faithful allies of his nation, assisted Abd-el-Kader in repulsing him, and sent to that Emir a supply of powder and muskets. By this aid he recovered his position, and in his ambition of extending his dominion, he conceived the project of overrunning the whole of the provinces of Algiers and of Tittery; he crossed the Chêlif, entered into Médéah as a victor, and placed over the tribes he had conquered friends of his own, and returned triumphantly to his own territory. This was too bold a stroke to be pleasing to the French, and General Trezel, who had superseded Desmichels, marched against the Emir to chastise him. Their forces met at Macta, the Arabians being much more numerous than the French, and the battle, which commenced favourably to the latter, terminated in their total defeat, on the 28th of June, 1835. Surprised in a

narrow pass at Macta, the squares which enclosed the wounded and the baggage were broken through, and the slaughter was immense. All the wounded were put to the sword, and their heads, stuck upon the long lances of the Arabs, were pushed, gashed and bleeding, over the bayonets of the infantry into the very faces of their comrades. After having left upwards of 500 heads (for the custom of decapitation taught the French thus to number their dead) in the hands of the enemy, and after having performed prodigies of valour, General Trezel effected his retreat.

The news of this reverse changed the policy of the French. They no longer dreamt of remaining even partially inactive. Marshal Clausel was sent expressly to take signal vengeance (*une éclatante revanche*) upon Abd-el-Kader. He marched without any resistance upon Mascara, the capital of the Emir, which he found abandoned and in ruins. After having destroyed it entirely, he returned to Oran, and, on the 8th January, 1836, recommenced the campaign. He then basely turned his arms against the friendly tribes who had absolutely first applied to the French for assistance, and effected a most cruel *razzia* on the Conloughis. Even in France this useless cruelty was condemned, and in England the papers wrote fervently against it. After two of these *promenades*, to use the French term, during which Abd-el-Kader hovered on his flanks without coming to any decisive engagement, the Marshal returned to Algiers, persuaded, if one may judge from the bulletins which he issued, that he had entirely destroyed the power of the Emir. Soon after, General d'Arlandes, conducting a convoy of provisions from Oran to Tlemcen, was attacked by the Emir, and overthrown with considerable loss, on the 24th April, 1836. This check, added to the failure of an expedition on Constantine, made the French still more energetic. General Bugeaud was ordered to effect the retirement of Abd-el-Kader, either by treaty or by arms. A new expedition was sent against Constantine, which this time was successful, and the town was carried by assault, but with immense loss to the French; and repulsed in pacific overtures, Bugeaud met the Emir, on the 6th of July, 1833, at the Pass of Sikak, where he attacked

him with the greatest vigour and overthrew him; Abd-el-Kader retiring from the combat with a loss of from 1,200 to 1,500 Arabs, killed and wounded. Instead of taking advantage of this victory, Bugeaud remained inactive, gave the chief time to recover himself, to re-establish himself in his authority; and, some months afterwards, admitted him on equal terms to a most advantageous treaty, which gave to Abd-el-Kader three-fourths of Algeria, the provinces of Oran, Tittery, and a part of that of Algiers, and granted him a facility of buying ammunition and arms in France. (*Vide* art. vii. in treaty.)

This treaty was severely criticised in France; and, in carrying it out, various obstacles were found. Abd-el-Kader availed himself of several obscure passages to extend his territory, and eluded the propositions of the French to come to a settlement. In December, 1837, he encamped near Hamza, and required and received the submission of all the tribes of the adjacent countries. And upon the Marshal Vallée, alarmed at this movement, establishing a camp at Khamis, the remnant of the tribe of Ouleb Teiton, which the Emir had on a pretext of contempt for his authority, surprised and massacred, came to the French to demand vengeance. Such acts as these were deemed flagrant violations of the treaty of Tafna; and the Governor-general made such determined and energetic protestations against them, that Abd-el-Kader consented at last to name an agent who should discuss the basis of an interpretative convention, of the second article of the treaty of the 30th of May, 1837.

Mouloud-ben-Arach, who had gone to Paris loaded with presents for the King, was charged with this important negotiation. On his return to Algiers, he brought with him a convention, which, in some measure, modified three articles in the former treaty; but, in the meantime, Abd-el-Kader had profited by the truce, by strengthening his power, and fortifying his towns where possible. At Mascara, he had placed his brother-in-law, Ben-Tamir; Tlemcen was in the hands of his trusty lieutenant Bou Hamedi, and various other strongholds were held by other chiefs of the Marabouts, equally favourable to the designs of the Emir, which were, first, to inflame the tribes with a religious fervour,

making their enthusiasm subservient to his administration; and secondly, to give to the population a vigorous military constitution, so as to prepare them for the task of expelling, by an energetic and unanimous effort, all Christian sway from the soil of Africa. Nor did he rest here. He made a second line of defence, in the rear of the towns of the interior on the borders of the smaller desert. To the south at Medéah, he established a post, and to the south of Mostaganena, at Boghar, he created a military dépôt. His influence extended as far as the Desert of Sahara; and finding on every hand that the tribes were prepared for a holy war, he sent word of his intentions to General Vallée; and on the 14th of December, 1839, gave the signal for a deadly struggle. For this the French were unprepared. The colonists of Mitidja were surprised by the Hagouts; their warehouses were pillaged and burnt, and in a short time from the commencement of the campaign, the soldiers of the Emir had penetrated as far as the fortifications of Algiers, and had recovered from their enemies all the territory, save that which was inclosed by strong fortifications.

The news of this disastrous campaign struck the French nation with amazement. The Duke of Orleans, heir to the throne, hastened over to take part in the war. He was accompanied by his brother, the Duc d'Aumale, and disembarked at Algiers on the 13th of April, 1840. Operations on a vast scale were at once commenced, but after twenty engagements, wherein great valour was shown on both sides, and amongst which we must not omit the defence of Mazagran by a handful of soldiers, no decisive result was obtained. The two princes distinguished themselves by their coolness and intrepidity, and the French army, generally, impressed their opponents with a very high opinion of their courage. This, without any farther result, was unsatisfactory, and some blame being attached to General Vallée, Marshal Bugeaud was sent, in December 1840, to replace him, with an express mission to destroy the power of Abd-el-Kader, and to reduce the whole territory of Algeria. With such spirit did he follow up these instructions, that in a few months after the commencement of the campaign he had already destroyed Tekendempt, Bo-

ghar, and Thaja, new fortresses built by Abd-el-Kader; had taken Mascara; had driven away the flocks, and destroyed the crops of the hostile tribes, and had by his agents occasioned many defections in the ranks of the Emir. In the following campaign in 1842, he placed General Lamoricière in occupation of Mascara, who having fortified it, sallied from thence on every side. The enemy was reduced to the defensive, and in the speech from the throne in the same year, Algeria was pronounced to be "henceforth and for ever a territory of France."

From this time Abd-el-Kader was treated, not as a sovereign prince, but as a rebel. But his genius and his courage seemed to grow stronger than ever in this last contest. Towards the middle of 1842 he had, after a vigorous resistance, lost five-sixths of his territory, all his forts and military depôts, nearly the whole of his regular army, and what was even of more consequence, that faith which the Arabs before had in his courage and his fortune. But still undaunted, he went from tribe to tribe endeavouring to relight in the hearts of his countrymen the spirit of resistance. "Would you abandon," cried he, to the reluctant and wavering tribes, "the faith of your fathers, and deliver yourselves, like cowards, to the Christians? Have you not sufficient courage to support for a few more months the evils of war? Resist your enemies but for a short time longer, and you shall crush the infidels which soil our land. But if you are not of the True Believers, if you shamefully abandon your religion, and all those rewards which the Prophet has promised you, do not think that you will obtain repose by this cowardly and unmanly weakness. As long as I have breath in this body, I will make war on the Christians, I will follow you like a shadow. I will reproach you for your cowardice, and I will break upon your slumbers by the sound of my cannon, pointed against your Christian protectors."*

By the rapidity of his movements the Emir seemed to multiply himself, and to his enemies and to the submitted tribes to be in two places at a time. Wherever he was least expected there he appeared, carrying away the cattle and decimating the tribes which had

submitted. Amongst these, fear naturally spread, and they repaired to General Lamoricière and supplicated him to assist them. He answered that they must defend themselves, and that he had more important work in seeking to disperse the remnant of the army which was still faithful to the Emir. Engaged in this, the two armies met almost accidentally at Isna, in November, 1842, and Abd-el-Kader was again defeated with great loss, and narrowly escaped being taken captive, the very horse which he rode falling into the hands of the French.

The indefatigable chieftain, escaped from this danger, found a new element of resistance amongst the mountaineer tribes of the Kabyles of Borgia. But Bugeaud, aided by the Duc d'Aumale, penetrated in the middle of the winter to the mountainous regions of the Jurjura, and dispersed the enemy. The French also kept up incessant *razzias* on the tribes who yet withheld their submission, occasionally inflicting unheard of cruelties, and perpetrating such barbarities as were a disgrace to any nation calling themselves civilized, and a stigma on Christianity itself. One of these *razzias* ended in smothering the remnant of a tribe, consisting of upwards of ninety persons, men, women, and children, who had taken refuge in a cave. The French heaped faggots and straw at the entrance, and with the points of their lances forced back the shrieking wretches, who strove to break through the burning heap. Such measures as these struck terror into the hearts of the tribes, and after the combat of Oned-Malah on Oct. 11, 1843, wherein the Emir lost the flower of his infantry, and his bravest lieutenant, the one-eyed Sidi Embarek, Abd-el-Kader was forced to leave his country, and to take refuge on the frontiers of the empire of Morocco.

But even in exile the brave Emir was not at rest. He fermented a war between Morocco and France, which was, however, soon brought to a close by the successes of Marshal Bugeaud at Isly, and of Prince de Joinville, by sea, at Tangiers and Mogador.

After the battle of Isly, there were two courses open to the French, either to leave the capture of their great enemy to chance, or to force the Emperor to deliver him up; trusting on the antagonism in the characters of the Emperor

* *Moniteur Algérien*, 5th July, 1842.

and the Emir, they chose the former. Abd-er-Rhaman, the Emperor, had for Abd-el-Kader few feelings of love, but on the contrary, plenty of hatred, defiance, and distrust. Although of that faith which obliges all its believers to fight against the Christians till they are exterminated, the two had no one other bond between them. Abd-er-Rhaman had an empire to lose; Abd-el-Kader one to conquer. One was safely seated on his throne, the other had just been driven from it; nay, even if the Emperor had wished to carry on the war, all the glory would have redounded to the man who was equally with himself descended from the Prophet, and who had for so long a time borne a reputation as a saint not inferior to his fame as a leader.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at, that a misunderstanding soon arose between Abd-er-Rhaman and his guest, and the latter endeavoured, first by negotiation and then by force, to accomplish one of those revolutions, which are not unfrequent amongst the Mahommedans, and which would dethrone the Emperor, and place himself at the head of the Moors.

Thus, alone and without resources, in the midst of a hostile people, in open quarrel with the recognised head of his religion, wandering from place to place, like a lion tracked by hunters, with no seat but his horse, no shelter but his tent, no kingdom but the desert, the indomitable Emir yet inspired terror in the hearts of his enemies, and obliged them to keep on foot an army of 24,000 men for the sole purpose of watching him. He resolved upon a night attack upon the Emperor of Morocco, which he trusted would at once overthrow him, and leave the throne vacant for himself. Having gathered together the remains of his shattered army, he laid his plans and waited for the night. His intention being to throw the camp of the Emperor into confusion, he made use of the following cruel but ingenious stratagem. He caused some horses to be covered over with pitch and to be loaded with tow, dry grass, and other combustible materials. They were then led, on the night of the 11th of December, 1843, to the camp of the Emperor by picked men, who had been well paid for the enterprise beforehand. The tow, &c., was then fired, and the frightened and tortured animals driven into the camp.

This, diverting the attention of the sentinels and alarming the whole camp, gave time for the rapid approach and charge of the Emir. But however successful he might be in his stratagem, the attack failed, he was overpowered by numbers, and after fighting bravely he was obliged to recross the river Malonina, on the banks of which the Emperor had encamped, and to seek safety in the plains of Triffna. Placing the wives and children of his companions in the midst of his devoted band, the Emir succeeded in making the passage without losing a mule, passed over to the territory of the French, and followed by what few of his men remained, sought safety with a remnant of the friendly tribe of Béni-Snassen, which alone remained faithful to his cause.

He remained with this tribe for a short time, and thence hoped to gain the South, but the vigilance of General Lamoricière prevented him. The General thus relates the capture of the celebrated Arab Chief.

"I had been informed that the Emir had gained the country of the Béni-Snassen, and that he was desirous of escaping thence, for the faction of the tribe the best disposed towards him, was precisely that whose territory approached nearest to our own. The pass which opens on the plain of the Béni-Snassen, has its issue about a league and a half from the frontier. I determined to watch his passage, and I was decided in this by a letter from the brother of the Kaid d'Ouchda, which had been written that very evening to tell us to keep close watch in that direction, for by it the Emir would, without doubt, endeavour to pass. It was necessary to take this step quietly, so as not to awaken the suspicions of the tribes who were encamped on the route.

"For this end, two detachments of picked *spahis*, clothed in white *bourouns*, were sent forward. The first took up its position at the pass itself, the second, at one intermediate point between that and our camp."* -

Besides taking these precautions, Lamoricière had the whole of his men under arms at two o'clock in the morning, and having calculated the probable route of the Emir, held the troops in readiness to march on the frontier. These precau-

* Moniteur. 2 January, 1848.

tions were successful. Abd-el-Kader, finding that escape was impossible, sent forward two of his most devoted adherents to apprise the general that he would submit to him. The lieutenant who commanded the first detachment of *spahis*, spoke with the Emir himself, who delivered to him a piece of paper with his seal attached to it, but the wind, the rain, and the darkness of the night had prevented him from writing anything upon it. He demanded a letter of safe conduct from the General, for himself and for his companions, but the reasons which prevented the Emir from writing also prevented Lamoricière, the General therefore sent him his sabre and a seal, as a token that his request was granted.

Such is the account of the surrender of Abd-el-Kader, from the general who effected his capture. On the 23rd of December, the Emir personally yielded himself and family to the "generosity of France." On the 24th he was received at the Marabout of Sidi Brahim, by Colonel Montauban, who was soon afterwards joined by the Generals Lamoricière and Cavaignac. He was then taken to Djemma-Gazouat, where he was presented to the Governor-general of Algeria, the Duc d'Aumale. The Governor-general ratified the promise of safe conduct given him by Lamoricière; a promise which declared that Abd-el-Kader should be conducted to Alexandria or to St. Jean d'Acre, "with the firm hope that the French Government would sanction that promise." On the 25th of February, Abd-el-Kader embarked at Oran; from Oran he proceeded on board a French ship of war to Toulon, where he arrived on the 29th with his family and suite. On his arrival at Toulon, the pain of captivity was increased by being kept for some time in quarantine. When landed he was transferred to Fort Lamalgue, whence he was sent for some time (with his suite) to the castle of Pau, and although he supplicated the Government to remember the promise of the Duc d'Aumale, he was confined without hope of release. On the revolution of February he reminded the new Government of the promise made at the time of his submission, and of the conditions upon which he did so; but the answer he received was, that all they could do at the time was to make his captivity as little rigorous as possible. November,

1848, he was transferred from Pau to the Chateau d'Amboise, near Blois. His family and himself were treated with great attention, but the Desert Chieftain was evidently sinking under his confinement, when he was released by the present Emperor of France, when President, on his return from a tour through France, in October of last year.

This prince, we are told, had promised the Marquis of Londonderry that he would at an early period liberate the ex-Emir, and had actually said to him, "Tôt ou tard, je le mettrai en liberté;" he kept his word. The *Moniteur* of Oct. 17th, 1852, thus records the act:

"The Prince has marked the end of his tour by an act of justice and natural generosity, he has restored Abd-el-Kader to liberty. In returning to Paris, the Prince stopped at the Chateau d'Amboise, and having seen Abd-el-Kader, informed him of the end of his captivity in the following terms:—

"Abd-el-Kader,—I come to inform you of your liberation. You are to be taken to Broussa, in the states of the Sultan, as soon as the necessary preparations shall have been made, and you will receive there, from the French government, an allowanceworthy of your former rank. You are aware that for a length of time your captivity has caused me real affliction, for it incessantly reminded me that the government which preceded me had not observed the engagements entered into towards an unfortunate enemy, and nothing in my eyes is more humiliating for the government of a great nation than to misunderstand its force to such a point as to fail in its promise. Generosity is always the best counsellor, and I am convinced that your residence in Turkey will not prove injurious to the tranquillity of our possessions in Africa. Your religion, like ours, enjoins submission to the decrees of Providence. But if France is mistress of Algeria, the reason is, that God willed it to be so, and the French nation will never give up that conquest. You have been the enemy of France, but I am not the less willing to do justice to your courage, your character, and to your resignation in misfortune. This is the reason why I consider it a point of honour to put an end to your captivity, having full confidence in your word.

"These noble words deeply moved the Emir. After having expressed to

his Highness his respectful and eternal gratitude, he swore on the Koran that he never would attempt to disturb our rule in Africa, and that he would submit, without any ulterior design, to the will of France. Abd-el-Kader added, that it would be quite to mistake the spirit and the letter of the law of the Prophet, to imagine that it allowed any violation of engagements towards Christians, and he pointed out to the prince a verse in the Koran which formally condemns, without any exception or reservation, who ever violates sworn faith, even with unbelievers. In the opinion of all intelligent Arabs, the conquest of Africa is a *fait accompli*; they see in the constant superiority of our arms a marked manifestation of the will of God. A royal and generous policy is the only one that befits a great nation, and France will be thankful to the prince for having followed it. Abd-el-Kader will remain at the Chateau d'Amboise until all the necessary measures have been taken connected with his removal, and his residence at Broussa."

The liberation of Abd-el-Kader pleased the French nation, and not less so because the President had, by his secrecy, rendered it almost another *coup d'état*. It was only a few moments before the interview at Amboise that Louis Napoleon had communicated to General St. Arnaud, minister of war, that he was going to set Abd-el Kader at liberty on the spot. The long confinement of the Emir had aroused sympathy in England, and one noble Marquis had often pleaded with the President for his liberation.

The following is the copy of a letter addressed by Abd-el-Kader to the Marquis of Londonderry, who had interested himself particularly in endeavouring to obtain his release.

"PRAISE TO THE ONLY GOD.

"To his Lordship the Cid, General Marquis of Londonderry! Irishman by birth, dwelling in England,—greeting!

"I have received a copy of the letter written to you by his happy Lordship, the source of good, his Lordship the President, chief of the French Republic, and also a copy of that which you formerly wrote to him.

"Our brother, the Cid Captain Boissonet, has also communicated to me the letter which transmitted your greetings.

May God reward you! and also his happy Lordship, the President of the Republic, and his Lordship the Minister of War, whose generosity procured me the honour of your visit and the favour of your letter.

"Beginning of Redjib, year 1267.

"This is written according to my intentions,

"ABD-EL-KADER BEN MAKHI EDDIN."

The above will give some idea of the style of the Emir's conversation, which, like that of all those of Eastern origin, is ornamented, and abounds in imagery, parable, and metaphorical expressions. "You perhaps suffer from cold?" said the prefect who received him. "Oh no," said the Emir, "the warmth of your friendship has dispersed the cold."

After his release from Amboise, and pending the negotiations which were to transfer him to the dominions of the Sultan, he visited Paris, where his presence created quite a *furor*. The ladies of Paris, as we learn from the newspapers, vied with each other in sending to the Arab chief, various little presents and *billets doux*. He visited the opera, saw many reviews got up in his honour, received presents from the Emperor elect, and was the lion of the day. In return for his liberation he acted a somewhat theatrical part in claiming the right to vote, and in throwing his "*oui*," into the electoral urn. Probably some thought the part was too ridiculous and dramatic, but Abd-el-Kader, an absolute monarch himself, would certainly look upon the acts of the present Emperor with a very different eye than we do. In him, with his peculiar notions of French manners and customs, the act should perhaps be regarded as a token of gratitude. Be it as it may, it clashed with preconceived opinions of the stern desert chieftain.

He is now forty-five years of age, and in personal appearance is somewhat remarkable. His countenance is pale, and of a handsome regularity of feature, and is habitually clothed with a grave and melancholy aspect. The dark stain which he wears upon the edges of his eye-lids, gives his eyes an expression of fatigue and suffering. Small and thin moustaches, and a black beard, ornament his face, which is surrounded by a silken veil depending from his turban, which is made of a large kerchief rolled, and twisted three times round his head. His outward garment is a

long *kaik* of brown serge, which allows his bare arms to be visible.

The *zmala* (family and suite) of the Emir, on his arrival in France, numbered ninety-six persons, that is thirty-four men, thirty-two women, and thirty children. The whole suite had to observe the greatest economy, having but their own clothes and a few livres. The Emir brought with him into France a few thousand francs, the produce of the sale of his horses. Yet from this small sum he gave on quitting Pau three hundred francs to be distributed amongst the poor of the town. Each day at three o'clock, his suite and himself performed their devotions in common, the prayer is followed by a portion of the Koran being read aloud. The

chieftain passed the rest of the time in reading or in meditation.

Such is Abd-el Kader. In releasing him Louis Napoleon acted wisely. He drew a marked contrast, which the nation felt, between the conduct of the English towards Napoleon, and his own towards his captive. Set at liberty in the manner he has been, and arrived in Broussa, on friendly terms with the Sultan, he may probably forward the designs of the Emperor, or he may lead the armies of the Sultan against Russia, should a disturbance between those powers ensue. But these are mere speculations; certain it is, that he is less dangerous when free and on *parole*, than when incarcerated at Amboise.

F.

COLA DI RIENZO.

IN the earlier half of the fourteenth century the condition of Italy presented one of those anomalous phenomena which sometimes arise in the history of nations. While it was the wealthiest, the most commercial, and the most enlightened of all the kingdoms of Europe, it was at the same time the most disturbed and the most distracted, internally, of any. A prey to two contending factions, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines (terms Italianized from the German words "Wolf," and "Waiblingen,") it had become the arena of every species of dissension and violence. The Guelphs, in some degree, zealous for the independence of their country, fought under the papal standard, while the Ghibellines flocked round the German eagle, the imperialists having usurped the titles and prerogatives of the empire of Charlemagne, which the French, through their weakness and pusillanimity, had been unable to retain. Perhaps, had the patriotism of either party been sincere, the conflict would have been brought to a decisive issue, and the power of the various states might have been permanently consolidated under one rule—whether papal or imperial it would have signified but little to the harassed population. As it is plain, however, that the adverse factions were swayed infinitely more by personal motives,

both interested and vindictive, than by genuine patriotic feeling, we need not marvel that the whole country became a prey to all the horrors of intestine warfare. So much was this the case, that the roads and rivers throughout the entire peninsula were impassable to travellers who should venture to traverse them without a powerful military escort. The castles of the powerful barons who fought on either side, instead of being garrisoned by disciplined soldiers, in regular pay, were in the hands of a savage banditti, who as the sole recompense for their services in war, were permitted to levy contributions upon all, of whatever party or profession, who were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. Violence, rapine, and murder passed unpunished and unjudged, unless indeed the victim of outrage had friends or partisans sufficiently powerful to avenge his wrongs, because both the judicial and executive powers were at the disposal of the very parties against whom they ought in justice to have been directed. Even in Rome itself the barons had fortified all the strong places and castles of the ecclesiastical states, and had taken forcible possession of all the palaces belonging to the popes. The papal court, it will be remembered, was, by Clement the fifth, removed to Avignon in 1309,

a step to which the poet Petrarch and many other writers of the day, attributed the aggravated miseries which had long afflicted Italy and at length consummated the downfall of her ancient glory.

It was in the spring of the year 1347, when the rival houses of the Colonna and the Orsini divided the whole of the aristocracy of Rome into two raging factions, whose assassinations, robberies, and conflagrations spread havoc and dismay among the peaceful citizens, that Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini, or, as he was named by his contemporaries, COLA DI RIENZO, made his first effectual appeal to the Roman people. This remarkable man, the son of a tavern-keeper and a laundress, but well-educated, handsome, and naturally eloquent, had conceived a strong desire of reforming the government of Rome, and nourished an implacable hatred of her lawless oppressors. He had already been chosen as one of a deputation to the Pope at Avignon, before whom he had boldly accused the barons as the authors of all the evils which oppressed the city. Upon his return he found himself in possession of the respect of his fellow-citizens through the fearless integrity he had shewn, for which, moreover, he was persecuted by the Cardinal Colonna. His first step was to form a party upon whom he thought he could depend; but he soon found that he must have recourse to the people themselves in order to redeem the city from anarchy, and restore that equal reign of justice and law which he emphatically called the "Good Establishment." Being a notary by profession, his functions called him continually to the Capitol. Having there assembled the multitudes, he caused a painting to be exhibited, in which the city of Rome was represented as a woman overcome with fear and anguish, seated upon the deck of a vessel in distress and fast going to pieces; around her were the wrecks of four other vessels, on each of which was the corpse of a female, representing Babylon, Carthage, Troy, and Jerusalem. With this picture as a text, Rienzo declaimed with eloquence against the nobles who had brought the vessel of the state to such a pass.

By these and similar means he succeeded in arousing the resolution of the populace to be free; and though

the nobles at first derided him as a political quack, and sneered at the possibility of effecting a change in government by the means of pictures and allegories; many of them, nevertheless, came away from his orations seriously impressed with the truths he proclaimed.

Rienzo steadily adhered to his project, and on the first day of Lent, 1347, he affixed on a church door the following announcement, "In a few days the Romans will return to their ancient Good Establishment." He then collected his partisans on the Mount Aventine, and implored them as true Romans to assist him in saving their country. His audience were moved to tears at his appeal; but he reanimated their courage with assurances that it rested with them alone to restore the Roman government and reduce the rebels. He told them that the Pope sanctioned his proceedings; and he administered an oath upon the Evangelists that they would concur with him in endeavouring to restore their ancient freedom.

But the time for action was now at hand, and he resolved to seize the first favourable moment for depriving the lawless nobles of their authority. Accordingly, on the 19th of May, during the absence of the senator, old Stefano Colonna, from Rome, he having departed with a number of his followers to superintend a convoy of grain to Corneto, Rienzo proclaimed by sound of trumpet that every Roman was to meet him on the morrow to take measures for the "Good Establishment." Having passed the night in the performance of thirty masses, he appeared on the following morning, escorted by a hundred men-at-arms, at the head of a huge procession which directed its course towards the Capitol. Arrived at the foot of the grand staircase, Cola turned towards the people, and demanded their approval of the laws which he had laid down, and caused them to be read in a loud voice. They provided for the public security in general: a guard of both horse and foot was to be quartered in that part of the city for the protection of the citizens, and cruisers were to be stationed in the Tiber to protect the shipping and commerce. The right of the nobles to keep fortresses was abolished; all places of defence were to be delivered to the delegates of the people;

granaries were to be established; the poor were assured of alms; and the magistrates bound to administer justice according to law.

These laws were enthusiastically received by the people, and Rienzo was invested with the sovereign power to put them into execution. Colonna, the senator, on hearing of this, returned in haste to Rome with his followers. Cola, the next day, sent him an order to quit the city: the old man contemptuously tore it in pieces and threatened to have the Tribune thrown out of window. On this Rienzo rung the alarm-bell, assembled his followers, and attacked the quarters of the baron, who had barely time to escape to his castle at Palestrina with a single servant. The rest of the barons thought fit to quit the city when ordered to do so; and their strong places were consigned to the guardianship of companies of militia. The bands of bravoes and plunderers were made over to justice, and Rienzo was hailed as the liberator of his country.

Having thus delivered the city from her cruel and despotic plagues, the Tribune turned his attention to the surrounding districts. He sent orders to all of any rank to repair to the Capitol, to swear fealty to the constitution. One of the young Colonnas, who had come to Rome from curiosity, found it prudent to take the oath. Others soon arrived, of either faction, and the constitutional oath was administered to all alike, even to merchants, private gentlemen and citizens.

After the long reign of anarchy and terror, the Romans were delighted with their newly-recovered liberty. Meanwhile the Tribune sent ambassadors to the Pope to demand his approbation; and zealous partisans among the learned at the pontifical court were not wanting to his cause. The security restored to the highways was hailed as a benefit to the whole Christian world, at a time when the passion for pilgrimages universally prevailed. The couriers of Rienzo were favourably received in all the neighbouring states, and the authority of the man of the people was generally acknowledged. Petrarch corresponded with him, and wrote in his praise. The Florentines sent him a hundred horsemen, and offered more; the Perugians sent him sixty men-at-arms; the Siennes, fifty; and the whole

of Italy appeared prepared to second his enterprise.

Rienzo, now at the height of his greatness, began to show the first symptoms of that vanity which ultimately caused his ruin. He assumed the title of the August Tribune and Illustrious Deliverer of the Republic. He has, however, been wrongly blamed for severities at this period of his career, which were nothing more than acts of strict justice. If he cleared the Roman territory from cut-throats, ravishers, and plunderers, the circumstances of the times clearly admitted of his doing so by the most summary process.

Having at length succeeded in reducing the nobles to a state of submission, he made a report of their humiliation to the pontifical court at Avignon, that he might appear at least to act with the concurrence of his holiness.

But the height which he had climbed turned his head; and, dizzy with the grandeur of his exaltation, he gave the reins to his vanity, and lost by the most paltry and contemptible of the human passions all that he had acquired by the exercise of the noblest qualities. He strove to augment his importance by gewgaw processions and public spectacles, gorgeous robes, banners and standards. He paraded the city with a globe in his hand, as a symbol of the destined sway of the empire. He multiplied fêtes and ceremonies from the sheer love of pomp; and debased his greatness by aping royalty. He was served by lords, and his wife was waited upon by the ladies of the court. He kept a luxurious table, and launched into the most unqualified extravagance. All this scandalized that idea of propriety of which even the vulgar have a keen sense, and substituted ridicule for reverence in the popular mind. Rienzo's relations, connected with the wine-shop and the wash-tub, when raised, as they were, to the highest dignities, reaped reproach rather than respect for the airs they assumed. When the populace saw his uncle, the barber, equipped with sword and helmet, instead of razor and bason, and attended by an escort of the magnates, whose chins he had so lately shaved, they indulged in a laugh—ominous of the future. As a crowning absurdity, Rienzo must needs be made a knight—a title utterly at variance with that of Tribune. The ceremony, however, took place, and was

preceded by a festival, the most sumptuous and luxurious ever seen. Clad in scarlet and the finest fur, the besotted Cola was girded with the sword of chivalry by Vico Scotto, a Roman knight. Mass was then celebrated with all the ceremonies observed at the consecration of royalty. During their performance Rienzo advanced towards the people, and with a loud voice summoned the Pope and all his cardinals to Rome—challenged Louis of Bavaria and Charles of Bohemia to show their right to the empire; declared the whole of the Italian cities to be free, and conferred the rights of Roman citizenship upon them all; he then called the world to witness that the election of the Roman emperor belonged to the city of Rome, to its people, and to all Italy: with that, drawing his sword and striking the air with it in the direction of the three parts of the world, he exclaimed, "This is mine! this is mine! this is mine!" Directly afterwards he despatched his summonses to the Pope and the two emperors.

The Pope's vicar, the bishop of Orvieto, though thunderstruck, as he might well be, at this boldness, protested through a notary that the Tribune assumed such power without his consent or that of the Pope; but Cola drowned the protest with the din of the drums and trumpets. A magnificent banquet followed this ceremony, at which the poor vicar did not refuse to attend, and to eat alone at a marble-table with the Tribune, whose wife presided at the new palace at the head of the wives and daughters of the nobility.

All this fêting and feasting wasted the public revenues, and raised alarm in sober minds. At one of Rienzo's festivals, shortly after, the old Colonna who had threatened to throw him out of window, took an occasion gently to reprove him for his pomp and extravagance. Stung with the reproof, the Tribune sallied angrily from the hall without replying, and gave immediate orders to arrest all the nobles present, under the pretext of a conspiracy. He next day convoked an assembly in the Capitol, and announced his determination to cut off the heads of all the nobles, whom, he alleged, he had found guilty of treason. Confessors were sent to the imprisoned magnates to take their last confessions previous to execution; but whether he only intended to frighten them, or whether he was moved by the

prayers of others, he pardoned their pretended crimes, and immediately loaded them with favours and important commissions. But the favour which comes upon the heels of an unmerited injury demands little gratitude; and the nobles were no sooner out of prison and beyond the walls of Rome, than they sought for vengeance. The once furious rivals, the Colonnas and Orsini, now conspired together, fortified the castle of Marino, and collected considerable forces before Rienzo could anticipate their measures. They raised the standard of revolt, overthrew a number of strongholds, and carried devastation to the gates of Rome. Rienzo was no warrior. For a long time he tried the virtue of proclamations and threats; but at length, forced to arms by the clamours of the people, who suffered the loss of their crops and cattle, he was compelled to call out the militia. At the head of more than 20,000 men, he marched forth, and laid waste the territory of Marino. After a week's campaign without fighting, he led back his forces to the city. Here he proudly assumed the Dalmatian mantle, the costume of emperors, and received the Pope's legate who had arrived at Rome for the purpose of vindicating the authority of the pontiff.

In the mean time revolt had broken out at Palestrina, under the conduct of the Colonnas, who, relying on the aid of their partisans in Rome, advanced at the head of 10,000 men to within four miles of the city gates. Rienzo, though in command of considerable forces, had not courage to sally forth, but contented himself with haranguing the citizens within the walls. Bravado rather than courage seemed indeed the prevailing quality on either side, and threats, abuse, and denunciations were exchanged instead of blows. At length, through the rashness of John Colonna, (grandson of the old senator,) who rushed alone through one of the gates of the city, where he was speedily surrounded and put to death, both parties were drawn into a conflict, which resulted most disastrously for the barons: six of the Colonnas, and five other principal nobles perished on the spot, and Rienzo's victory was complete. His pride and vanity now dilated beyond measure; and he returned in triumph to the Capitol. He boastfully harangued the people, and forbade funeral honours to be paid

to the corpses of the Colonnas. Instead of following up his advantage, he wasted his time in idle pageantries, and incensed all parties by his extravagance.

By this time the papal court, whose hostility had been effectually aroused by his insolent conduct, began to recover from the panic which had possessed them, and to meditate vengeance. Towards the end of August one of his couriers arrived with despatches; instead of being received with honour, as before, he was arrested near Avignon, and not allowed to enter the town; his letters were taken from him and torn to pieces, and himself sent back to Rome with ignominy; where he returned to find the public feeling outraged by another mad act of the Tribune, who had expelled the female relatives of the slain Colonnas from the church of Santa Maria, whither they had resorted to perform the funeral obsequies of their kinsmen. It was plain to all sensible persons that the popularity of Rienzo was waning fast, and that the Holy Church had become his mortal enemy.

At this juncture a dangerous and enterprising foe appeared against him. This was Giovanni Papino, Count of Minerbino, a Neapolitan exile and a freebooter. Entering Rome with his associates, he formed an alliance with the Pope's legate and the family of the Colonnas, and in spite of Rienzo's order to quit the city, fortified himself in the quarter where the Colonnas had their palace, from whence he sent back with contempt all those who came with orders from the Tribune. Cola attacked his barricades, but to no purpose, the Romans declining to combat for him; they were weary of his pomp and prodigality, and could not be excited by his eloquence to enthusiasm for one whose weaknesses had long been the butt of their ridicule. In vain he exhausted the resources of his rhetoric, and desecanted on the good he had done and still intended to do; in vain he smote his breast, and sighed, and wept, and appealed to their slumbering patriotism; they could not be moved to grant him that assistance which would have guaranteed him an easy victory. Seeing this, he at length gave up the attempt, and concluded his speech by declaring his intention of resigning his authority. Not a single voice opposed his resignation. After this he arrayed himself in all the gaudy badges of his

office, and accompanied by the few friends still attached to him, traversed every quarter of Rome heralded by the sound of the silver trumpets, and at length shut himself up in the castle of St. Angelo.

In three days after his retreat the factious nobles had resumed the strong places from which they had been expelled, and the city was plunged into a worse state of anarchy, rapine, and confusion than that from which Rienzo had delivered it.

After remaining shut up in the castle of St. Angelo above a month, Rienzo escaped in the disguise of a monk. He wandered for a considerable time through the cities of Italy, Germany, and Bohemia, in the vain hope of tempting the ambition of some bold adventurer to aid him in the recovery of his power. He mingled at Rome with the pilgrims of the Jubilee, himself in a pilgrim's garb—decamping and concealing himself in times of danger among the retired passes of the Appenines. He resolved at length to appeal to the generosity of the noblest of his enemies. Hastening to the court of Charles the Fourth, at Prague, he solicited and obtained audience as a stranger, and revealed himself to that sovereign as the ex-Tribune of the Roman republic. Whatever were his hopes he was made captive, a character which he supported with independence and dignity; and he obeyed with becoming reverence the summons of the pontiff to appear and answer the charges made against him at the papal court. He was despatched in careful custody from Prague to Avignon, which he entered in the character of a malefactor; he was imprisoned, and chained by the leg to the floor of his apartment, and judges were appointed to investigate the charges of heresy and rebellion which were brought against him. His trial, however, seems never to have taken place. His misfortunes and magnanimous spirit excited the pity and esteem of the reigning pontiff, who caused him to be more humanely treated. Henceforth he was kept in easy and comfortable confinement, and indulged with the use of the classical authors upon the study of whose works he had formed his taste; in the perusal of Livy and the Bible, it is said that he experienced a consolation for all his misfortunes.

Pope Clement the Sixth died in 1352;

and in the accession of the succeeding pontiff, Innocent the Sixth, who, though a thorough simpleton, was still more favourable to Rienzo, the prospect of deliverance for Rome once more revived.

During the imprisonment of the ex-Tribune the state of the city had been growing from bad to worse. Robbery and assassinations were become almost too frequent to attract notice; and all regard for law and justice seemed annihilated in men's bosoms. The Senator of Rome, Bertolo of Ursini, had been murdered by a bravo, and since his death none other had been appointed. Francesco Baroncelli, secretary to the senate, an ambitious man, but devoid of eloquence, talent or principle, had succeeded in inducing the populace to elect him, as they had before done Rienzo, to the office of Tribune; but he had availed himself of his exaltation to gratify his private revenge, and had been deservedly put to death in return for his reckless cruelty.

Desirous, if possible, to put a stop to the evils which desolated the ancient capital of the empire, Innocent despatched Rienzo to Rome, absolved from all penalties and censures, and fully empowered to restore the government of order and the laws. Further, he sent Cardinal Albornoz after him into Italy, with directions to establish him as governor of the city under the title of senator. But Rienzo, desirous of being independent of the Cardinal for the exercise of power, formed a connection with two brothers of the famous Chevalier de Montreal, whom he met with at Perugia on his way to Rome, and who assisted him with both money and troops, and attached themselves to his fortune. Thus attended, he made a triumphant entry into the ancient city.

Being established as senator, his first attempt was to bring the nobles to submission, and to make them swear fidelity to the constitution. He sent messengers to young Stefano Colonna, now the head of that family; but the young noble, secure in his castle at Palestrina, treated them with indignity, and insulted the Tribune by hostile excursions even to the gates of Rome—insults which Rienzo was unable either to punish or repress, for want of money, the true sinews of war. It would appear that the "uses of adversity" had had no beneficial effect upon this extraordinary man, but had rather aggravated than

subdued the vices of his character. He acted with infamous ingratitude towards Montreal, the brother of the very man to whom he stood indebted for troops and money. This chevalier had followed the Senator to Rome to watch over the interests of his relatives, who were compromised by Rienzo's conduct. Rienzo seized him and caused him to be put to death, and then possessed himself of the treasure which he had amassed. Nor was this the only deed of blood justly laid to his charge.

Having exhausted all the wealth he had, in the vain attempt to reduce the Castle of Palestrina, he was compelled to send away his troops for want of money to discharge their arrears of pay. In this emergency he levied a new tax upon the citizens, to which they refused to submit, but rose in insurrection. The insurgents traversed the various quarters of the city, crying, "Long live the people—death to Rienzo." As they advanced to the Capitol, the senator found himself suddenly deserted by his guards and followers, and left with only three remaining friends to encounter the fury of an enraged mob. He caused the gates of the palace to be closed; but the rabble fired the building. The flames, however, barred access to the staircase, and thus separated him from the assailants. He now accoutred himself in his knightly armour, grasped the standard of the people, and appearing in the balcony, besought, by signs, an audience of the crowd. If he could have obtained it, he would in all probability, such was the magic power of his eloquence, have appeased the rage of the multitude: but they refused to hear him, and greeted him with a shower of stones which drove him back into the palace. He made a second attempt to harangue the mob from the terrace of the Chancery, which was open, but all his efforts were of no avail. Undecided between a glorious death and the hopes of escape, three times he put on his armour, and put it off again. But the building was now forced, and the mob were pillaging the chambers within his hearing. Stripping himself of everything likely to lead to his recognition, he assumed the disguise of a door-keeper, and boldly traversing the burning chambers, he spoke to the plunderers in the vulgar jargon of their class, and directed them where to find the richest spoil. In this way he passed through two gates without

discovery, but he was stopped at the third by a Roman soldier who demanded where he was going. Losing his presence of mind, he no longer attempted concealment. He was led to the foot of the stairs of the Capitol, in front of the lion of porphyry, where he had himself aforetime passed so many sentences of death.

At his appearance a profound silence succeeded to the furious outcries of the rioters, not one of whom had the courage to touch him. With his arms crossed upon his breast he awaited their decision, and availing himself of their silence, he was about to address them, when Cecco del Vecchio, an artisan,

fearful of the effect of his redoubtable eloquence, ran him through the body. This was the signal for a general assault, and the ex-Tribune soon expired beneath the blows of a hundred weapons. His head was cut off, and his mutilated trunk dragged disgracefully through the city.

Thus perished Cola di Rienzo, the last of the Roman Tribunes—a man whose undoubted patriotism renders him a subject of interest as well to the historian as to all lovers of their country, who can but mourn over the crimes and follies which, originating in boundless vanity, were consummated in death and ruin.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

SINCE antiquity no man ever influenced more powerfully the intellect and the feelings of his country than JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. Since antiquity no man has been more libelled or more admired. Half a century of criticism, wherever literature is known, has exhausted all the forms of apology and all the resources of vituperation to clear or to calumniate his name. A third stream has broken from the confluence of these hostile tides, to receive the truth of both; but in a war of ideas few eyes are turned upon the neutral ground. The moderators remain obscure while the enemy and the advocate attract the observation of mankind. In one respect, however, there is a universal harmony of opinion. Rousseau possessed, it is acknowledged, a mind which rose above the level of his age like Caucasus over the plains of Asia. They who describe this mighty genius of the Alps as making of a whole nation his proselytes and his victims, speak of him, nevertheless, as an imperial master of language, as one whose declamation, passionate as it was, ornate with the richest imagery, and modulated to a lyrical sweetness, was frequently inspired by pure sentiments, and ruled by perfect reason. The bland persuasion of his pen, indeed, could almost change an illusion into a reality; but in his most fantastic reveries there were often grand speculations on truth, and amid the moral chaos of his mind a knowledge and a reverential love of virtue.

Of such a man, whose life was like a storm in the torrid zone,—half cloud, half fire, with lulls of unimaginable peace, and episodes fraught with the very spirit of romance, it is not easy to describe the idiosyncrasies, or to relate the story. Even if a narrative of his acts and thoughts were faithfully given, the summary of his character as a whole, would be a difficult task. There is so much that is strange to be comprehended, so much that seems contradictory to be reconciled, so much that appears unintelligible to attribute to its true cause, that the colours become confused, and the light, flashing through the shade, leaves a picture which art considers grotesque, and philosophy can scarcely understand.

If, however, there be still doubt and controversy about Rousseau, it is not that the records of his life are few. He is the priest of his own shrine, the interpreter of a mystery created by himself. It was his vanity to believe that nature, after making him, broke the mould in which he had been formed; that whether he was better or worse than other men, he was at least unlike them, and that the sincere explanation of his acts would be a lesson of eternal value to the world. From his cradle, therefore, almost to the approach of his tomb we have his career reflected in his own estimate of his own deeds, passions, and ideas. Whatever our judgment may be, Rousseau's defence remains as immortal as his fame; and when his critics are in-

temperate his confessions form a perpetual tribunal of appeal.

He was born at Geneva in 1712. His father Isaac, was a skilful watchmaker; his mother Susannah, the daughter of a minister. They were poor, but their affection strengthened with many trials until Jean came into the world, a feeble child, whose birth was from a death-bed. The husband grieved bitterly for his loss, never embraced his infant but with sobs, taught him earliest the words of lamentation, and long remained desolate himself, but when, forty years afterwards, he died, it was in the arms of a second wife. His sister took care of little Jean, and by her tenderness, he was rescued from the sickly state which at first seemed to leave no hope of his being reared.

Rousseau began early to emerge from the ethereal, unconscious innocence of infancy. He felt before he thought, as all do; but he stimulated his feelings at the very dawn of life by the excitement of romances, which his father often read to him all night, until startled at sunrise by the caroling of the birds. By this dangerous process he acquired not only an acquaintance with books, but a familiarity with the passions which prepared him to be the sport of every emotion known to the human breast. But when he had every feeling active, he had no ideas. The picture of man's nature, therefore, which suggested itself to him, was one fantastic and grotesque illusion, never entirely dispelled by the experience of his later years. This succession of visions, however, did not continue to fill his whole intellectual prospect. In 1719, at an age when common children spin their first top, and fly their first kite, he began a new series of studies,—modern history and the classics. He read the eloquent discourses of Bossuet, whom the French claim as a greater than Demosthenes; the Lives of Plutarch, the story of the Venetian Republic, the fables of Ovid and La Fontaine, and the dramas of Molière. He loved to pause over the achievements of the heroic warriors and statesmen, the orators and poets of antiquity, and the inventions of fiction now seemed to him less brilliant than historical truth. Juba he forgot for Brutus, Orondates for Agesilaus. And the perusal of these works influenced his mind with a double power. They nurtured in him a free, republican spirit; they made

him unconquerable and fierce, incapable of submission and impatient of authority. Scævola and Curtius were the heroes of his waking dreams—Athens and Rome, the cradles and the tomb of public liberty and virtue. But from that tomb he early imagined that patriotism might again be invoked to adorn with a similar virtue the degenerated states of Europe.

He had an elder brother, spoiled in his childhood, and then, as usual, severely treated when a boy. For him he felt a strong affection, and willingly suffered to spare him from punishment; but at length the young fellow ran away, disappeared altogether from sight, and left Jean Jacques in the position of an only son. Like most only sons he was idolized by all around him, and like most children similarly treated gave way to wanton habits and the impulse of weak desires. He became greedy, and indifferent to the truth; he became mischievous, and even inclined to steal; but he was humane, and never maliciously injured another. Thus the morning of his existence passed, and loving his friends as well as beloved by them, the future star of those Alps rose faintly above the horizon of infancy. His aunt was a woman of gentle character, not to be forgotten in history, because from her Rousseau derived that taste for music which afterwards developed into one of the passions of his mind. But this serene course of his early life was interrupted by an occurrence which strongly influenced all the rest. Isaac, the watchmaker, in consequence of a quarrel, exiled himself from Geneva, and Jean Jacques was left under the tutelage of his uncle, an engineer. By him he was placed, with a little cousin of the same age, at a school at Boisey, under a minister, Lambercier. There he first began to study with any system, though the usage he received being tender and kind, no reminiscences of irksomeness appear to have remained of his school-boy days.

Already the fatal disease of Rousseau's character was spreading with frightful virulence through his heart and mind. The predominance of animal passions developed itself, and the humiliating account of it in his confessions remains unique among the voluntary revelations of vice. Already, too, the happiness of his childhood was drawing towards a

close. The power of feeling which made him peculiarly susceptible of innocent as well as criminal pleasures, rendered him keenly alive to insult, suffering, or disappointment. An unjust punishment inflicted on him at Boisey rankled in his breast. The place was the same—beautiful, serene, with orchards, gardens, and pleasant walks, but it was Eden without innocence, and the whole charm of it was gone. With his little cousin Rousseau became a rebel against the authority of Monsieur and Mademoiselle Lambercier. He became sly, he disobeyed, he uttered falsehoods to conceal his faults. They became weary of him, as he of them, and after a residence of many months, he went back to his uncle at Geneva.

There he passed two or three years while his friends concerted how to dispose him for the great experiments of life. His cousin was studying to become an engineer, and with him Jean Jacques took lessons, though he never displayed so fine an aptitude for this as for that other science which taught him how to undermine and blast a throne. The persons he was with aided little in guiding his pursuits or elevating his desires. His uncle was dissipated and careless; his aunt devoted to superstition, and more charmed with the psaltary than with training to good the minds of the children. Rousseau and his little companion therefore enjoyed a licence, which encouraged them in indolent habits, or rather habits of frivolous activity. They made cages, flutes, kites, tambourines, huts, and bowers; they imitated the marionettes brought to Geneva by some strolling Italians, and Jean Jacques wrote comedies for representation. Thus a glimmering of his genius was already visible, and the author of the "New Heloise" may be imagined declaiming as a child the earliest effusions of his pen among those lakes and mountains which gave to him his inspiration. There too, among his playfellows, he might have been seen attempting to redress the wrongs of any that were injured, and to be a paladin in perfection he must engage in some amorous adventures to emulate the chivalry of the Crusades. There was a Madame de Vulson, who caressed him sometimes, and with her this half-grown boy played the part of a tyrannical lover. And then as a Dora to this Agnes there was Mademoiselle Goton,

with whom he held brief and secret interviews, as the more playful passages of his early sentimentalisms. With her he felt like a Turk or a tiger, if she dared to spare a smile for any one else. With the other he was a stern, subdued, and peremptory despot, and so in these fantastic follies, colouring his mind with every unnatural hue, forcing his feelings to a preternatural growth, and rendering him a stranger to the common crowd of his own race, Rousseau spent a part of his life which might have been dedicated to a fruitful education.

But this illusion was not of long existence. The friends who had neglected him till now, at last determined on his career, and he was apprenticed to M. Ducommon, a metal-graver of Geneva. His master was a rough and violent young man, who appeared resolved to break the spirit of his new servitor into a humility consistent, as he thought, with his condition. All elegant acquirements were now forgotten—Latin, history, romances,—and were replaced by the manipulations of the engraver. Still, this was not altogether repulsive to the youthful Rousseau. He had a talent for designing, and since the requirements of his craft were very limited, hoped to arrive at a speedy perfection. In this probably he would have succeeded had not the brutality and despotism of his master entirely quenched the aspiration. Instead of steady application to the legitimate branches of his art, he soothed his *ennui* by kindred occupations more congenial to his mind. He engraved medals to imitate the decorations of chivalry, was detected by Ducommon and savagely punished, because, as the petty tyrant pretended, he was coining base money and forging the arms of the Republic.

The invariable influence of tyranny is to corrupt. Rousseau was corrupted by the tyranny of his master. He went to his service with a determination to act honourably, but the treatment he received disgusted him with his own resolve. He began by idleness, he went on to falsehood—from a liar he degraded himself into a thief. With his father he had been free and high-spirited; with his schoolmaster independent; with his uncle cautious and discreet; but now he became timid, cunning, intriguing, "lost already," according to his own confession. He had been ac-

customed to an equality with all around him; to share in all they had; to enter into all their amusements; but now he was compelled to silence; to leave the table before the repast was over, to submit to every command, whether reasonable or not, and to refrain from uttering a word in his own behalf. The results were lamentable. They were also not surprising. I do not mean that they were inevitable, but they were inevitable on Rousseau. Many a character has come out purged from such an ordeal, and no one commands respect who yields to influences so continually active in society. But the young poet of Geneva had not within him that un-failing faith in virtue which is the foundation of self-respect; he had not that love of the good for its own sake, which is at once the revenge and the consolation of other men. When he was injured, he injured himself still more; he reckoned always with the world, and never with himself.

Be this as it may, it is undoubted that under M. Ducommun he practised dissimulation, lying, and even theft. He was not allowed to share in the delicacies of the table—so he stole asparagus; he was excluded from the dessert—so he stole apples. But amid all these inventions to beguile his weariness reading was the supreme pleasure of his mind: and thus he entered on his seventeenth year, a son of Hagar, a tutored enemy to all the powerful among mankind. On Sundays it was his custom to stroll with some companions in the neighbourhood of the city. Twice he delayed his return so long that the gates were closed, and on the morrow he suffered the harshest punishment which his master's severity could devise. The third time, he was warned, would expose him to a more disgraceful penalty. That he determined to avoid. Accordingly he was more watchful of the hours, and for a long time was not again shut out. But at length the unfortunate chance occurred again. There was a certain captain of the guard, whose usage it was to close the barriers half an hour earlier than any of his colleagues. By this the vigilance of Jean Jacques was defeated. Returning one evening from a ramble, he heard, when about a mile and a half off, the sound of the evening fife. He redoubled his pace. The beating of the drum began. With all the power of his limbs he ran, in order

to be in time. Coming within sight of the postern he saw the platoon of soldiers moving down to close it. He fled forward, cried aloud, and was all but on the drawbridge when it reared backwards, and its ponderous iron arms were flung up into the air.

Rousseau, in a convulsion of that passionate rage, which was a symptom of his character, flung himself on the glacis, and ground the dust between his teeth. Then starting up, he swore never to enter again his master's house. To his companions he made an adieu, telling them to confide in his cousin the place of his flight, and then he turned his back upon Geneva. Had it not been, he solemnly avers, for the cruelty of his master, he would never have gone thence; he would never have resigned his country, or forgotten his religion, or exchanged the life of a simple republican burgher, for that of an Ishmael, pouring out against the rulers of earth an imperial eloquence from the midst of a desert of his own creation.

Here was Jean Jacques quitting his country, his parents, his means of living, to plunge, though still a boy, into an unknown labyrinth of adventure. He was not yet sufficiently skilled in his calling to gain a livelihood by it; but he was free, independent, full of heart and soul, and he struck out boldly upon the wilderness of the world. Wealth, pleasure, excitement, friends ready to serve him, beauty glad to smile on him—these were the pictures of his reverie; not a tumultuous confusion of all the earth's delights, but one light, brilliant, happy castle in the air. Some one to respect, and some one to love, and some one to be tenderly caressed by—this was the triple-tinted star that glimmered far off, over the fleeting horizon of his hope.

For some days he remained near the city, lodging in the cottages of peasants who knew him well, and hospitably entertained him. Then he went to the house of M. de Pontverre, the minister of Cassignon, about two leagues from Geneva. This good man first spoke to him of hierarchical disputes, and heresies in general, finishing by an invitation to dinner. To an argument so concluded Jean Jacques had little to say. He was too convivial to be a good theologian. And thus he listened willingly to the diatribes of his host against the Reformed Church, which prepared him

for an apostacy to the superstition of Rome.

M. de Pontverre directed his young friend to go to Auncey, where he would find a charitable lady, a new convert to Catholicism, who, living on a pension from the King of Sardinia, shared it with the needy. Rousseau was humbled by the necessity to obey. He desired to be provided, but not by alms; and the acceptance of these was not the less painful, because they came from a religious devotee. Nevertheless he went to Auncey, walked up to the chateau, and sang a song under the most attractive window. There was a sort of madness of romance in his mind. He expected that some beautiful maiden would be in the chamber above, soothing her heart by listening to the modulations of his voice; or that some train of stately ladies would appear and invite him to partake of the hospitality of their abode.

It was the day of a religious festival, in 1728. Rousseau stood trembling between excitement and timidity. Who that, looking at that humbly attired youth, trilling madrigals under a window, could have prophesied that his genius would vibrate in the heart of a whole nation for a hundred years, and be repeated from mother to child, in songs and proverbs, which speak of him as another Muse born among the Alps? He was then in the middle of his seventeenth year. Without being handsome he was of attractive appearance. His form was good; his carriage was easy; his face was animated; and his black hair and brows gave additional expression to the small deep-set eyes which shot forth some of the fire that heated all the blood in his frame.

There was still a little more delay, for the lady of the chateau was at church; but she soon returned, and Rousseau was introduced to Louise Eleonore de Warens. Her countenance composed of every grace, her large blue eyes filled with sweet expression, her delicately tinted cheeks, her neck of lovely contour and white as snow, made an absolute enchantment for his fancy. Proselyte he already was, but the beauty of this woman baptized him, as it were, by a second sacrament into his new religion. He had written a letter, in which the eloquence of a poet was combined with the phraseology of an apprentice, and he stood abashed while the lady

read it. When she had finished, she raised her face, looked at him mildly, and said, "Well, my boy, you are very young to be alone in the world." The voice made him tremble, and when she said she would talk to him after mass, he gave no answer.

Madame de Warens belonged to an ancient family of Vevay, in the Pays de Vaud. She had married early, but, crossed by some troubles, deserted her husband and fled to Victor Amadeus, of Savoy. He gave her a pension, and sent a guard of horse to escort her to Auncey, where she became a recluse devotee, at twenty-eight years of age. Her youthful graces were still fresh, because they blended in all her countenance, instead of being inserted in each particular feature. She had, says Rousseau, a tender and caressing manner, a sweet look, an angelic smile, a mouth small, like his own, and blond hair disposed in classic tresses. Tall she was not; but, he adds, it was impossible to see a more beautiful head, a more beautiful bosom, more beautiful hands, or more beautiful arms.

The education of this celebrated woman had been one not very dissimilar in its irregularity to that of Rousseau. Philosopher and charlatan divided the empire of her mind; but her heart was compassionate and forgiving, while her disposition was cheerful and even gay. Whether it was a sudden perception of any of these qualities, with the nameless essence of them all combined, that inspired the Genevese youth who now stood before her, certain it is that her first word, her first look, chained her to him by a feeling more than admiration if less than love. It was a sympathy, a perfect confidence, a yearning to remain with her and converse with her as his friend. She apparently, also, conceived some fondness for Jean Jacques, and she immediately asked him to stay and dine with her, that she might talk with him at her ease. It was the first time in his life, he tells us, that he ever sat down to a meal without being hungry. He was looking into her blue eyes when he should have been eating, and his brain was already too bewildered to need the stimulus of wine.

He related his story to Madame de Warens; she expressed her pity, and sought to induce him to go back to his father, but every eloquent word imbued him with a deeper resolution not to leave

the place made beautiful by her presence. But how was he, so young, to exist in exile from his country? At Auncey there was clearly no chance of success. So, in spite of resolution, he must depart thence. Whither to go it was not so easy to see. Nevertheless, with the counsel of his friends he left for Turin. There he proposed to enter a college of the Catechumens, where he might employ himself and gain the object he desired. On the way a thousand brilliant visions played before his view. Italy to him appeared the created ideal of romance. He thought of her palaces, ringing for ever with festal sounds; of her lawns, bright with Boccaccio's vigils; of her lakes, her baths, her marbles, that rival the pure snowy shafts quarried from Pentelicus; and her pictures, excelling the tints of nature. He thought of alluring beauty in her cities, and in her woods of voluptuous reveries. His ideas dilated as he passed the Alps, where Hannibal had hewed his way; and leaving the Swiss mountains for the serene and balmy climate of the south, a delicious enervation relaxed the inmost fibre of his frame. In this tone of mind he reached Turin, with the fumes of ambition in his brain, and every faculty of soul and sense absorbed by anticipations of the future.

Madame de Warens and his other friends of Auncey had paid his expenses to the Piedmontese capital; but he had now nothing left—no money, no clothes, and no prospects, but within the narrow bounds of a monastery. Thither, however, he boldly went, and was at once admitted. The sight fell blank upon his eyes. A ponderous door, with portentous bars of iron, opened, as it were to engulf him, in a hall, at one end of which a gigantic crucifix loomed out of the two lights upon a wooden altar. Four or five hard grim chairs were placed around, with as many men, with the appearance of banditti, who seemed, to the imagination of Rousseau, so many familiars of the infernal Power. Two of them were said to be Jews, or Moors, pilgrims from the ancient haunts of the race in Spain. Another door of iron was then swung back, and through this entered the sisterhood—a train of the most slatternly creatures that ever came within the pale of a church. There was only one either young or pretty. She had large speaking eyes, which

Jean Jacques felt were cast upon himself. He desired to address her, but during the whole time she remained in this place no opportunity ever came for a word to be exchanged between them. The assembly on this occasion was to welcome the new arrival. A short religious exhortation was pronounced; the virgins retired to their cells, and the Genevese fugitive was left at leisure to marvel at the phantasies he had beheld.

To this seclusion Rousseau came with a mind considerably imbued with religion. Apostate he was in profession, if not in spirit, yet there was the sentiment in his breast, ready to become a vitalising principle. But the neophytes who now surrounded him created an atmosphere by no means congenial to the growth of genuine piety. They were inclined to submit, he to discuss. Yet he had a force of character which prevented his cringing with an intellectual servility to every dogma, of his instructors; when, therefore, the first "conference" was held, he observed with some surprise, that the disciples answered as though to a catechism, and controverted none of the priests' assertions. It came to his turn. Immediately his early studies strengthened him for a debate. He at once checked the friar and argued against him. Nor was he a weak antagonist. The father saw this, and fenced adroitly, pretending that he was imperfectly acquainted with the French language. Next day, however, to prevent such a dangerous display before the other pupils, Rousseau was put into a separate chamber with a younger priest, and more skilful rhetorician, who scaled every difficulty with a long phrase, though even he found the young philosopher apt at all the weapons it had hitherto been his own peculiar pride to employ.

At length, after a sufficient probation, Rousseau solemnly abjured the Protestant faith, and was formally received into the bosom of the Holy Roman Church. On the threshold of this iniquity he trembled, and he shuddered again when a father inquisitor required him to utter his belief that his mother had been damned; but he evaded this point, and while the monks were grimacing, received absolution for the heresy of his earlier years. Then with twenty francs of money in his possession he was placed outside the door of the College, exhorted to be a good Christian,

and left to fall in with the crowding ranks of the worst part of humanity perpetually pouring along the earth, to fill up the chasms which wars, and plagues, and the course of centuries make in the population of the world. He had imagined that once under the shelter of the Church a broad approach to honour and to fame had been opened to him, but these hopes were in a moment eclipsed. He had signed the bond, and they who profited by it immediately cast him adrift to see how his proselytism would avail him in the battle of life.

Rousseau remained some while floating about Turin, living frugally, regaling his sight with its pageants, palaces, and monuments of art, and sipping now and then the sweets of some romantic adventure. In his conception of the character of women, he had idealized a creature too fanciful, and, if I may so speak, too picturesque for the intercourse of common life; but in his own behaviour towards them there was a blending of childish fear with vanity, voluptuousness, and respect. No beautiful woman could approach him without troubling his breast with strong emotions; he always was friendly with her, and never succeeded in becoming more than a poetical lover. Sometimes an indiscretion put him in peril; sometimes a folly caused him to curse himself, but he was one who learned from experience. Ignorant with all his acquirements, improvident in spite of probation, he was a very butterfly, revelling now in the light of ethereal daydreams, and now counting sous to ascertain his chances of a dinner.

Even Jean Jacques, however, must find a means of livelihood. He could not exist on the gifts of an ideal future. Therefore he sought employment, and his friends found it for him. The Countess de Vercellis required a lacquey. Rousseau became one, only distinguished from the other servants by wearing no epaulettes. This, then, was the realization of all his burning desires for elevation and renown. He who had wrought his mind to raptures with the eloquence of Tully, who had soared with Hyperion into the upper realms of Heaven, who had throbbed with anger for the usurpation of the Cæsars, and cultivated with every grace of learning, aspired to rise through the splendours of Italy as a star conspicuous between

the Tyrrhene and the Adriatic seas;—he was now a liveried menial, humble among the proud, indignant among the happy, yet often debasing himself to the level of his poor condition. In the histories of most men we lament the conduct of the world; in that of Rousseau we lament his conduct to himself. For, assuredly, many as his misfortunes were, vitiating as were the influences that presided over his youth, bitter as was the malice of his enemies, and chill as was the sympathy of those who called themselves his friends, Rousseau, it cannot be concealed, was his own chief foe. Had he never had a worse, the most melancholy episodes of his career might never have excited the pity of mankind. And this suggests a curious reflection. We commiserate the poets, who, like Grecian Keats perished the victims of others; but we still more deeply commiserate men, who like the political prophet of Geneva, lingered the victims of their own follies and unreined desires.

In the household of the Countess—a Madame de Sévigné, reduced to pigmy proportions—Rousseau found the elements of happiness to an ordinary mind. The lady was beautiful, cultivated, gentle in her manners, kind in her disposition, and intellectually developed to an appreciation of the true spirit of virtue. Towards her young servitor she behaved with affable dignity. When he showed her the letters which he wrote to Madame de Warens, describing the progress of his fortune and the state of his feelings, she questioned him coldly, and he answered her with reserve; gradually even this little discourse ceased, and Rousseau was no more than the merest servant.

There was, however, a species of insanity allaying the intellect of this strange adventurer. There was within his reach an old piece of rose-coloured ribbon, to which an infatuated fancy attracted him. He stole it. There was an inquiry. It was found in his possession. The Countess asked him how he had obtained it? What then did the future preacher of the noble ethics of the *Contrat Sociale* do? With a cowardice scarcely to be accounted for in one who afterwards gave voluntarily a most humiliating confession to the world, in one who braved every persecution by boldly avowing his opinions, he sought to exculpate himself by a device of which

the meanest thieves have been ashamed. There was a fair young damsel in the house, bred amongst the mountains of Savoy, and upon her Rousseau laid the accusation. All the people of the place were assembled. She was brought face to face with him. With an effrontery marvellous to reflect upon, he charged her with having stolen the piece of ribbon, and presented it to him. For a moment astonishment rendered her speechless, but immediately with the clear front of honesty she refuted the calumny, exhorted Rousseau not to dishonour an innocent girl who had never wronged him, turned on him a look which might have melted a worse man, and when she found he was implacable, broke into passionate tears. "Ah, Rousseau," she said, "I thought good of you; you have brought misery on me, but, nevertheless, I would not be in your place." What was the fate of poor Marion, thus slandered, never was known. It may have been happy; but it may have been, through this loss of reputation, infamous and terrible. How bitter must have been the pains of remorse for such a crime; and how much must it not have cost to make the degrading revelation.

The Countess soon afterwards died, and Rousseau, turning to the dwelling of a humble friend, remained there five or six weeks, while he awaited the next accident of his life.

During this period we see him, in his own record, the strange being whom no lessons could instruct, and to whom the history of human nature scarcely supplies a parallel. Unquiet, distracted, dreaming, he was, by turns, overpowered by every emotion without comprehending why. Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he shed tears. He sighed for a good which he was unable to imagine; he shed tears over some sorrow which he could not define. Most men know what they desire, and taste in fancy the anticipated joy. With him it was not so. His warm blood beat through his veins exciting strange, shapeless wishes; his thoughts dwelt on beauty, and, at times, his whole frame was thrilled by feelings which passed away unremembered, before he could interpret them to himself.

Influenced by this curious susceptibility, he again entered a noble's service, and waited at table behind the chairs of men whom posterity would never have

known had their names not been recorded by his pen. The Count de Gouvion was his new master; and Mademoiselle de Breil his mistress. She was young, beautiful, fair, with black hair, and was exquisitely formed. To gain her notice, Rousseau was day and night devising schemes; but she continued in the haughty seclusion of her tutored pride, never deigning to cast a look on the young man waiting to obey even an intelligible look. At length, however, an opportunity occurred. One day, at the dinner-table, a philological discussion arose. There was a difficult question raised, which the combined resources and learning of all the *savans* present were not sufficient to unravel. Jean Jacques was observed to smile. This was noticed. His master asked him if he had anything to say. Then, modestly, but with manly confidence, he developed, with artistic brevity, his theory on the point under investigation, clearing off the obscurity which had perplexed them all. The company were astonished, and gazed upon Rousseau with silent admiration. To only one face, however, was his inquiry directed. It was to that of Mademoiselle de Breil. And when he saw that she was smiling upon him with an air of wonder and respect, he felt a pride that could not have been more genuine, had he been crowned laureate in the Academy of France. It was to him one of those moments which level the distinctions of men, and carry them back to the kindred sources of their blood. Soon after, the noble beauty asked him, in an affable, timid tone, for a glass of water. While obeying her, such a trembling passed through his frame, that he sprinkled her plate, and even her clothes. Her brother roughly asked why he shook so; but looking at the girl herself, Rousseau perceived that she had crimsoned to the brow, and was in an agitation scarcely less than his own.

Here, however, where we seem to be unfolding a new romance, the episode concludes. So far from obtaining the smiles of Mademoiselle de Breil, Rousseau could not secure the favour of her waiting-maid. Nevertheless, his literary achievement gained him the respect of his master; and from the situation of lacquy, he rose to that of secretary. Every one in the palace, too, appeared anxious to promote his welfare. But the caprice of his dispo-

sition, impelling now to one object, now to another, and then forward without any object at all, prevented him from reaping all the advantages which he might have derived from his success in the Piedmontese capital. On a slight excuse he left Turin, or rather escaped from it, and made his way back to Annecy. Madame de Warens' mansion, was, of course, his goal. Approaching it, a trembling seized his limbs, a mist fell over his eyes, his breath became heavy, and he passed old friends without the capacity to recognise them. It was not that he feared blame, that he dreaded to be cast out desolate on the world, or that the prospect of little vicissitudes terrified him. That lady of the chateau was to him the *Ægeria* of another Numa, and he advanced towards her presence with an awe equal to that which the mythical heroes are represented to have experienced when drawing near the shrines of their protecting divinities.

Once in the presence of Madame de Warens, all Rousseau's fearful emotions ceased. His heart rose at the sound of her voice; he bent before her and kissed her hand. "Poor fellow," she said, "are you come back again?" and then she made him relate his adventures, telling him, at the conclusion, that he might occupy a chamber in her house. He was established, therefore, at Annecy, in an extraordinary position, partly that of a son, partly of a friend. The lady called him *Petit*, he called her *Maman*, and this continued even when the lapse of years had almost effaced the difference between their ages. At that early period, however, the sanctitude of this most beautiful relation of life was well preserved. If Madame de Warens kissed and otherwise caressed Rousseau, it was truly as a mother; and if he reciprocated her tenderness, it was with the affection of a son. Afterwards, there came a new phase of their intercourse; but it will too soon be time to speak of it.

The fatal malady of his passions, however, continued to corrupt the whole nature of Rousseau. While the baroness watched over him in this seductive pupilage, directed his readings, cultivated his ideas, taught him music, and in many ways aided in developing that mighty intellect which soon began to throw its rays over France, he secretly insulted her, while he degraded himself, mixing up with the study of the modern

classics the occupations of a sensual mind. A peculiarity in his nature seems to have added to the force of tendencies derived from early education. He possessed an extreme keenness of feeling, but was equally slow in his reflections. His ideas arranged themselves in his brain with incredible difficulty; while his emotions, once stirred, flowed in an instant to the very brim and became his master. On this account, he always wrote very laboriously—all his manuscripts being copied four or five times before going to the press. Sometimes he sat down five or six evenings following, with the paper before him, without penning a single word; but when he did begin, and his finished production lay ready for printing, what an harmonious, fluent, inspired combination of sweetness and power did it appear to be! "Easy writing," says Pope, "is *decidedly* hard reading;" and so with Jean Jacques, his most painful elaborations are among the master-pieces of light, running, and aerial diction. There is nothing of superior modulation to his "Reveries," in the spiritual songs of Racine. In the "Letters from the Mountain," the style is elegant, sublime, and rich; while it is so pure, that Quintilian himself might have selected it as a model.

This digression left Rousseau happy in the dreams of beauty which he enjoyed under the roof of his protectress at Annecy. There he remained some time, when accidental occurrences separated him from his friend, and he travelled about Switzerland with a pretended Greek Bishop, who said he was making collections for the guardians of the Holy Sepulchres, and for whom he acted as secretary. At Soleure, the adventures of this impostor were cut short by an arrest, but the French ambassador took care of Rousseau, gave him money, and enabled him to reach Paris, where the Baroness de Warens was said to be staying. The capital had been to him what Rome is to the devotees of the Catholic church—a city of triumph for the great, of hope for the humble, of glory and splendour for the ambitious, with a fire of genius in their minds. Thither, therefore, he went, burning with expectation, and thirsting to renew the happiness of an intercourse with the delightful recluse of Annecy. But to his surprise and grief she was no longer there.

Rousseau, however, was then at an age when disappointment soon finds a consolation. His friend was gone, but at Annecy he might remain till news of her reached him. There he enjoyed awhile the society of many young girls of the neighbourhood, who talked with him, flattered him, caressed him, but failed to satisfy his wishes. They were not of the class with which he desired to mingle. Strange though it may seem, it is true, that this poet, the eloquent pleader for the equal rights of men, the enemy of artificial rank, the inheritor of that ancient spirit of liberty which made it a pride *debellare superbos*, found no permanent gratification but in the society of women belonging to the patrician order. Horace had not inspired his philosophy on this point. It was not however the vanity of blood which he confessed. It was that he was charmed by the serene demeanour, the beautiful hands, the delicate and graceful air, the refinement of taste, the hair so classically disposed, the apparel so brilliant, the whole aspect and behaviour so noble, which he found in "demoiselles," in contrast with the "filles," of whom I have spoken.

Besides, the pleasures of Annecy were insipid to one who had not forgotten the spiritual beauty of Eleonore de Warens. Jean Jacques travelled thence to Lyons in search of her, breasted the river, suffered hunger, climbed the mountains, slept in miserable places, for the sake of finding the lost treasure of his heart, and at length, discovering this, fell into a voluptuous oblivion of all his griefs in the poetical solitude of Charmette. The fulness of friendship, the bloom of the encircling fields, the happiness of studying in companionship with the noble lady of Annecy, threw him here once more into those deluding reveries which led him, forgetful of the real purposes of life, into an unholy paradise of his own. From these, indeed, he awoke continually to explore the philosophy of Locke, the essays of Montaigne, the mathematics of Laury, the metaphysics of Descartes, and the inquiries after truth of that disciple of Sozomen and Eusebius, Father Malebranche. Amid these varied studies his intellect rose to that dignity which made it an oracle for France, though his heart was engaged with passions as fervent as that which still asks a tear over the tomb of Abelard at Paralet, but less pure than that which

haunts with other witchery the rocks and waterfalls of Meillerie and Vauluse. But a malady assailing him, cut short this happy episode, and he was forced to seek the aid of physicians at Montpellier. Leaving thus his beautiful retreat, and all that made it beautiful to him—his friend—he returned to find the one desolate, because the other had been false. He had not, indeed, consecrated his own affection by fidelity, yet, with the selfish vanity conspicuous in his character, he felt mortally grieved by the committal of an act in imitation of his own.

Charmette was no longer in his eyes the enchanted ground, where all his thoughts and wishes bloomed, as if by magic, into flowers and fruit. He left it, and went to Lyons, where he took a situation as teacher, and in this barren labour spent a year. Then, inspired by a presentiment of fame, he once more sought his fortune in Paris, where he arrived with fifteen golden louis, in the autumn of 1741. He had invented a new system of musical notation. He hoped it would bring him profit and renown, but he was disappointed. Rameau combated the idea; it was rejected first by the public, and next by its author. Yet, failing in this, he succeeded in acquiring some useful friends who procured him the post of secretary to Monsieur de Montaigu, ambassador to Venice. In that old festal city, with its traditions of glory, already fading into a dream, Rousseau first felt his heart beat with a passion for the native music of Italy. That country has been for ages the cradle of singers. Its soft climate favours the voice, and as if in concert with this, the minds of its composers have elaborated the richest and sweetest works of harmony ever known, from heroic hymns, full and deep as the Doric pean, to soft thrilling canzoni, fitted to be sung by pastoral maidens in the Tuscan vales—from the sublimest swell of the organ to the watery tinkling of the lute. His enthusiasm readily gave an echo to the melody of the Adriatic isles. Nevertheless, his first opera, "Les Muses Galantes," which he finished on his return, was not admitted to the honours of a representation. There are in it passages of singular beauty, but the texture on the whole is rude, and the criticism of Rameau may almost be excused—that it was the production of a quack, without talent

or taste. Jean Jacques was sufficiently ignorant of himself to be humiliated by the failure of this attempt, though afterwards he saw in providence the accident which deterred him from renewing it, and pointed out to him the mine where the golden treasure of his genius really lay.

At the age of thirty-seven, in the summer of 1740, the son of the watchmaker went to visit his friend Diderot, imprisoned at Vincennes, on account of his "*Lettres sur les Aveugles*." In the *Mercur*e he saw an announcement that the Academy of Dijon had proposed a question, "Whether the progress of the arts and sciences had tended to corrupt or to purify public manners?" "If ever," says Rousseau, "an inspiration fell on any man it seemed at that moment to fall on me. A thousand colours seemed to play their dazzling beauty before my eyes; my brain swam as though swooning to the earth; my heart burned and beat, my whole frame trembled, and sinking down under a tree, I remained half an hour so subdued by these emotions, that when I rose I found I had sprinkled all my garments with tears." From this ecstasy he awoke, wrote in crayon the *prosopopeia* of Fabricius, showed it to Diderot, and from him received encouragement to contend for the great prize.

Rousseau took up his pen. He wrote that brilliant declamation which was as it were a challenge to the opinions of a whole age. It gained him the prize. From that hour his resolve was formed. He would have liberty; he would break the shackles of opinion, and as a prelude to the sacrifices called for from the pilgrims in such a crusade, he swept from his table the few luxuries that had found a place on it, and prepared to throw the sparks that should kindle a volcanic fire of revolution in France. He had gained employment as the cashier to an important firm, but this he renounced because the guardianship of a treasure disturbed him in his dreams. As a less troubling resource he announced that he would copy music at five pence a page. This excited such notice that he had speedily more offers of work than he could undertake, for he would not devote all his time to an occupation so poor and fruitless. A little play produced at Fontainebleau in 1752, enjoyed so brilliant a success, that his name began to pass through society,

and the king of France himself desired to see him. But Rousseau was never like Voltaire. He would never stoop to act as the lettered lacquey of a prince. He fled from the importunity of the Court, though when the Academy of Dijon invited him to a second trial, he warmly applied himself to win again the approval of that learned body.

The question was, "On the Origin of Inequality in the Condition of Men." To meditate in favourable solitude on this, Rousseau retired into a sequestered valley in the forest of St. Germain, there to trace the picture of those early times when manhood stood on a level; and tyranny on the one hand had not begun, and apathy on the other had not perpetuated a race of slaves. It is a sombre and violent satire on human society. The dedication is a masterpiece of style; but the essay is a compound of paradox and fantasia, with philosophy and learning. When Burke wrote in imitation of St. John his vehement tirade against civilization, he shadowed forth more truth than he pretended, or, perhaps, designed. When Rousseau composed his more theoretical attack, he lost sight of the truth, while he chased from point to point those fleeting shapes which appeared to him under its disguise. Plainly stated, the substance of the two pieces is this. The one showed that conquerors and kings have committed more murders than all the lions, tigers, hyenas, wolves, and jackals, that ever prowled about since aurochs disappeared from the primæval earth; and caused more misery than all the famines and plagues that nature ever sent to devastate the world. This was the theory announced through the trumpet of the Irish orator. The other sought to prove that rulers and nobles have robbed, plundered, and defrauded mankind with more flagrant and enormous villany than all the pirates, highwaymen, cut-purses, footpads, and forgers, that ever loaded or escaped the gallows, from Genesis to Jericho, and from Jericho to the New Jerusalem. This doctrine, in another phase, is developed in the declamation of the Genevese philosopher. A bold and staggering doctrine, upon the truth or falsity of which we make no argument, but leave it to the reflection of the reader.

It was now, too, that Rousseau made late atonement for the apostacy of his earlier years. At Geneva he solemnly revoked the abjuration he had pro-

nounced of the Protestant religion. Many of the people there desired him to remain, but the neighbourhood of Voltaire deterred him, and to Paris he went once more. About this time Madame d'Espinay, who possessed near Montmorency the chateau de la Chevrette, built for him on a spot he loved, a little dwelling which she named the Hermitage. "In this, my dear," she said, "is your retreat. You have chosen it yourself, and friendship offers it to your use." He accepted the proposal, and installed himself, with his two *governesses*, as he called two women, Madame and Mademoiselle Levasseur. The younger of these, whom he had become acquainted with at an inn, did not know the month of the year, and could not tell the figures on a clock, yet she dominated over the mind of Rousseau. If, in default of intelligence, she had been endowed with those natural instincts which nature gives to unreasoning brutes, she would, says a French writer, have spared the philosopher, whom she made a father and who afterwards married her, the reproach and the remorse of having abandoned his children to public charity.

Jean Jacques settled in the Hermitage in 1756. It was there that he composed those famous works which place him in the first rank among modern writers. But amid the pleasant cares which then occupied his days, a new unhappy passion again mingled bitterness with the reflections of his life. He could not see without loving the Countess of Houdetot, a relative of his protectress. The result of this mad amour was a rupture with Madame d'Espinay, with Diderot, and with almost all his friends. Accusing them of treachery, he quitted the seclusion that had been prepared for the labour of his prime, and took refuge in a ruin at Montmorency, where he shivered in the cold of winter. There the Marshal of Luxembourg visited him, and, willing to conciliate so terrible an enemy of social privileges, invited him to his chateau, where he lived as he chose, and wrote as he desired.

In three years the "*Nouvelle Heloise*" appeared. The sensation produced throughout France by this work, was such that it created, as it were, a new emotion in the heart of that country. Every one loved his Julie, every one was the friend of his Saint Preux; and though fierce critics rose up about the

book, it circulated with an expanding fame from the Alps to the Pyrenees.

Next, he wrote the "*Emile*," which embodied his theories on education. It was directed to proclaim a religion without a formula, and a moral world without dogmatic laws, and constituted a calm but virulent attack on Christianity. This miserable blot defiles that which as a literary work is one of the most splendid monuments of the glory of Rousseau. In it he showed so many ideas of his own, and so beautifully construed the ideas of others, that it may be said to furnish a treasure of rhetorical gems. The philosophy of Locke is indeed adopted, but the reasonings on education which in the one are full of force, are in the other irresistible. The ideal he conceived and realized came before the world, with a brilliance which drew all attention to the Genevese. The "*Emile*," printed in Holland in 1762, excited a fermentation that might have warned its author of the fate which now awaited him.

But, with his powerful friends, Rousseau imagined himself safe from persecution. He was wrong in imputing feebleness to the orthodoxy of France. News reached him that his arrest had been ordered. He must escape. The Duke of Luxembourg facilitated his flight. At first he thought he might hide in Switzerland, but at Geneva he found his book condemned to be burned by the common executioner, and his body under sentence of arrest. Menaced by the senators of Bern, he found an asylum in Neuchâtel, where in a little village he abode for a while, living on a pension granted by some wealthy friend. There, obeying every fantastic impulse, he dressed him in the costume of an Armenian, gave up writing, took to making laces, and worked all day before his cottage-door, chatting with the girls as they went by. But as the archbishop of Paris was anathematizing his "*Emile*," he could not but resume his pen for an hour, and wrote that lofty eloquent letter, which for style and logic was so remarkable that all the nobles and clergy of France began to fear him.

Then came the "*Letters from the Mountain*," directed against the ministers of Geneva, which excited new tempests, brought down the curses of the church upon him, and so infuriated the populace of the place in which they resided, that they, hallooed on by their clergy, ap-

peared ready to tear him to pieces. Once more he was obliged to fly. He took refuge in a little island in the middle of the Lake of Bienné, but after a few weeks, in the depths of a rigorous season, he was expelled thence and ordered to quit the Bernese territory within four-and twenty hours. At this point the "Confessions" break off, so that we can no longer use them as a commentary on the biographies, correspondence, and historical passages which we have collected with reference to this wonderful man.

Pelted with stones at Motiers, ignominiously hunted at Berné, turned to derision at Bienné, and expelled from his native soil, he lived for a while at Paris, known to and knowing nearly all the distinguished writers of the age. Among the zealous and hospitable friends, who professed their attachment to him, was Horace Walpole. This individual, I hope, will one day find his proper place in our literary history. He was a sort of pigmy Diogenes, and at the same time very like the nobleman whom Diogenes visited. He was a cynic in satin breeches, a quack in kid-gloves, a picture-dealer with a pedigree. If we like his manners, it is because they are amusing; if we read his letters, it is because they are useful; but for the man himself we never feel respect. Mr. Macaulay describes him as the most eccentric, the most artificial, the most capricious, and the most fastidious of men. Let me add that he was the most conceited, the most puerile, and as a critic the most ridiculous. It was this personage who now, while honeying his lips with the politest phrases, undertook to lampoon Rousseau. He forged a letter, purporting to be addressed to the Swiss philosopher from the King of Prussia, who was well known to affect, with a spurious enthusiasm, the society of men of genius. In this epistle, worthy in its flimsy cunning of Sans Souci, the mania of Rousseau for believing himself an especial victim marked out for persecution by all the world, was represented in the light calculated to produce most ridicule. It was published by that Maccaroni, Horace Walpole, at the instigation of Madame Geoffrin, of Helvetius, and of the Duke de Nivernois,—persons whom Rousseau had never injured, but who seemed to be moved by an instinct of hatred against him.

The letter appeared about the end of

December; but Rousseau never heard of it till he reached England, which he shortly did by the assistance of the historian, David Hume. After living two months, partly in London and partly in Chiswick, he went down to Wootton, in Derbyshire. There was, however, no tranquillity in store for him. The English press, which had, hitherto, been very favourable to his fame, now began in every way to revile him, and Jean Jacques saw, at first with surprise, but then with suspicion, that though Hume and his other "friends" were influential in the papers, not a libel was checked, nor was a pen employed to defend him. The effect of Walpole's forgery, also, was very striking. It roused the laughter of the people, and satire, that surest means of slander, ran high in all the literary circles of the capital. It was the belief of Rousseau, and it is ours, that Hume brought him over to complete a scheme he had formed for the shipwreck of his reputation. Sheer malignity alone could have prompted this design. It was not for the Scotch enemy of Christianity to avow himself the pious persecutor of the Gapevase, who shared that false philosophy with him. Had he professed the excuse of bigotry, his conduct would have been contemptible, but it might not have been so contemptible as it was. This secret conspiracy ended in an open war, and all we need say is, that whatever Rousseau lost, David Hume gained nothing to his honest fame. And, when it is added, that to cover the perfidy of Hume, Horace Walpole condescended to a public lie, not that he loved the historian—whom he despised, but that he hated the philosopher—whom he feared, it becomes clear that we are tracing the sinuous labyrinths of a most disreputable transaction.

While these machinations of his enemies embittered him against, at least, the teachers of mankind, Rousseau composed the early part of the "Confessions," aided by the leisure which a small pension from the English government allowed him. But the worst enemy of his repose was Therese de Levasseur, who followed him from France to his Derbyshire retreat, where he was disturbed by her, as well as by the conspirators who plotted with David Hume. History, however, does not regret that the satirist of Hampden and the libeller of Cromwell should have been the asse-

ciate of Nivernois and the maligner of Rousseau.

In 1767, after a sojourn of sixteen months, Jean Jacques quitted England. He had then no intention of going back to France, proposing a return to Venice, whose beauty still haunted his mind among the dearest memories of youth. But Mirabeau, then appealing to the reason of France against the corruptions of her oppressors, solicited him to remain on her soil, for a great work was at hand for the friends of freedom; and though Rousseau refused to adopt the economical theories of the orator, he was persuaded to instal himself in the Chateau de Tryes, under the protection of the Prince de Conti. His repose there, however, was not of long duration. Stewards and servants, the moment he arrived, punctiliously insulted him, and he left the place, where spies were planted in every corner, and proceeded to herbalise about Lyons, Grenoble, Chamberry, and, finally, Monguin, where, in 1768, he was married to Therese. This woman throws a shadow over his fame. She was long with him before she became his wife, and then he connived at her dishonour. She bore him children, and these he abandoned among the outcasts of the Foundling Hospital, because, he said, with dangerous sophistry, they should not be nurtured in that hatred of their father, with which his female relatives would surely seek to inspire them. There was a selfishness in this idea, which takes nothing from the flagitious character of the action which it suggested. Here, for twelve months, he stayed, pursued by fear, remorse, and unavailing sorrow, for he had no true friends; he had many irreconcilable enemies; he could not repose with an honourable conscience on the past; he could not look with eyes of confidence or hope to the future. He had wasted himself; he had spurned his own feelings; he had to repent the imbecility of his own resolves and the treachery of others. And this, perhaps, was a reflection rendered more bitter by the thought that he had found it easy to be magnanimous; that there were noble acts recorded of him; and that among all his foes, there was none who need have terrified him had he never been a foe to himself.

At length a lull in the ferocity of the ruling faction permitted him to return to Paris. Not without danger, indeed,

because no man of liberal opinions could live in that *cloaca maxima* of the monarchy, without the risk of being stifled by pestilent libellers, in the pay of the Court; but with comparative safety, especially as the welcome of the people was loud and cordial. His "Considerations on the Government of Poland," were soon afterwards published; and this eloquent analysis was followed by the "Dialogues," in which, with a freshness of thought and a power of logic that seemed to grow more redundant with his increasing years, he pleads an apology for the various episodes of his life. Then came the "Reveries," which are incomplete. They are classical in the language of France. The last of them is consecrated to the sad memory of Madame de Warens. It is a warm, pathetic picture of days which he still counted happy, for he chiefly remembered them with regret because they could return no more. Who that pauses over the musical periods of these records in memory of a guilty but only half-repentant passage in the vicissitudes of Rousseau's career, will refuse to pity him for his misfortunes, if he must despise him for the moral imbecility which was their primal cause. Let it be repeated, that he was faithless to himself. It cannot be denied that the falsehood of almost all he met was more contemptible, though it need not have been so dangerous. This suggests the inquiry into that subject which has divided so strongly the critics of Rousseau. Was he mad when he supposed that the world was in a conspiracy against him? Or, rather, was this fixed idea of his mind a proof of his insanity? It may have brooded over his intellect so continually and so heavily that what was at first a reasonable conviction became a monomania; I think it did. But I do not think that there was any proof of a disorganized brain in his belief that mankind were leagued against him. He could only judge of mankind, in this respect, by that portion of it which came in contact with him. And when, or where, did he live without persecution? In Geneva, the blows of a cruel master; at Annecy, the hypocrisy of a bigoted priest; at Turin, the duplicity of a whole college of fanatics; at Charmettes, the dishonour of Eleonore; at Montmorency, the hostility of his old friends; in Paris, the ferocity of the Government; in Berne, the savage

fury of the citizens; in Motier, the curses of the Church and the violence of the mob; in St. Pierre, the inhuman cruelty of his enemies; in England, the forgery of Horace Walpole, the perfidy of David Hume, and the calumnies of the whole press; in France, the industrious, incessant, and unmitigated malignity of an immense troop, composed of those who knew him, echoed by those who knew him not, and loudest from those who had professed their amity for him;—all this, I say, to a vain, irritable, tender character like Rousseau, might well appear to indicate the existence of a universal conspiracy for his destruction.

It is true, on the other hand, that he could claim for himself little reverence, and might have recalled acts of treachery equally base with those of the maligners who pursued him. But these were the repented acts of his earlier life. He sought by his "Confessions" to make some atonement for them; and whatever the value to morals of revelations such as he made, it is certain that the memory of these crimes constituted the bitterest affliction of his maturer age. Besides, when men imagine society to be in league against them, they do not inquire whether they have provoked its hostility, nor have we, in a question of fact, to press the retort upon them. However, though Rousseau might not have been insane, because he thought the world made him an Ishmaelite among the children of Israel, his brain certainly became affected towards the close of his life. This was attributable, I think, to a cause which may not here be discussed, as well as to the united influence of remorse and sorrow preying upon his mind.

In the beginning of the year 1778, this marvellous being, after a life of trouble, only varied by a few brief summer-dawns of peace, retired to Ermonville. Madame Rousseau was ill, and the salubrity of that place seemed likely to restore her health.

On Friday, the 1st of July, he walked in the afternoon, as usual, with a young friend. It was very hot weather, and, contrary to his general habits, he paused several times for repose. Soon after, he complained of pains in his body, but these were soothed by the time that he returned to the chateau, and he sat down in comfort to supper. Next morning he rose, according to his custom,

went out to observe the rising of the sun, and came back to take coffee with his wife. At the moment when she was leaving the room, to occupy herself with the cares of the *ménage*, he requested her to pay a man who had been working for him, and, because he was an honest fellow, to deduct nothing from the bill. When she returned, she found him extended on a large couch, apparently in grievous suffering. "What is the matter with you, my friend?" she said. "I feel a great pain," he answered. Therese, to avoid alarming him, pretended to be going on some errand, and sent for the people at the chateau. Some of them came, but Rousseau desired to be left alone with his wife.

When the door had been shut, he asked her to sit down by him. "Well, I have," she said, placing herself close to the couch. "How are you now?" "My suffering is very little," he answered. "I pray open the window, that I may once more look out upon the green earth." "Mon bon ami," she returned, "why do you say that?" "I have always prayed to God," said Rousseau, "that I may die without a malady and without a physician. You can close my eyes, and then my wishes are all fulfilled." After this, he asked her to pardon him for any wrongs he might have done her; assured her that without her consent his friends would never make any use of the papers he had confided to their hands; and recommended that a formal medical inquiry should take place into the mode and cause of his end. Meanwhile the last agony came on; his chest was, as it were, pierced by an indescribable physical anguish, his head racked by pains, which blinded him as he lay trembling in the sufferings of death.

His wife, fond of him, though she had contributed little to his prosperity in life, felt an unutterable misery in the sight of his affliction. Rousseau stifled the expression of his own sufferings to offer a balm to hers. "Ah, then, my sweet friend," he said, "how can you love me, if you weep over my happiness? Behold, now the pure purpose of heaven. A gateway opens for me, and God waits within." With these words he fell with his head downwards, and was motionless. Therese sought to lift him up, but he was heavy and insensible. She shrieked; the door was burst open, friends came in, and the wife, covered with blood which was flowing from the

forehead of the dying man, helped to place him again on the couch. She put her hands within his, he clasped them firmly; the warmth of affection was lingering in them still, and then, leaning his face forward towards her bosom, he died.

It was long believed, and there are many who still credit the story, that Rousseau put poison into his coffee, or shot himself with a pistol. The evidence on both sides is voluminous, and minute. I cannot analyze it now; but I think his death was not by suicide; and it is, perhaps, unjust to disbelieve Therese, his wife, when, before God and man, she declares that Rousseau died in her arms, of a natural malady. With this the principal testimonies concur.

After Rousseau's death a great coinage of libels took place, which continued long to circulate, as if the offences he did commit were not sufficient to degrade his memory. From the ink-pot of a scribe, skulking under the anonymous in the *Drapeau Blanc*, to the lips of Napoleon himself, all the sources of falsehood were opened to pour out vituperation upon the philosopher of Geneva. But France, in the fervour of her revolution, did justice to his name. He was decreed a statue, and his statue was decreed a crown. Therese was accorded a pension from the State; and the nation, by reading and applauding the works of Rousseau, gave him, in this honouring voice, the most splendid tribute that their gratitude could bestow, or that his genius could receive:

The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's loud acclaim.

Rousseau was first buried in the Isle of Poplars, at Ermonville. There on his empty tomb may still be read the inscription, which was at once his motto and his epitaph:

Vitam impendere vero.

But in October, 1794, his remains were removed, to be deposited in the vaults of the Pantheon, where they now lie near those of Voltaire. On the stone is inscribed:

Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la vérité.

Of the works of Rousseau no critical description can now be attempted. The "Essay on Inequality" is a brilliant picture of a state of society which never could have existed. There is much that is equally visionary in the "Emile," but

far more that is profoundly philosophical. Its theory is that man is born good, and is corrupted by civilization. In the "Savoyard Profession," and the "Letters from the Mountain," there is the fatal infidelity displayed, but never made loathsome by those horrible phrases with which Voltaire sometimes degraded his pen. It is, however, in the "Nouvelle Heloise," that we find the secret of the immense popularity of Rousseau in France. Its passion, its tenderness, its dreamy grace, its emotion, its rich painting of the action of love, its sweet diction, and the softness and beauty of Julie, render it one of the most brilliant and seductive visions of romance that ever the fancy conceived. The "Contrat Social" is of quite another order, and is filled with political wisdom, the maxims of which are gradually permeating through the mass of the intelligent people of France. There, indeed, the justice and the honour accorded to men, and to works such as Rousseau's, and the "Contrat Social" is far greater than in England. "They manage these things better in France," says Mr. St. John in his delightful "Isis," "where Corneille, and Racine, Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Jean Jacques Rousseau, monopolize a far larger amount of the feeling and admiration of the country than all the kings since Pepin. Turenne, Condé, Vendôme, and Catinat, are familiar only to the historical student, but the author of the 'Contrat Social' lives in the very heart of the people: his fame constantly expanding with their expanding intelligence. Who, therefore, would not rather have been Jean Jacques Rousseau than Sesostris, or Rameses, or whatever else the learned please to call him?"

The character of this man, exhibited in the actions of his life, is a strange study for the theorist on human nature. His was an irregular, convulsive career; his was a vast, but wild and mystic genius; his was a fate partly the most happy, and partly the most miserable that can be imagined. He had vices, and the most secret of his vices he himself made known; but he possessed also virtues, not unworthy of an heroic age. Simple and frugal, his intellectual ambition aspired out of sight of the meaner appetites of man. While his works were enriching the libraries of Europe, he drank water at one repast that he might be able to have a little unmingled

wine with another. Ardent and irascible by nature, he was neither jealous of his friends nor vindictive to his enemies. Voltaire wronged him and never made amends, but he did justice to Voltaire. "He could hate him," says a French biographer, "without insulting him." His health was usually equal, though weak, and while abhorring the idea of a physician, he often imagined himself ill. The toil of the pen was irksome to one who loved so much to be breathing freedom on the mountains, to be pulling flowers in the vales, to be musing poetically in the woods. Spots that were beautiful he never ceased to remember, and hours that were happy his fancy dwelt on, as though they were to him a fountain of perpetual joy. Yet he also lingered over every melancholy souvenir, until the tone of his mind was sad, and he complained continually of the solitude of desolation.

Politically, Rousseau was the oracle of hope to an abased and harassed land; religiously, he was the foe, the dignified and respectful foe, but still the foe, of Christianity; morally, he was his own victim, and a problem to all other men. Intellectually, he was the most splendid genius of the century. The writing of the "Confessions" can never be too much regretted. Pity it is that Rousseau did not bury with himself the record of crimes that otherwise need never have been revealed. The lesson they convey is not worth the harm that one page of the grosser parts must cause in the incautious reader's mind. Purified of these wretched episodes, they might have remained a romantic and historical treasure of the times in which their author lived, but, as it is, the truth cannot be concealed that their influence is vitiating on the morality, literature, and sentiments of the country. They are, nevertheless, for candour and simplicity, superior to all other writings of the kind. The *Confessions* of Montaigne are neither so fresh, so faithful, nor so interesting. Those of Chateaubriand have all the egotism, without the genius which gives a grace even to egotism itself. Evelyn's are equally honest, though they have nothing disgraceful to reveal, but they are bald and feeble; while Pepys, with all his frankness, all his vanity, and all his cunning, was nothing but a truckling impostor, participating in the grossness of a vulgar age.

The genius of Rousseau, however, is that which has made his apotheosis. It was rare, commanding, enormous. It grasped and penetrated the most pertinent problems of philosophy; it inspired and excited a whole people; it made itself felt through Europe; and it left a response to the inquiries of every future age. So vast was its range; so varied were the objects of its comprehension; so luminous was the atmosphere it created for itself, that the profoundest minds, and minds the most humble, found in its works something to remember and to admire. There never was a writer more eloquent in his pleas for the liberty of man; there never was one more dangerous to the false and corrupted system which, by the aid of a confederate imposture, loaded the people of France. Daring always, and sometimes reckless, Rousseau feared no opinions; but formed his own, and expressed them whatever they were. Especially did he aim at refuting the old lies which knit together the gradations of French society, instead of harmonizing them by a beautiful assimilation into a proportioned and perfect whole. Full of enthusiasm and of eloquence, he coloured his declamation with the most brilliant fancies; and wrought his reasoning into the most persuasive forms. A familiar pathos, a melancholy at once passionate and egotistical, a sympathy with nature approaching to Pagan adoration, enriched those fluent effusions of lyrical prose which were then a marvel and are now a glory to the literature of France. No feeling mind ever dwelt without emotion on those passionate fragments which embalm the griefs he endured, and the deep agony of sorrow and remorse which perpetually came like the phantom of Nemesis to darken his solitude and to break his sleep. His eloquence was at once poured forth, as if from inspiration, and polished with an art the most delicate and pure. The pomp of Bossuet's diction, the glossy bloom, if we may so speak, of Racine's, the glittering *staccatoes* of style by which some of the livelier writers of that country played with the resources of their mother tongue, are wanting in the works of Rousseau; but for the easy, full, pure expression of elevated and beautiful ideas; the embodiment of the feelings in their own best language which is that of pastoral simplicity; the

shadowing forth of philosophy in clear and majestic eloquence, he remains unrivalled among the ornaments of letters in a distinguished age. He was great, and he was partly good, and if we must

despise some of his acts, while we pity his unhappiness, let us remember that while he lived he suffered misery enough to atone for the offences of a man far worse than he.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Among the many lady writers of the present century, few have higher claims upon our gratitude and regard than FELICIA HEMANS. The hearts and "homes of merry England" have often been charmed by the music of her plaintive melodies, sublimated by their lofty moral tone, ennobled and refined by their gentle teachings of faith, and of love; and their holy aspirations after all that is beautiful and true. The poetry of Mrs. Hemans may not possess the intellectuality, the *massive* power, the deep earnestness, the beauty, which distinguish that of Mrs. Barrett Browning; nevertheless it is full of sweetness and gentleness, and of a soft, subdued enthusiasm, breathing, moreover, throughout such a trusting and affectionate spirit, that it must ever find a welcome and a rest in all true, loving hearts.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was the daughter of an eminent merchant of Liverpool. She was the fifth of seven children, and born on the 25th of September, 1793. While she was still very young, her father suffered a reverse of fortune, and consequently left Liverpool with his family, to reside in Wales. Here, in the deep seclusion of a romantic country, in a fine old mansion at Gwrych, in Denbighshire, Felicia Browne spent many happy years of childhood. The wild far-distant murmurs of the "solemn sea," with its teachings of the grand and the infinite, the soft, undefinable whisperings of the free, green woodland, the song of birds, the fall of waters, the changeful skies, and all the endless variety of mountain scenery, early inspired her with an intense love and sincerest reverence for nature, that silent, but ever true, and noble educator of the poet's soul. She was early distinguished by mental precocity. At six years of age Shakspere was the companion of her solitude; and many a pleasant hour she passed in sweet communion with the lofty spirits of old, in

a rustic seat she had chosen amid the boughs of an old apple tree. She was a rapid reader, and her fine memory easily retained whole pages of poetry after having only once read them over. Her juvenile studies were superintended by her mother—a noble-minded woman of high intelligence, and sweet simplicity of character, and of a calm cheerful temperament—in every way admirably adapted for the guidance of a spirit so bright and beautiful, so exquisitely sensitive as that of the young Felicia: And in after years when the wreath of fame encircled the fair brows of the poetess, she turned from the world's praises to the soft glance of those beloved eyes, and felt that her best reward still lay in the glad, approving smile of the dear face "that on her childhood shone."

When about eleven years of age, she spent a winter in London with her parents; and the following year repeated the visit—and this was the last time of her sojourn in the great metropolis. The contrast between the confinement of a town life, and the bright, happy freedom of the country, was by no means pleasing to her. She longed most earnestly to return to her romantic home among the mountains of Wales; and again to join in the merry sports of her younger brothers and sisters. We can well imagine how distasteful the noise and hurry of London life, the crowded streets, the cloudy atmosphere, would prove to the fair child of the hill and the forest; how she would miss the sweet music of nature, the rich melody of birds, the mountain echoes, the woodland murmurs; but most of all the fresh, pure air, and the clear, bright, open skies. Many things, however, she saw during these London visits, which ever remained most vividly impressed upon her remembrance. Collections of art were objects of her especial interest. On entering a hall of sculptures she exclaimed, "Oh, hush!—don't speak;"

well knowing that the spirit of the place was silence. Felicia Browne was not more than fourteen years old when her first volume of poems was published, in the form of a quarto volume. It was very severely criticised, and although, at first, the young poetess felt much depressed, she soon recovered from the effects of this harsh judgment, and again poured forth her melodies in strains more rich and varied than before. One of her brothers was then serving in Spain, under Sir John Moore, and of course her enthusiasm was enlisted on his behalf, and visions of military glory, and scenes of martial heroism became at this time the sources of her poetic inspiration.

The commencement of her acquaintance with Captain Hemans dates from about this period. On his first introduction to the family at Gwrych, Felicia was a lovely girl of fifteen—with rich golden ringlets shading a fair face of radiant and changeable expression. She was a dream of delight, a vision of beauty, a creature all poetry, romance, and enthusiasm, in the first bright flush of the sunshine of life, and as such she was eminently calculated to inspire sentiments of admiration, of devotion, and of love. Captain Hemans pleaded eloquently, and received in return the first affection, deep, and sincere, of that warm young heart. Her friends trusted this might be only a fleeting fancy, but it proved on the contrary a constant one, although Captain Hemans was immediately ordered to embark with his regiment for Spain, and Felicia did not see him again for three years.

Mr. Browne removed with his family to Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph's, Flintshire, in 1809. Here our poetess entered upon new studies with her accustomed ardour. She read Spanish and Portuguese, and commenced the study of German, although it was long years after this before she drank in the spirit of the latter language with thorough appreciative enjoyment. She possessed some taste for drawing, and had a decided talent for music, which ever powerfully influenced her highly susceptible mind. The strains she preferred were chiefly of a pensive character. The simplest national melodies had a charm for her—the wild airs of Ireland and of Wales, the pathetic ballad lays of Scotland, and the melancholy, but chivalrous songs of Spain

were especial favourites. And well can we imagine the strange, entranced awe, with which she would listen to the deep impressiveness of the cathedral service with its thrilling accompaniments;

When the depth profound of the solemn tune re-echoed sacred story,
And one sweet voice heard lone and clear, called on the Lord of Glory!

Strange and mysterious is the power of music when heard in some fair Gothic minster, with the fading light of eve falling through the stained windows with no step to disturb the shadowy aisles, and the white immortal statues standing out dim in the twilight. Then indeed we seem to be near the spirit-land. The glory streams through the golden gates, we half see the flashing of the star-gemmed diadems, for truly and indeed we hear the angel voices. But it is too much. The spirit faints beneath the weight of too divine a joy, and as the caged bird beats vainly against her prison-bars, such in that intoxicating moment are the soul's wild efforts to attain the real, the infinite, the true.

In after years there were times when Mrs. Hemans found music too painfully exciting, and the voice of her heart re-echoed to the exclamation of Jean Paul's immortal old man;—"Away! away! Thou speakest of things which throughout my endless life I have found not, and shall not find!"

About this time Felicia Browne enjoyed much pleasant intercourse with some friends at Conway; and the beautiful scenery by which she was surrounded, was a fount of constant and never-failing inspiration. Here she became acquainted with Mr. Edwards, the blind harper of Conway, to whom she addressed some spirited stanzas:—

Minstrel, whose gifted hand can bring,
Life, rapture, soul from every string;
And wake, like bards of former time,
The spirit of the harp sublime;
Oh! still prolong the varying strain,
Oh! touch th' enchanted chords again.

Thine is the charm, suspending care,
The heavenly swell, the dying close,
The cadence melting into air,
That lulls each passion to repose;
While transport lost in silence near,
Breathes all her language in a tear.

In 1812 appeared the "Domestic Affections, and other Poems," and during the same year the marriage of the poetess with Captain Hemans took place. They went to reside at Daventry for a year, where their eldest son was born. Mrs. Hemans regretted bitterly the

change of residence from the mountain land to so flat and uninteresting a country; and with exceeding delight she returned to Bronwylfa with her husband the following year. Here she resided with her mother until the death of that true and devoted friend. Her father sometime previously had again engaged in commerce, and emigrated to Quebec where he died. Mrs. Hemans' residence at Bronwylfa was passed in the strictest retirement, and entire consecration to study and the requirements of her family. She had five sons, and her attention was necessarily directed towards their education. In 1818 she published a collection of translations, and afterwards in rapid succession, "The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy," "Modern Greece," "Tales and Historic Scenes." It was about this period that Captain Hemans removed to Rome, to try the restorative effects of the warm climate of the South upon his health, which had become impaired by the vicissitudes of a soldier's life. He made Rome his permanent abode, and Mrs. Hemans never saw him again. To quote the words of her sister: "It has been alleged, and with perfect truth, that the literary pursuits of Mrs. Hemans, and the education of her children, made it more eligible for her to remain under the maternal roof than to accompany her husband to Italy. It is, however, unfortunately but too well known that such were not the only reasons which led to this divided course. To dwell on this subject would be unnecessarily painful, yet it must be stated that nothing like a permanent separation was contemplated at the time, nor did it ever amount to more than a tacit conventional arrangement, which offered no obstacle to the frequent interchange of letters, nor to a constant reference to their father in all things relating to the disposal of her boys. But years rolled on, seventeen years of absence, and consequently alienation, and from that time to the hour of her death Mrs. Hemans and her husband never met again."

The increasing popularity of her writings brought her many new friends, among whom none more valued than Dr. Luxmore, bishop of St. Asaph's. He took great interest in her poem "The Sceptic," which made its appearance in 1820. Just before this publication she obtained the prize of fifty pounds for

the best poem on the "Meeting of Wallace and Bruce on the banks of the Carron." The prize being awarded to her was a pleasing surprise to Mrs. Hemans, as she had not the slightest expectation of obtaining it, for the number of competitors was perfectly overwhelming. In the spring of 1820 she was introduced to Bishop (then Mr.) Heber, whose eminent literary taste proved of material service to her in the course of her poetical career.

Mrs. Hemans was employed at that time upon a poem, entitled, "Superstition and Revelation," which was intended to comprehend a great variety of subjects. Everything relative to the graceful and sportive fictions of ancient Greece and Italy; the ruder beliefs of uncultivated climes; the Hindoo rites; the worship of the sun, moon, and stars, was to be laid under contribution; but of this extensive plan only a fragmentary portion was ever completed. This poem is alluded to in the following extract from a letter on the commencement of Mrs. Hemans's acquaintance with Heber: "I am more delighted with Mr. Heber than I can possibly tell you; his conversation is quite rich with anecdote, and every subject on which he speaks had been, you would imagine, the sole study of his life. In short his society has made much the same sort of impression on my mind that the first perusal of 'Ivanhoe' did; and was something so perfectly new to me that I can hardly talk of anything else. I had a very long conversation with him on the subject of the poem, which he read aloud and commented upon as he proceeded. His manner was so entirely that of a friend, that I felt perfectly at ease, and did not hesitate to express all my own ideas and opinions on the subject, even where they did not exactly coincide with his own."

In the autumn of 1820 Mrs. Hemans paid a visit to the family circle of Henry Park, Esq., Wavertree Lodge, near Liverpool. Here she writes: "I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed the novelty of all the objects around me. The pastoral seclusion and tranquillity of the life I have led for the last seven or eight years had left my mind in that state of blissful ignorance, particularly calculated to render every new impression an agreeable one; and accordingly Mr. Keane, casts from the Elgin marbles, and the tropical plants in the Botanic

gardens, have all in turn been the objects of my wondering admiration." It was while visiting these kind friends that the *jeu d'esprit* was written with reference to the word "Barb,"—a gentleman having requested Mrs. Hemans to supply him with some precedents from old English writers, proving the use of the word as applied to a steed. The following imitations were the result of his inquiry, and the forgery was not discovered until after some time.

The warrior donn'd his well-worn garb,
And proudly waved his crest,
He mounted on his jet-black barb,
And put his lance in rest.

Percy's Reliques.

Estsoons the wight withouten more delay
Spurr'd his brown barb, and rode full swiftly on
his way.—*Spenser.*

Hark! was it not the trumpet's voice I heard?
The soul of battle is awake within me!
The fate of ages and of empires hangs
On this dread hour. Why am I not in arms?
Bring my good lance, caparison my steed,
Base, idle grooms! Are ye in league against me?
Haste with my barb, or by the holy saints,
Ye shall not live to saddle him to-morrow!

Massinger.

No sooner had the pearl-shedding fingers of the young Adrora tremulously unlocked the oriental portals of the golden horizon, than the graceful flower of chivalry, the bright cynosure of ladies' eyes—he of the dazzling breast-plate and swan-like plume—sprang impatiently from the couch of slumber, and eagerly mounted the noble barb presented to him by the Emperor of Aspramontania.—*Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.*

See'st thou yon chief whose presence seems to rule
The storm of battle? So where'er he moves
Death follows. Carnage sits upon his crest—
Fate on his sword is throned—and his white barb,
As a proud courser of Apollo's chariot,
Seems breathing fire.—*Potter's Æschylus.*

O! bonnie looked my ain true knight,
His barb so proudly reining;
I watched him till my tearful sight,
Grew amaist dim wi' straining.

Border Minstrelsy.

Why he can heel the halvit, and wind a fiery
barb, as well as any gallant in Christendom. He's
the very pink and mirror of accomplishment.—
Shakspere.

Fair star of beauty's heaven! to call thee mine,
All other joys I joyously would yield;
My knightly crest, my bounding barb resign,
For the poor shepherd's crook and daisied field.
For courts of camps no wish my soul would prove,
So thou wouldst live with me and be my love!
Earl of Surrey's Poems.

For thy dear love my weary soul hath grown
Headless of youthful sports; I seek no more
Or joyous dance or music's thrilling tone,
Or joys that once could charm in minstrel lore;
Or knightly tilt when steel-clad champions meet,
Born on impetuous barbs, to bleed at beauty's
feet.—*Shakspere's Sonnets.*

As a warrior clad
In sable arms, like Chaos grim and sad,
But mounted on a barb as white
As the fresh new-born light,—
So the black night too soon
Came riding on the bright and silver moon,

Whose radiant heavenly ark,
Made all the clouds beyond his influence
seem,
E'en more than doubly dark.
Mourning, all widowed of her glorious
beam.—*Cowley.*

In 1821, Mrs. Hemans obtained the prize offered by the Royal Society of Literature for the best poem on the subject of Dartmoor. An extract from one of her letters at this period pleasingly illustrates the bright sunshine of joy which ever lit up her family circle on the occasion of her literary successes:—"What with surprise, bustle, and pleasure, I am really almost bewildered. I wish you had but seen the children when the prize was announced to them yesterday. Arthur, you know, had so set his heart upon it, that he was quite troublesome with his constant inquiries on the subject. He sprang up from his Latin exercises, and shouted aloud, 'Now, I am sure mamma is a better poet than Lord Byron!' Their acclamations were actually deafening, and George said, that the excess of his pleasure had really given him a headache."

The next production of Mrs. Hemans was the "Vespers of Palermo," a tragedy, which she was induced to offer for the stage, through the kind encouragement of Bishop Heber and Mr. Milman. This step occasioned her considerable anxiety as to its ultimate success. In a letter to a friend, she writes:—"I have not been able, I am sorry to say, to pay the least attention to my Welsh studies since your departure. I am so fearful of not having the copying of the tragedy completed by the time my brother and sister return, and I have such a variety of nursery interruptions, that what with the murdered *Provençals*, George's new clothes, Mr. Morehead's *Edinburgh Magazine*, Arthur's cough, and his Easter holidays, besides the dozen little riots which occur in my colony every day, my ideas are sometimes in such a state of rotatory motion that it is with difficulty I can reduce them to any sort of order."

Some time about this period the return of her sister from Germany, and a large stock of books sent her by her brother from Vienna, supplied her, with inducements to return to her German studies with increased ardour and interest. This magnificent language soon opened to her delighted mind a perfectly new world of feeling, of thought, and

of sentiment, so that she could scarcely talk of anything else. She revelled alike in the warm-hearted enthusiasm of the noble-minded Schiller, in the infinite variety of the wonderful and many-sided Goethe, in the poetry of Herder, and the fiery lyrics of Theodore Körner. Tieck and Novalis were also among her favourite authors. Of the "Sternbald's Wanderungen," she thus speaks in a letter:—

"Now let me introduce you to a dear friend of mine. Tieck's Sternbald, in whose 'Wanderungen,' which I now send—if you know them not already—I cannot but hope that you will take almost as much delight as I have done amidst my own free hills and streams, where his favourite book has again and again been my companion."

The fine lyric, "The Grave of Körner," procured Mrs. Hemans the honour of some lines from Theodore Körner's *vater*, which she ever valued most highly. This interesting tribute has been well translated by W. B. Chorley, Esq. We will, therefore, transcribe it:—

Gently a voice from afar is borne to the ear of the mourner;
Mildly it soundeth, yet strong, grief in his bosom to soothe;
Strong in the soul-cheering faith, that hearts have a share in his sorrow,
In whose depths all things holy and noble are shrined.
From that land once dearly beloved by our brave ones the fallen,
Mourning blent with bright fame—cometh a wreath for his urn.
Hail to thee, England, the free! thou see'st in the German no stranger,
Over the earth and seas, joined both lands, heart and hand!

In 1823, the well-known little poem, "The Voice of Spring," was written. It is singular that the fair spring-time of the year should ever have spoken to the mind of Mrs. Hemans in tones breathing more of sadness than of joy. "If," she writes, "if I could choose when I would wish to die, it should be in spring—the influence of that season is so strangely depressing to my heart and frame."

In December 1823, the "Vespers of Palermo," was produced at Covent Garden. Mr. Young, Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Yates, Mrs. Bartley, and Miss Kelly taking the principal parts. Chiefly owing to the inefficiency of the last-mentioned actress, the piece proved a complete failure, and was the cause of bitter disappointment to the authoress and her friends. The following April, however, the play was brought forward

at Edinburgh with eminent success, exceeding even the "most sanguine expectation." Mrs. H. Siddons recited an epilogue written expressly by Sir Walter Scott. On this joyful occasion Mrs. Hemans writes to a friend:—"I knew how much you would rejoice with me in the issue of my Edinburgh trial. It has, indeed, been most gratifying, and I think amongst the pleasantest of its results, I may reckon a letter from Sir Walter Scott, of which it has put me in possession. I had written to thank him for the kindness he had shown with regard to the play, and hardly expected an answer, but it came, and you would be delighted with its frank and unaffected kindliness."

Her next production was the tragedy of "De Chatillon; or, the Crusaders;" and at the close of the year 1824, she commenced her longest poem, "The Forest Sanctuary," which refers to the sufferings of a Spanish Protestant in Philip the Second's time, and the hero, who escapes to the wilds of America, is the supposed narrator.

In 1825, our poetess removed, with her mother, sister and children, from Bronwylfa to Rhyllon, a house belonging to her brother, and only a quarter of a mile distant from her former residence. The new abode was not nearly so romantic, externally, as Bronwylfa. At Rhyllon, however, Mrs. Hemans spent many happy years, and it was ever to her the home of sweet remembrances. And here, on a soft, grassy mound, beneath the shade of a beech tree, she enjoyed the first perusal of the "Talisman," so gracefully commemorated in her lines, "The Hour of Romance:—"

There were thick leaves above me and around,
And low sweet sighs, like those of childhood's sleep;
Amidst the dimness, and a stifled sound
As of soft showers on water; dark and deep
Lay the oak shadows on the turf, so still,
They seemed but pictured glooms; a hidden rill
Made music such as haunts us in a dream,
Under the fern-tufts; and a tender gleam
Of soft green light, as by the glow-worm shed,
Came pouring through the woven beech-boughs down,
And steeped the magic page wherein I read,
Of royal chivalry and old renewals,
A tale of Palestine.

The year 1825 brought several tributes to the fame of our authoress from America. Amongst the most pleasant was a letter from Professor Norton, of Cambridge University, New England, offering to superintend the publication of a complete edition of her poems, which

was projected at Boston, and also to secure the profits for her benefit. Bright and beautiful must have been the atmosphere of the household of Rhyllon, gladdened by so many tokens of goodwill from afar, and blessed with health, sustaining love and social enjoyment at home. At this period she writes:—"Soft winds and bright blue skies make me, or dispose me to be a sad idler; and it is only by an effort, and a strong feeling of necessity, that I can fix my mind steadily to any sedentary pursuits, when the sun is shining over the mountains, and the birds singing at heaven's gate; but I find the frost and snow most salutary monitors, and always make exertion my enjoyment during their continuance. For this reason I must say, I delight in the utmost rigour of winter, which almost seems to render it necessary that the mind should become fully acquainted with its own resources, and find means in drawing them forth to cheer with mental light the melancholy day!"

In 1826, however, a deep gloom overshadowed the family circle at Rhyllon. There was mourning in the household of the eldest brother of Mrs. Hemans for those "who were not," for the sound of the beloved voices now hushed in the silence of death,

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth.

And a sadder trial was yet in store. The frame of the aged mother whose presence had been like the sweet star trembling over bright waters, was rapidly yielding to decay, and soon the hand was cold, the eyes closed, never to open again on earth; "the silver chord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken." It was in the anticipation of the decease of this dear parent that Mrs. Hemans wrote the following lines:—

Father! that in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son;

Oh! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down bless'd relief;
Or, to the chasten'd let thy might
Hallow this grief!

And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begin,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done;"

By Thy meek spirit, Thou of all
That e'er have mourned the chief;
Thou, Saviour! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief!

After the last remains of her mother had been consigned to the dark and silent grave, she writes in a letter to a friend:—"My soul is indeed 'exceeding sorrowful,' dear friend; but, thank God! I can tell you that composure is returning to me, and that I am enabled to resume those duties which so imperiously call me back to life. What I have lost none better knows than yourself. I have lost the faithful, watchful, patient love, which for years had been devoted to me and mine; and I feel that the void it has left behind must cause me to bear 'a yearning heart within me to the grave,' but I have her example before me, and I must not allow myself to sink."

From the date of her mother's death, the health of Mrs. Hemans, which had ever been delicate, became still more so, and she experienced frequent recurrences of inflammatory attacks.

She writes of herself about this period:—"My spirits are as variable as the light and shadow flitting with the winds over the high grass, and sometimes the tears gush into my eyes, when I can scarcely define the cause." And again:—"I am a strange being, I think. I put myself in mind of an Irish melody, sometimes, with its quick and wild transitions from sadness to gaiety."

In June, 1827, Mrs. Hemans wrote a letter of self-introduction to Miss Mitford, which met with a cordial response, and thus opened a pleasant correspondence with the authoress of "Our Village."

The state of her health often confined her to her bed, and being unable to use her pen under such circumstances, she was obliged to have recourse to the services of an amanuensis. On one of these occasions the friend who acted in that capacity wrote thus:—"Felicia has just sent for me, with pencil and paper, to put down a little song which, she said, had come to her like a strain of music, whilst lying in the twilight under the infliction of a blister; and as I really think, that 'a scrap' (as our late eccentric visitor would call it) composed under such circumstances, is, to use the words of Coleridge, 'a psychological curiosity,' I cannot resist copying it for you. It was suggested by a story she somewhere read lately of a Greek islander, carried off to the Vale of Tempe, and pining amidst all its beauties for the sight and sound of his native sea:—

Where is the sea? I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks in fleet career,
And flags and breezes free?

I miss that voice of waves which first
Awoke my childish glee;
The measured chime, the thundering burst—
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtle breath may rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
I hear the whispering tree,
The echoes of my soul are mute,
Where is my own blue sea?

"The Records of Woman," dedicated to Mrs. Joanna Baillie, was published in 1828. In a letter to a friend who had lost a beloved child, Mrs. Hemans writes: "And I, too, have felt, though not (through the breaking of *that* tie) those sick and weary yearnings for the dead, that fervent thirst for the sound of a departed voice or step, in which the heart seems to die away, and literally to become 'a fountain of tears.' Who can sound its depths? One alone, and may He comfort you!" In the same year, Mrs. Hemans again visited her kind friends at Wavertree Lodge, near Liverpool; and in consequence of many changes having taken place in the family circle at Rhyllyn, she decided upon fixing her residence in the village of Wavertree, where she had extensive facilities for literary enjoyments. She here formed several new and interesting friendships, and was delighted in making the personal acquaintance of her New England friends, Mr. and Mrs. Norton. It was sometime about this period that she became on terms of intimacy with the gifted and noble-minded Miss Jewsbury. A warm and sincere attachment sprang up between them; and Miss Jewsbury's enthusiasm and admiration for the character of her friend, were beautifully exemplified in her eloquent delineation of Egeria, in the "Three Histories," which is generally understood to be a portraiture of Mrs. Hemans. We have not space for the whole, but cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the following passage:—

"Egeria was totally different from any of the women I had ever seen, either in Italy or in England. She did not dazzle, she subdued me. Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute; but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine. . . . Her strength and her weakness alike

lay in her affections; these would sometimes make her weep at a word, at others imbue her with courage; so that she was alternately a 'falcon-hearted dove, and 'a reed shaken by the wind.' Her voice was a sad, sweet melody, and her spirits reminded me of an old poet's description of the orange tree with its

Golden lamps hid in a night of green;
or of those Spanish gardens, where the pomegranate grows beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if, in her depression, she resembled night, it was night bearing her stars. I might describe and describe for ever, but I should never succeed in portraying Egeria. She was a Muse, a Grace, a variable child, a dependant woman, the Italy of human beings."

At last the time drew near for Mrs. Hemans to take a farewell of her Welsh home, and remove to the residence she had engaged at Wavertree. It was a severe trial, leaving the "old familiar place," and still more so, as she was obliged also to part with her two eldest sons, who were sent to their father at Rome. She writes: "I am suffering deeply, more than I could have dreamt or imagined, from this farewell sadness! My heart seems as if a nightmare weighed it down. . . . You know it is impossible I should be better till all these billows have passed over me. The improvisatore talent has scarcely deserted me yet, but it is gushing up from a fountain of tears. Oh! that I could but lift up my head where alone the calm sunshine is!"

Many new friends clustered around the poetess on her removal to Wavertree. She was, indeed, almost overwhelmed by the overtures of strangers desirous of making her acquaintance. In a letter to Mrs. Howitt, written shortly after her change of residence, she says: "My health and spirits are decidedly improving; and I am reconciling myself to many things in my changed situation, which at first pressed upon my heart with all the weight of a Switzer's home-sickness. Among these is the *want of hills*. Oh! this waveless horizon, how it wearies the eye accustomed to the sweeping outline of mountain scenery! I would wish that there were, at least, woodlands, like those so delightfully pictured in your husband's 'Chapter on Woods,' to supply their place; but it is a dull, uninventive Nature all around here, though there *must* be somewhere

little fairy nooks, which I hope by degrees to discover."

In the summer of 1829, Mrs. Hemans was induced to visit Scotland, after having received many invitations from Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, of Chiefswood, near Abbotsford. She writes to a friend at St. Asaph's:—"Now I am going to excite a sensation, I am actually about to visit Scotland—going to Mr. Hamilton's, at Chiefswood. Charles has been longing to communicate the important intelligence, as he and Henry are to accompany me; but I could not possibly afford that pleasure to any one but myself. And you *are* as much surprised as if I had written you word that I was going to the North Pole." Shortly after her arrival at Chiefswood, she writes again:—"You will be pleased to think of me as I now am, in constant, almost daily intercourse with Sir Walter Scott, who has greeted me to this mountain-land in the kindest manner, and with whom I talk freely and happily, as to an old familiar friend. I have taken several long walks with him over moor and brae, and it is indeed delightful to see him thus and to hear him pour forth, from the fulness of his rich mind and peopled memory, song and legend, and tale of old, until I could almost fancy I heard the gathering-cry of some chieftain of the hills, so completely does his spirit carry me back to the days of the slogan and the fire-cross."

On another occasion, after having walked with Sir Walter to see the Yarrow;—"This day has been, I was going to say, one of the happiest, but I am too isolated a being to use that word—at least one of the pleasantest and most cheerfully exciting of my life. I shall think again and again of that walk under the old solemn trees that hang over the mountain-stream of Yarrow, with Sir Walter Scott beside me; his voice frequently breaking out, as if half unconsciously, into some verse of the antique ballads, which he repeats with a deep and homely pathos. . . . Before we retired for the night he took me into the hall and showed me the spot where the imagined form of Byron had stood before him. This hall, with its rich gloom shed by its deeply coloured windows, and with its antique suits of armour and inscriptions, all breathing of 'the olden time,' is truly a fitting scene for the appearance of so stately a shadow. The next morning I

left Abbotsford, and who can leave a spot so brightened and animated by the life, the happy life of genius, without regret? I shall not forget the kindness of Sir Walter's farewell—so frank and simple, and heart-felt, as he said to me, 'There are some whom we meet, and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin; and *you* are one of those.' It is delightful to take away with me so unmingled an impression of what I may now call almost affectionate admiration."

Mrs. Hemans was delighted with Edinburgh, where she formed several agreeable acquaintances; among whom were Captain Basil Hall, and Jeffrey of the "Edinburgh Review." At Holyrood House, she was vividly impressed by the picture said to be a portrait of Rizzio, and she embodied her thoughts in the "Lines to a Remembered Picture."

They haunt me still—those calm, pure, holy eyes!
Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams;

The soul of music that within them lies,
Comes o'er my soul in soft and sudden gleams
Life—spirit-life—immortal and divine—
Is there; and yet how dark a death was thine?

Could it—oh! could it be—meek child of song?
The might of gentleness on that fair brow—
Was the celestial gift to shield from wrong?
Bore it no talisman to ward the blow?
Ask if a flower upon the willows cast
Might brave their strife—a flute-note hush the blast!

Among the numerous friends of Mrs. Hemans, in Edinburgh, none were more highly valued than Sir David Wedderburn, and his kind lady. At their house our poetess ever received a warm and hearty welcome. After a short sojourn with Sir Robert Liston, at his pleasant residence at Milburn Tower, Mrs. Hemans returned to her own house at Wavertree, where she was soon after visited by Miss Jewsbury. The principal lyrics in the "Songs of the Affections," were written during this winter. Of one of them, "The Spirit's Return," ever a great favourite with us, she writes to a friend: "Your opinion of the 'Spirit's Return,' has given me particular pleasure, because I prefer that poem to anything else I have written; but if there be, as my friends say, a greater power in it than I had before evinced, I paid dearly for the discovery, and it made me almost tremble as I sounded the deep places of my soul." Mr. Chorley gives an interesting account relative to the production of this poem.

"It was suggested," he says, "by a fire-side conversation. It had long been a favourite amusement to wind up our evenings by telling ghost-stories. One night, however, the store of thrilling narratives was exhausted, and we began to talk of the feelings with which the presence and the speech of a visitant from another world (if indeed a spirit could return), would be most likely to impress the person so visited. After having exhausted all the common varieties of fear and terror in our speculations, Mrs. Hemans said, she thought 'the predominant sensation at the time must partake of awe and rapture, and resemble the feelings of those who have listened to a revelation, and at the same moment know themselves to be favoured above all men, and humbled before a being no longer sharing their own cares or passions; but that the person so visited must thenceforward and for ever be separated from the world and its concerns; for the soul which had once enjoyed such a strange and spiritual communion, which had been permitted to look, though but for a moment, beyond the mysterious gates of death, must be raised by its experience too high for common grief again to perplex, or common joy to enliven.' She spoke long and eloquently upon this subject; and I have reason to believe that this conversation settled her wandering fancy, and gave rise to the principal poem in her next volume."

In the summer of 1830, Mrs. Hemans visited Wordsworth, at Rydal Mount. And here we must again quote from her picturesque letters:—"My nervous fear at the idea of presenting myself to Mr. Wordsworth grew upon me so rapidly that it was more than seven o'clock before I took courage to leave the inn at Ambleside. I had indeed little cause for such trepidation. I was driven to a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy; and a most benignant-looking old man greeted me in the porch. This was Mr. Wordsworth himself; and when I tell you that, having rather a large party of visitors in the house, he led me to a room apart from them, and brought in his family by degrees, I am sure this little trait will give you an idea of considerate kindness which you will both like and appreciate."

Again:—"I seem to be writing to you almost from the spirit-land; all

here is so brightly still, so remote from every-day cares and tumults, that sometimes I can hardly persuade myself I am not dreaming. It scarcely seems to be 'the light of common day,' that is clothing the woody mountains before me; there is something almost visionary in its soft gleams and ever-changing shadows. I am charmed with Mr. Wordsworth, whose kindness to me has quite a soothing influence over my spirits. Oh! what relief, what blessing there is in the feeling of admiration when it can be freely poured forth! There is a daily beauty in his life which is in such lovely harmony with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed, and felt it. He gives me a good deal of his society, reads to me, walks with me, leads my pony when I ride; and I begin to talk with him as with a sort of paternal friend."

After spending above a fortnight with the venerable poet of Rydal Mount, Mrs. Hemans engaged for a few weeks a pretty little cottage on the lake called the "Dove's Nest." She writes of it:—"I am so delighted with the spot that I scarcely know when I shall leave it. The situation is one of the deepest retirement; but the bright lake before me, with all its fairy barks and sails, glancing like 'things of life' over the blue waters, prevents the solitude from being overshadowed by anything like sadness."

But even in this romantic seclusion Mrs. Hemans was not free from the annoyance of "lion-hunters," and she complained bitterly of the vexations to which such visitors subjected her. On quitting the "Dove's Nest," late in the summer, she made another tour into Scotland. During her sojourn at Milbank Tower, she had formed a friendship with J. C. Graves, Esq., and his family, of Dublin; and by them she was induced that autumn to effect a long-projected visit to Wales, by way of Dublin and Holyhead. Not having found the neighbourhood of Waverley to agree with her health, she determined upon taking up her permanent residence at Dublin the ensuing spring, particularly as her brother was residing in Ireland. She paid a last farewell-visit to her former home at Bronwylla, on her return from Ireland. During Mrs. Hemans' residence near Liverpool, she enjoyed much of the society of Mr. Roscoe, the author of the "Lives of Lorenzo the

Magnificent, and Leo X." The last winter she was in Wavertree, she took lessons in music, and derived much pleasure from a newly-discovered faculty of musical composition. At this time her health began decidedly to fail, and her physician enjoined upon her "great care and perfect quiet," to prevent her disease (an affection of the heart) from assuming a dangerous character.

In the spring of 1831, Mrs. Hemans removed to Dublin, and shortly after paid a visit to her brother, Major Browne, at Kilkenny. She writes:—"The state of the country here, though Kilkenny is considered tranquil, is certainly, to say the least of it, very ominous. We paid a visit, yesterday evening, at a clergyman's house about five miles hence, and found a guard of eight armed policemen stationed at the gate; the window ledges were all provided with great stones, for the convenience of hurling down upon assailants, and the master of the house had not for a fortnight taken a walk without loaded pistols. You may well imagine how the boys, who are all here for the holidays, were enchanted with this agreeable state of things; indeed, I believe they were not a little disappointed that we reached home without having sustained an attack from the White-feet."

Mrs. Hemans did not go into society much at Dublin. She formed, however, several very interesting friendships. Among them may be mentioned Archbishop Whateley, Sir William Hamilton, and Mr. Blanco White. It was here that she heard Paganini for the first time. She alludes to his magical performances in the following letter:—"To begin with the appearance of the foreign wonder. It is very different from what the indiscriminating newspaper accounts would lead you to suppose. He is certainly singular looking, pale, slight, and with long, neglected hair; but I saw nothing whatever of that *wildfire*, that almost ferocious inspiration of mien which has been ascribed to him. Indeed I thought the expression of the countenance rather that of good-nature—a mild *enjouement* than of anything else; and his bearing altogether simple and natural."

She writes again:—"—related to me a most interesting conversation he had had with Paganini, in a private circle. The latter was describing to him the sufferings—(do you remember a line of Byron's?

"The starry Galileo with his woes")

—by which he pays for his consummate excellence. He scarcely knows what sleep is; and his nerves are wrought, to such almost preternatural acuteness, that harsh, even common sounds, are often torture to him; he is unable sometimes to bear a whisper in his room. His passion for music he described as an all-absorbing, a consuming one; in fact, he looks as if no other life than that ethereal one of melody, were circulating in his veins. But, he added, with a glow of triumph kindling through deep sadness: 'Mais, c'est un don du ciel.' I heard all this, which was no more than I had imagined, with a still deepening conviction, that it is the gifted before all others—those whom the multitude believe to be rejoicing in their own fame, strong in their own resources—who have most need of true hearts to rest upon, and of hope in God to support."

After some reference to the increasingly delicate state of Mrs. Hemans' health, her sister remarks:—"A delight in sacred literature, and particularly in the writings of some of our old divines, became from henceforward her predominant taste; and her earnest and diligent study of the Scriptures was a wellspring of daily increasing comfort. . . .

She now sought no longer to forget her trials—('a wild wish and a longing vain' as such attempts must ever have proved)—but rather to contemplate them through the only true and reconciling medium; and that relief from sorrow and suffering for which she had once been apt to turn to the fictitious world of imagination, was now afforded her by calm and constant meditation on what can alone be called 'the things that are.'"

A very pleasing incident occurred at this time. A stranger called upon Mrs. Hemans one day, while she was still very unwell and obliged to decline visits from all, except her nearest friends. He begged, however, so earnestly to see her, that refusal was impossible; and then, in terms of the deepest feeling, he expressed his warm gratitude to her, in that thorough reading her poem of "The Sceptic," he had passed from the darkness of infidelity to the light of faith and trust in all the infinite consolation of the Christian religion.

In 1833, Mrs. Hemans designed the plan of a volume of sacred poetry, after-

wards published under the title of "Scenes and Hymns of Life." She writes:—"I have now passed through the feverish and somewhat visionary state of mind, often connected with the passionate study of art in early life; deep affections and deep sorrows seem to have solemnized my whole being, and I even feel as if bound to higher and holier tasks, which, though I may occasionally lay aside, I could not long wander from without some sense of dereliction. I hope it is no self-delusion, but I cannot help sometimes feeling as if it were my true task to enlarge the sphere of sacred poetry and extend its influence. When you receive my volume of 'Scenes and Hymns,' you will see what I mean by enlarging the sphere, though my plans are as yet imperfectly developed."

In 1834, the "Hymns for Childhood," the "National Lyrics," and lastly, the "Scenes and Hymns of Life," were published. All were favourably received, and especially the latter. In a letter to a friend, Mrs. Hemans observes:—"I find in the 'Athenæum' of last week, a brief but satisfactory notice of the 'Scenes and Hymns.' The volume is recognised as my best work, and the course it opens out, called 'a noble path.' My heart is growing faint. Shall I have power given me to tread that way much further?"

In the summer of the same year, Mrs. Hemans was startled and deeply affected by the news of the death of her friend, Mrs. Fletcher, late Miss Jewsbury, who died in India. The following extract from one of her letters, will best describe her state of feeling on the reception of this melancholy news:—"I was, indeed, deeply and permanently affected by the untimely fate of one so gifted and so affectionately loving me, as our poor lost friend. It hung the more solemnly upon my spirit, as the subject of death and the mighty future had so many times been that of our most confidential communion. How much deeper power seemed to lie coiled up, as it were, in the recesses of her mind, than were ever manifested to the world in her writings! Strange and sad does it seem, that only the broken music of such a spirit should have been given to the earth, the full and finished harmony never drawn forth."

Mrs. Hemans was obliged to relinquish a projected visit to England

about this period, in consequence of an attack of fever. On her recovery she went on an excursion into Wicklow county, for change of air, but, most unfortunately, the inn to which she repaired was infected with scarlet fever, and both herself and servant "caught the contagion." On her partial convalescence she returned to Dublin; and, the same autumn, through being exposed to the evening air, she took a cold, that was followed by distressing ague attacks, from the effects of which she never more recovered. In December, for the sake of change of scene, she removed to the country residence of Archbishop Whateley, at Redesdale, which was kindly placed at her disposal. Here she writes:—"My fever, though still returning at its hours, is still decidedly abated, with several of its most exhausting accompaniments, and those intense throbbing headaches have left me, and allowed me gradually to resume the inestimable resource of reading, though frequent drowsiness obliges me to use it very moderately. But better far than these indications of recovery is the sweet religious peace, which I feel gradually overshadowing me with its dove-pinions, excluding all that would exclude thoughts of God. I would I could convey to you the deep feeling of repose and thankfulness with which I lay one Friday evening gazing from my sofa, upon a sunset sky of the richest suffusion, silvery green and amber kindling into the most glorious tints of the burning rose. I felt its holy beauty sinking through my inmost being, with an influence drawing me nearer and nearer to God."

The state of her health being rather worse than better, Mrs. Hemans left Redesdale for her own home at Dublin, in March, 1835. She was, henceforth, confined to her room, and often the prey of acute suffering. But her soul was ever enwreathed with a sweet serenity, an atmosphere of joy and love—the "peace that passeth all understanding." Her spirit was haunted at times by dreams of immortal beauty, as if borne by ministering angels to illumine her couch of death. She would sometimes say, "no poetry could express, no imagination conceive the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy." Again, she remarked, "I feel as if hovering between heaven and earth." She assured one of her friends that "the

tenderness and affectionateness of the Redeemer's character, which they had often contemplated together, was now a source, not merely of reliance, but of positive happiness to her—the *sweetness of her couch*."

On Sunday, April 28th, she dictated her last poem to her brother. It was the "Sabbath Sonnet." Throughout her illness, she enjoyed the watchful care of her brother and sister-in-law, and was tenderly and faithfully attended by her servant, Anna Creer, a young woman of singular intelligence and warm-heartedness. On the evening of Saturday, May the 16th, 1835, the bright and gentle spirit of Felicia Hemans passed peacefully away from an earthly slumber to that divine rest which "God giveth His beloved." A simple tablet was erected to her memory, inscribed with some lines from a dirge of her own composition:—

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trode,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

Having thus taken an imperfect glance over the life-history of this sweet singer, and most aimable woman, let us proceed with a brief but comprehensive survey of the writings on which rest the foundation of her literary fame. We will endeavour to trace the connection between her life and her poetry, which we believe will be found to be attuned in perfect harmony; the one forming, as it were, a kind of complement to the other, the story of her existence, interpreting the burden of her song.

Seldom have genius and Christianity been more beautifully and intimately allied than in the case of Felicia Hemans. Religion with her was not merely a name, but a thing of life and reality. Hence it is the sweet and gentle undertone which runs through all her poetry; the rich perfume in which her most tender and refined sentiment is ever embalmed; the voice that mingles with the music of her every outburst of feeling; the fair soft light in fine which rests on each page of her writings. The gift of genius is oftentimes one fatal to its possessor. Such persons are not unfrequently erratic stars. Nor is this a matter of surprise, for their position is one of peculiar trial. We are all more

or less creatures of dependence. We require sympathy, and we derive a pleasure from being understood and appreciated. Herein lies one of the peculiar trials of which genius is susceptible; for by its very nature it is in most instances beyond ordinary comprehension, and consequently it is unrecognised, and of course meets with but little sympathy. Thus the "loneliness amid a crowd," becomes doubly true.

Filled with high aspirations after all that is great and beautiful, the soul of genius is continually doomed to deep and bitter disappointment in this world of ours. Living in a realm of wonder and of strange mystery, the mind thus endowed is liable, in an extraordinary degree, to the assailing questionings of doubt, and the reasonings of a false philosophy. What marvel, then, if it sometimes go astray? And the method by which such minds have been too often treated acts by no means as a remedy. Oh, world! how many high spirits have been crushed, how many deep true hearts have been broken by thy cold scorn, by thy proud indifference! Better, far better it were to meet them on their ways of wandering, with words of love and of tender entreaty, and thus gently to guide them into the "paths of peace" and of blessedness, to enchant them by a vision of beauty, fairer than their brightest dreams, and to fill their thirsting spirits with all the joy-breathing harmonies of the truth eternal.

Many are the dark histories unveiled by the chronicles of genius. We have the sad record of a Chatterton—

The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul who perished in his pride.

And a Byron, like another Cain, wandering over land and sea, seeking rest, and finding none. And a Keats, "true prophet of the beautiful," bending beneath the weight of ungenerous criticism, like a surcharged lily, to his Roman grave. Here, too, is the "star-eyed" Alastor, with his fair locks disparted Greek-wise over his pale forehead, shipwrecked amid the billows of a cold despair.

Lucretius nobler than his mood,
Who cast his plummet down the broad
Deep universe, and said, "No God!"

Such stories make us sad. We look upon these highly-gifted souls with an admiration mingled with much trembling. We reflect on what they might have been, compared, alas! with what

they were, and are. How great and good, how truly angelic, had their noble powers been rightly directed! For there is something so bright and beautiful, so star-like in genius, that we must love it. It flashes with such a regal majesty, that it not merely asks for our homage—it commands it. It is so unearthly, too, in its character, like some “lonely light from heaven’s shore,” and in very truth, it is a mournful thing when its fair radiance is dimmed and darkened by the clouds of this lower world. In proportion, therefore, to our sorrow, on observing genius misguided, and falling short of its lofty mission, is our joy on beholding it in alliance with all that is fair, and “lovely, and of good report.”

In Mrs. Hemans we are presented with the almost ideal of feminine character. We should imagine, judging merely from the tone of her writings, that in all the relations of life she was most graceful and loveable; gentle in manners and fair in person, with perchance a shade of sadness on her brow. Constant in her friendships and tenderly affectionate. Intellectually, not over profound, but still on all subjects thinking calmly and well. A woman of deep feeling, tremulously susceptible, thirsting for a love and a sympathy which may never be found on earth. And such we have been told she was in reality—

A perfect woman, nobly plann’d,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light.

The highly gifted L. E. L. has observed in reference to Mrs. Hemans:—
“What is poetry, and what is a poetical career? The first is to have an organization of extreme sensibility which the second exposes bare-headed to the rudest weather. The original impulse is irresistible—all professions are engrossing when once begun, and acting with perpetual stimulus, nothing takes more complete possession of its follower than literature. But never can success repay its cost. The work appears—it lives in the light of popular applause; but truly might the writer exclaim:

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart
I cast away for thee; for thee, ill-fated as thou art.

If this be true even of one sex, how much more true of the other? Ah! Fame to a woman is but a royal mourning in purple for happiness!”

Such are the words of one who lived amid the dazzle of the world’s applause, and who felt how false, and how vain the glitter after the fading of the flowers, and the quenching of the festal lights. Not that we *entirely* coincide with her; for we think that the joy of genius is as deep and intense as its sorrow. It is evident, however, that Mrs. Hemans felt painfully at times the unsatisfying nature of literary fame. She sang, men listened and admired. Another sweet singer amid the green boughs and the pleasant hills—that was all. There was the loud acclaim, but other response was there none; and so she “lays her lonely dreams aside,” or what is better still, she “lifts them unto heaven.”

Oh! ask not, hope not thou too much
Of sympathy below:
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow.
Few, and by still conflicting powers,
Forbidden here to meet;
Such ties would make this life of ours,
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother’s eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns!
It may be that the breath of spring
Born amidet violets lone,
A rapture o’er thy soul can bring,
A dream to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—
A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant ehimes,
The sound of waves by night;
The wind that with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill—
These may have language all thine own,
To him a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true
And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o’er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne past,
Or watched through sickness by thy bed,
Call *his* a kindred heart.

Perhaps few writers who have written so much as Mrs. Hemans, have uniformly written so well; yet it might have been better for her fame had she left fewer long pieces. She does not possess that lofty power of thought, that intense concentration of ideas, that striking and passionate depth of expression, which is requisite to sustain the attention through a long succession of pages. Her genius is not dramatic. Hence her more ambitious productions are those which are least known. Although it contains many fine passages, few persons are intimately acquainted with her “Forest Sanctuary,” and still fewer with her “Vespers of Palermo,”

and the "Siege of Valentia." It is in her charming relation of striking incidents and in her shorter lyrics that Mrs. Hemans particularly excels. Her poetry is ever elegant, true and tender in sentiment, perfect in harmony, and somewhat mournful in tone. It is the aspiration after a higher and holier sphere; the soul weary and dissatisfied with earth; the exile sighing for its home; and the heartfelt longing for the love and the truth divine. In common with all high souls Mrs. Hemans often gives utterance to feelings similar to those which prompted Margaret Davidson to exclaim :

Earth! thou hast nought to satisfy
The cravings of an immortal mind!

And it is this sentiment, together with the deep thirst for some true fountain of affection, which may be said to form the key-note of her poetry. Her music is a soft bird-like melody; low and plaintive, sometimes rising into strains of generous enthusiasm; and as the zephyr amid the forest greenery, it ever breathes if not of gladness, of all that is fair and free. The "vision and the faculty divine" appear seldom to have oppressed Mrs. Hemans as with a woe and a burden, and a strange joy, which must break forth in a wail of impassioned music or in a gush of wild exultation. The realm of poetic enchantment in which she delighted to wander was enwreathed with a kind of dreamy beauty, like one of Turner's landscapes; it was the home of all sweet and tender remembrances; of high and noble hopes; of warm patriotism and of undying love. A land moreover filled to overflowing with the whispers of seraphic song; those "lays of Paradise," o'er which as they vibrate amid his spirit chords, the poet vainly weeps, in his inability to interpret them more fully.

The serene repose of Mrs. Hemans' world of thought was seldom disturbed by the voice of the "rushing winds of inspiration." Her poems, therefore, seldom bear the impress of intense excitement, of strong and fervent impulses; they are more the expression of habitual states of mind and feeling; hence they have been charged with exhibiting a tinge of monotony. Theirs is not the fall of a mountain torrent, but the silvery murmuring of a rill amid the light and shade, the hills and the meadows. The light of genius with her was not a flash

of restless radiance, but the still, untroubled shining of the star. Consequently her muse is invariably of a deliciously soothing character. She is unsurpassed in graceful and felicitous expression, and in true and tender sentiment, especially where she has reference to the domestic affections. Take as an example, the "First Grief," or

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are
drest,
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth;
Alas! for Love! if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, oh earth!

Few poets have more beautifully adapted their style of versification to the sentiment they wish to convey, than Felicia Hemans. Her "Song of the Battle of Morgarten," and that sublime little lyric, "The Trumpet," seem to ring like some martial music; and solemn and touching as the thought they express, is the flow of the following stanzas from the "Hour of Death:"—

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of
prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming
power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose,
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee: but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

And, as strikingly illustrative of our previous observations, we would point to the "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," What a picture is contained in the first two verses. The sea, and the storm, and the wild, dark night!

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er;
When a band of exiles moored their bark,
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

And truly beautiful are the stanzas following. The deep hush, the whispers, as it were, of the first two lines, and then the shout and the exultant music:—

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea:
And the sounding voice of the dim woods
rang,
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared,
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,
This was their welcome home!

It is such noble strains as these, and as the "Treasures of the Deep," the "Voice of Spring," the "Spirit's Return," the "Better Land," and many others, which must ever haunt our memories, like some beloved melody, and which the world "will not willingly let die." There are some nice portraits in the "Records of Woman," the work in which, according to the authoress herself, "she had put her heart and individual feeling more than in anything else she had written." The noble story

of "Gertrude, or Fidelity till Death," is strongly told.

Beautiful and touching are the last lines composed by Mrs. Hemans, the "Sabbath Sonnet," written a few days before her decease, a fitting finale to her literary labours:—

How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow-paths their way,
Towards spire and tower, midst shadowing elms
ascending
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day.
The halls from old heroic ages gray
Four their fair children forth; and hamlets low
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings still'd
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness!

Sweet and touching is the spirit of cheerful resignation breathing through the above. The idea presented in the commencement of the sonnet is as fair and truthful, as the conclusion is redolent of the serenest repose.

We experience a sensation of pure and unmixed delight in the contemplation of genius, where, as in the case of Mrs. Hemans, the service of song is united to solemn and entire consecration of soul to the best interests of time and eternity. Poetry should ever have a definite purpose. It should be a thing not merely to gladden our idle hours, though that is well; but, further, it should be devoted to higher ends, and to all great and holy uses. This is not the place for us to dilate upon the poet's work and mission. We would, however, have him to remember that the power and the gift divine were not bestowed upon him to be wasted merely on the things of earth. It is through genius that the spirit of inspiration speaks; and assuredly, the "light that never was on sea nor shore," is not wont to be kindled in vain; and woe be to those who disregard the warning voice within, and who permit that celestial radiance to gild the roses of earth alone, instead of ascending to its native heaven.

M. J. E.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

THE NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

THE situation of the United States is one of growing importance. Their political influence is growing as rapidly as their material prosperity and strength. They not only sell to Europe their cotton and their tobacco, but have also begun to export their ideas. The citizens of the United States are coming to act more and more each day upon the mind of Englishmen, just as the English act upon the minds of the people of the Continent. If we reproach them with their excesses and injustice, they retort upon us by pointing to the abuses which have been engendered by our own more ancient civilization. Thus, for example, if we in England hold public meetings, and draw up addresses in condemnation of the iniquitous system of slavery, they draw up others protesting against the unfortunate condition in which the Irish nation has now been placed for ages, and, pointing triumphantly to the miseries which for centuries have been accumulating in the old world, proclaim themselves the patrons of the peoples of the future, and the models which must be followed by all the nations of the earth.

If we pass from the influence which is exercised by the Americans over ourselves, as a brother people, to the consideration of what has been the nature of their connection with the states of the European Continent, we shall find everywhere the trace of their towering ambition: Austria has been insulted, Russia snubbed, and Spain threatened by them; and these menaces cannot possibly be looked upon as any thing but forerunners of conflicts of far greater importance. The doctrine of President Monroe respecting the legitimacy and necessity of excluding in future all the powers of Europe from setting foot in the New World, is now more in favour amongst the Americans than ever. The speech lately pronounced before the senate by General Cass, given birth to by the mere rumour of the occupation of the Peninsula of Savana by the French, bears abundant witness to the great disquietude with which the citizens of the United States survey the slightest attempt made by Europeans to gain a footing on their Continent. An universal

republican propagandism, not only carried on by words, but also, if need be, by the sword, seems to be a fixed idea of the Americans.

General Franklin Pierce has been elected president of the United States, purposely to give a greater force to the tendencies of these ideas. He is the representative of the party which most violently desires their triumph. The question presents itself, therefore, "What are the character and antecedents of this man?" and it will be admitted to be a question both of interest and importance. Is he a man more sensible than passionate, or more vehement than firm? Is he weak or strong-minded, and will he resist or yield to the pressure which will certainly be thrown upon him, by that large and important section of his party forming that portion of the American public which is the most extreme in its opinions, and the most violent in its disposition? Which will he care most for, the public good, or his own popularity? According to his biographer, Nathaniel Hawthorn, the great novelist, these questions all admit of a most favourable solution; and, in truth, moderation, good common sense, a complete absence of vanity, together with firmness of character, and something very opposite to the impetuosity with which some members of his party advocate their exalted patriotic ideas and extreme political opinions, are qualities which we cannot deny to Franklin Pierce. There is plenty of room, therefore, to hope that his advent to power will not prove to have been that of republican excess, and patriotic intemperance.

General Pierce was born in 1804, at Hillsborough, in the state of New Hampshire, which was also the natal State of Daniel Webster, and which has produced several other most eminent statesmen. His father, Benjamin Pierce, came originally from Massachusetts, and, like his son, bore the title of General. He was strongly attached to the democratic party, and *un-like* the present General Pierce, a democratic *de condition*, as the French would word it; that is to say, a member of the industrial

classes. Altogether, Benjamin Pierce was a remarkable character. He lost his parents at an early age, and was brought up by his uncle, with strict economy, and after the severe fashion which anciently prevailed in the Northern States of the Union. Two generations ago, we may remark in passing, the life of the Americans was very different from what it is to-day. It was a life of hardship, labour, and privations; simple, reserved, and without show, as are always the lives of the founders of new states, and even new houses, provided the latter be of any power or importance.

In 1775, at the commencement of the Revolution, Benjamin Pierce forsook his plough, enrolled himself in the army, assisted at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and was made commander of a company. When the war was ended, in 1785, he bought fifty acres of uncleared land at Hillsborough, of which he formed one of the first settlers. There he built himself a house, 'cleared' his ground, married, and gradually caused sterility and solitude to fly from the vicinity of his dwelling. Under his roof grew up nine children, the fruit of two successive marriages. Even in the midst of his rustic labours, he did not, however, forget his ancient trade of a soldier. The recollections of the military period of his life were always present with him, and formed the pride of his old age. He had the happiness of being able to associate with a great human and patriotic interest, the emotions of youth, the birth of the first strong sentiments, and the first important episodes of life—in short all those things which we look back upon in old age with so much gentle, pleasant sadness, or so much deep regret, which are the eternal objects of our pride or our remorse. Hawthorn, on this head, relates some anecdotes which are truly touching. We will speak here of but one. One day, the old Benjamin Pierce gathered round his table all his old brother-in-arms, who were then living, and, in the evening, at the moment of separation, he addressed to them these pathetic words: "We are about to separate, after what will probably be our last meeting upon earth. We shall all soon be called by the rolling of drums, veiled with crape, to rejoin our beloved Washington, and all the other noble comrades who once fought and bled by our sides."

But in reality the military period of his life did not come to an end until his death; for in 1789 he was made General of Brigade in the militia corps of his adopted country, and this post he continued to fill until he died, educating in arms several generations of the young Americans of the County of Hillsborough. Under the presidency of John Adams he refused an important and lucrative command in the army—raised in consequence of the then existing fear of a war with the French Republic—which was offered to him, because his political opinions would not allow him to accept it. "No, gentlemen," he replied, to the deputation of senators, which was sent to try to induce him to accept it, "No, gentlemen, I am poor, it is true, and under other circumstances your proposition might have been acceptable; but rather than give my support, however humble, to the design for which this army has been levied, I will retire to the most distant mountains of my country, find myself a cabin, and live solely upon potatoes!" He thus refused to make war upon a republican government, and against a country which had rendered aid to the United States at their foundation. This occasion, however, was the sole one on which he refused to serve his country by the sword, and he brought up both his two sons in the army in which his son-in-law, General MacNeil also served. The old patriot died in 1839, after having been Governor of New Hampshire, and a member of the legislature of his own State for thirty consecutive years.

This old Benjamin Pierce suggests to us a reflection which does not apply only to the United States, but also to the whole of Europe; it is that in several countries the generations of the eighteenth century, with all their faults and comparatively deep ignorance, were far superior to those of the present century. We are not so fond of the men of the past century, as to be in the least degree tempted to be unjust to others for their sake. They knew that they owed themselves to their country; that it was their duty to die for it, if necessary; and always to sacrifice to its welfare their own private fortunes and interests. This was most especially the case in America, and upon the Continent: alas! the idea was sometimes carried to such an extent as to induce some individuals to believe that it was also their duty to

sacrifice even their souls unto their country, and that it was excusable for them to appear before God charged with all manner of crimes, provided, they were only committed, as they believed, for the public good. No generations of men have ever been more attached to the things of this world, to mundane pleasures, and to dreams of perfect happiness, than those of the last century; but none ever forsook them more nobly when it was necessary, or exhibited less regret at parting with them. We have spoken in this last sentence more especially of the inhabitants of continental Europe, for those of America of that period were of plain and simple habits, as befitted the first descendants of the founders of a republic. There is a story told of one of them—a contemporary of Benjamin Pierce—which illustrates the position we have asserted. It is related by N. P. Willis, who tells us that he once encountered, living in the utmost poverty in a village of Massachusetts, a centenarian who had been several times offered a pension by the government in reward of his past services—for he had fought in nearly all the battles of the revolution, and fought bravely too—which pension he had as often refused to accept. People had never been able to make him understand that he had any right to any pension. "My country," he used to say, "when I was younger, claimed my services and my blood, and, in duty bound, I responded to its call. It was simply natural and right that I should do so, why, therefore, trouble with such offers the peace of my last day?" It is true that to-day, as of old, we find great numbers of Americans who are capable of devoting themselves to their country; but how few are capable of refusing all recompense for their devotion!

It was by a father imbued with such principles that Franklin Pierce was brought up; and, in truth, it is not difficult to recognise in several acts of his past life the traces of his early education. The most memorable example which we are able to cite is that of his speech upon the subject of revolutionary pensions, which, as Mr. Hawthorn says, "is a good exponent of his character; full of the truest sympathy, but, above all things, just, and not to be misled, on the public behalf, by those impulses which would be most apt to sway the

private man." He objected to the granting of these revolutionary pensions, not because he was ungrateful to the veterans of the war of independence, but upon ground which will be gathered from the following extract from his speech:—"I am not insensible, Mr. President, of the advantages with which claims of this character always come before Congress. They are supposed to be based upon services for which no man entertains a higher estimate than myself—services beyond all praise, and above all price. But, while warm and glowing with the glorious recollections which a recurrence to that period of our history can never fail to awaken; while we cherish with emotions of pride, reverence, and affection, the memory of those brave men who are no longer with us; while we provide with a liberal hand, for such as survive, and for the widows of the deceased; while we would accord to their heirs, whether in the second or third generation, every dollar to which they can establish a just claim—I trust we shall not, in the strong current of our sympathies, forget what become us as the descendants of such men. They would teach us to legislate upon our judgment, upon our sober sense of right, and not upon our impulses or our sympathies. No, sir; we may act in this way if we choose, when dispensing our own means; but we are not at liberty to do it when dispensing the means of our constituents.

"If we were to legislate upon our sympathies—yet, more, I will admit—if we were to yield to that sense of just and grateful remuneration which presses itself upon every man's heart, there would scarcely be a limit for our bounty. The whole exchequer would not answer the demand. To the patriotism, the courage, and the sacrifices of the people of that day, we owe, under Providence, all that we now so highly prize, and what we shall transmit to our children as the richest legacy they can inherit. The war of the revolution, it has been justly remarked, was not a war of armies merely—it was the war of nearly a whole people, and such a people as the world had never before seen, in a death-struggle for liberty.

"The losses, sacrifices, and sufferings of that period, were common to all classes and all conditions of life. Those who remained at home suffered hardly less than those who entered on the

active strife. The aged father and mother underwent not less than the son, who would have been the comfort and stay of their declining years, now called to perform a yet higher duty—to follow the standard of his bleeding country. The young mother, with her helpless children, excites not less deeply our sympathies, contending with want, and dragging out years of weary and toilsome days and anxious nights, than the husband in the field, following the fortunes of our armies without the common habiliments to protect his person, or the requisite sustenance to support his strength. Sir, I never think of that patient, enduring, self-sacrificing army, which crossed the Delaware, in 1777, marching barefooted upon frozen ground to encounter the foe, and leaving bloody footprints for miles behind them—I never think of their sufferings during that terrible winter without involuntarily enquiring where were then their families? Who lit up the cheerful fire upon the hearths at home? Who spoke the word of comfort and encouragement? Nay, sir, who furnished protection from the rigours of the winter, and brought them the necessary means of subsistence?

The true and simple answer to these questions would disclose an amount of suffering and anguish, mental and physical, such as might not have been found in the ranks of the armies,—not even in the severest trial of that fortitude which never faltered, and that power of endurance which seemed to know no limit. All this no man feels more deeply than I do. But they were common sacrifices in a common cause, ultimately crowned with the reward of liberty. They have an everlasting claim upon our gratitude, and are destined, I trust, by their heroic example, to exert an abiding influence upon our latest posterity."

The argument may appear strange, but it is the entertainment of such sentiments by General Pierce—sentiments by which he attaches himself to the tradition of the founders of the republic—that have caused him to be esteemed worthy, and indeed made him worthy, of being elected to the important office of President of the United States. The virtues which the universal tradition of the human race attributes to republicanism truly animate this fine oration, in which the two grand supports

of states and kingdoms, family and love of country, are brought in the presence of each other, and in which private and domestic devotion are estimated at the same price as military and political sacrifices. Such sentiments as those which inspire it are not common in the present day, at least in such a form, and Franklin Pierce is undoubtedly indebted for the possession of them to his early education.

Old Benjamin Pierce—like all illiterate men, who exaggerate, in some measure, the advantages derivable from intellectual culture—wished, in spite of his poverty, that his children should have the fullest benefits of that literary instruction which he himself had never enjoyed. Accordingly, he sent his son Franklin—for with him alone is it that we have now to do—after he had undergone several years of preparatory study, to Bowdoin College, in the town of Brunswick, state of Maine. There he was the fellow pupil of the famous Nathaniel Hawthorne, who has since become his biographer. Mr. Hawthorne leaves us to suppose that the future president's progress in his studies was slow and difficult, and that he was only able to keep up with his companions by the force of extra perseverance and tenacity. He appears still as not to be possessing any very brilliant mental qualities, but as more than making up for all he lacks in this respect, by the patient perseverance with which he endeavours to counteract and make up for his own deficiencies. He has neither brilliant nor lofty faculties; everything that he has done he has accomplished slowly, by means of his force of character, perseverance, calculation, and exactitude. His qualities are those of an excellent man of business. He departed from College in the state of what the Americans call "an excellent subject;" that is as one to whom it was known that the performance of the most wearisome duties or the most uninteresting functions, might be confided with assurance. He was at the time the president of an association named the "Athenian Society," and we are told he not only performed the duties of his own office, and performed them well, but he also fulfilled most of those of his colleagues in the bargain. After he left college, Mr. Hawthorne tells us that every time he saw him he was struck with the remarkable progress which his

mind had made since the period of his last meeting him; and this we can very easily account for. This indefinite progression is precisely the quality which distinguishes men of his character, who do everything with slowness, but never cease doing. They appear, too, to the observer, to rise higher than men of genius, because we can always follow them with the eye. If we watch them, we see them marching onward patiently and doggedly, sometimes forcing themselves to run, but not often, at last reaching a summit, but not lingering at it, but setting themselves to work to escalate another without delay. They are always progressing, but they are never lost to view. It is not so with men of genius. They sometimes soar out of the sight of common mortals. Moreover, whenever they make progress it appears but small, in consequence of their having leaped with their earliest effort, to the highest peak.

We do not wish these words to be misunderstood. In putting down Franklin Pierce as a mere man of business, we do not pretend to disparage him. Few American statesmen, not even excluding their most passionate ones, as Henry Clay, Calhoun, and Daniel Webster, are, or have been, any thing more. But the qualities of a man of business are by no means despicable; even among us they are of the most useful character, and with the Americans they almost touch on genius. American statesmen are pre-eminently practical. They have nothing of that unpassioned temperament which has characterised the greatest of the statesmen of the old world. They are sage and calculating—very cold, even under a seeming heat of very high temperance. Their eloquence is often only exterior, and their enthusiasm and exaltation are not of the heart but of the head. No American, from the foundation of the Republic to the present hour, has ever possessed any of those brilliant and poetic qualities, or any of that real passion which distinguished a Fox, a Sheridan, a Bolingbroke, or a Mirabeau. But is this fortunate or otherwise for the Union? Those who know the dangers of political life, will be best able to answer.

Besides the distinguishing qualities of an American statesman, General Pierce possesses others which are perhaps more valuable. He is religious and tolerant, and capable of tasting—nay,

it may be said indeed created for—the joys of the fireside and of domestic life; that he is of a good and affectionate nature is evidenced by an anecdote which is related of him by Hawthorne, who tells us that one day during his return from the campaign of Mexico, he travelled a distance of some miles out of his road, in order to shake hands with a poor ploughman who had been an old friend of his father's. There are numberless stories of a like nature told of him, and the deeds which they record could not have been with any view to the attainment of popularity is proved by the general tenour of his history and character.

Having left college, and being face to face with the necessity of making choice of a profession, in spite of many vague inclinations towards a military life he decided to embrace that of the law, and in 1827, after several years of study, he was received as a member of the bar of Hillsborough. His debut was a complete failure, but the remark which he made upon the occasion, is one worthy of being recorded, and one which gives us the key to his whole character. One of his friends expressed to him sentiments of condolence and encouragement, thinking, without doubt, that this first unsuccess would tend to abate his courage and self-confidence. "I have no need of your encouragement," was the reply of the future President; "I have failed this time, but I will succeed in the end. I will make the attempt nine hundred and ninety-nine times, and if I fail then, I will make it for the thousandth." Such is the man. He knows how to wait, and has confidence in time. Such knowledge and confidence are always excellent virtues, more especially in a statesman; but in the case of Franklin Pierce, the chief of the democrates, and head of a party which is naturally most unquiet and impatient, this want of feverish impatience and inquietude is an invaluable possession and a guarantee of peace and conciliation. It was long before he was successful at the bar. But he succeeded at last, and when the popular vote called him to fill the post of supreme magistrate of the Union, it found him the most renowned of all the lawyers of New Hampshire. During his life as a simple lawyer the confidence of his compatriots often drew him into the political arena; and at the time of

the candidature for the presidency of General Jackson, he supported his cause with ardour, and was himself elected member of the legislature of New Hampshire, of which he was also for two years the president. At the expiration of his governorship, the confidence which was placed in him rising daily higher, he was elected one of the representatives of that state in Congress.

Some of his opinions and votes respecting questions long since solved, have been recorded by Mr. Hawthorne, from whose "Life of Pierce," we learn, that he supported the vote of General Jackson relating to the celebrated "Mayorville Road Bill." During the presidency of Quincy Adams, the Whigs had attempted to establish the principle, that all great works of public utility ought to be constructed at the expense of the general treasury. It was against this system of centralization that General Jackson protested, and Franklin Pierce, in the Chamber of Representatives, was his constant defender. With regard to public works and commerce, General Pierce has, in general, had little confidence in governmental interference. He doubts the power of legislation in this respect, and the efficacy of any governmental measures, even in instances in which it would seem that good laws and regulations would be of the greatest service. Here we have the secret of the power which the democratic party possesses in America. It cares less than the Whigs for mere political abstractions and legal formulas, and has more confidence than they have in the free movements and spontaneous instincts of mankind. The Democratic system, however, carried to the extreme, produces as many ill effects as does the opposite one, as Mr. Pierce has had opportunities of learning from experience. Thus he opposed, in Congress, a bill for the creation of a military academy; but afterwards, seeing the services which this academy rendered in the course of the Mexican war, he publicly acknowledged that he saw he had been mistaken in the course which he had pursued in this respect. Shortly afterwards, he declared his belief that he had been hitherto mistaken with regard to another far more important and interesting subject, namely, the great question of slavery. He began to see, he said, that the Union must not be put in peril by a question of philanthropy; and from this

opinion he has never since varied. Singularly enough, too, Hawthorne himself has praise for him there, notwithstanding his ex-membership of the Association of Brook Farm.

In 1837, Franklin Pierce was elected a member of the Senate, before which assembly he delivered his famous speech respecting revolutionary pensions. In 1840, fortune seemed to have abandoned the democratic party. Power passed into the hands of the Whigs, after the presidency of Van Buren; and their only idea was that of endeavouring to undo everything that had been done by the Democrats during the last ten or twelve years. The Whigs did that which they repeated, very impolitically, in 1848; namely, they deprived of their offices all the functionaries who had been named by the two last Presidents. The subject was brought before the Senate, and Franklin Peirce was inspired to make a noble speech upon it, in which he protested against the deprivations which had been made in the name of the public good and the necessities of the country. This hateful practice, which, under the pretence of being only made use for the furtherance of the public prosperity, is, in reality, merely a weapon in the hands of a triumphant party, and the instrument of political vengeance and reprisals, was attacked by him with very extraordinary force and vigour. In the course of his speech he resumed the history of the whole world, and showed by the example of all the nations of the earth, that the doctrine he condemned, the doctrine by which the Whigs justified their actions, had never resulted in anything but oppression and violence, and that it was only the doctrine of hypocrisy and deception. To prove this, he adduced such examples as those which he conceived to be afforded by the Romish Inquisition, the massacre of the Indians by the English, the silent executions of the Venetians, the beheading of Stratford, the reign of terror in France, etc. His speech, though remarkably powerful, was not entirely *hors de propos*. The "doctrine" it protested against has produced in all countries incalculable evils; but what have the excesses committed by the Inquisition, or during the French Reign of Terror, in common with the expulsion from office of a few American functionaries? The fault which Franklin Pierce committed in this speech, is one which few Americans are free from.

This speech constituted almost the last act in the drama of the first period of the political life of Franklin Pierce, for soon after its delivery, in 1842, he resigned his post of senator, and retired into private life. His object in so doing was evident. His life as a politician had made him poor, and he was now a married man, and the father of a family. He took this step, therefore, in order to create for it resources for the future. He renewed his attempts to gain success at the bar, resolutely determined to overcome all difficulties, and he *did* overcome them. Then commenced his successful career as an advocate. As such he possessed the quality most essential to success, namely, sound common sense. He had also, in a high degree, the sentiment of the ridiculous, and the art of skilfully interrogating witnesses. He carried into the exercise of his functions as a barrister a strict sense of equity; and he showed himself always ready, even at the expense of his pecuniary interest, to take the part of the oppressed and spoiled. The consequence was that every one regarded him with the highest possible respect. "The feelings of respect and affection which the citizens here entertain toward General Pierce," wrote once one of his colleagues, to a mutual friend, "are exactly such as the poor Scotchman must have been inspired with towards Henry Erskine when he said, 'Not a poor man in all Scotland will want a friend, or have need to fear an enemy, so long as Henry Erskine shall remain alive.'"

Franklin Pierce cannot be reproached with ambition, for he has several times refused the most important and lucrative posts. A democratic convention once nominated him for the governorship of New Hampshire, but he decidedly refused to let the matter proceed. In 1846, Mr. Polk offered him a post in his cabinet, namely, that of attorney-general, but he declined the offer in a note in which he said, "when I resigned my seat in the senate, in 1842, it was with the determination not again to separate myself for any lengthened period from my family, unless my country should need my military services." His country *did* need them almost immediately after, for this was just before the period of the breaking out of the Mexican war.

When that war broke out Franklin Pierce enrolled himself as a simple vo-

lunteer, but he soon rose to the rank of colonel, and soon after to that of brigadier-general. He set out for the seat of the war, at the head of his brigade, which consisted of regiments from all parts of the union. Nothing could bear less resemblance to a body of regular troops than this brigade, all the soldiers who constituted it being, like their commander, simple citizens, merchants, lawyers, agriculturists, and men of all professions.

He embarked with his detachment in May, 1846, at Newport, in the ship *Kepler*, and landed at Vera Cruz, about a month after setting sail, without knowing to anything like a certainty in what part of the country the main body of the United States army was situated, or in which direction he must proceed to join it. We have the journal which he kept during his march from Vera Cruz to Puebla, where was stationed the army of General Scott. This march, through a burning desert, with here and there a few little villages scattered over it, bears a singular resemblance to some of Wellington's marches in India, and to the marches of some of the French troops in Africa. At each instant General Pierce was placed upon the *qui-vive*. He would hear a pistol shot, and, turning the corner of a mountain, find a detachment of the enemy placed to oppose his passage. His progress was rendered wearisome and difficult by all manner of little obstacles, and was in reality a kind of rolling battle; it being very seldom that a couple of miles were gone over, without a body of the enemy having to be encountered and put to flight. The guerilla harassed the men under his command, unceasingly, small bodies of them appearing always when the least expected, taking aim at whatever officers were within their reach, and when they could shoot none of them, resting content with a few privates, securing as many prisoners and as much booty as they could, and then galloping away with the utmost possible fleetness. Add to all this, the inconveniences caused by the climate, the excessive heats or torrential rains which often interrupted the march, and the maladies of the country which put *hors de service* a large number of both officers and privates, and we shall have some faint idea of the difficulties which beset the transport of General Pierce and his soldiers from Vera Cruz

to Puebla. More interesting to us than all the accidents which are recorded in the General's journal put together, are the evidences which are always peeping out of the superiority of the race of the Anglo-Americans over that of the Spanish-Americans. This superiority reveals itself in all manner of ways, and in numberless instances; in *bon mots*, in acts of energy, and in resolutions made and executed without fear or hesitation. Thus the Mexicans had destroyed a magnificent bridge, the work of their more energetic ancestors, and the army of General Pierce is compelled to stop. "These people have destroyed," an officer remarks, "that which they will never be able to reconstruct." However, it is necessary for the brigade to pass. A Captain Bodfish demands five hundred men, and promises to construct within four hours a bridge over the river which shall be sufficient for the passage alike of men, stores, guns, and the heavy baggage of the detachment. The promise is fulfilled, and the troops pass over, railing at the Mexicans, who thought they had placed an invincible barrier in their way. "Bodfish's road," writes their general in his journal, "unless the Mexican nation shall be unexpectedly regenerated, will be the road, at this place, for Mexican diligences for half a century."

At last, after more than a month's march, General Pierce came up with the principal body of the army, on the 7th of August. Twelve days afterwards, namely, on the 19th, took place the battle of Contreras. The American army was commanded by General Scott, and that of the Mexicans by General Valentia. The former had taken all possible precautions to prevent the junction of the troops of Valentia with those of Santa Anna. The result was equal to his hopes, for the battle was decidedly gained. General Pierce, during the course of it, was wounded by a fall from his horse, but, in spite of the entreaties of the officers who surrounded him, he obstinately refused to abandon his command. His leg was severely bruised and his thigh-bone broken, and they told him that it would be impossible for him to hold himself on horseback. "Ah! well, then," was the reply, "you must tie me in my saddle;" and he did not retire from his post till the completion of the victory. General

Scott himself endeavoured to persuade him to retire, but all in vain. Mr. Hawthorne thus relates the conversation which passed between the two generals. General Scott, having ridden from one end of the line to the other, on hearing the news of Pierce's wound, on purpose to try to persuade him to leave his post. "Dear fellow," was his exclamation, in coming up to him; and that epithet of familiar kindness and friendship, upon the battle-field, was the highest military commendation from such a man; "you are badly injured; you are not fit to be in your saddle."—"Yes, general, I am," replied Pierce, "in a case like this!"—"You cannot touch your foot to the stirrup," said Scott; "One of them I can," answered Pierce. The general looked again at Pierce's almost disabled figure, and seemed on the point of taking his irrevocable resolution. "You are rash, General Pierce," said he; "we shall lose you, and we cannot spare you. It is my duty to order you back to St. Augustine."—"For God's sake, general," exclaimed Pierce, "don't say that! This is the last great battle and I must lead my brigade." The commander-in-chief made no further remonstrance, but gave the order for Pierce to advance with his brigade.

Some days after the battle, General Scott gave another proof of the high esteem in which he held the man who became soon after his competitor and rival. Santa Anna, after the defeat of the Mexicans, at Contreras, proposed an armistice, and Franklin Pierce was named by the American commander as one of the commissioners charged with drawing-up of the treaty of peace. The treaty was soon broken, however, and the contest recommenced with renewed vigour, and General Pierce distinguished himself remarkably in all the ensuing actions, particularly in the battles of Chapultepec and Molinodel-Rey. Indeed, throughout the whole war his conduct was unimpeachable, courageous, and honourable. He was not a professed soldier, and did not possess any scientific military knowledge; but he knew how to do his duty, and to execute with promptitude and courage the commands of superiors. Upon the field of battle he exhibited no more presumption than in his own house; he remained there, as everywhere, a modest, simple citizen and a patriot.

Since the conclusion of the war with Mexico, General Pierce has taken no part in the general politics of the Union, but has confined his action to, and been content to exercise his influence only in, his own neighbourhood. He has taken part only in the political affairs of his own state of New Hampshire, but these local affairs have closely touched upon the one or two great questions which, *par excellence*, interest the whole Union. Thus he has sustained with energy, in opposition to the Free-soilers, who are so numerous in New Hampshire, Henry Clay's measures of compromise; and on the occasion did not hesitate to pronounce himself against a personal friend, Mr. Atwood, who, being put in nomination by the democratic party for the governorship of New Hampshire, had made engagements with the Abolitionists and Free-soilers. In 1850, a democratic convention assembled at Concord, for the purpose of revising the constitution of New Hampshire, and General Pierce was named its president. In that character he essayed, but it was without success, to obtain the abolition of a certain clause in the constitution, which provided that no public office in the state should be filled by any but Protestants. The old Puritan spirit which is still so strong in some of the States of New England, twice caused the proposition to be rejected, and still maintains the clause as an arm of oppression and insult, in spite of the general spread of tolerant ideas, and the almost universal acknowledgment of the principle of liberty of conscience.

This was the last political action of General Pierce before he was put in nomination for the presidency. In January, 1852, certain democrats of New Hampshire began to speak of him in connection with the forthcoming election, but he wrote to inform them that the use he made of his name was one entirely contrary to his wishes and inclinations. His name was not placed upon the democratic list of candidates at first. It was only when the democrats had begun to despair of their cause that it was really brought forward. It answered the triumph of his party—a triumph which was welcomed, as we all know, with the utmost enthusiasm to the whole Union.

He has subsequently given his inaugural address, and thereby raised himself

still higher in the estimation of the citizens. A describer of the scene says: "The sentiments, the tone of the address, the earnest manner in which it was spoken, his beautiful action, his manly, erect appearance, his pale cast of countenance, in which intellect and courage were the predominating features, and his clear, loud voice, distinctly heard by the remotest of his audience, all combined to make a deep impression in favour of General Pierce, and many asserted that this was the best inaugural address ever delivered from that spot. He is, undoubtedly, a very effective speaker. He remained with his hat off until the close of the proceedings. The ladies were in ecstasies, and so anxious were some who happened to be in the rear to see and hear him, that they climbed upon the pediments of the columns of the capitol, to their no small danger. Altogether it was a glorious spectacle of sublime majesty, casting into the shade the idle pomp and unmeaning pageantry of the coronation of kings and emperors."

Such has been till now the life of General Franklin Pierce; such is the man who is now the first magistrate of the United States. In the incidents of his former life, as we have seen, there has been nothing extraordinary. In all epochs of the world's history there have been men, who have been more remarkable than their positions, and superior to the affairs of which they have been employed in the direction. In this instance, whatever may be the undoubted merits of General Pierce, the contrary is the case. The situation is more important than the man, the circumstances by which he is surrounded of greater moment than himself. We shall seek, uselessly, in General Pierce for any thing besides modesty, patriotism, liberality; indefatigable perseverance, and an immense capacity for work. In these few words we have a resume of his whole character. What effect that character will have upon the destinies of the Union, it would be hard to say; and the future only can reveal. But that future is not a distant one; it is comprised within the narrow limits of four years. It can only be said that should the new President cause evil to the Union by giving way to the violence of the extreme section of his party, he will give the lie to the whole tenour of his past life.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

ONE morning, in the year fifty-seven, or thereabouts, of the last century, a lady waited upon a respectable school-master, just commencing practice in Dublin, for the purpose of placing under his charge two of her sons, who were rapidly growing out of nursery control. Entering graciously into conversation with the inexperienced Dominie, she ventured to impress upon him how needful a thing was patience, in the profession which he had perhaps inconsiderately undertaken. "These boys," said she, "will require a good deal of it. Hitherto I have been their only instructor, and they have sufficiently exercised mine; for two such impenetrable dunoes I declare I never met with."

One of the youngsters, thus contemptuously introduced, was RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN; afterwards the brilliant and witty dramatist and politician whom we all know, and whose memory not a few of us delight to honour. He was scarcely at this period seven years of age; a boisterous, impetuous fellow, whose aversion to useful knowledge was probably the counterpart of a lively disposition. Utterly stupid we cannot conceive him to have been; but only indifferent to the popular hornbooks of the day, whose select narratives of good and naughty boys might seem to inculcate a too severe morality. What progress he made under Dominie Whyte's training, neither authentic chronicle nor tradition has been careful to inform us. The perplexities he encountered and overcame, the difficulties that were too hard for him, the birchings he underwent, the practical jests and whimsicalities he perpetrated—the whole mingled tragedy and comedy and farce, which made up the drama of his school-days, went out of recollection for ever with the extinguished memories of the boys that were at school with him.

About the year 1762, father Sheridan, for reasons of his own, packed up his household and settled his family in England. Harrow was then selected as the school considered most suitable for advancing Brinsley's education. The reputation of dulness still clings to him; he exhibited as yet none of those superior qualifications for which he was afterwards illustrious. So at least it has been affirmed by those who had

opportunities of judging;—what the affirmation may be worth the present writer will not undertake to say. Kindly reader, bethink thee, how learned block-headism is apt to draw its inferences respecting genius, of which it has in itself no forecast or apprehension, and doubt not that the grave authorities were in this case mistaken. One can admit Dr. Parr's competency to report of Sheridan's deficiency in regard to those "studies which were the pride of Harrow seminary;" but of his ability to understand the character of his pupil's capabilities one can hardly entertain so confident an opinion. The Doctor, however, observes that "He was a favourite among his schoolfellows, mischievous, and his pranks were accompanied by a sort of vivacity and cheerfulness; he was a great reader of English poetry, but was careless about literary fame." In after life, indeed, when Sheridan had given proof of superior talents, the Doctor could remember that he had at one time been addicted to classical reading, and was "well acquainted with the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes," and had even impressed him with the notion that "his classical attainments were considerable."

During his residence at Harrow, Sheridan learnt his first lesson in the "significance of sorrow." He had to lament the loss of his mother, who died, at Blois, in 1766. The wild reckless nature of the boy was for a while subdued and softened by the mournful thoughts which this sad event awakened. With bowed dejected head he shunned converse with his gay companions, and sounded the awful depths which till now lay unrevealed within him. Time, however, brought back the olden cheerfulness. Bright sanative season of blessed youth, how it soon dries up with its joyful sunshine the dreary fountain-springs of grief, and repaireth the ruins of its habitation with the flowers that grow spontaneously in its path! We shortly find Sheridan assisting a fellow pupil in the composition of a farce; from which they expected to realize a sum of not less than £200. Fortune, however, seldom grants her bounties to that extent, to striplings; and this golden expectation was destined to be suddenly cut off. Other schemes were

projected; a miscellany in the manner of the British Essayists, which did not proceed beyond the first number; a translation of Aristænetus, an obscure Greek author, into English verse, which was published but did not sell; occasional poems, tales of love and wonder, and other general medley of authorship, enthusiastically undertaken but never finished. Of the translation of Aristænetus a certain reviewer of the period candidly remarks, "We have been idly employed in reading it;" and adds, ungraciously, "Our readers will in proportion lose their time in perusing this article." It is clear, nevertheless, from these several crude performances, that Sheridan is beginning to care a little about "literary fame;" from the bleak Pisgah of popular indifference he is looking down over the confused valley of Literature; and though the scouts which he has sent forth bring him but unfavourable tidings, he does not abate one tittle of his faith that it is a land flowing with milk and honey.

After leaving Harrow, Sheridan spent for some time rather a gay life at Bath, where his father, a distinguished actor and teacher of elocution, had fixed his family while he pursued his engagements elsewhere. In the idleness and dissipation of the place the young man readily participated. Of a lively social sensitiveness, he rapidly makes acquaintance with many men and women of consideration, of rank, of even questionable reputation; sees into the splendour and insipidity of fashionable circles; captivates young maidens by his lively brilliant talk; and makes a laughing-stock of elder ones by his witty and ingenious sarcasm. Any day in the year he might be seen lounging about the Crescent, the Circus, or the Parades; in the Pump-room, at concerts, at private parties, at the theatre; living a very butterfly's existence, and draining the cup of pleasure to the very dregs of weariness. Among the illustrious people whom Bath society included, was the respectable Hannah More, pious, and clever, and insipid; Mrs. Thrale, the lively and the vain, who could relate personal anecdotes of Dr. Johnson; Fanny and Harriet Bowdler, blue-stockings both, of very deep complexion; Anstey, the author of the "Bath Guide," "with an air, look, and manner, mighty heavy and unfavourable;" Mrs. Dobson, who translated Pe-

trarch; Mr. Pliny Melmoth, "thinking nobody half so considerable as himself, and therefore playing primary violin without further ceremony;" Cumberland, "the querulous, the dissatisfied, determined to like nobody and nothing except Cumberland;" Dr. Harrington, "dry, comic, and agreeable;" and a whole host besides of magnificent obscure mortals, who had the luck to be celebrated in their day, but whose memory has now gone to that bourne whence no memory returns. All these, in their several degree, fluttered and danced attendance at the court of a certain allegorical-fantastic-fashionable Queen of Bath—one Lady Miller, admirably described by Horace Walpole and Madame D'Arblay, and living in barbaric splendour at Bath Easton, where she held every Thursday a wonderful and brilliant entertainment, poetically styled a "fair of Parnassus." In London it seems Bath Easton was much reviled and laughed at; but Madame D'Arblay asserts that nothing was here "more tonnish than to visit Lady Miller, who is extremely curious in her company, admitting few people who are not of rank or fame, and excluding all who are not people of very unblemished character." Horace Walpole says, it was the practice of "all the flux of quality" to contend for prizes gained for rhymes and themes. "A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtle, received the poetry contributed, which was drawn out at every festival. Six judges of these Olympic games retired and selected the brightest composition, which was rewarded by permission for the author to kneel and kiss the hands of Lady Miller, who crowned the victor with myrtle." Flimsy foolish mortals! heard ye never how poor men toil and spin in this weary workshop of a world, that ye could find no worthier pastime than even this? Pitiful truly, and empty beyond conception, must have been all that paltry worship and apotheosis of vanity.

Nevertheless, one can well enough understand that to any one in the midst of it, it might seem not altogether deficient in elegance and grace. For though Dame Miller turns out on near inspection to have been only a coarse plump-looking vulgar personage, "aiming to appear a woman of fashion, and succeeding only in having the appearance of an ordinary person in common

life with fine clothes on,"—still she was an undoubted and acknowledged Queen of Fashion, and could dispense favours and distinctions not elsewhere attainable in Bath. Her bustling manners and mock important air, her wondrous condescension and good humour, were things of great attraction for the time; and gave her the power of making fashionable whomsoever she was pleased to honour. Sheridan, scarcely in his twentieth year, earned among the rest an occasional wreath of myrtle. Many of his compositions, written chiefly to this end, or celebrating some local event or topic, remain unto this day. They are for the most part good for nothing; unless it be to show us how a clever man could cleverly waste his time. Take, for example, a few lines from a satirical poem, written on the opening of the Upper Assembly Rooms, September 30, 1771. It is entitled, "An Epistle from Timothy Screw to his brother Henry, waiter at Almack's."

Two rooms were first opened—the long and the round one;
(These hogstye-gon names only serve to confound one.)

Both splendidly lit with the new chandeliers,
With drops hanging down like the bobs at Peg's ears;

While jewels of paste reflected the rays,
And Bristol-stone diamonds gave strength to the blaze:

So that it was doubtful to view the bright clusters,
Which sent the most light out, the ear-rings or lustres.

There are a few sentimental pieces, but they are scarcely more poetical than the above; as how, indeed, could they be—produced under such absurd circumstances?

Bath was at this period highly distinguished for its music. The public concerts held there are said to have been the best in England; though the private ones were thought detestable, notwithstanding the "first-rate talent, and the many amateurs of high consideration" that were engaged in them. Among the most memorable of all the singers of the day, and not to be forgotten for many a year to come, was Miss Linley, the daughter of an eminent musical composer. She, singing according to her vocation, in the "ancient city of King Bludud," turned the heads of nearly all the gentlemen of the place, and innocently drove many a married lady to the verge of jealousy. The catalogue of her lovers is almost as long as the pension list. There was a gentleman

named Halhed, Sheridan's former partner in translation; also Sheridan's brother Charles; Norris, a singer, "who was supposed to have sung himself into the lady's secret affections;" Mr. Watts, a gentleman commoner of Oxford; Mr. Long, a man of fortune; Sir Thomas Clarges, and "several others known to fame;" Captain Matthews, a married man, a person of large property in Wales, and gentleman by courtesy; besides "every student at Oxford," who were severally and simultaneously "enchanted when she sang at the oratorios!"

Every other day there was a rumour that Miss Linley had "gone off" with this or the other suitor; which report was as regularly contradicted by the assurances of those who knew that she had done nothing of the kind. One morning, however, the rumour proved to be a fact. She had actually eloped. Not, indeed, with any of the gentry known most prominently as her admirers, but with Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who had silently and unsuspectingly succeeded in winning her to himself, while some of his friends thought him only using his influence to forward their own pretensions! In Bath there was no little rage and consternation; public curiosity was sufficiently busy and entertained; public and private scandal did not fail; jilted lovers felt themselves jockeyed beyond redemption. One jilted lover in particular, namely, the aforesaid Captain Matthews—married man, a person of large property in Wales, and therefore gentleman by courtesy—even made a public demonstration by advertisement in the *Bath Chronicle*; wherein he states that Mr. Richard Sheridan had left behind him a letter "to account for his scandalous method of running away from the place, by insinuations derogatory to his (Matthews's) character, and that of a young lady innocent as far as relates to him or to his knowledge;" which statement, owing to grammatical peculiarities has rather bewildered the present writer, and will likely enough leave most readers in doubt as to what might be the advertiser's meaning. From other documents since published, however, it appears that Miss Linley had been induced to elope with Sheridan, principally to avoid certain scandalous advances which Matthews had been for

some time making towards her; and that in revenge for the repulses he had received, he was prepared to sacrifice the young lady's reputation. Sheridan had adroitly insinuated himself into his rival's confidence; seen what temper and disposition he was of; watched the progress of affairs to a crisis, and then struck in at the right moment with frank and honourable proposals. All accounts acquit Miss Linley of any serious indiscretion; but as uniformly agree in representing her as a coquette of the first magnitude. It was the fault of her position, perhaps, more than anything besides; as a public singer she was liable to dishonourable propositions, which however much she might disdain, she could not readily avoid being made to her. A long letter, of somewhat doubtful authenticity, very much in the style of the *Clarissa Harlowe* correspondence, was written professedly by Miss Linley after the elopement, and still exists: whereby it is apparent that her intercourse with Matthews had been extremely foolish and imprudent; but it affords no warranty for further allegations. Sheridan himself seems to have been always satisfied of her substantial innocence; and her entire affection for him has seldom been called in question.

At any rate the two had agreed to wed; and they were accordingly married at a village in the neighbourhood of Calais. For some time, however, the marriage was kept secret, and the lady meantime retired into a convent, until Sheridan should be able to claim her publicly as his wife. Father Linley, scarcely knowing what to understand by the affair, went speedily after the fugitives to France; where, after an explanation with Sheridan, it was resolved that the engagement should be fulfilled, and the parties very shortly returned to England.

After their arrival, a series of proceedings ensued, of the most ludicrous, romantic and absurd description. Young Sheridan, incensed by the accusations and abusive threats which Matthews, the gentleman by courtesy, had been making in his absence, declared he would not sleep until he had obtained an ample and just apology, or otherwise received such satisfaction as by law of honour gentlemen, in such circumstances, are bound to render to each other. There was accordingly a duel

in Hyde Park, described as a "most ridiculous rencontre, ending in nothing." Retiring for fear of observation to a coffee-house, a scuffle there took place by which Sheridan, "at the point of the sword," obtained from Matthews the demanded apology. The gentleman by courtesy retracted what he had said, and begged pardon for the advertisement in the *Chronicle*. Retiring afterwards to Wales, he, according to Moore's relation of the story, found himself received with great coolness by the gentry of his district; whereupon another duel was determined on, at the instigation of a Mr. Barnett, whose propensities for participating in such affairs are understood to have been rather more violent than wise. Another meeting took place, as ridiculous as the first; and was succeeded by representations on both sides so utterly contradictory and incongruous, as to render it impossible for any one to form a just conclusion about the facts. Statement and counter-statement, equivocation, exaggeration, of every possible shade and degree, not unattended even with downright lying, have involved the matter in such "confusion worse confounded," as to cut off all chance of ascertaining where truth ends and falsehood begins; accordingly, in this inexplicable state it remains to this day, and for ought the present writer is concerned, may now remain for evermore.

Immediately after the public announcement of their marriage, Sheridan and his wife lived for a short time in retirement at East Burnham, and it was soon generally understood that the lady had retired from her profession. She had property, it appears, to the amount of £3000, obtained under somewhat singular circumstances. One of her former suitors, the before-mentioned Mr. Long, "a man of large fortune," who had honourably solicited her hand in wedlock, and apparently received some encouragement, but being ultimately informed by her that she could never give him her affections, had thereupon, with wondrous magnanimity, not only resigned himself to his disappointment, but even undertaken the responsibility of breaking off the match, and actually paid the sum mentioned as an indemnity for the breach of covenant. Poor insipient Mr. Long! who would have thought it possible for mortal man to suffer himself to be so preposterously

victimized? One cannot like this Mrs. Sheridan, after all, notwithstanding all her reputed beauty and accomplishments.

Here, however, were ample means for commencing housekeeping. For the rest, Sheridan proposed to rely upon his personal intellectual resources; and was ere long, engaged in the composition of a comedy. In the third year of his marriage, and twenty-fourth of his age, namely, in January, 1775, the well-known "*Rivals*" was brought out on the boards of Covent Garden, and on the first night of representation was pronounced to be a failure. Sheridan was of course sadly disconcerted; his fond anticipations of success grievously marred and well nigh overthrown. The unfavourable reception was attributed to the unusual length of the piece, and to the indifferent acting of certain of the players. The next night, however, owing to an important change in the representation of the characters, the performance was much better received, and continued for several nights afterwards to be acted with increasing success. Gradually Sheridan found himself standing high in public estimation. His play was produced in the provinces with much enthusiasm; and at Bath, especially, it occasioned a sensation which yielded the author the greatest possible contentment.

He had made a brilliant beginning; had successfully invaded the promised land; henceforth the kingdom of renown seemed open for his occupation. Once during the popularity of the "*Rivals*," Sheridan's father, who had for some years been estranged from him, and obstinately refused a reconciliation, hearing much of his son's play, went to the theatre, accompanied by his daughters, to see it for himself, and pass judgment on its merits. The son was sitting at the side scene opposite to his parent, and "continued throughout the performance to gaze at him with tenderness and affection." Old Sheridan, notwithstanding, remained for the present immovable; no reconciliation was accomplished. On returning home Brinsley was overpowered with emotion, and in reply to his wife's inquiries, observed that he was very much distressed that his father and sisters should sit before him, and he be unable to join them. Thus, at the brightest and most agreeable of

Fortune's entertainments, it would seem there is always something to dash one's satisfaction.

But now, what shall a generous dramatist do for the clever and assiduous actor, who, to all appearance, turned the fate of his comedy? What better than write another play for his especial advantage? Accordingly, "for the benefit of Mr. Clinch," the humorous farce of "*St. Patrick's Day*, or the Scheming Lieutenant," was brought out successfully in the following May. It is far inferior both in pretension and execution to the "*Rivals*," but appears to have served the purpose for which it was written. By the middle of November Sheridan was ready with an Opera, the "*Duenna*," which immediately became a favourite with the public. It enjoyed at the outset a much longer career of approbation than even the famous "*Beggar's Opera*," which had hitherto been looked upon as the most successful drama of its class ever placed upon the stage. Three successful plays in one year cannot be considered bad work; Sheridan had reason to be thankful to his stars as well as to his genius.

One would be glad to see a little more of his household life, but cannot so much as ascertain whether he has gained even any apprehension of the nature of curtain lectures. Nay, it is matter of mere conjecture where he lives—whether in London, or at Bath, or in the wilderness of Timbuctoo—only that he emerges occasionally into daylight, or, more properly, into lamplight, in connection with the theatres. We gather, however, from printed statements, that towards the close of this same year (1775) of Sheridan's sudden popularity, the theatrical circles in London were much surprised, and not a little concerned, by a rumour that David Garrick was about to relinquish the management of the theatre in Drury Lane. He had enjoyed a long and prosperous career, and now, at the age of sixty, seemed disposed to retire into the chimney corner of contemplative life, and there adjust himself as quietly as might be practicable. All the theatrical world inquired who was likely to be his successor? Many persons would wish to be, but it turns out eventually that Sheridan is the man. In the month of June, in the next year, a contract was entered into by which Sheridan and responsible friends of

his, became possessed of the whole of Garrick's interest in the house, for the total consideration of thirty-five thousand pounds. For a young man utterly without capital—for what he realized by play-writing was barely a sufficient income—this must be considered as rather a bold stroke of business.

It has been written that "Every one who looked on this transaction was astonished at the speculative disposition of Sheridan; they marvelled at the whole of this singular transaction from nothingness to the possession of an immense property." Truly, the "speculative disposition" of the man is wonderful, enormous, manifestly transcending the bounds of prudent calculation. That is the type of him. Did we not find him of old expecting to realize two hundred pounds for a school-boy's farce? Did he not melo-dramatically abscond with a young lady of eighteen, who had charmed him by her singing, and her fascinating syren face—confronted by the strongest evidence that she was a practised and practising coquette of the most portentous magnitude? Has he not fought duels as comico-absurd as any he caused to be represented on the stage, and written narratives of them, the speculative audacity whereof borders on the sublime? This egregious disposition and ability to speculate, to make a sensation, to do and to say brilliant and striking things—this, if we mistake not, is the ideal mainspring of his character. He is the incarnation of *Sang Froid*—an easy pleasantry personified. Wit is the central feature of his mind. Almost everything he does, almost everything he says, has some bold peculiarity, indicative of the underlying presence of the witty principle. His cool indifference to the ulterior consequences of his sayings and performances, is but another phasis of the prominent element of his constitution; for wit is essentially indifferent, and cares only for the present display. Thus he leaves his every act and word, as it were, behind him with a sort of unrepenting unconcern. His dramatic compositions are left for years with the printer's errors uncorrected; his pecuniary responsibilities are indefinitely postponed by a witty evasion; he is the crown prince of good fellowship, and speculates upon his expectations, till he is forced to abdicate by anticipation, and sell the reversion of his kingdom to meet his boundless

promises to pay. He is the genius of bankruptcy, cutting a holiday figure in gay attire, among the assembled solvencies of the earth, and by the fascination of his abundant pleasantry commanding their involuntary admiration. His life is a witty speculation—a brilliant headlong hazard to which he commits himself with a pleasant face. The gospel and economy of wit are to him for Bible, prayer-book, day-book, ledger, cash-book, and treasury. His plays are an admirable exposition and illustration of the powers and character of the man. The utmost impression and effect which pure wit in the drama can produce is here produced. Every character, in his or her individual degree, is a wit; delivers himself or herself wittily—with a facetious circumlocution, and selection of phrases, calculated to produce a witty impression. When you have called Sheridan a wit, you have said all that can be said of him, to mark his intrinsic qualities of genius or of character. An electricity of wit pervades his entire personality. His visible conduct is the natural outcome of an undisciplined predominance of this principle; and his life is a failure, because wit was suffered to be its ascendant element instead of conscience.

From the day that Sheridan undertook the responsibilities of an enormous theatrical property, without any actual substratum of capital to sustain them, he became gradually involved in pecuniary embarrassments, from which no after skill or integrity of purpose could deliver him. He was thenceforth the chancellor of the impossible, replenishing his exchequer from the illusory stores of some bank of imagination. It was already whispered that the young author was living far beyond his means; that he was associating with the great and the wealthy, and giving liberal entertainments, while there were no visible funds from which his expenditure was drawn. He is distinguished, nevertheless, by an undeniable talent for raising ready money, which, ever with the pressure of affairs, is brought more and more into requisition. He has an occult power over all manner of brokers, usurers, monied acquaintances, and trades-people; can everywhere command illimitable credit. Such is the fascination of his address, his plausibility, his unimpeachable air of honour and good faith, that he could probably raise money enough on his

personal security to have paid off the national debt. None can doubt his liberality, his generosity, the strict integrity of his intentions; "honest man," is written in his countenance; he shall ultimately ruin himself through sheer repute of honesty. He can make it a pleasurable thing for you to become his creditor; nay, he has the skill to induce you to *borrow* that you may have the gratification of *lending* to him. Such a genius for the ways and means of private life no other man was ever known to have been endowed with.

His commencement as a manager, however, did not give the public any great promise of improvement in the conduct of the theatre. The "Trip to Scarborough," an alteration of Vanburgh's "Relapse," was his first production in this capacity, but yielded little satisfaction to either play-goers or performers. A succession of stock pieces, got up with indifferent spirit, and presented with little skill, contributed to create further disappointment, and to induce general regret at the exchange in the management. Audiences were gradually growing thin, when Sheridan suddenly astonished and delighted them by the production of a new comedy, which has deservedly gained for him a high and permanent reputation. On the 8th of May, 1777, the inimitable "School for Scandal" was first successfully represented. With this brilliant and captivating performance the town was gratified beyond description. It is indeed a composition of consummate skill and genius; light, airy, sparkling, everywhere running over with wit; a genuine effusion of an imagination alive to conversational effect, and ended with a perfect mastery over the power of striking contrast. It is decidedly the most complete and effective of all the author's works. It was not produced rapidly, by a single felicitous effort, but was slowly elaborated into its present shape by a careful and scrupulous diligence. Sheridan's mode of writing was far more artistic than is generally supposed. His most brilliant turns of expression, and happiest gems of thought, were seldom the instantaneous effusions of his mind, but underwent, for the most part, a gradual transformation before reaching the final perfection in which we see them. His genius was not an intellectual daguerreotype, drawing portraits with the rays of the sun, but it worked

with the repeated strokes and assiduous application of a masterly painter, who will spare no pains to perfect to the uttermost that which he has once considerably undertaken. Moore has shown us that of most of his productions there were several manuscripts, exhibiting gradual changes of plan, and variations of the composition, as the writer's inspiration became more clear, and had been more perfectly unfolded. It was the most difficult thing in the world for him to finish any thing, and even when he had succeeded in giving to it all the graces of style of which it seemed susceptible, he was scarcely ever satisfied. It has been affirmed on good authority that notwithstanding the incessant labour which he had for a long time bestowed on the "School for Scandal," it was at length announced for representation before the actors had received their respective parts. On reference to the original manuscript, Moore found that the concluding scenes bore evident marks of haste, they having been written when there was no longer time for fastidiousness. On the last leaf there is inscribed in the author's handwriting, "*Finished at last, thank God,*" to which the prompter, something of a humorist, has added, "*Amen. W. Hopkins.*" Singular as it may seem, there is no printed copy of this play authenticated by Sheridan; he could never complete it to his mind, and so, with characteristic indifference, left it to circulate from hand to hand without taking any steps to be assured of its correctness. He made an arrangement many years after its appearance, with Ridgway of Piccadilly for the purchase of the copyright, but when urged to furnish the manuscript, his answer was, "that he had been nineteen years endeavouring to satisfy himself with the style of the 'School for Scandal,' but had not yet succeeded."

Could Sheridan have produced a new play every three months, he might perhaps have kept Drury Lane in a flourishing condition. But with his comparatively slow and collected manner of writing, this was obviously impossible; and as he took little interest in bringing forward suitable pieces by other writers, the affairs of the house soon became entangled. An obsequious critic, in reference to the success of the "School for Scandal," had observed to Garrick, "This, sir, is but a single play, and in the long run will be but a slender help

to support the theatre. To you, Mr. Garrick, I must say the Atlas that propped the stage has left his station;" and though, the Atlas replied, that he had been fortunate in finding "another Hercules to succeed him," yet it was very soon apparent that the shoulders of the successor were inadequate to the burden he had assumed, and that the obsequious critic had given proof of some discernment. Nothing could exceed the mismanagement into which everything fell. Numerous were the letters addressed to Garrick, respecting the heedlessness and perversity of the new manager. Mrs. Clive wrote, "Everybody is raving against Sheridan for his supineness; there never was in nature such a contrast as Garrick and Sheridan—what have you given him that he keeps so?" But a letter from Hopkins, the prompter will best show the chaotic and unsatisfactory state of the theatre's affairs:—"We played last night 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and had to make an apology for three principal parts. About twelve o'clock Mr. Henderson, from Covent Garden, sent word that he was not able to play. We got Mr. Lewis, from Covent Garden, who supplied the place of *Benedict*. Soon after Mr. Parsons sent word he could not play; Mr. Moody supplied the place of *Dogberry*; and about four in the afternoon, Mr. Vernon sent word he could not play; Mr. Mattock supplied his part of *Ballhazar*. I thought myself very happy in getting these wide gaps so well stopped. In the middle of the first act a message was brought me that Mr. Lamash, who was to play the part of *Boruchio*, was not come to the house. I had nobody that could go on for it, so I was obliged to cut his scenes in the first and second acts entirely out, and get Mr. Wrighton to go on for the remainder of the part. At length, we got the play over without the audience finding it out. We had a very bad house. Mr. Parsons is not able to play in the 'School for Scandal,' to-morrow night; I do not know how we shall be able to settle that. I hope the pantomime may prove successful, and relieve us from this dreadful situation." These, and endless similar communications, could not fail to be distressing to Garrick, who, independently of the large pecuniary interest he had at stake, felt great anxiety for the welfare of Sheridan and his colleagues; he concludes a corres-

pondence between himself and Mr. King with these words:—"Poor old Drury, I feel that it will very soon be in the hands of the Philistines."

The complaints urged against Sheridan were manifold. He neglected to open his letters, which on that account were collected into an indiscriminate heap, and oftentimes when their accumulation rather alarmed the manager, they were consigned to the fire, and frequently communications of importance were thus sacrificed. Authors complained of the loss or neglect of their manuscripts, and even boldly asserted that their plots, incidents, and conversations, were appropriated and brought out in such shapes that the parent only recognised his offspring by some feature which was unmistakable. This latter accusation, however, Sheridan unhesitatingly met and ridiculed in the "Critic;" and as far as we can perceive, it is wanting in sufficient evidence to support it. At the same time, his general heedlessness is indefensible, and he had occasionally to pay for it, being now and then compelled to silence some urgent claimant with money, by way of indemnity for the unwitting loss or destruction of a manuscript.

Notwithstanding the general disorder into which the affairs of Drury Lane were falling, Sheridan involved himself, in 1788, by the purchase of additional interests in the theatre. His management still continued to give almost universal dissatisfaction; play-goers were growing mutinously disposed, and seemed likely to break out into visible rebellion. Sheridan had the fortune to appease them just at the right time, by a new production of his own—the memorable farce of "The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed," the last dramatic effort of his genius. Being a clever travesty of the dramatic compositions of the day, and, in part, a satire upon a living author whose irritability was the occasion of much ridicule: it met with unbounded approbation. Cumberland, a voluminous play-writer, whose works are now almost forgotten, and never were worthy of being remembered, was broadly, but most ingeniously, caricatured, under the character of *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, who seems to have been introduced solely for the purpose, as he has no manner of connection with the piece. *Puff* and *Dangle* are also understood to have been well-known dabblers in the

theatrical business of the day. Boundless was the amusement and joy of the players accordingly. What so delightful as to see one's neighbours and acquaintances exhibited for the popular entertainment? The piece, however, has undeniable merits as a burlesque, and is as complete a satire upon the plays of the present day, as it is of those of the last generation. For a long time no tragedy could be produced at any theatre without the risk of creating laughter; and, accordingly, all managers were "bound to decline articles of that description."

There is an amusing anecdote, well authenticated, touching the manner in which the "Critic" was completed. Two days before it was announced to be played, Sheridan had not finished the last scene. Everybody was anxious and nervous; Mr. Linley and Dr. Ford, being joint and responsible managers, were in no enviable state; the performers looked on each other with rueful faces. King, who had the part of *Puff* to sustain, was the stage manager; it was accordingly his especial duty to find out Sheridan, and to weary him with remonstrances on the backward state of things. But matters went on much as usual; Sheridan came to the theatre, made the customary promise that he was "just going home to finish it;" that in fact it was completed, and only wanted an additional line or two. His father-in-law, Linley, knew the only sufficient spur to his industry; he therefore ordered a night rehearsal, and invited Sheridan to dine with him, gave him a capital dinner, proposed a lounge to Drury Lane whilst the supper was preparing; Sheridan assented, and they sauntered together up and down the stage previous to the rehearsal, when King, stepping up to the remiss dramatist, requested a moment's audience, and went with him into the small green-room, where there was a comfortable fire, a good arm chair, a table furnished with pens, ink, and paper, two bottles of claret, a tempting dish of anchovy sandwiches, and the prompter's unfinished copy of the "Critic." King, immediately Sheridan entered the room, withdrew and locked the door, when Ford and Linley made their pleasure known to him, that he was to finish the wine and the farce, but not to be allowed to stir out of the room until both were at an end. Sheridan laughed heartily at

the joke, set to in good earnest, and finished the work to the great delight of all parties.

With the "Critic" ends the series of Sheridan's dramatic writings; for "*Pizarro*," which was brought out shortly afterwards, is only an adaptation to the English stage of Kotzebue's "*Spaniards in Peru*," and is in great part a mere translation. He appears to have meditated many other works, slight sketches of which were drawn, the outlines of characters delineated, and heads of conversation prepared, but none of which were perfected, and remain now only as literary curiosities.

When a man by incompetency or negligence has given proof that he is inadequate to the management of his own concerns, he usually feels justified in undertaking those of the nation. With a dissolution of Parliament in 1780, Sheridan was accordingly seized with an ambition to become a legislator; conceiving it to be "the peculiar excellence of the British constitution, that a man could push forward into notice and distinction the talents or abilities, whatever they might be, with which Providence had endowed him." Through the interest apparently of aristocratic friends he sallies forth to canvass the constituency of Stafford. By his winning address, his infinite wit and drollery, his elegant deportment, his liberality of hand, he secures almost universal favour. Such a persuasive tongue, such a felicitous ingenuity in controverting or establishing conviction, such boundless courtesy and unhesitating prodigality of promise, such breadth of urbanity and immeasurable sympathy with all conditions of electors, could not fail with any human constituency to yield results. He was triumphantly returned to represent the burghers of Stafford in Parliament. Singular to say, many of his promises were scrupulously kept. Each voter who wanted a place found to his delight that one had been reserved for him; not a man who asked it but was gratified with an offer either at Drury Lane Theatre or the Opera House, and on repairing thither was promptly installed in his situation. Ever with successive elections he is enabled to accommodate new friends; for most of those who accepted posts under him quickly resigned them, as their salaries for the most part were only promises to pay, which were

realized, if at all, at such a distance of time as to wear out the patience of ordinary placemen. Sheridan, however, has unquestionably become a portion of the collective wisdom of the empire.

The first thing he has to do on taking his seat in the House of Commons, is to answer a petition against his election, involving charges of bribery and corruption. Some of "the lowest and most unprincipled voters" had been seduced into raising the accusation. The young member successfully defended himself and his constituency against the calumny; and "wished that some adequate penalties should be inflicted on those who traduced and stigmatized so respectable a body of men." The petition, as almost uniformly happens in such cases, was instantly withdrawn; Sheridan was confirmed in his seat. He was listened to with great interest and attention by the House, his literary reputation having prepared for him a willing and favourable reception. It appears, however, that even those who were disposed to judge favourably of his capabilities, confidently concluded that "Nature never intended him for an orator." A certain indistinctness of speech, and considerable agitation and hesitancy of manner, impressed the majority that "his mental powers appeared to be very superior to his physical qualifications." On concluding his speech he went into the gallery where Woodfall was reporting, and with evident anxiety tried to obtain from him an opinion as to the probability of his ultimate success. Woodfall candidly advised him to abide by his previous pursuits, for that now he was certainly out of his element, and had little chance of ever becoming properly adapted to it. Sheridan, nevertheless, entertained a contrary belief; "I know that it is in me," said he, "and therefore out it shall come!"

Accordingly, after many efforts, and much diligent study and preparation, it did at length "come out," with rather astonishing effect. He rises into boundless celebrity; becomes the most brilliant and attractive orator in England. He "has it in him," and ever as opportunities occur he makes it visible that here is a man of consummate gifts and cultivation. Hearing him, men learn to comprehend the magnificent powers of human speech. All the splendours of a rich composite eloquence are at his

command, and he has the skill to combine them in grand and irresistible effect. To have heard him speak is now a distinction among men. Yet, doubt it not, he delivered many comparatively dull speeches. No man is uniformly great. Still, always with a great occasion, Sheridan rises to the level of its requirements; by force of genius and incredible industry in the acquisition of information, he invariably equals, and often-times exceeds the expectations of those who most intimately knew him, and who entertained the highest opinion of his powers. Burke declared his speech in the House of Commons, on the conduct of Warren Hastings in India, to be "the most astonishing burst of eloquence, argument and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition." Fox said of it, that "all he ever heard, all he ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapour before the sun." And even Pitt, Sheridan's most uniform and determined adversary, acknowledged that "the speech surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind." The testimony of such judges is of the highest, most unquestionable character, and leaves nothing in the way of further eulogy to be added.

Sheridan's parliamentary career, imperfectly delineated in his published speeches, extends over a space of upwards of thirty years, an eventful and exciting period of British history. During the whole of this time, his influence over the public affairs was manifest and considerable, though not, perhaps, so great as some of his admirers seem to fancy. In political insight he was probably inferior to none of the prominent men of the time; he saw into the future quite as far, and knew as intimately as any what the commotions and distractions of the age might signify; many a keen glance did he dart beyond him, many a wise warning vehemently deliver; no one had a more clear or comprehensive understanding of the political doctrines which he espoused, or adhered more consistently to their consequences. Yet with all this, Sheridan had nothing of statesman-like ability. The man was not greater than his time; could in no case have successfully directed the tendencies

of the time. To speak of Sheridan as ranking among great statesmen is absurd. He had no one quality, beyond his gift of speaking, out of the many by which a statesman must be distinguished. He is a splendid rhetorician, an accomplished parliamentary debater; serviceable and illustrious in that capacity, but if lifted into statesmanship must have been utterly insignificant. The man that could not direct the finances and concerns of a theatre, had clearly but an indifferent capacity for guiding the affairs and destiny of a nation. Beyond the distinction here assigned him, Sheridan, in truth, has neither qualification nor pretension. An adroit, brilliant, party politician is all he ever was or aimed to be.

It should not be overlooked that, side by side with Sheridan's public and political life, there was all the time going on some sort of private and domestic one; which, if we could realize, would, rather than the other, be highly satisfactory. A family is gradually growing up around him, sprightly and clever boys and girls, to whom their father's reputation cannot be altogether unknown. "Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan at home," were an agreeable and interesting chapter, had we the materials for writing it. We are able to perceive, however, that Sheridan spends a great deal of his time utterly away from home. He is invited largely into all kinds of distinguished and select society; his fascinating manners and polished wit make his presence everywhere courted and acceptable. He is a diner-out of the first lustre. By his brilliant conversation, his boundless vivacity, and frank sincerity of disposition, he dazzles and delights all manner of high and illustrious men and women, and is, in his turn, dazzled and delighted. His princely liberality of taste leads him to furnish expensive entertainments in his own house; for which, unhappily, the embarrassed treasury of Drury Lane must yield supplies. As this grows more and more inadequate, obliging tradesmen cheerfully contribute; for a time, at least, are nowise urgent about their bills. Thus in a mingled element of splendour and of shiftiness, a gay and pleasant life alternates with mean vexations and restraints; continually demanding some new sacrifice of temper or of principle. An utterly incongruous existence; wherein manly dignity, in-

ward peacefulness, and all true effort and activity, go finally to wreck.

Meanwhile, wonderful to say, his extraordinary talent for raising money is prosperously exercised whenever an emergency arises. Drury Lane Theatre has to be rebuilt; all that was required for the purpose was a sum of £150,000, "which was raised with the utmost facility." Sheridan is at this time at the zenith of his reputation. His popularity, his talents, his exertions in behalf of the public interests, are the theme of general eulogy. Drury Lane Theatre, with much effort, and after "unforeseen difficulties, fresh expenses, and vexatious negotiations," is successfully rebuilt—though destined soon to be disastrously burnt down. All along Sheridan contrives to live like a man possessing a large income. It appears he usually kept up three establishments, and "his style of living was such as became a man mingling in the richer class of society, and enjoying all that luxury can give."

And so the years roll on, downwards to 1792. This year Sheridan has to follow to the grave his beautiful and affectionate wife, whom the then Bishop of Norwich was wont to call a "connecting link between woman and angel;" and whom Wilkes declared to be "the fairest flower that ever grew in nature's garden." She died at the age of thirty-eight, of pulmonary disease. A beautiful "coquette of the first magnitude," but long since sobered down into a loving, helpful, and judicious wife. Deep was the grief of Sheridan, when they bore her away to the "still-dwelling;" sad and irreparable the loss which he sustained. From that moment a blight fell upon him—a secret immeasurable sorrow sapped his remaining strength, and gave a pallor to his noble countenance which no occasional after gaiety could dispel. "I have seen him," says Kelly, "night after night sit and cry like a child, while I sang to him, at his desire, a pathetic little song of mine—

They bore her to a grassy grave.

I never beheld more poignant grief than Sheridan felt for the loss of his beloved wife." The lightsome careless nature, with its gay heedlessness and humour, falls suddenly asunder, and is dissolved in mournful tears; like a bright April day, descending into night amid showers of transient gloom.

For transient are the pains of every human sorrow, however profound its recollections. Nature reneweth day by day the broken spirits of whomsoever she ordains to live. Sheridan is recalled by his public duties back into

the world, where he speedily mingles as before in the exciting strifes, in the tumult and animosities of the life that is going on. Rest, thou buried one! and thy name shall soon be as though it were forgotten.*

RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON, LL.D., D.D.

GREAT intellectual and moral powers must ever command homage in this world. Intellectual power alone, when not associated and directed by a moral purpose, cannot fail to charm and influence its admirers. But when a man gifted with rich intellectual endowments, consecrates them to the performance of duty, and the scrupulous fulfilment of the high behests of heaven, we then see human nature in its most attractive aspect; our admiration warms into love, and our love borders on the reverential. Such a man was Dr. Hamilton, whom we are now about to sketch. Unlike the great philosopher of the New World, whose history we shall hereafter trace, Dr. Hamilton was a sectarian. He confined himself to the boundaries of what may be termed evangelical orthodoxy, and dared not launch out into those bold speculations outlined by Emerson. But as a sectarian, and with a faith shaped, squared, and measured, we shall find that he possessed immense attractions, an original mind, and, what is better, a large heart.

RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON was born at Pentonville, London, on the 6th of July, 1794. Of his ancestry it is known only that his grandfather came to London, from Scotland, early in life. This Mr. Hamilton was a member of the Baptist persuasion. He married a Miss Hesketh, one of the company who first joined the Rev. Mr. Wesley, and of whom mention is made by Mr. Wesley in his journal of that time. They had six children, and the Rev. Frederick Hamilton, the father of Richard Hamilton, was one of them. One of Winter Hamilton's uncles, the Rev. Robert Hamilton, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., died October 8th, 1832, in the eighty-first year of his age, after he had been

incumbent of the united parishes of St. Olave's, Jewry, and St. Martin's, for thirty-three years. This uncle was kind and generous towards his nephew Winter; and when he died, left him an equal share of his property.

Mrs. Frederick Hamilton, the mother of Winter Hamilton, appears to have been a woman of great beauty, of cultivated intellect, of gentle disposition, and eminently pious. Many of her letters are preserved to this day, and they evince a most loving disposition, and a devoted faith to the orthodox creed. There can be little doubt, in fact it is quite evident, that she did much to mould the character and direct the footsteps of her son. And that son when he became a man, and had attained an eminent position in the church of which he was a member and advocate, frequently alluded in tender and touching accents to the memory of her to whom he owed so much. Though possessing a strong religious faith, her affection for her children bound her soul closely to the world, when on the borders of eternity. A little before her death she wrote to a dear friend in these words: "When I felt a daily decrease of strength—my cough growing worse, and my breath shorter—I could not but think of what all this must lead to, even to the chamber of the grave. I was enabled to hope and to believe that I was entirely in his hands who is 'the resurrection and the life;' but yet, whenever I for a minute soared upward, I was again drawn down by, as it were, a picture presented to my eye, of my person shrouded in my coffin, and all my dear and very affectionate children weeping around me. Indeed, I think I have never before proved my *affection so strong*, or my

* The conclusion of this life will appear in our next number.

faith so weak." This beautiful minded woman died when her son Winter, who was the cherished child of the family, was about eleven years old. Though he enjoyed a greater latitude of indulgence than his brothers and sisters, fortunately it did not lead to pride in him, or envy in them. They often gladly saw him taken to enjoy pleasures which they would cheerfully have shared; and they welcomed his return from such visits, that they might listen to his graphic descriptions of the persons and places he had seen during his absence, without any admixture of jealousy. While young, he displayed some of those qualities which especially characterized him in after life. When he was only five years of age, an association of ministers had met at his father's table, and the servant who had waited on them told the children the next day, that one of these ministers had described his poverty and his struggles to support a large family at forty pounds a year, which was all his poor village flock could raise. The children felt it very much, and often talked over what ought to be done for the good man. At last Winter thought of a plan, which he imagined excellent. It was—that they should put together all they could call their own, and buy a cheap calf, fully expecting that the little grassplot at the side of his father's house would be sufficient to keep it till in a position to present it to the poor minister. The elder part of the family told him this was impracticable; not only they could not raise money enough, but that they had no place large enough, to rear the calf. Winter was not to be turned so easily from his generous purpose. With the utmost simplicity he proposed that they should buy a little pig, which, he said, could run about the nursery, and sleep under the bed, till large enough to be a valuable gift.

Though this period of his age was so much marked by a generosity of disposition and sprightliness, he did not make any particular progress in the rudiments of education. He had a wise and patient teacher in his mother; but she frequently wept over him for very weariness, and probably from the greater vexation in consequence of the evident talent which he showed in other respects. We mention this so that kind mothers and fathers may not be discouraged when they consider their children back-

ward in learning; for many of the greatest ornaments of our race were slow to learn at first. Precocity is no true sign of future greatness. Neither is inaptitude to learn elementary knowledge any guarantee that the future man shall not be eminent for his abilities. We cannot expect children to be philosophers. Rather should we expect them to be buoyant, sportive, and, it may be, inclined to mischief. In Winter's period of childhood there was no lack of that quickness of apprehension which distinguished him through life; nor were there wanting even these indications of that luxuriant imagination which produced such rich flowers and fruits in after years. He had an unbounded flow of animal spirits; and his wit, or as his brothers and sisters always called it, his *fun*, afforded them perpetual amusement.

When about nine years of age, he was sent to a preparatory school at Hammersmith, near London; after passing about a year there, he was removed to an excellent school conducted by the Rev. J. Petticary, at Newport, Isle of Wight. Here he was superintended by his mother's cousin, the Rev. Robert Winter, who watched over him with constant care. If Winter Hamilton did not in after years become a useful member of society—if not a great and good man, it would have been surprising, as every care and attention was lavished on him by his religious relatives when young. But though breathing such a puritanic atmosphere, his unconquerable love for drollery and mimicry continually manifested itself. He was frequently getting into scrapes of some kind or other on account of his boyish mischief, and though he knew he should not escape punishment, he was never known to deny his faults when questioned, or prevaricate when censured. So completely was his character for truthfulness established in the family, that his parents often said to friends, when he left the room, "There goes a child who, to our knowledge, never told a lie."

From his thirteenth to his sixteenth year, he was at Mill Hill Grammar School, where he made decided progress. The reports of his learning and his conduct were most satisfactory. His religious character was then in the course of formation. Even at that early period he seems to have devoted him-

self to God for the work of the ministry. He grew up to be a minister almost as a matter of course, as he never expressed any wish for any other vocation. From the time when he used to preach to his brothers and sisters, on a box in the nursery, they all considered it a settled point that Winter was to be a minister. But this showed more solicitude than wisdom on the part of his parents. By dedicating a child, before the natural tendency of his mind developed itself, to the important mission of a minister, was not wise, as he might thereby be made a very mechanical and lifeless preacher, when, perhaps, if left to himself, with careful guidance, he might otherwise become a great man. But in the case before us it proved to be successful, as the bent of Winter Hamilton's disposition, and the aspirations of his heart, were naturally inclined in the direction marked out by paternal wishes. Before he was sixteen years of age, he signed a "Covenant," in which he dedicated himself to "his Father in heaven" and to the services of His church. We extract from the "Covenant" a sentence or two, to indicate the condition of his mind at that time. He says, "This day do I, with the utmost solemnity, surrender myself unto Thee. I renounce all former lusts that have dominion over me; and I consecrate unto thee all that I am, and all that I have—the faculties of my mind, and the members of my body, my worldly possessions, my time, and my influence over others, to be all used entirely for thy glory, and resolutely employed in obedience to thy commands, as long as thou continuest me in life, with an ardent desire and humble resolution, to continue them through all the ages of eternity. Ever holding myself in an attentive posture to observe the first intimation of thy will, and ready to spring forward with zeal and joy to the immediate execution of it."

Very soon after, he was admitted, at the age of sixteen, as a student for the ministry amongst the Independents, at Hoxton College. And it rarely happens that one more qualified by mental capacity and spiritual longings, for a sacred calling, enters on such a course. Among the associates and friends of Mr. Hamilton at Hoxton, was the late Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Liverpool, whose career opened so prosperously, but whose useful and brilliant life was quenched before it had reached its me-

ridian glory; and the late Rev. John Ely, of Leeds, between whom and Dr. Hamilton afterwards existed such a tender, vital and enduring friendship. When Dr. Hamilton entered Hoxton College, he was younger than most of the students, and was distinguished by great vivacity and buoyancy of spirits. As he had great facility in acquiring knowledge, and had enjoyed greater advantage of early education than most of his associates, the studies prescribed in the classes to which he belonged made but a slight demand on his time and efforts, and left him much leisure for indulging his own taste and inclination. Without any intensity of application, it was easy for him to prepare for the ordinary examinations in the lectures delivered, and on the books required to be read. The Rev. Dr. Burder, one of the tutors of the College, appreciated the talents of the young divine. When speaking of his productions, at this time, the Rev. Doctor says: "They were distinguished by an exuberance and even wildness of fancy which greatly needed discipline and training. The excrescences of his imagination required no ordinary degree of judicious pruning. It became my duty, as one of his tutors, to point out these deviations from good taste with an unsparing freedom. With this unwelcome duty, however, I found no difficulty in uniting ample commendation of budding and unfolding excellences." No doubt Dr. Burder's warning was very judicious, and well it should be, when it attempted to prune the imagination of a young student. There is nothing more delicate and difficult than such a task. And, generally, it is much better for tutors to leave the imagination to take care of itself. Dr. Hamilton, throughout his useful life, was particularly distinguished by a rich imagination; and did he not possess it, there is but little evidence to show that he would have risen above the barren mediocrity of the vast majority of his brethren in the ministry. A vivid imagination is frequently a promise of future eminence; and though for a time it may be wild and luxuriant, as the understanding gets enlightened and the judgment consolidated, that creative faculty, which may be called the handmaid of genius, finds its proper orbit. It is much better for the fledgling to try to fly and fall, than not to make the trial.

In the year 1813, before Winter Hamilton was nineteen years of age, he delivered an oration at the College Chapel, Hoxton, on the anniversary of the Institution. Professor Stowell says, the discourse was characterized by "rare and dazzling splendour." In August, in the same year, one of the earliest of the Bible societies was formed in the Hoxton Academy Chapel. On that occasion the young orator made his first attempt at platform eloquence which was then a comparative novelty, and in which he afterwards attained such eminent celebrity. Precious as is our space, we cannot refrain from giving an extract from the address. Speaking of the value of the Bible Society, he says: "Borne on the angels' wings, we might see the exertions of this Society cheering the wilds of Labrador, and while the natural sun is absent, enlivening the solitude, and relieving the darkness of its caves; we might see the European, amid the shock of arms and the thunder of the cannon, repose in a hope which this Society has revealed, that the sword shall be beaten into a ploughshare; we might see the Musselman throwing aside his Koran for that volume which alone can teach him the true Allah and the prophets—relinquishing his pilgrimage to Mahomed's tomb, having realized the period when no longer in that mountain and at Mecca man shall worship the Father; we might see the Bramin laying aside his caste for the high distinction of Christian, the lies of the Shaster for the oracles of truth—the spikes of Vishnu for the atonement of Jesus Christ—the temple of the Juggernaut for the heights of Zion; we might see the Catholic taking the Bible from the cloisters to which it had been chained, and leaving the shrine of the saint for the cross of his Saviour; we might see the Hottentot, once filthy as the ground in which he burrowed, become the temple of the Holy Ghost; we might see the Negro, with dispositions haggard as the rocks over which he vaults and bounds, ferocious as the torrent which he dares and buffets, now altered and subdued, smooth as the ivory he inserts in his countenance, and soft as the skin which floats around him in the chase." Pretty eloquent this, for a young man of nineteen!

In the spring of 1814, Mr. Hamilton received an overture from the proprietor of Albion Chapel, Leeds, to supply it on the termination of his preparatory

studies. To this he consented with some reluctance. About two years after he was ordained as a minister at Leeds, in Salem Chapel. And now commenced that useful public life,—the constituent elements of which were eloquent pulpit preaching and platform oratory, a tender pastoral care and almost agonizing anxiety for the good of his congregation, practical efforts for the advancement of the general good, co-operation for the furtherance of plans of philanthropy, and above all, an authorship which rendered him popular while living, and celebrated after death. In the course of the ordination service, Mr. Hamilton was requested to give some account of the influence of religion on his mind, and he gave an eloquent statement. Among many other things he said:—"I awakened to the consciousness of spiritual nature under accents of mercy and under the shadow of the cross. . . . No persons could have been more diligent in the instruction, or more attentive to the manners of their children, than my venerated parents, towards whom I cultivate not only the affections of a son, but the sympathies of an immortal. Our domestic economy was not merely a probation for the stations of life, but a pupilage for heaven. . . . No sooner was I capable of the faintest thought and observation, than I aspired to the office as something mysteriously dignified. The predilection was probably strengthened from the celebrity of ancestors, and the reputation of friends who gave attendance to the altar."

Less than a month after Mr. Hamilton's ordination, Mr. Joseph Blackburn, an attorney, in Leeds, was executed at York for forgery, and Mr. Hamilton was requested to visit the unhappy man previous to his trial. This he did, not only once, but several times before the execution. It may easily be imagined from this, that the young minister was regarded with great respect. And in a sermon which he afterwards delivered on the event, it was quite evident he was equal to the painful duty he was called on to discharge. This sermon was published almost as soon as it was delivered. The critics soon cut it to pieces; and, according to Dr. Hamilton's opinion many years after, they were, to a considerable extent, justified in their unsparing criticisms. The result was, that though Albion

Chapel was crowded, the congregation rapidly declined, and the young minister had to walk through a murky cloud of unpopularity. Instead of either sinking in despondency or proudly scorning other men's opinions, he persevered in enriching his mind with treasures of knowledge, delighting every social circle with his good-natured wit and raillery, and earnestly consecrating his more serious moments to the great business of his life—the preaching of the gospel. Professor Stowell says that during the twenty years of Mr. Hamilton's ministry in Albion Chapel, he gradually recovered the popularity he had lost. His preaching was eminently instructive. His evangelical tone was lofty and decided. His faithfulness was searching and pungent. The moral authority of his preaching was felt in its practical bearings, in all the varieties of personal and social life.*

In 1816, Mr. Hamilton married a Miss Hackney, of Leeds, a lady possessing considerable personal attractions, by whom he had two daughters and one son. Mrs. Hamilton died in her last confinement.

Mr. Hamilton frequently took advantage of important public events, or of things which more than ordinarily agitated the public mind, and made them subjects for pulpit discourses. The persecuted Protestants in the South of France in 1816, and the death of Princess Charlotte in 1817, afforded him admirable opportunities for the display of his eloquence. All efforts for the spread of education found in him a zealous co-operator. Accordingly we find him one of the first members of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society. In the second year he became a member of the Council of the Society, thrice was elected vice-president; and in the years 1836, 1837, and 1838, he was president. He frequently delivered papers before this Society, which displayed great learning and ingenuity. They were chiefly on literary subjects; none were strictly scientific; several were on philosophical questions, others were historical, and some of them were minutely and elaborately critical: all of them were admired for their vigour of thought, variety of erudition, and richness of illustration. The following will show how he treated a subject to which he was opposed. It

is taken from his paper on "Craniology," which he says is a more correct word than "phrenology," for the science of the brain. He says, "A person feels himself in the presence of one who can scan his inward being. He is awed by the credulity of a superior power. The cross examination begins, mixed with most dexterous leading questions, 'You have pride very large.' 'That's a mistake; I am very bashful, and oppressively humble.' 'I mean proper pride.' 'O, yes! that is very correct; I hope always to respect myself.' 'You have ideality very large.' 'There you are out. I am a plain matter of fact man, and often admire what the Governor says to Filburina, 'The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, because it is not yet in sight.' 'But you like poetry.' 'O, yes! I hope so.' 'You have destructiveness very large.' 'Now I have no opinion of this science at all, for I would not tread on a worm, and conscientiously abstain from lobsters and eels.' 'Yes, now I perceive it will be so, for your destructiveness is counteracted by a very large benevolence.' 'You have causality very large.' 'Further and further from the truth. I never ask a reason, and cannot endure an argument.' 'Stop, do not be hasty; let me see; I have it. Your *comparison*, which is a superficial sort of an organ, is so immense that your *causality* cannot work.' 'You have wit very large.' 'That is not at all in my way.' 'But when you speak do they not laugh?' 'They do, and much more than I like.' 'That is your wit which makes them, for wit consists not only in being so ourselves, but it is the cause that it is in other men.'" It may be seen from this that Dr. Hamilton was no disciple of Dr. Spurzheim. Phrenology was too material for him. He had too strong a faith in the purely spiritual element in man, and of its ability for action independent of organization, to believe in the science. Besides, he saw, or he fancied he saw, that phrenology was allied to infidelity, and *therefore* he discarded it. The above, however, is only given as a specimen of Dr. Hamilton's mode of treating a subject when he felt in the humour to be humorous.

Dr. Hamilton was not merely a nominal Nonconformist, but one from deep conviction. He did not, as do a great many dissenters, worship at the chapel instead of the church, because his fa-

* *Memoir of Richard Winter Hamilton, L.L.D., D.D., by Professor Stowell.*

thers did so before him, but because he could go nowhere else, and be faithful to the pleadings of conscience. The question with him was not what might be false and objectionable in *any* specific religious establishment, but what was to him anti-scriptural in *all*. His love of religious liberty was so strong that he was resolutely opposed to anything that at all trenchoned on the rights of the conscience or intervened between the soul and God. He sought in vain for the archetype or intimation of national Christian Churches in Holy Writ, and for their advantages and utility where they existed; and he returned from the investigation, convinced that they are not lawful if expedient, and that they are not expedient if lawful. He saw "the incompatibility of national religion with free inquiry and private judgment." He was not afraid that the church would not take care of itself if left to win its way in the world by virtue of its charms, without the cumbrous aid of the state. This principle of perfect religious liberty and unconditional freedom of opinion, was so closely interwoven in the texture of his religious faith, and his idea of ecclesiastical government, that he advocated it with unusual vigour, on all suitable occasions. It was to him the vitality of Protestantism and the birth-right of humanity; and by its means were to be hastened the triumphant victories of the cross. In reply to the question—"If Christianity can *now* stand, without civil sanctions, could it *always*?" He boldly answers, "Yes. When Athenian wit, Roman stoicism, and barbarian ferocity were loose upon it, it was strengthened by the shock. When chronology was computed by persecutions, it was as uninjured by the tenth as the first. For centuries it maintained its ground, and fought single handed; with the world against it, it triumphed over the world; and when did it decline? At what date was its primitive purity sullied, its victorious progress stayed?—when it mounted the throne of the Cæsars; when fame and adulation shouted in its path; when its scrippless purse was exchanged for gold and silver; when the religion of Him, who 'came forth wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe,' was subject to an equal derision of its character and tendency, and the diadem of royalty glittered around its head, and the purple of ermine flowed around its mien."

In nothing was Dr. Hamilton more zealous than the cause of missions. He rose to the height of the great idea of evangelizing the world; and into the sublime work he threw his best energies. Hence, he frequently preached missionary sermons, delivered speeches on missionary platforms, and sometimes committed to print some of his choicest thoughts on the question. In 1828, he undertook a series of engagements in connection with the Hibernian Auxiliary to the London Missionary Society, and most admirably did he fulfil his mission.

The ordination of a minister among the Independents is usually an occasion of deep interest. At such times, almost exclusively, the peculiar duties of the minister are set forth and pressed home by some elder minister, or by one who is regarded as endowed with the judgment, experience, and weight of character which are felt to be requisite for the discharge of a duty at once so serious and delicate. Dr. Hamilton was several times invited to perform this office. In 1827, he delivered the ordination charge to the Rev. John Barling, of Halifax; and, in 1829, he performed a similar office at the ordination of the Rev. John Kelly, Liverpool. He said to the former, "I have generally found that the most popular ministers are most indifferent to popularity, and disdain a single act to acquire it. Let all, then, inquire—What is my heart's desire and prayer? Is it to divide attention with the Saviour, or to fix it undivertedly upon him? Should I prefer the circle of philosophical minds, applauding my wisdom or supporting my fame, or to stand as my Redeemer stood, when all the publicans and sinners 'drew near unto him for to hear him.' Should I wish to be quoted after death as a scientific authority, and have my splendid passages recited by a distant generation; or my simple stonedistinguished by the embraces of humble converts and washed with the tears of the pious poor." He who really feels this, must entertain a high conception of the minister's calling, and possess a heart moved by disinterested and noble feelings and resolves. An important passage in his own life-history is recorded in the following. When speaking to the Rev. John Kelly, on the importance of personal faith, he thus alludes to himself:—"I know one (and he would

hide his face in the dust while he confesses the shameful tale) who feels it, too often, difficult to believe what he preaches; who frequently cannot realize with any vividness the ideas of accountability, condemnation, and retribution. He has heard of hearts bursting with agony, the fierce throbbings of emotion: his heart has envied them, while each drop within it seemed to stagnate, and each feeling to be numbed! Ah! happy ye, who never felt the doubts attendant upon enquiry, or, if ye have, could shroud them in obscurity; happy ye who never suffered the horror of conflicts which many a minister has known, though they were permitted to try and prove him; happy ye who know not the hell of denouncing everlasting punishment with composure! of unfolding the wonders of redemption with apathy! of describing the glories of heaven without a desire to partake of them!"

During 1828 and 1829, the great question of Catholic Emancipation was agitating this country, and in no town was the excitement more intense than in Leeds. A meeting of Protestants opposed to the Catholic Claims was held in that town; and from the meeting issued a declaration of firm resistance to the expected measure of the government. The Dissenters of Leeds took no part in the meeting; and the reasons why they absented themselves were expressed in a long letter which appeared in the *Leeds Mercury*. Professor Stowell says, "As a calm, dignified, lucid and earnest exposition of great principles, it has been seldom equalled; it would be sufficient to gain for the writer a noble reputation. Its effect upon the public mind was great. At one of the largest public meetings ever held in the town, there was a vehement struggle between the opposing parties. The victory was gained by the Liberal party; and their success was ascribed, in no small degree, to Mr. Hamilton's appeal." The spirit of enthusiasm awoken by his letter was not confined to Leeds, but influenced, to a considerable degree, the population of the chief towns of the county; and to some extent facilitated the settlement of the important question in the nation.

Having received an invitation from the English and Reformed Church of Hamburg, to preach their anniversary sermon, Mr. Hamilton, in 1829, visited the Continent for the first time. He ful-

filled his engagement in that city, and in so doing reflected honour on his name and increased the reputation and usefulness of the congregation which invited him. He then visited several of the principal towns and cities of the Continent, and especially those whose names were most closely associated with the struggles of the Reformation. With an eager eye for the rare and the valuable, he gazed with rapture on the cathedrals and other monuments of art which came in his way, and then jotted down, in his journal, his own opinions and criticisms. These jottings bear evidence of a richly stored mind, and an artistic tact and judgment rarely found in an English preacher.

It may reasonably be expected that a mind constituted like Mr. Hamilton's, and breathing an atmosphere of religious freedom as his did, would also tend towards the liberal side of politics. But though he studiously avoided mixing himself up with what is usually understood by party politics, he unhesitatingly gave in his adhesion to Henry Brougham, when he was invited by the freeholders of Yorkshire to stand for the county. The Protestant Dissenters' Association for the Abolition of Slavery circulated an eloquent and stirring address throughout the county, in which they bound themselves to give Brougham, as the eminent advocate of negro freedom, their most strenuous support. Though the address had several names appended to it, its peculiar phraseology and emphatic diction, bore the unmistakable impress of Hamilton.

In 1831, the foundation of a new theological college was laid at Undercliffe, Bradford, and Mr. Hamilton delivered an address on the occasion. Such an opportunity would be sure to afford him ample scope for the display of his oratorical ability. Accordingly we find him taking an historical survey of the principles and progress of independency, and especially in the north of England; and giving a condensed narration of the proceedings of the church, from the earliest times, for securing an intelligent and holy ministry. This address, like almost all others of Mr. Hamilton's delivered on such occasions, was printed. To a passage enumerating the colleges of Nonconformists, he subjoined the following note:—"The author has not referred to the self-styled Unitarian academies. He confines himself

to Christianity. Such could, therefore, have no more claim to a place in this catalogue, than a school of Confucius, in China, or the colleges of the Der-vishes, in Japan." Not long after, serious notice was taken of these passages in a sermon, entitled, "Unitarians entitled to the name of Christians," by Dr. Hutton. This led to an important theological controversy between Mr. Hamilton and Dr. Hutton. No sooner had the sermon of the latter appeared in print, than the former rushed to the controversy, and drew up a series of letters to Dr. Hutton, entitled "The Religionists designating themselves Unitarians not entitled to the Christian name." To these letters Dr. Hutton replied in four letters, which were published with the title, "Unitarian Christianity Vindicated." This pamphlet was quickly met by Mr. Hamilton's "Animadversions upon the Rev. Dr. Hutton's pamphlets."

These pamphlets of Mr. Hamilton's display a powerful intellect, and great courage, ingenuity and wit. It would not be easy to find, even within a much larger compass, so much information, discernment, keen dissection, close reasoning, and quick repartee. But their pages are sullied with uncharitableness, if not with the manifestations of an ungenerous nature. When speaking of the Unitarians, personally, he says, "For them we can entertain no emotion but of love—love of every variety save that of religious complacency; towards them we can make no approach but that of kindness—kindness of every service save that of religious co-operation. Men, brethren, citizens, compatriots, disciples of science, friends of humanity, we hail, we embrace you!" Immediately after, when speaking of their religious faith, he says, "their *system* is not a sacred nor sensitive thing. It requires—it merits no courtesy. It excites unmixed loathing and detestation. It is a body of death, a phantom skeleton, threatening, chilling, petrifying, taunting, grisly, ghastly—a king of terrors. Its course is like the sceptre-destroyer in the prophecy, borne recklessly, ruthlessly forward on his pale horse, while Hades follows with him. We can follow it by its blight of piety, simplicity, zeal. It leaves its monuments in dispeopled sanctuaries, wrecked hopes and ruined souls. . . . Its wreath is a cypress—its robe a *pall*—its bridal is a

funeral. It never taught man to smile but with a sneer, nor to weep but in bitterness. It is in variance and conflict with all that is stirring in our active, transcendental in our contemplative, and tender in our moral, nature. It makes war upon the heart. It spares nothing worthy of our love, or potent over our fear. Its brightest day is but the congelation of its cold and darkening vapour, by the rigour of its killing frost. Its aggression is the sleet, its mantle of charity is the hoar and snow. It withdraws every support of confidence, each precious hold, around which our most exquisite feelings, like the little tendrils, have been wont to insinuate and entwine. All, all perishes before its spell, its basilisk gaze—its torpedo touch. It subtilizes until reason foregoes its last conclusion, and refines until the heart looses its last warmth."

No doubt, Dr. Burder would have called this an "excrescence" of Mr. Hamilton's imagination. It reflects as little credit on his logic, as on his imagination, and shows that his heart, in this instance, was as narrow, as his logic was imperfect. How he could hail his brethren as "friends of humanity," and "make no approach towards them but that of kindness," and "entertain no emotion but that of love," and then describe their religion as leaving behind it nothing but "grisly, ghastly putrefaction" which "spares nothing worthy of our love," whose "wreath is a cypress, and bridal a funeral"; whose "tract is known by the blight of piety,"—how the writer could reconcile these contradictions both of the head and the heart, he has not shewn. It can only be explained on the ground of his zeal for the truth overshadowing his usually large heart, and adding at the same time a broken feather to the wing of his imagination.

That he possessed this large-heartedness was evident in what we will next relate. In 1833, the Rev. John Ely removed from Rochdale to Leeds. These two good men had been students at the same time in the same college many years before; and from that time there existed between them an enviable fellow-feeling. But when they were brought together in the same town, a beautiful fellowship united their hearts. Perhaps there was never a purer and more unbroken friendship between two men

than existed between Dr. Hamilton and Mr. Ely. And in no more signal way did they vindicate that Christianity which they advocated, than by thus exhibiting it in their lives. In the course of years Mr. Ely died, and it fell to the lot of Mr. Hamilton to write his friend's biography. When speaking of their mutually ardent attachment for each other, he says, "It was insinuated that the friendship would soon be tried. Thank God! it more than stood the trial. For fourteen years it deepened and grew—without momentary pause and flaw, damp and uneasiness. His high souled honour, his considerate ingenuousness, his sensitive delicacy, must have conquered even the irritable and morose. The boast of such unruffled friendship is peculiarly his. Its most casual interruption could have found no excuse. I write it for his tomb. It is my offering at his grave. The thornless wreath is for *him*."

Just about the same time, in 1833, Mr. Hamilton sent to the press a volume of sermons. The subjects of the sermons were:—The Inviolability of Christianity—The Counsel of Gamaliel Examined—Moral Means preferable to Miracle—The Transcendent love of Christ—Incarnate Deity—The Christian Doctrine of Divine Grace—The Son of God Anticipating his Reward—The Heavenly Country—Deism no Refuge from Judgement—Jesus Christ Creator and Lord of the Universe. Three months after the sermons were published, the late Rev. Dr. McAll, of Manchester, whose opinion would be regarded by all who knew him with the warmest respect, said, in a letter to Mr. Hamilton, "That volume will always rank among my most precious treasures, and I can desire nothing better or with greater fervour, than to be enabled increasingly to realise its noble sentiments, and to display more perfectly in practice the effect and energy of its transforming principles." Many of the most important doctrines of Evangelical Christianity are seriously and argumentatively treated in this volume. Several years after their publication, Walter Scott, the president of Airedale College, said of the sermons, that they were "worthy as it respects metaphysical acumen, richness of matter, and extent of biblical knowledge, to be ranked with the sermons of Edwards or Howe; and as it regards eloquence and displays of imagination, to be joined

with the appeals of a Masillon or a Hall. They are splendid offerings to the Church of genius and piety, and will attract the attention, and awaken the gratitude of generations yet unborn."

In 1834, Mr. Hamilton published "Pastoral Appeals on Personal, Domestic and Social Devotion." These appeals had been delivered from the pulpit, and were published in obedience to the request of his congregation and friends. They were composed under the impression that the author's life was drawing to a close. He said, in the preface, in allusion to himself, "His life is wearing apace. Many intimations impress him that it will not be a prolonged one." These appeals have been very widely circulated, and have already taken their place with our standard devotional literature. We cannot refrain quoting a beautiful passage which enshrines the memory of his affectionate mother. "To this moment I recall the soft, kind manner of a mother who left her orphan child for a brighter and more congenial scene. . . . Her instructions are as deeply traced on the memory as her features, and as easily recalled as her tones. It may be weak to say it, but if I can claim any theological taste and store, I owe it all to her. Feeble is the tribute I can pay to her excellence, nor had it been obtruded but to illustrate the principle of domestic instruction. She deserved an Augustine's narrative, a Gregory's apostrophe, and a Cowper's strain. How could thy child, blest parent, but remember thee? Ever must he retain the image of thy face, and the lustre of thine example. His heart must cease to beat, ere he can refuse to dwell upon that blessing and that embrace which he received from thee, when thy 'soul was in departing,' ere he can, after well nigh thirty years, cease to be 'bowed down heavily' mourning for his mother."

Mr. Hamilton's preaching had been so successful that Albion Chapel was much too small to afford accommodation to his increasing congregation. Consequently it was resolved to build another and a much larger one. The proposal was so readily taken up by the congregation that, within three months, £2,500 were subscribed, Mr. Hamilton himself subscribing £250. The chapel was built on a spot "that they selected mainly because

it was in the neighbourhood of a large population of the poor, for whose accommodation they intended to provide five hundred free sittings." The chapel was opened for public worship in 1836; and the first sermon delivered in it was preached by the Rev. Dr. McAll, of Manchester. Mr. Hamilton had now a larger field of action in which he could apply his useful and pious labours, and right earnestly and manfully did he perform his task.

His "Pastoral Appeals" having been read with such avidity, he was importuned to publish some family prayers. He complied with the request, and in 1838 he published a volume containing "Morning and Evening Prayers for four weeks, with twenty-seven Prayers and Thanksgivings," which were adapted for special and occasional uses. A highly intelligent hearer said to another minister on one occasion that he should prefer Dr. Hamilton's ministry were it only for his prayers. "They were characterized," he said, "by a chastened seriousness—deep and reverential humility—a wide comprehensiveness—an exquisite adaptation to the wants of the different classes of the people, rich variety, great tenderness and beauty, a highly spiritual tone, and a felicitous interweaving of scriptural phraseology, and especially of scriptural petition." Dr. Hamilton realized the truthfulness of Montgomery's hymn, which designates prayer as "the Christian's vital Breath." It not only broke away in eloquent torrents from his wrestling soul when in the pulpit, but it breathed through his epistolary correspondence, and beautifully mingled with the stream of his life. No doubt it was his aptitude in prayer, and his feeling the reality of the divine exercise, which eminently fitted him for the pastor's mission.

The time was now arrived for Mr. Hamilton to contribute something to our general literature, which should give him a high position among British authors. His sermons, appeals and prayers, brought him in contact only with the religious public, and particularly that portion of it which subscribed to the articles of the creed to which he anchored his faith. In 1841, he published his "Nugæ Literariæ." The contents of this volume are very miscellaneous, and afford ample proof of his originality, fancy and versatility. They embrace the following topics:—The

Isiac Mysteries—The Olympian Games—The History and Prospects of the Human Species considered in relation to Intellectual and Social Improvement—The Grounds and Sources of History—The Tragic Genius of Shakspeare—The Yorkshire Dialect—Correlates and Synonyms—The Passions of the Human Mind—Personal Identity—Craniology. Besides these there are a variety of Sonnets, Odes, and other poetic pieces. Several of these papers were originally delivered before the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society. Many are of opinion that this was the principal work Dr. Hamilton gave the world. A reverend professor, whose name has been before mentioned, says, "I never read his 'Nugæ Literariæ,' or even look into it, without having my admiration excited by the extensive reading, the profound scholarship, the metaphysical acumen and research, the logical exactness, the brilliancy of fancy, and the power of rendering everything, even what some would call the vulgarism of low society, interesting and instructive."

The next important work published by Mr. Hamilton was his *Essay on Missions*. In the year 1838, a prize of one hundred guineas was offered for the best Essay on Christian Missions, and another prize of fifty guineas for the second best Essay. Mr. Hamilton immediately went to work, no doubt moved by the desire and sustained by the hope of getting one of the prizes. It was a subject to which he had paid great attention, and on which he was admirably fitted to expatiate. In 1841, the adjudicators awarded the first prize to Dr. Harris, then President of Cheshunt College, and the second prize to the Rev. R. W. Hamilton. The Essay produced by Mr. Hamilton, entitled "Missions: their Authority, Scope and Encouragement," was published in 1842, and reprinted in 1846. To the second edition he prefixed this simple dedication.

TO THE REV. JOHN HARRIS, D.D.

Beloved and honoured brother—

No happier event ever befel me, no prouder emotion ever fluttered me, than when I found myself placed second to you. Yours devotedly,

RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON.

This short epistle speaks volumes for the large-hearted sympathy and humility which characterised the writer.

Well might Dr. Harris say, "Many thanks for your brotherly, generous, noble-spirited letter. It did me good, and must have done you more. Such is pre-eminently the kind of thing which it is more blessed to give than receive." In an equally generous manner Dr. Harris writes on another occasion, "This last note brings me fairly to your book—your enduring monument. It hardly becomes me to say what I think of it—in time, but we will talk of it in eternity." Very shortly after the above correspondence took place, the wife of Dr. Harris died; when Mr. Hamilton sent him a letter of condolence. This letter is brim full of that sympathetic sorrow which occasionally gushes from an overcharged heart. Well might Mr. Waddington say, on another occasion, that Mr. Hamilton, "acquired a kind of intuition into the mysteries of human woe, that fitted him to guide, to strengthen and to comfort the anxious and distressed." In this letter to Dr. Harris, he says, "We saw you sitting alone, and keeping silence. With a whisper we would not have broken the charmed grief. . . . I knew not what intercourse to attempt. Once I thought to send the blank paper, with my simple signature, that your full heart might inscribe in it letters of your own.

. . . . None but they who have known such afflictions, can enter into them. None, save they, can understand the commencement of those mysterious relationships which are suddenly placed between the living and the dead."

In 1842, the representatives of the Congregational Union of England and Wales assembled at Liverpool. Before these Mr. Hamilton preached a sermon on the "Intercommunity of Churches." It was immediately and unanimously requested that the sermon should be printed. There is no one of his many compositions which displays to greater advantage the higher powers of his nature, than this discourse. It may be perused and reperused by the most learned and the most simple with great and growing advantage. The following year Mr. Hamilton undertook, on behalf of the London Missionary Society, a journey into Scotland, when, as usual, he gained fresh laurels as an earnest advocate for his favourite cause. On his return home, he was joyfully surprised to receive a splendid present of plate, which his church and congregation had provided for him, and presented to him as

a memorial of their esteem. A few months after, the Senate of the University of Glasgow unanimously conferred on him the title of L.L.D. A shower of honours came upon him, almost all at once; during the same year the Council of the University of the City of New York conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, as a testimonial of their esteem of his character for piety, talents and learning. As far as worldly fame went, he was now entering into the reward of his labours; as he was respected and loved by a large congregation, esteemed as a citizen by all who knew him, complimented by the learned, and crowned with the honours of universities. These honours he had fairly won, and they sat upon him with dignity and ease. When made Doctor of Laws, he wrote his sister in answer to her congratulations, "My friends seem quite unanimous—Church and Dissent—that I may wear it without self-aggravation, or, as I express it, without making myself perfectly ridiculous. I believe it has befallen me with as little envy, and as much kind concurrence, as any such little matter, for so assuredly I regard it, ever excited."

Dr. Hamilton was now at the meridian point of his activity and usefulness. Besides sermons and addresses on public and important occasions, which he now frequently delivered, he found time to write his "Institutes of Popular Education," and win another prize. Dr. Vaughan had entrusted to him the sum of one hundred guineas to be awarded as a premium for the most valuable essay "on the best method of extending the benefits of Education to the People of England, consistently with the principles of Civil and Religious Liberty." Dr. Hamilton buckled on his armour, wrote his Essay in a short time, and bore away the prize in triumph. It was published, and dedicated to Earl Fitzwilliam: within two months, an edition of two thousand was exhausted, and before the end of the year, another edition appeared, revised and enlarged. The Rev. Mr. Ely, writing him at the time said, "The adjudicators who have decided on the merits of the work, cannot know as well as a few of your intimate friends, all the grounds on which you are entitled to the honours which it has been their office to assign—because they cannot know how full your hands have been—what responsible

duties you have fulfilled—and how thoroughly they have been fulfilled.” To say that this Essay on Education was eloquent, richly illustrated, freighted with the fruits of earnest thinking, and illuminated with imagination, would only be due criticism or legitimate praise. It anticipated nearly all that has since been advanced against government interference in the important work of educating the rising generation.

Allusion has already been made to Dr. Hamilton's premonitions that his life would not be a long one. His friends now observed a considerable change in the state of his health. His medical adviser had noticed for some months a gradual diminution of flesh and strength. He was, therefore, urgently intreated to take a journey on the Continent for the benefit of his health. After some hesitation he complied with their request, and visited the Continent in company with Mrs. Hamilton. He first went to France, but not finding there the benefit he sought, he proceeded up the Rhine to Switzerland. While absent he frequently corresponded with his congregation, and unfolded to them “the beauty of holiness,” and the life divine. In one of his letters, he said, “I desire no other employment of future energies, should they be restored to me, than their undivided, undiverted consecration to your highest interests. I seem at this moment to have you in my eye, to glance from pew to pew, from seat to seat, to call up your respective images—and as I write this sentence, a prayer wings its way from my heart on behalf of the whole assembly.” It was much to Dr. Hamilton's credit, that when his popularity and influence created a desire in the hearts of larger and richer congregations to get the advantage of his preaching and pastoral superintendence, and when invitations reached him, accompanied with pecuniary offers superior to those he received at Leeds, that he invariably refused them on the ground that “he had enough, and had a people whom he could not forsake.”

He returned from the Continent much recruited in health and spirits. Though his physical frame was not calculated to endure much fatigue, he could not remain idle. His soul appeared to have been too strong for his body. He fully appreciated the imperishable sentiment of Longfellow's Psalm of Life. To him

“Life was real—life was earnest.” He could not remain satisfied merely to *dream*, he wanted also to *do*. The Aspirations which so frequently welled up from his central being, were soon consolidated in Actions. Hence, in the winter of the same year he returned from the Continent, he published a second volume of sermons, and dedicated them to his former tutor, Dr. Burder. The volume comprised sermons on the following subjects:—The Revealed Deity—The Holy Habitation of Heaven—Valid Christianity—The Right of the Poor—The Mystery of the Incarnate God—The Incarnate God Vindicated—The Resemblance of Melchisedec to Christ—The Harmony of Christianity in its Personal Influences—Moral Inability—Jesus Christ the Cause and Consummator of all things—The Doctrine and Dauntlessness of Apostolic Preaching—The Perversion of Apostolic Preaching—The Contrasted Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ—The Immediate Blessedness of Departed Saints—The Resurrection of the Just—The Last Judgment—The Final Heaven—The Revival of Christian Piety and Effort—The Grandeur of Redemption—The Claims of the Jews on Christian Compassion—Missionary Enterprise—The Ministry of Angels—The Faith of Devils—The Influence of the Pious upon the age in which they live. Professor Stowell says, “on all these varied themes, there is the same amplitude of discussion, the same cogency of reasoning, the same fertility of illustration, and the same earnestness, both of conviction and appeal, which instructed, delighted or persuaded the readers of the former volume.”

In the autumn of 1846, Dr. Hamilton delivered his Congregational Lectures on the Revealed Doctrines of Rewards and Punishments. As this was considered by the author his principal work, it is reasonable to suppose that he bestowed on it more than ordinary care and attention; and the character of the work itself, fully justifies such a supposition. To the difficult question of eternal punishments, he brought all the rich energies of his mind, and all the treasures of his learning; and came to the conclusion, as much with the assistance of logic, as “the law and the testimony,” that it was natural, just and scriptural, that sinners should be punished for ever. He brought reason to the aid of revelation, and to his own satisfaction, and

the satisfaction of his hearers generally, he proved his point. So strong was his belief in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, that, when once he ascertained what they revealed, the matter was to his mind finally and irrevocably settled. Innumerable millions of immortal spirits writhing in agony for unending ages would be to him dust in the balance, when weighed with *one* positive statement of Scripture.

On the 14th of May, 1847, Dr. Hamilton was the chairman of the seventeenth Annual Assembly of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. In the same year he took his stand boldly in opposition to the Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education; and during the strenuous agitation against the views entertained by the government, no one took a more active part in it than the Rev. Doctor. He believed that government could not interfere in the great work of national education without impairing the springs of the nation's greatness and strength, by gradually sapping the foundations of voluntarism and that manly independence which have so materially contributed to England's prosperity and progress. This view was shared by a large number of the principal Protestant dissenters. But strongly as it was urged, the government succeeded in carrying their measure.

During the autumn of 1847, Dr. Hamilton was called to visit the death-bed of the "friend of his soul, and brother of his heart," Mr. Ely. Heart-rending must that scene have been, and none but those who are capable of true friendship, can, even in imagination, picture to themselves its reality. Very soon after the last bitter anguish was over, and the mortal remains of the departed one were deposited in "the house appointed for all living," Dr. Hamilton dried up his tears, and wrote the memoir of his friend, which was prefixed to Mr. Ely's posthumous works. "I often dreamed," says the biographer, "indeed, that a funeral torch was held by my beloved friend; but it pointed to another grave. He seemed to plant the yew and the cypress; but these were not to shade his own tomb. His urn rose not among all my darkest visions, and now that I am commanded to sculpture it, surprise and sadness overpower me. . . . When it has always been assumed that some one

must outlive us, that he shall be the guardian of our memory—when heedlessly we have seen in this a very course of nature—the reversal of our expectation is unutterable bitterness." How touching this allusion to the expectation in Dr. Hamilton's mind that Mr. Ely would outlive him, and write his own memoir. Such is life with its apparent inconsistency, and the deep mysteries which environ it; but in the grand life-march of humanity, and in the sum total of human destiny, there is no disorder to the eye of the All-Seeing.

Dr. Hamilton's *last* publication was the memoir above alluded to. He was soon called to join his friend in another sphere, where friendships know no alloy, no severance—where the love formerly fostered on earth blooms in undecaying beauty, uninfluenced by the ravages of revolutions and the blasts of time. On the 7th of May, 1848, Dr. Hamilton preached to his congregation in Belgrave Chapel, Leeds, from the text, "For here we have no abiding city;" and though neither he nor any one else expected it, it was his *last* sermon to his own people. On the following Monday he left Leeds for the May Meetings, in London. A few days after he fell ill and continued, more or less severely so, until the day of his death. On his way back to Leeds, he fulfilled an engagement to preach for the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in Rotherham. This he did from the text, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ:" and this was the *last* sermon he preached. His illness increased, until he expired on the 18th of July, 1848, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. About two hours before his death, Mr. Edward Baines attended his bed-side, and said to him—"You hold all your great principles firm and clear to the last?" and the dying man said, "O, yes, my principles! If those principles fail, everything fails. I have always relied on principle." "It was a look," says Mr. Baines, "so extraordinary, that I can never forget it; while his tone in exclaiming 'my principles,' was just like that I have so often heard from him in speaking on the platform, on great and exciting occasions."

A little before the publication of the Memoir of Mr. Ely, Dr. Hamilton sent forth a small volume, entitled "Horæ et Vindicæ Sabbaticæ; or, Familiar Disquisitions on the Revealed Sabbath."

The volume includes five essays, viz., *The Original Sabbath*—*The Hebrew Sabbath*—*The Christian Sabbath*—*The Heavenly Sabbath*—*The Practical Sabbath*. When speaking of the Heavenly Sabbath, he thus beautifully expresses the combined glory of that blissful period:—"It is the expansion of all the thoughts which inhere in Sabbath. *Law* inviolably reigns; *Sanctity* chastens every scene; *Rest* yields imperturbable stay; *Commemoration* resounds in recital and song; *Fellowship* convokes and binds; *Worship* breathes in every gesture and look and strain; *Benevolence* sweetly attracts and scatters; *Improvement* travels in interminable career; *Congeniality* renders each engagement easy, and pleasant, and meet. Say what must be the happiness where all the elements of divine and human joy so mightily prevail, so fully act, so incorruptibly endure."

Thus lived and thus died Dr. Winter Hamilton, and, take him all in all, the Independent body, will not soon look upon his like. On July 24th he was buried, and the Rev. Thomas Scales, of Leeds, and the Rev. Walter Scott, pronounced funeral orations over the coffin, which contained all that was mortal of the departed doctor. The former gentleman in alluding to the services of Dr. Hamilton's ministry, said: "His desire for the ministry was in him a very early predilection, and it grew into a passion, which laid hold of the strongest emotions of his heart. Towards it all the best and finest feelings of his nature were attracted, and here they centered—and to it all his powers of original genius, and all his acquisitions, as he advanced in life, were uniformly and faithfully consecrated and subordinated to its ends and service. He might, and you are well aware that he did, diverge into other paths; he instituted and conducted other researches, and was by turn the philologist, the poet, the historian, and the philosopher, scarcely leaving any work of literature unconsulted; but his main and absorbing pursuit was the knowledge of God and eternal truth; his most precious and persevering inquiries were directed to the lively oracles of God; his highest ambition was to be the sound and scriptural divine—the instructive, impressive and useful preacher of the gospel, that he might win souls to Christ, and convert sinners from the error of their ways. He habi-

tually regarded the office of the ministry with a profound veneration. His own mind invested it with all that was sacred and heavenly—with all that was sublime and glorious; not indeed in the secularity and gorgeousness, the priestly assumption and domination, with which it had been clad and encumbered by ambitious ecclesiastics and patronizing princes—but with a simplicity, spirituality and beauty, especially and essentially its own, as the ordinance of God, from whom it derives all its dignity, authority and influence, calling to more immediate commerce with Him, and to the assiduous study and investigation, as well as the faithful proclamation of his revealed will, identified in its exercise and results with the highest purposes and brightest glories."

No man, while he lived, possessed, among the independent body so much intense *individuality* as Dr. Hamilton. He was as independent as any man bound by creeds and covenants, and anchored within denominational boundaries, could be. There was a vital spontaneity perpetually arising from his central being which infused itself into, and pervaded all his actions. From his heart, wherever he went, radiated living streams of emotional life. He was no machine, acting only in accordance with the application of external force, and in obedience to conventional regulations; but he thought, felt, spoke and acted by virtue of the hidden, spontaneous, powerful forces of his inner life—forces fed and sustained by direct contact with the Infinite Spirit. Unlike many of the lifeless preachers and prosy writers of modern times, who stereotype the ideas and opinions of other men, and distribute them from the pulpit and through the press, unvitalized with original thinking and the warm glow of a beating heart, Dr. Hamilton passed everything through the laboratory of his own soul, and mingled with it the characteristics of his own individuality. In this we see one of the chief recommendable qualities of his life and teachings.

We have already seen that he possessed a genius-winged imagination. "Give him," says Dr. Harris, "a gossamer and he would float away on it into infinite space. Give him a whisper and he went off to the music of the spheres; a particle and he constructed another solar system; a classical hint

and he was forthwith a contemporary with Horace, or sitting with the gods of Olympus, or was himself a myth. His writings abound with instances of this impulsive and originating power. A Hebrew idiom was, for him, electrical with inspiration; a curt Scriptural phrase was an asterisk, a finger pointing to the depths of immensity; a seemingly vague barren expression, like many a dull looking pebble to the geologist, was pregnant with systems, or gave up to him extra-mundane secrets—became a text on which he would lecture and expatiate until it had amassed glory in his hands." But poetical and imaginative as was Dr. Hamilton, he was not creative, he went not out into untrodden fields, or speculated on unsubdued territory; and when he sported amidst the ever-teeming glories which everywhere bound the regions of the real and the demonstrative, his imagination was not subject to the rules of art. He wanted many of the qualifications of the great Artist. He was fragmentary and capricious. He had not sufficient creative power to call an epic into being, or sufficient artistic skill to mould it into harmonious proportions; or enough of the logical faculty to construct a metaphysical system. Did he possess a more powerful originating genius, the following estimate of Edward Baines would be more truly applicable to him. "He was the Michael Angelo, not the Raphael. His architecture was Egyptian not Grecian. Had he combined Ætlic taste with his Atlantian strength, his literary fame, high as it is, would have been still more eminent." His works not only want the colossal proportions of Egyptian architecture, but the eternal repose which pervades it.

But if he were not a genius in the higher acceptation of the word, he was a great man. He possessed a warm and a generous heart—a heart capable

of vital and enduring friendship. He rose as high above the ordinary level of preachers and pastors, as he fell below the standard of Michael Angelo, Dante or Milton. He was a cheerful companion, and wherever he went, his face beamed with smiles, and was wreathed with a welcome. He was essentially a wit, and was frequently much too witty, if not too careless in his puns and repartees, for his more serious brethren of the ministry. He possessed a very retentive memory, hence his mind was a very store-house of intellectual treasures. "The doctrines of the Calvinian school were to him an inheritance, he held them as he would his birthright, his estate, his honour, his freedom, or his life." He was ever in earnest. He appreciated the unspeakable value of existence, and all the principal actions of his life were the result of some deep and heart-felt resolve, and tended to some high purpose. There was unmistakable reality in all he said and did. He spoke of heaven as if he actually beheld its glories, and mingled with its multitudes, and listened to their music, and had been animated with their song. He was among the most affectionate of husbands, the tenderest of parents, and the most solicitous of pastors. "Few men," says Professor Stowell, "have surpassed him in the equality and benignant mildness of his temper, in the beautiful order, affectionateness, and sustained piety of his domestic life; in the quiet dignity and forbearance of his pastoral habits; in his self-denying generosity; in his sensitive jealousy on behalf of the honour and usefulness of his brethren; in his readiness to serve others; in the confidence with which he grasped all his moral, religious and political convictions, and in the devotion of his mind and his attainments to the freedom and well-being of his fellow creatures."

J. P. E.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

(Concluded from page 190.)

IN about three years, Sheridan, being then of the mature age of forty-four, begins to have serious intentions of marrying a second time. At a certain fête given at Devonshire House, he saw

among the faces there assembled one which was new to him, and not indifferently agreeable. Can anybody inform a reverent inquirer who that young lady is? That, sir, is Miss Esther Jane

Ogle—rather an uneuphonious surname—daughter of the dean of Winchester, and by the mother's side, granddaughter of the former bishop, and to all appearance now eligible for matrimony. On first observing Sheridan she could not forbear calling him "a fright," and applying to him a few other pleasant epithets, such as young ladies of a marriageable term of years are privileged to employ according to discretion. The great orator overheard some of her disparaging remarks, and determined that, whatever might be the visible defects of his outward man—and there was no denying that it had lost much of its original comeliness, he would, nevertheless, by the fascinations of his mind, efface the unfavourable impression which the young lady had received. No one was better qualified for such an undertaking. His first advances produced some slight civility, the next meeting a little more attention, another a private declaration that although he was a monster, he was very clever; and she subsequently discovered that if not exactly handsome, he was strikingly agreeable. Gradually there was a little emotion experienced at his presence; at length, her heart was irresistibly attracted, and then altogether given up. He was, indeed, the only man with whom she could live; vows of love and fidelity were accordingly exchanged. The worthy dean was consulted; any hint from him at the disparity of their years was unheeded; he in vain hesitated, they ardently persisted. He learnt enough of Sheridan's affairs to be satisfied that the match would be what the world calls a bad one. Casting about, therefore, for a decent excuse to prevent the marriage, he said at length that he would not give his consent to his daughter's union with any man who could not put down £15,000 to the £5000 which he himself proposed to give for her settlement; this, he flattered himself, would bring the affair to a conclusion, for where Sheridan was to find such a sum no ordinary mind could have imagined. Such, notwithstanding, were the wondrous financial contrivances of his prospective son-in-law, that the dean, to his confusion and astonishment, found the money safely lodged in the banker's hands, in strict compliance with the requisition. Besides, there was no deception in the matter; shares were sold off in Drury Lane Theatre, and an estate called Pollesden in Surrey was purchased with the

money, and duly settled upon Mrs. Sheridan and any children she might have; the trustees to the settlement being the late Lord Grey and Mr. Whitbread. Not a dean in Christendom could outwit Sheridan, as the dean of Winchester very soon perceived.

Here it is, we first become acquainted with Sheridan's famous son, Tom. At the time of this contemplated second marriage, Tom was residing at Bognor, with his tutor, Mr. Smyth (since professor), under whose care he was supposed to be "deeply immersed in study." For two or three months neither tutor nor pupil had received any kind of communication from Sheridan, when one morning while at breakfast, the following letter came to hand:

"MY DEAR TOM,—Meet me at dinner, at six o'clock on Wednesday next, at Guilford; I forget the inn; I want to see you. Ever your affectionate father, R. B. S."

This summons somewhat startled Tom, who marvelled what his father could have to say. Was it to propose a seat in parliament? Could it be to point out a good marriage? Was it anything to do with Drury Lane Theatre? Sundry conjectures occupied the minds of pupil and tutor until the eventful Wednesday, when, in company with his groom, Tom departed. Mr. Smyth expected him to return the next day, but several days elapsed, without a line from either father or son to explain the mystery. At length, on the following Monday, a note from Tom arrived, giving information that he was still at Guilford, had been, and was likely to be; that he had never seen his father, and all that he could hear of him was that he passed through the place on his way to town, "with four horses and lamps," on the preceding Wednesday about twelve o'clock. Tom was in great straits, having written letter after letter to his parent requesting orders, and above all a little money, since he had only a few shillings left, "having paid the turnpikes faithfully," and declaring that he was so wearied out with waiting, and "seeing neither father nor money, nor anything but the stable and the street," he almost began to wish himself "with the books again." This was some relief to Mr. Smyth's anxious state of mind, but not much. For now he has "to pace the beach at Bognor," for ten or a dozen weeks, without hearing

a word from any quarter to elucidate the enigma of Tom's absence. Time, however, brings discoveries. Accordingly when Smyth was about concluding within himself that his existence had been utterly forgotten both by Sheridan and his son, he received the following explanation of the state of things:—

"MY DEAR MR. SMYTH,—It is not I that am to be married, nor you. Set your heart at rest, it is my father himself; the lady, a Miss Ogle, who lives at Winchester; and that is the history of the Guilford business. About my own age—better me to marry her, you will say. I am not of that opinion. My father talked to me two hours last night, and made out to me that it was the most sensible thing he could do. Was not this very clever of him? Well, my dear Mr. S——, you should have been tutor to him, you see. I am incomparably the most rational of the two, and now and ever, yours very truly and affectionately, T. S."

Tom Sheridan is his father's own son. While at Cambridge he was pronounced to be the cleverest fellow in the place, as in point of wit and fun he very probably was. His father once said to him, "Tom, you have genius enough to get a dinner every day in the week at the first tables in London, and that's something, but that is all, you can go no further." They thoroughly understood each other; the son was equally complimentary to the father, as many oft-repeated anecdotes can testify. On one occasion, Tom complained, over the bottle to him, that his pockets were empty. "Try the highway," was the father's answer. "I have," said Tom, "but I made a bad hit; I stopped a caravan full of passengers who assured me they had not a farthing, for they all belonged to Drury Lane Theatre, and could not get a penny of their salary." Kelly tells a somewhat similar story. He says that father and son were supping with him one night after the Opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament; "I think father," says he, "that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, 'To be let.'" "And under that, Tom," said his father, "be sure you write 'Unfurnished.'" Tom accepted

the joke, but was even with him upon another occasion. Sheridan had a cottage, about half a mile from Hounslow Heath. Tom, being very short of cash, asked his father to let him have some money. "I have none," was the prompt reply. "Be the consequence what it may, money I must have," said Tom. "If that is the case," rejoined the parent, "you will find a case of loaded pistols up stairs, and a horse ready saddled in the stable; the night is dark, and you are within half a mile of Hounslow Heath." "I understand what you mean," said Tom, "but I tried that last night; I unluckily stopped your treasurer, Peake, who told me that you had been beforehand with him, and had robbed him of every sixpence in the world."

Out of the many other anecdotes related of Sheridan and Tom, one or two seem too good to be omitted. One day, just before Tom went abroad, he was at his father's house, when the servant, in passing, inadvertently threw down the plate-warmer with a great crash, and thereby startled Tom's nerves a good deal, he being then exceedingly unwell. Sheridan, after furiously scolding the servant who stood pale and frightened, at last exclaimed, "and how many plates have you broken?" "Oh, not one, sir!" answered the fellow, delighted to vindicate himself. "And you fool," said Sheridan, "have you made all that noise for nothing!" Tom subsequently married against his father's wishes, and thereby seriously offended him. The first time the two met after the marriage, Sheridan informed Tom that he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. The son said he was extremely sorry, but supposed he must submit to his fate, observing coolly, "You don't happen to have the shilling about you *now*, sir, do you?" whereupon old Sheridan burst out laughing, and they instantly became friends again.

Lord Holland mentioned to Moore a curious scene which he had with Sheridan and the Prince of Wales (George IV.), while the Whigs were in power. Sheridan having told him (while they waited in an ante-chamber) about some public letter which he had corrected or re-written for the Prince, the latter, on their admission, told quite a different story, referring to Sheridan for confirmation of it, and who all the while courted

ously bowed assent; "so that," said Lord Holland, "I could not for the soul of me, make out which was the *liar*." Sheridan, in his latter days, used to be a good deal at Holland house, where, as Lady Holland informed Moore, he was in the habit of taking a bottle of wine and a book to bed with him every evening—the *former* only intended to be made use of. In the morning he breakfasted in bed, and had a little rum or brandy with his tea or coffee; made his appearance between one and two, and pretending important business, used then to set out for town, regularly stopping, however, at the Adam and Eve public-house for a dram. It is said there was even a long bill run up by him at the Adam and Eve, which Lord Holland subsequently had to pay.

After his marriage, Sheridan's life, from all that we can see, went on pretty much as theretofore. We have little further to record, either of his private or public proceedings. An amusing incident, which occurred on the opening of the Parliamentary session of 1802, is perhaps not altogether undeserving of being noted. Pitt and Sheridan, entering the House at the same moment walked up to the table, and took the oaths at the same time. The Premier, who was almost as careless in pecuniary matters as his political opponent, fumbled about in his pockets in the vague expectation of finding two shillings usually paid on such occasions, but found nothing. He turned round to Sheridan, who by some extraordinary accident happened to have money, and was actually able to be a lender, and so relieve the prime minister from his temporary embarrassment. Many were the witticisms which sprang out of the transaction. At the present date it were not an uninteresting historical inquiry—were those two shillings at any time repaid?

Sheridan was for many years in the habit of holding a sort of regular levee, for the multitude of visitors and applicants that daily thronged his house. His suitors were distributed in various rooms, according to their station, their intimacy or their business. Some had access to his private room, others loitered in the library, another party occupied the parlours. Up and down, with anger in his eye, paced some "infuriated creditor," as though resolutely bent to speak his mind, and determined to suffer no further postponement of his claims—

having, probably, for many days beset the avenues of Drury Lane Theatre in the fruitless hope of seeing the proprietor. In the butler's room were the weary, anxious trades-people; there was a vast deal of grumbling everywhere, indifferently suppressed; each person had some especial want which must be instantly supplied. At every sound, most eyes were directed to a particular door, from which it was expected that the man in such request, unless he stole out unperceived, would in due time appear. At length the door opens, a finely-toned voice is heard uttering something which seemed to please somebody in the interior, if a gentle laugh may enable the stander-by to form a judgment. Sheridan would then come out. There was something in his appearance, even in the days of his intemperance, that at once captivated all who saw him. His "fine Shaksperian head," as John Kemble was wont to call it, was bent towards you with a gracious and becoming dignity. His brilliant eye, his winning smile, his trimly ordered hair, his elegant careless costume, combined in forming a visible presence that was equally attractive and commanding. He walked through the crowd of suitors with an easy, unembarrassed air, bowing courteously to each, and to each having something kind to say; and, as Boden tells, "so cordial were his manners, his glance so masterly, and his address so captivating, that the people for the most part seemed to forget what they actually came for, and went away as if they had come only to look at him." It was not always, however, that an interview could be obtained. A gentleman who was one day waiting, as he had been the day before, by appointment, in the parlour, observed another gentleman walking about in a state of great excitement, and in a sort of attempt to be civil to him, inconsiderately said, "A fine day, this, sir,—I believe I had the pleasure of seeing you here yesterday."—"Yesterday, sir!" returned the other. "Yes, sir, and so you might the day before, and any day for the last six weeks; and if I have walked one yard, I have walked not less than fifty miles on this confounded carpet." And this he said, "grinding his teeth, his fist clenched, and pacing to and fro with the appearance of a maniac." Doubtless, some unlucky creditor, much pressed to meet his own engagements,

Of Sheridan's procrastination and utter recklessness of all economy, many stories are related. Professor Smyth states that he was one morning waiting for him in his ante-room, when casting his eye upon a table covered with letters, manuscripts, pamphlets and other miscellaneous papers, he observed that the letters were mostly unopened, and that even some of them in this state had coronets on the seal. He remarked to Mr. Westley, the treasurer of Drury Lane, who was also waiting in the room, that Sheridan apparently treated all alike,—wafer or coronet, pauper or peer, the letters seemed equally unopened. "Just so," said the treasurer, "indeed, last winter I was occupying myself much as you are doing now, and what should I discover but a letter from myself, unopened like the rest—a letter which I knew contained a £10 note. The history was this: I had received a note from Mr. Sheridan, dated Bath, and headed with the words, 'Money bound,' and entreating me to send him the first £10 I could lay my hands on. This accordingly I did. In the meantime I suppose some one had given him a cast in his carriage up to town, and his application to me had never more been thought of; and therefore there lay my letter, and would have continued to lie till the house-maid would have swept it with the rest into the fire, if I had not accidentally seen it." Mr. Smyth subsequently told this story to Sheridan's valet, Edwards, and suggested to him the desirability of looking after the letters. Edwards replied—"What can I do for such a master? The other morning I went to settle his room after he had gone out, and on throwing open the windows, found them stuffed up with papers of different kinds, and among them bank notes; there had been a high wind in the night, the windows I suppose had rattled; he had come in quite intoxicated, and, in the dark, for want of something better, stuffed the bank notes into the case-ment; and as he never knows what he has in his pocket or what he has not, they were never afterwards missed."

The destruction of Drury Lane theatre by fire was a most momentous disaster for Sheridan, and doubtless precipitated his affairs into that state of absolute ruin towards which they had long been tending. When he heard of the catastrophe he was in the House of Commons, and stoically remained there for some time engaged in the public business. Afterwards he repaired to Drury Lane; saw the entire destruction of his property, but manifested great fortitude and composure. It is said, that as he sat for awhile at the Piazza Coffee House, taking some refreshment during the fire, a friend of his having remarked on the philosophic calmness with which he bore his misfortune, Sheridan answered, "A man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine by his own fireside." Moore discredits this story, but it may be readily admitted that it is not unlike the man.

On the dissolution of Parliament after the session of 1812, Sheridan found himself without money to secure his re-election. The rest of his life was an accumulation of miseries and anxieties. His severe losses, his deep involvements, embittered his declining days, and hastened his melancholy end. Over the neglected wretchedness of his last hours we will not linger. The kindly, careless soul—its generous genialities now all shrunk and defaced—is at length left friendless in the days of his adversity. Arrested on his death-bed for debt, he finally shuffles off this mortal coil, and leaves his embarrassments behind him. In the bright July weather of 1816, he died in quite abject condition; and they gave him a splendid funeral for compensation—royal and noble hands, that ministered not to his distress, bearing up the pall! He rests now in Westminster Abbey, our English Pantheon of great men. There have been many greater, many worthier; but among the considerable men of the eighteenth century, his country may justly reckon him. Be his faults, then, charitably scanned, and such virtues and rare endowments as he had cheerfully acknowledged and remembered.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

THE peculiarities of national character are ever visibly impressed upon the national literature. It is very interesting to study the varied characteristics thus shadowed forth. In the literature of England, we observe the practical common sense, the high moral tone, the true and just sentiment which distinguish the English people; in that of France we are presented with a sparkling mirror of a clever and volatile nation; and the literature of Germany bears the impress of the deep thought, poetical feeling and delicious dreamy mysticism for which the German people stand pre-eminent; for to them was given the "empire of the air." Nor are the productions of Spanish writers less characteristic. Standing as it were apart, insulated amid the brotherhood of nations, but little visited by tourists, its inhabitants not addicted to travel, Spain has been, until quite lately, the country least known to foreigners of all in Europe. It might, therefore, be well imagined, that her literature should be still more striking in individuality, and rich in distinctive character.

The people of Spain are generous and impulsive, proud beyond measure, truly, passionate, impetuous, but hospitable to strangers, firm in friendship, and constant in love. They have much of oriental indolence. Their conversation is tinged with eastern hyperbole. Their devotion oversteps the bounds of intelligent belief; but, as a whole, they are in truth a gallant and chivalric nation. These constituent elements of character are admirably developed in the national literature, which is especially rich in ballad poetry, in the drama and romance. As might be anticipated, the Spanish have but few writers on theology and philosophy, although they possess an abundance of devotional works, in the form of Guides and Manuals. Among the earliest *valuable* specimens of Spanish literature, may be mentioned the true spirit-stirring ballads illustrative of the history of the Cid, already familiar to the English reader through the admirable translation of Mr. Lockhart. Spain has produced no really great poet, if we except the dramatists; although many of the effusions of Boscan, Garcilaso, Mendoza, and Ponce de Leon, are exquisite in their way. As to

the romancists, verily their name is "Legion." They offer to the attention of the student a mine of unexplored wealth; much that is worthless, probably, but still, amid all, many fair jewels in their strange, wild incidents, and abounding wit and humour.

In the galaxy of Spanish authors, there is one "bright and particular star," that in brilliancy outshines all the rest. Lope de Vega and Calderon are familiar names, but Cervantes is a "household word." The works of the former adorn our libraries, we study and admire them; but the Knight of La Mancha, and Sancho Panza, are enshrined evermore in our memories.

"Don Quixote" has not only attained an unrivalled popularity in Spain; it has, moreover, achieved a world-wide reputation, and found a welcome and a home amongst all people in all classes, whatever their age or country. There can be no better proof of its intrinsic worth than this. Some one has well said, that Genius is cosmopolitan; that its utterances are expressed in one broadly comprehensive and universal language: that its dictates are inscribed upon one fair and far-flashing scroll, raised high in the sight of all the nations, like the unfurled banner of the regal night with the profusion of its starry splendours. We do, indeed, find that the revelations of genius meet with recognition and sympathy, not only in the land where they first arose, but amid all people, wherever there is a heart to love and appreciate, and a soul to comprehend.

The early history of MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA is involved in some obscurity. His family, although poor, appears to have been originally noble; for according to the learned Marquis de Mondejar, it was equal in distinction to any in Europe. Of little consequence this truly; we ever hold to our faith that genius is the best patent of nobility, and shall not, therefore, trouble ourselves to trace our author's genealogical tree, through interminable ramifications. The subject of our memoir was the younger son of Rodrigo de Cervantes, and his wife, Dona Leonor de Cortinas. He was born in Alcala de Henares, in October, 1547. Madrid, Seville, and other cities, have disputed

as to which of them might claim the honour of having been his birth-place. It seems, however, that he was baptized on the 9th of October, in the parish church of Alcala, dedicated to Santa Maria la Mayor. This fact has been established in the most authentic and convincing manner—"del modo mas autentico y convincente." It is supposed that the early education of Cervantes was conducted beneath the parental roof; but this is not certainly known. He displayed a deep love of poetry and the drama from childhood; and so great a passion for reading, that he treasured carefully the torn fragments of written paper which he found in the streets. Notwithstanding these indications of the student, we ever fancy the young Cervantes, as a boy among boys, simple, frank, good-natured, a hearty lover of fun, and ready at all times for frolic and adventure.

He studied grammar and the belles-lettres, under Juan Lopez de Hoyas, a learned ecclesiastic of Madrid; and made considerable progress while under the tuition of this master, advancing also in the development of his poetical faculties. It appears that Juan Lopez, "being charged with the arrangement of the histories, allegories, emblems and inscriptions, which were directed to be placed in the church of the Descalzas Reales in celebration of the magnificent obsequies of the Queen Isabel de Valois, in that town, on the 24th of October, 1568, employed his scholars in these compositions. Some were in Latin, and others in Castilian. Among these scholars, Cervantes was one of the most distinguished." The history published by Lopez, detailing the circumstances of the last illness, death, and funeral of this princess, contains many tributes to her memory from the pen of the young poet; and among these an elegy of considerable merit, dedicated to the Cardinal Espinosa, inquisitor general. In the course of the work, Hoyas frequently refers to his pupil, affectionately designating him as, "su caro y amado discipulo."

"The common opinion has been that it was at Madrid that Cervantes prosecuted his studies with Juan Lopez; but considering that Lopez did not obtain the chair of grammar and belles-lettres in that city until the 29th of January, 1568, when Cervantes was already more than twenty years of age,

it is most natural to conclude that his instructions were anterior to this period; and that either as a private master, or out of Madrid, he had taught his celebrated scholar, so far as to call him with propriety his disciple, after he had been only eight months presiding in the above-mentioned chair—a conjecture that admits of entire confirmation, it being certain that Cervantes, as he has himself informed us, studied two years in Salamanca, and matriculated in that University, and resided in the Calle de los Moros." Hence his intimate acquaintance with the peculiar features of that city and its student-life, so graphically delineated in the second part of the "Don Quixote," in the story of the "Licentiate of Glass" and other portions of his writings. His first poetical efforts meeting with approbation, Cervantes was induced to give to the world further specimens in the form of sonnets, romances, and a pastoral called "Filenia," which has been lost.

These first flowerings of genius doubtless attracted some notice in the literary circles of Madrid. In the autumn of 1568, at the period of the queen's funeral, Cervantes visited the capital. About the same time the papal legate, Aquaviva, arrived, with compliments of condolence from Pope Pius V. to Philip II., on the death of the Prince Don Carlos, who had perished in prison the previous July. The court of Rome had also given instructions to the legate, for the purpose of obtaining redress in some case in which the king's ministers had trespassed upon the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Neither mission was agreeable to Philip. He had expressly commanded that no one should presume to condole with him on the decease of his son, whose mysterious death, so shortly followed by that of the queen, gave much reason for conjecture and suspicion. Certain it is that Monseignor Aquaviva received his passport on the 2nd of December, with an order that he should depart for Italy within sixty days. He did go accordingly, taking with him in his suite, as chamberlain, our Cervantes, who had probably gained his attention through his copy of verses dedicated to the Cardinal Espinosa, for the legate was a decided lover of literature and delighted to encourage genius. The young Spanish nobility considered it no de-

gradation to serve thus in the households of the high ecclesiastical dignitaries. It was a means of attaining to church preferments. By so doing, Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, and Francisco Pacheco, were enabled to prosecute their studies in Rome; and it is most probable that our author accompanied Aquaviva chiefly in order to see the world, and gain that practical knowledge of society in all its varieties which he afterwards turned to so valuable an account. Every town and city of note through which he passed, formed the subject of his minute observation; and he deemed nothing with reference to scenery and character beneath his notice to remark and to remember. And so should all artists regard life. In every situation, however apparently mean, in the by-paths and hedges as well as by the broad high-ways, the "watching mind" may garner up in the vast treasure-house of memory, stores of thought, association and incident, for future use and future triumphs.

Cervantes did not remain long under the roof of Aquaviva. His ardent, restless spirit, soon sought some more congenial occupation. In the following year we learn, he entered into the Spanish military service in Italy; thus embracing a profession according to his idea more noble and suited to his birth. To use his own expressions, "the exercise of arms, although honourable in all, is yet more peculiarly adapted to those of illustrious birth and of gentle blood."

He was soon called into active service, for the Grand Turk having broken his treaty with the Venetian republic, by an attack upon the island of Cyprus, the Venetians implored assistance from all Christian princes; and more especially from his holiness the pope, who forthwith despatched an expedition to the rescue, under the command of Marco Antonio Colonna, Duke of Paliano. The united forces, those of Venice, Spain and the Papal States, set sail from Italy, in the summer of 1570. Miguel de Cervantes served as private soldier in the company of the Captain Diego de Urbino. Dissensions among the commanding generals seem to have been the cause of the unsuccessful issue of this expedition. The Turks took Nicosia by assault, and tempestuous weather obliged the allies to put back to their respective ports. Far from being

discouraged by this untoward result, the following year the pope entered into a league with the king of Spain and the republic of Venice, and more troops were sent out against the Turks in the summer of 1571, under the conduct of Don John of Austria.

In October of the same year, the famous decisive battle of Lepanto was fought, in which the Christians obtained a signal victory. Cervantes being ill with ague, just before the contest, his captain and comrades wished to dissuade him from taking part in the engagement. He replied with generous pride, that he would "rather die fighting for God and his king, than conserve his health at the price of an action so cowardly in seeming." He fought most heroically in the hottest of the conflict, and carried with him to the grave the memorials of that famous day; for, besides several other wounds, it was in this engagement that Cervantes lost his left hand. These honourable wounds were highly valued by our hero as testimonials of his bravery, and he ever remembered with pride and pleasure the victory of Lepanto, esteeming it better for the soldier "to die nobly on the battle-field, than to secure his life through abandonment of duty."

On the night following the battle, the fleet retired to the adjacent port of Petela to repair the damages sustained by the vessels, and to attend to the necessities of the sick and wounded. The weak state of health, from which Cervantes then suffered, of course greatly aggravated the irritation occasioned by his wounds. The next day Don John visited the invalid soldiers, and rewarded all who had distinguished themselves, ordering three crowns above his ordinary pay to be given to Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

The Christians took advantage of their victory by endeavouring to blockade the Turks in the Dardanelles. They took possession of the castles of Lepanto and Santa Maura; after which, in consequence of the advancing season, and the number of their invalids, they returned to Messina on the 31st of October, and were received with all solemnities and demonstrations of gladness, due to so glorious a triumph. Cervantes entered the hospital of Messina, and continued there until the spring of 1572, when he joined the regiment of Don Lope de Figueroa, at Corfu.

In the September of this year, the confederates directed their forces against Algiers; their league with the Venetians being dissolved on account of the dishonourable conduct of the latter. Don John, with twenty thousand soldiers, among whom was Cervantes, set sail for Tunis, on the 24th. The object of the Prince was to dethrone Aluch-Ali, and to restore Muley Mahomet, "thus depriving the Corsairs of their favourite stronghold." Philip II., however, had far different ends in view, in sanctioning this expedition. He coveted for himself the sovereignty of Algiers. The forces landed at Goleta in October, and finding the garrison abandoned they took possession of the fortress. Tunis was also taken. Here again our hero greatly distinguished himself, and was appointed to a station in the island of Cerdena. Don John having obtained permission to return to Spain, was on his way thither, when he received notice that his presence was required in Italy. This was in the early part of 1574. During his absence the Turks arrived with fresh forces, to reconquer Goleta and Tunis. They succeeded in both attempts. Goleta was taken by assault, after a long and cruel siege, and most vigorous defence, Tunis was re-captured in twenty days. The news of these reverses occasioned much annoyance to Don John. He sent reinforcements, but violent storms compelled the fleet to take refuge in the Sicilian ports. It appears that Cervantes remained in garrison with his regiment at Cerdena, from the end of 1573, to the May of the succeeding year; that "thence he sailed to Genoa, in the ships of Marcello Doria, to await in Lombardy the orders of Don John of Austria, who at the beginning of August, when he sailed from Spain, took with him that regiment to Naples and Majorca, and reinforced with his best soldiers, the ships, with which he had intended to succour Goleta; that after that occurrence Cervantes waited with the same regiment in Sicily, the orders of the Duke of Sesa, when he incorporated his regiment with the forces of that country in the absence of his master of the camp; and that the Prince Don John on his return to Naples, in June, 1575, gave leave a little time afterwards to Cervantes to return to his native country, after so long an absence, and so long-continued meritorious services."

In the course of these campaigns, our author visited all the principal cities of Italy, and acquired an intimate acquaintance with the Italian language and literature; a knowledge he turned to excellent account in his writings, thus increasing the resources of his own native Castilian. He also studied well the best models of antiquity, and his mind was stored with varied experiences and richest thought, more to be prized than all the subtleties and abstractions of the schools. Notwithstanding these undoubted acquirements, there were many envious contemporaries of Cervantes (accomplished sciolists, truly!) who dignified him with the title of "*ignoramus*," because he was not *learned* in the sense in which they, forsooth! understood the term. Their idea of a savant being limited to one who had obtained a doctor's degree, and other high university honours.

Such is a slight sketch of the military career of Cervantes, during the time he fought, to use his own words, "beneath the conquering banners of the son of that thunderbolt of war, Charles V., of happy memory." Finding that his services were far from being adequately remunerated, he resolved to solicit in Spain the recompense he so richly deserved. He accordingly set sail from Naples, in company with his brother Rodrigo, the late Governor of Goleta, and other distinguished officers. Don John gave him letters of recommendation to Philip II., praying his majesty to confer upon him the command of a company, in some regiment, as a reward due to his signal bravery. Don Carlos de Aragon, Duke of Sesa, presented him also with testimonials to the king.

The bright home-visions of the returning Spaniards were soon dashed to earth. They were attacked by pirates, and after a gallant defence were obliged to surrender to superior numbers. All were taken prisoners and conveyed to Algiers. Cervantes fell to the share of the Captain, Dali Mami, a Greek renegade, who finding his captive's recommendatory dispatches from the Prince, Don John and the Duke of Sesa, of course judged thence that he was a person of distinction, and that he might consequently hope for a large ransom. He was loaded with chains, rigorously guarded, and treated with severity, in order that he might, with the greater instance, importune his friends to make

exertions for his redemption. Cervantes soon attempted to escape, with several of his companions in bonds, but being abandoned the first day by the Moor who had consented to act as their guide, the fugitives were obliged to return to Algiers, and submit to still harsher treatment than before. The failure of this dearly-cherished plan, must have been a source of deep grief to the suffering exiles. Cervantes mentions his attempts to regain freedom, and gives besides a vivid picture of his captivity in his drama of "El Trato de Argel."

In 1576, some of his friends being ransomed, he charged them with letters to his parents, detailing the deplorable situation of himself and brother. His father instantly sent as large a sum as he was able to raise by mortgage on the whole of the family patrimony, by which indeed he himself was reduced to the extreme of poverty. The ransom, however, appeared too small for so illustrious a captive in the eyes of Dali Mami, whose avarice was unbounded, and he accordingly refused to accept it. In August, 1577, Dali was induced to receive this ransom for Rodrigo alone. Miguel entreated his brother, on reaching Spain, to use all means, that an armed frigate might be sent out for his own rescue and that of his fellow-captives.

It so happened that the Alcaide Azan, a renegade, had a pleasure garden near the sea, about three miles distant from Algiers. This garden was under the care of a Christian slave named Juan, a native of Navarre. In the most retired part of it there was a cave, and through the advice of Cervantes, many of the Christians took refuge here, early in the year 1577. They were joined in time by others, and when Rodrigo departed for Spain, there must have been about a dozen or fifteen concealed in the cave. The gardener and another slave, called El Dorador, were possessed of the secret, and supplied the refugees with provisions. It is surprising how, for so many weeks, Cervantes could have been the presiding genius of this little community, without leaving his master's house. A striking instance, truly, of his ever-ready tact and fertile resources of invention and contrivance. In September, when he daily expected the arrival of the frigate which was to liberate himself and friends, Cervantes fled to this subterranean hiding-place.

The captives only dared to venture without the cave during the night. And what days and nights of fearful, anxious anticipation must those have been! How many times beneath the moonlit skies must the watchers have gazed across the deep, in hopes of some friendly sail. Imagination pictures the whole scene before us. A fair, still evening. No cloud upon the untroubled skies. A thousand stars shine gloriously, like jewelled diadem upon the brow of the queenly night, herself a softer, milder day. No sound floats through the lonely air. A gentle breeze just fans the bending feathery grasses and bright flowers, and breathes the music of a spirit's whisper amid the shadowy masses of surrounding foliage. A few dark figures are flitting about the entrance of the cave, half hidden in the deep gloom of bowering trees. These are Cervantes and his friends. They gaze expectantly athwart the dark blue waves, bright with the silvery light of stars. There is a murmur of suppressed voices, of half-uttered lamentations—for, as yet, no speck appears upon the "waste of waters." One stands among the watching band, with high, proud forehead, with eagle glance, the light of conscious power within his eyes, and genius flushing on his brow. That is Cervantes. And he looks forth, hoping, trusting—and is not deceived, for surely a ship is afar—and the angel of Liberty bends above the deep. But no—it is nothing yet.

Alas! for those brave, true hearts, and all their ardent hopes and blissful dreams! A vessel had, indeed, been actually equipped and dispatched from Spain. It arrived in the vicinity of Algiers about the 28th of September, keeping at a distance from the shore in order to avoid discovery by the Algerines. During the night, it approached the shore near to the garden, where it could give notice of its arrival to the captives. A Moorish fishing-*barque*, hovering near, gave the alarm, and although the Spanish vessel once more attempted to approach the coast, the second effort fared worse than the first, for the Spaniards fell into the hands of their enemies, and so ended this unfortunate expedition. At first, the refugees knew nothing of the capture of the friendly ship. They were doubtless consoling themselves with bright hopes, amid the damp and dis-

comfort of their gloomy cavern, when another very untoward event took place in the treachery of one of the slaves who possessed a knowledge of their place of concealment. This man, El Dorador, revealed the secret of the cave to the Dey, Azan. The Dey immediately dispatched the captain of his guard, with half a score horsemen, and about twenty infantry, to bring the betrayed Christians back into captivity. Before their arrival, Cervantes had time to warn his friends to silence with respect to their attempted flight, as he himself would gladly bear all the blame. And when in the presence of the hostile troops, with their stern questionings, flushed cheeks and angry eyes, Cervantes rose, with natural grace and dignity, and lifting to heaven a serene and lofty brow, exclaimed with loud voice, that "none of those unfortunates were at fault in having planned escape, but that he alone was to blame (if blame indeed there were in striving to regain a sacred right), in that he, and he only, had urged them on, and encouraged them in every effort."

The Turks were surprised at a confession so free and generous, thus made at the risk of torture and of death. Cervantes was taken before the Dey, Azan, who, by the most terrible menaces, endeavoured to extort from him the names of his accomplices. Azan particularly suspected the R. P. Fr. Jorge Olivar, agent for the redemption of slaves in Algiers, of being concerned in the affair. Perhaps this suspicion arose from the hints of El Dorador, to the effect that he favoured the evasion of the captives, or perhaps his own avarice suggested the idea, as a means of reaping a rich harvest of money, through an attack upon the reverend padre. At any rate, the news that he was suspected came to the knowledge of Father Olivar, and he instantly sent off to a brother ecclesiastic, the rich vestments, and the vessels sacred to divine service, lest they might be profaned by the infidels, should they chance to take him into custody.

The noble Cervantes, however, firm against every threat, and deaf to every seduction, continued constant in affirming that he alone was to blame, unwilling to compromise directly or by implication, any one of his comrades. Weary, at last, Azan sent him in chains to prison, and contented himself with appropri-

ating to his own service all the returned prisoners.

As soon as the Alcaide learned all particulars with reference to the cave affair, he executed the gardener with his own hands. A like cruel fate would doubtless have awaited Cervantes, and his companions, but for the avarice of the Dey, hoping for large ransoms. In order to have him completely in his power, Azan purchased our hero from his former master for five hundred crowns.

Azan Basha was so cruel a tyrant with his slaves, that he was deservedly regarded by them as a species of infernal monster. Of the manner in which he treated his captives, Cervantes writes:—"And although hunger and ill-clothing might distress us much, at times, and even always, yet these were nothing to witnessing the unheard-of cruelties with which my master treated the Christians. Every day he hanged, impaled or tortured one or other wretched victim, and this often without the least provocation, so that even his own people acknowledged that he acted thus for the very love of cruelty, and because of his natural blood-thirsty homicidal tendencies."

The repeated failure of his many plans for regaining liberty appears not to have altogether disheartened our gallant captive. In September, 1579, he became acquainted with a Spanish renegade, known in his native Granada, as the licentiate Giron, whom he exhorted earnestly to return to his former Christian faith. The apostate seemed desirous of so doing, and being convinced of his sincerity, Cervantes confided in his honour, and arranged with him to negotiate with two merchants of Valencia, Onofre Exarque and Baltazar de Torres, then resident in Algiers, for the purpose of procuring a frigate. With money advanced by Exarque, Giron succeeded in obtaining a vessel prepared for the voyage, all under the secret directions of Cervantes, who, with sixty of the principal captives, held himself ready to embark for his beloved country, as soon as all the arrangements should be completed. But, when just on the point of securing that long-lost blessing of freedom, the hopes, so fondly cherished, were once more blighted, and worst of all, through a Spaniard, Juan Blanco de Paz, formerly a Dominican monk, who disclosed the whole plan to the Dey, most probably actuated by a sentiment of jealousy

towards Cervantes. The merchant Exarque was terribly fearful, lest the part he had taken in the affair should come to the knowledge of Azan. Afraid, therefore, lest Cervantes should be induced by torture to divulge the names of his accomplices, he earnestly entreated him to depart immediately for Spain in a vessel about to sail, assuring him that he would gladly pay whatever sum might be demanded as his ransom. With his accustomed magnanimity, our hero nobly refused to leave his companions in such a time of peril, and declared that no torture, not even death itself, should ever prevail upon him to criminate his friends.

In the mean time, Cervantes had taken refuge with a certain Diego Castellano, who concealed him until they should know the purpose of the Dey with regard to this affair. Very shortly a general proclamation was issued, with a command, that none should conceal him under pain of death; on which he generously surrendered himself to the Dey, sooner than prove the cause of danger to his friend. On being brought into the presence of Azan, the tyrant urged him repeatedly to confess who were his accomplices in his late projected plan of escape; and the better to terrify him into such declaration, his hands were bound, and a rope was secured around his neck, as if for his execution; but Cervantes not only carefully avoided compromising any of his friends; but he was still constant in reiterating that he alone was at fault, if blame could be attached to an attempt so natural and reasonable. His discrete and witty answers to the Dey's questions had at least the effect of softening his rage in some measure, so that he contented himself with inflicting upon Cervantes the very mild punishment of incarceration in a dismal dungeon loaded with irons, and strictly guarded. In this dark retreat he was kept for five months, acquiring much "reputation and honour" among the Christians for his noble conduct and true generosity of soul. The renegade Giron was banished to the kingdom of Fez.

The great number of captives, then in Algiers, inspired Cervantes with a hope of a general insurrection among them, by which means they might perchance, not only liberate themselves, but take possession of the town, with the design of annexing it to the Spanish monarchy.

These plans were, however, frustrated, and Azan Basha was accustomed to say that "accordingly as he guarded well the one-handed Spaniard, so should he hold secure his slaves, his shipping and his capital."

Cervantes was evidently treated with some indulgence, or he must have forfeited his life for his temerity. In speaking of Azan's cruelty to the other slaves, he seems to acknowledge this. He writes—"There was but one whom he treated well, and this was a Spanish soldier, one Saavedra, whose many plots to regain his freedom will long endure in the remembrance of these people. This man he never struck nor ordered to be punished; and yet for the least of his many enterprises, many feared lest he should suffer death; and so also he himself feared more than once."

It seems strange to us that so illustrious a man should be allowed by his country to remain so long a time in captivity, without being ransomed by the government, when it was discovered that his parents were too poor to supply the sum requisite, having impoverished themselves by the redemption of their elder son, Rodrigo. It seems that they were continually making efforts to interest those in power to obtain the liberty of Miguel; and at last, after much trouble and anxiety, they appeared on the point of accomplishing the end desired. They begged of the Duke of Sesa, then returned to Madrid, from being viceroy in Sicily, that he would give them a certificate of the meritorious military services of Cervantes in consequence of his having lost, while in slavery, his letters of recommendation to the king. The Duke willingly supplied the required testimonials. During the time of this negotiation the father of our hero died, without the consolation of a last embrace from his beloved son. This sad event proved happily no hindrance to the proceedings undertaken for the rescue of Cervantes. In the spring of 1580, Philip II. dispatched two of the Redemptorist fathers, the Rev. P. Fr. Juan Gil and P. Antonio de la Bella, with instructions to treat with Azan for the ransom of Cervantes and the other captives. They arrived in Algiers the 29th of May; but were delayed some time by the difficulty they experienced in inducing Azan to accede to any reasonable terms. He declared positively he would

not accept less than one thousand crowns for Cervantes, and unless he were paid this sum forthwith he would most assuredly take him with him to Constantinople, whither he was about to proceed, the period of his government having expired. He agreed at last to accept five hundred crowns, and our hero was disembarked on the 19th of September, the very same day that his former master set sail for Turkey.

But although breathing once more "the free glad air of heaven," the trials of Cervantes were not yet over. We have before mentioned Juan Blanco de Paz, who acquired an infamous notoriety among the Christians for his treachery in revealing to the Dey the projected escape in Giron's armed frigate. This man's jealousy and hatred of Cervantes led him to fabricate many gross falsehoods, relative to his conduct while in captivity; particularly, it seems, as to his being untrue to the Christian religion.

Cervantes, desirous that his character should not only wear the garb of innocence in reality, but also in seeming, demanded that the strictest investigations should forthwith be made as to his conduct whilst in Algiers. As might be anticipated, the result was a bright triumph of truth over falsehood; and proved that he had not only kept his own faith pure from infidel assaults, but that he had ever wisely counselled and earnestly exhorted those who had thus yielded to temptation. Amidst the wavering and the faint-hearted, he had still remained constant and unshaken, ready at all times to strengthen and console those who required advice and consolation. In fine, his reputation was triumphantly established, as a "true Christian and a good Catholic."

This affair having been terminated so much to his satisfaction, Cervantes, with several of his friends, also redeemed, set sail for Spain at the close of the year 1580. To use his own heart-warm words—"This world can give no deeper joy, than the return to one's native land, safe and sound, after long years of dire captivity: for there is on earth no transport comparable to that of long-lost liberty regained."

At the time of his return, Philip II. was at Badajoz, occupied with the conquest of Portugal, in which kingdom he had entered on the 5th of December. The Castilian army remained there for the

purpose of maintaining his Majesty's authority, and securing the public tranquillity, by repressing any disturbance which might occur. Rodrigo de Cervantes served in this army, and Miguel resolved to enter it also, believing that by no better way could he forward his views at Court.

We will not follow Cervantes in all his military exploits by sea and by land, while under the conduct of the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the greatest Spanish sea-captain of the age. Suffice it to state, in the words of one of his biographers, that "the Marquis of Santa Cruz most felicitously and gloriously terminated this campaign, and entered Cadiz on the 15th of September, 1582, amid the applause and acclamations of all good Spaniards."

The Portuguese character made a favourable impression on the mind of Cervantes. He speaks of the inhabitants of Lisbon as being all "agreeable, courteous, liberal," and of the "beauty of the women inspiring admiration and love;" and he ever afterwards retained an affectionate memory of Portuguese kindness and hospitality.

It is wonderful that our author could have found time for composition amid a life of such strange vicissitudes. His first prose work, the "*Galatea*," was published in 1584, a pastoral romance, wherein he celebrates the praises of a lady, he shortly after married. This work was warmly welcomed by the contemporary literati.

On the 12th of December, in the same year, Miguel de Cervantes married Dona Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Voz Mediano, of one of the most illustrious families of Esquivias. Our author decided upon Esquivias as his place of residence, and from its proximity to Madrid, it is probable that he passed much of his time in the capital, as we hear of his enjoying friendly intercourse with Vicente Espinel, Juan de Barros, and other distinguished men, there resident. A literary academy, on the plan of those in Italy, was founded here, which formed a rallying point for the young literary aspirants of the day.

The next works of Cervantes were dramatic. He produced in succession, "*El Trato de Argel*" (Life in Algiers), the "*Numancia*," and the "*Naval Engagement*," and several other plays which he had the satisfaction of seeing performed amid great applause in the

theatres of Madrid. His popularity as a dramatist was not, however, of long continuance; for the rising star of Lope de Vega presently eclipsed all lesser lights in the firmament of dramatic display. Our author was not slow in perceiving the direction of the public taste. He accordingly abandoned play-writing, and began to seek anxiously for some permanent employment, to aid in the maintenance of his family. His military services had never been worthily rewarded, and he found himself above forty years of age, without any regular profession or adequate means of support.

Early in 1588, he removed to Seville, where Antonio de Guevara was commissary of the fleets, &c., for the Indies, with the right of appointing four assistant commissioners. Cervantes obtained a situation as commissioner, hoping, doubtless, that it might lead to something better. In 1590, he addressed a petition to the King, praying for some appointment in India. This petition was referred to the President of Council for the Indies. Nothing, however, came of it. He continued at Seville until 1597, when he was imprisoned for debt, having unfortunately trusted a merchant, named Simon Freire, with a sum of money amounting to 7,400 reals, which he had collected in his capacity as commissioner. This money Freire engaged to pay at Madrid; but instead of this, he failed and absconded. 'The exigencies of the Treasury, resulting from the enormous expenses attending the conquest of Portugal and the Terceira Islands, and the cost of the unfortunate Armada directed against England, called "the Invincible;" the continued changes in the constitution of the revenue and its tribunals; the new duties and taxes which were laid, and the want of a well-regulated system, contributed to embarrass the finance department, and to introduce distrust, compulsion, sequestration, arrests and other judicial proceedings among the persons employed in the different branches of collection.' Cervantes was soon released from prison, in order that he might present himself at Madrid, to finish the settlement of his affairs, but we know not with what success. Here he remained until the close of the following year, and after the death of the King (Philip II.), which occurred on the 13th of September, 1598.

He left Seville during the succeeding year, and it is a generally received tradition that he departed from thence for La Mancha, "with a commission that occasioned him great perplexity and persecution; and which ended in his being thrown into jail, where he wrote the first part of his "Don Quixote." It is not known what was the precise cause of this imprisonment, but the grounds of his incarceration were, without doubt, unjust, or Cervantes could never have mentioned the circumstance, as he does, with that serenity and noble unconcern which conscious innocence alone can inspire." Had it been otherwise, his numerous rivals and enemies would have been only too glad to take advantage thereof, but they never even refer to it.

These misfortunes of Cervantes recall to our recollections similar passages in the life of the illustrious Portuguese, Camoens.

It is supposed that Cervantes spent about four years in La Mancha. But this is only conjecture. One of his Spanish biographers thinks, indeed, that the accuracy with which the great romancist has depicted the topography of this district, and the peculiarities of its inhabitants, a sufficient evidence that he must have resided there for some time, and that he consequently wrote thus from personal observations.

In 1603 he removed to Valladolid, where the court had been established for two years. His many claims upon the government of his country never having been satisfied as yet, he solicited the patronage of the Duke of Lermo, then a favourite and all-powerful minister. From him, however, he received a rude repulse; and thus, in the evening of his days, he was thrown entirely upon his own resources. Well—perhaps in the end—it was well that it should be so. He had certainly the less to thank others for, and the more cause for pride and rejoicing in those scintillations of his genius, which flashed forth so brightly, even amid circumstances so dark and adverse.

He now applied vigorously to composition, and hastened the completion of the "Don Quixote," the first part of which appeared in 1605, dedicated to the Duke of Bejar. It was received at first with the utmost indifference. Many treated the work with ridicule and contempt; and the author perceiving that

it was misunderstood by those who read it, and entirely disregarded by those who were capable of appreciating it, resolved upon a very ingenious method of exciting the public attention. He published an anonymous critique upon his own book, under the title of "El Buscapie." In this clever little brochure he explained that the "Don Quixote" was intended as an instructive satire upon the ill effects resulting from the inordinate reading of the tales of chivalry; and that the characters although imaginary, yet held some relation to certain persons in real life; particularly to Charles V. and the paladins of his court, and to other persons in authority. This little book produced the desired effect, in attracting curiosity, and drawing attention to the work it was intended to illustrate; and forthwith "Don Quixote" became extremely popular; and four editions were issued in 1605, the year in which it was first published. But although warmly approved by the majority, Cervantes suffered much persecution from those who believed themselves comprehended in the satirical remarks on contemporary writers which abound in the "Quixote."

The court was again restored to Madrid, in 1606; and here once more our author fixed his residence. Being now advanced in years, he resolved from this time to live retired from the world, and entirely devoted to literature and religious exercises.

In 1612 the "Novelas Ejemplares," or Exemplary Tales, were published with a dedication to the Count of Lemos. Boccaccio's "Decamerone" suggested the idea of these stories. Cervantes proposed to himself to write twelve tales, equal in elegance of style and interesting incident to those of the Italian, combined with higher aims and superior moral tendencies. To these "Novelas" we shall again revert in our critical examination of the works of Cervantes.

In 1614, some nameless person published a continuation of the "Don Quixote," although its author was still living, and had announced the second part of his book as being nearly completed. The continuation, an ignorant, worthless attempt, with a libellous prologue, appeared under the fictitious signature of the Licentiate Avellaneda. Cervantes himself has rescued this production from deserved oblivion by men-

tioning it in the second part of his own immortal work. It does not appear, from all we can learn, that Avellaneda's work was ever really popular in Spain. It was translated by Le Sage, in 1704. The lively Frenchman, however, took great liberties with his original, altering and improving it greatly, and lending it the graces of his own inimitable style.

The second part of the true "Don Quixote" was published in 1615, with a dedication to the Count of Lemos, who proved a very kind friend and powerful protector to Cervantes, during the last years of his life. Although his writings were so universally popular, it does not appear that either Cervantes or his family reaped thence any great pecuniary advantage. Philip III. himself acknowledged the irresistible charm which invested the history of the "ingénioso hidalgo;" and on remarking from a balcony, a student reading a book, and bursting into involuntary fits of laughter, he exclaimed,—"The man must either be mad, or reading "Don Quixote!" Yet neither the monarch nor his ministers thought fit to withdraw from obscurity and indigence an author who was the glory of all Spain, and her most illustrious son.

The poetry of the age having become degenerate, laden with extravagant ornament and worthless conceits, Cervantes sought to elevate the public taste by the publication of his "Viaje al Parnaso," or Journey to Parnassus, a work of more ingenuity than beauty or power. Our author, who was exceedingly anxious to secure a high poetical reputation, was greatly mortified by the neglect with which his later poems and plays were received. He offered some comedies to a bookseller named Juan de Villaroel, who assured him that "he would have bought them, had he not been told by an eminent author, that much reliance might be placed upon his prose, but none upon his poetry." Villaroel came to terms, at last, and published eight of our author's comedies, in 1616, which were received with indifference by both public and managers.

The last work of Miguel de Cervantes was a romance, entitled "The Sufferings of Persiles and Sigismunda," upon which he bestowed much time and care. It was never quite finished, and did not appear until after his death. This book was, above all his works, the au-

thor's favourite, and he was earnestly engaged in its completion when he was arrested by the disease which shortly after proved fatal. The preface, written only a few days before his death, is a wonderful instance of his naturally gay, careless temperament, and unfading energy of mind, which all his poverty and misfortunes had been powerless to repress. It gives us, besides, the only details we possess with reference to his last illness. We are tempted to extract the whole:—

"It so happened, beloved reader, that as myself and two friends were journeying from Esquivias, a famous place for fifty reasons, but particularly for its noble families and capital wines, I heard a man approaching behind, vigorously whipping his nag, and apparently very anxious to overtake us. He presently shouted for us to stop, which we did; and when he came up to us, we found that he was a country student, attired in brown, with round-toed shoes and spatter dashes. He had a sword in an immense sheath, with a tape-tied band; he had only two tapes, so that his band got sadly out of place, which he was at great pains to rectify. 'Without doubt, Senors,' said he, 'you seek to obtain some office or prebendal stall, from my Lord of Toledo or the king, to judge by the haste with which you journey; for in truth my ass, hitherto considered a famous trotter, has not been able to overtake you.' To which answered one of my companions, 'The fault lies with the stout nag of Senor Miguel de Cervantes, for he is somewhat quick in his paces.' No sooner had the student heard the name of Cervantes than throwing himself from his ass, his cloak-bag falling on one side, and his portmanteau on the other, he sprang forwards and seized me by the left hand, exclaiming—'This, then, is the famous one-handed author, the merry writer, the favourite of the muses!' When I heard him thus pour forth my praises, I thought myself obliged in politeness to respond; so embracing his neck, whereby I managed to pick off his bands altogether, I said—'This is an error in which many, being kindly disposed have fallen; Senor, I am indeed Cervantes, but not the favourite of the muses, nor any one of the other fine things you have said of me. Mount your ass again, and we will converse together for the short remainder of our journey.' The good student did

as I requested, and we continued our journey at a moderate pace. In the course of conversation, we talked of my illness, but the worthy student gave me but little hope, saying, 'This illness is a hydropsy, which all the water in the ocean would not cure, if you could drink it; you must drink less, Senor Cervantes, and not forget to eat, for this alone can cure you!' 'Several people told me this,' I replied, 'but it is as difficult for me to refrain from drinking, as if I had been born for nothing else. My life draws near its close, and to judge by my pulse, I cannot live longer than next Sunday. You have made my acquaintance at an unfortunate time, for I shall not live long enough to show my gratitude for your expressions of kindness and good-will.' Just then we arrived at the bridge of Toledo, over which I was to pass, while he departed for that of Segovia. As to my history I leave that in the hands of fame; my friends, doubtless, will be eager to narrate it, and I should have the greatest pleasure in hearing it. We embraced again, and once more I offered my services. He spurred his ass, and left me as little inclined to prosecute my journey, as he was well disposed for his; he had supplied my pen with ample materials for pleasantries, but all times are not the same. Perhaps even yet the day may arrive when taking up this broken thread, I may supply that which is now wanting. Adieu, gaiety! Adieu, humour! Adieu, pleasant friends! I must now die, hoping soon to see you all well contented in another world."

A sad picture this of our author's physical infirmities, albeit the record is penned in that cheerful, almost joyous spirit which seems to have distinguished him at all times, and under all circumstances. His illness greatly increasing he received extreme unction, on the 18th of April. The day following he still preserved the same serenity of mind; and anxious to testify his regard for his friend, the Count of Lemos, as a last tribute, Cervantes dedicated to him his posthumous work, the "*Persiles y Sigismunda*." This dedication, singular and touching, from the fact of its being written at such a period, abounds with noble sentiment and lofty expression.

The dying man commences with the remark that he might well address his friend in the words of the antique rhyme:—

Puesto ya el pié en el estribo,
Con las ansias de la muerte,
Gran Señor, esta te escribó.

With foot already in the stirrup,
In the agonies of death,
I write you this, my lord.

He continues—"Yesterday I received extreme unction; the time is short; my pain increases; my hopes diminish. Yet do I greatly wish that life could be so prolonged that I might see you once again on Spanish ground." The Count of Lemos was then on his way home from Naples.

Four days after writing thus, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra died, aged sixty-seven years, on the 23rd of April, 1616; on the death-day of our own Shakspeare, according to some; but as the Gregorian Calendar was not adopted in England until 1754, it follows thence that the English poet survived Cervantes twelve days.

No monumental stone proclaims the spot where in deep-tomb silence repose the earthly remains of Spain's most noble son. He desired to be interred in the church belonging to the monks of the Holy Trinity. This conventual establishment was removed in 1633 to a new church in the Calle de Cantaranas, and it is supposed that here is the resting-place of the mortal remains of Miguel de Cervantes.

Our author was ever cheerful and affable in manners; thoroughly kind-hearted; a man of warm and earnest sympathies, and of high-toned chivalric feeling. Without bigotry, he was rigorous in the discharge of all the duties enjoined by religion; particularly in the observances of the Church of Spain. A few years before his death he became one of a society of religious persons established under the name of the "Oratory of Olivaror de Canizares." This association seems to have been highly fashionable, being patronized by Philip III., and the principal nobility of his court.

Although Cervantes experienced so much neglect from his own countrymen, he was always treated with distinguished regard and attention by foreigners who visited Madrid. They gazed after him with interest and curiosity, as he passed along the streets, and anxiously sought every opportunity of introduction to an author so illustrious.

As to his *personel*, Cervantes has very characteristically sketched his

own portrait in a few graphic words. The passage will be found in his preface to the "Novelas":—"Him whom you here observe with the lean countenance, chestnut locks, smooth and open forehead, lively eyes, well-proportioned aquiline nose, beard silvery, that was golden some twenty years ago; large moustache, small mouth, the teeth, of which he has but six, in bad condition and worse placed, so that they have no correspondence one with the other; of clear complexion, rather inclined to fair than dark; the figure of middle size, somewhat stooping in the shoulders, and not very light of foot; this, I say, is the author of the 'Galatea' and of 'Don Quixote,' this is he who performed the journey to Parnassus, and is commonly styled Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra."

We will now proceed to a critical examination of our author's literary labours. It were a mere waste of words to give a detailed analysis of a work so widely known, and so universally appreciated as the "Don Quixote." We have all journeyed with the faithful Rosinante, enjoyed the sublime hallucinations of the "ingenioso hidalgo," and heartily laughed over the broader drolleries and less refined absurdities of that model of attendant squires, Sancho Panza. It was our good fortune never to have read a translation of the book until after the perusal of the inimitable original, which is written in a style of such matchless grace and beauty, that it is quite impossible to gain any worthy idea thereof through the medium of a foreign language. When some time after we looked into an English version, we were perfectly astonished at the difference. It was not that any of the original ideas were lost in the translation. These were, for the most part, well preserved. But it was a certain exquisite and all-pervading grace which had evaporated. This singular influence regarding style may be compared to the wonderful magic of light upon a varied landscape; and the translation to the same combinations of nature, with the sun behind a cloud—the scenery, indeed, has undergone no material change, but an indistinguishable charm is fled, and it requires the aid of the magician to touch it into beauty and glory again.

The romance of Cervantes was written in ridicule of the extravagant tales of

knight errantry which inundated Spain at that period, and by their highly-wrought wonders, and the distorted views, they presented of actual life, tended greatly to corrupt the purity of the public taste. The hero of the story, Don Quixote of La Mancha, has completely lost his reason through the perusal of these outré-chivalric romances; and imagining himself another Orlando or Amadis, he buckles on his ancient armour, mounts his Rosinante, and accompanied by his trusty squire, Sancho Panza, sets forth with all the enthusiasm of the knights of old, in quest of "strange adventure." It is his to relieve the distressed, to be a friend to the orphan and the widow, to fight for the defenceless, the injured, and oppressed, and give liberty to the captive, to war with giants, and to break the wand of the enchanter. Such he conceives to be "*his mission*." And he addresses himself thereto with faith and true-hearted sincerity,—with a mind which, although erratic and indeed sadly astray, is yet instinct with generous impulses and pure and lofty feeling. In the words of a Spanish critic, he is "a veritable Amadis de Gaula in caricature."

To quote from the discriminating review of Sismondi, Cervantes "has described in Don Quixote an accomplished man, who is, notwithstanding, the constant object of ridicule; a man, brave beyond all history can boast of, who confronts the most terrific not only of mortal but of super-natural perils; a man whose high sense of honour permits him not to hesitate for a single moment in the accomplishment of his promises, or to deviate in the slightest degree from truth. As disinterested as brave, he combats only for virtue, and when he covets a kingdom, it is only that he may bestow it upon his faithful squire. He is the most constant and respectful of lovers, the most humane of warriors, the kindest master, the most accomplished of cavaliers. With a taste as refined as his intellect is cultivated, he surpasses in goodness the Amadis and Orlando whom he has chosen for his models. His most generous enterprises, however, end only in blows and bruises. His love of glory is the bane of those around him. The giants whom he believes he is fighting are only windmills; the ladies whom he delivers from enchanters, are harmless women whom he terrifies upon their journey, and whose

servants he maltreats. While he is thus repairing wrongs and redressing injuries, the bachelor Antonio Lopez very properly tells him:—'I do not precisely understand your mode of redressing wrongs; but, as for myself, you have made me crooked, when I was straight enough before; you have broken my leg, which will never be set right all the days of my life; nor do I understand how you repair injuries, for that which I have received from you will never be repaired. It was the most unfortunate adventure that ever happened to me when I met you in search of adventures!'"

In thus entering upon a crusade against the indefinite multiplication of knightly romances, it must not be supposed that Cervantes intended to ridicule the spirit of true chivalry—that spirit and those institutions which, arising in the depths of a half-illuminated and semi-barbarous age, tended, perhaps above all other influences, to strengthen, exalt and ennoble, and, at the same time, to soften and refine. The age of chivalry was the age of courage and of daring, of generous impulses and heroic achievements. It steeped the ways of common life and of dull reality in the light of idealism and the rainbow hues of poetry. It made of existence one vast and magnificent tournament, where the victors were crowned with rich garlands by fairest hands, and smiled upon by bright and loving eyes, amid the waving of gorgeous banners and the sound of martial music. Its laws were those of self-denial and high sacrifice. It deified Honour, it raised altars to Beauty, and embalmed the whole universe in the golden mysteries of devotion and of love. It invested the "overflowing solitudes" with visions of beauty and of grace, or it peopled them with dimly defined images of fear, of terror or enchantment. It rushed nobly forward to deeds of hard accomplishment, and returned crowned with the "laurels of success," and glad with the light of victory. A dark age, if you will: but still it was a night glorious with stars, and rich in dreams of wonder and delight.

Such, we imagine, were a few of the characteristics of that era of past history—

"When chivalry's laws were omnipotent,
And all save honour was given,
To win one smile from the worshipp'd one
The smile that makes earth a heaven."

Every age and every successive development of humanity, is, in some way or other, mirrored in its literature. Thus with the age of chivalry. Its spirit was imaged in the lofty sentiment and wild enthusiasm of contemporary romancists, in the strange, quaint recitals of the heroic chroniclers; and in the soft and tender love-song, or in the ringing warlike strains of its errant troubadours. But, in course of time, this literature lost, in a great measure, its original characteristics. Spain especially was overwhelmed with imitative chivalric romances, abounding in false, exaggerated sentiment, improbable incident and every description of wild extravagance. It was against such books as these that Cervantes directed his admirable satire, and so successfully, that the publication of the "Don Quixote" was the death-blow to all after attempts to revive an interest in the exploits of Roland, Amadis and the famous paladins of old.

One remarkable feature in the history of "Don Quixote," is the deep contrast between the refinement and lofty feeling of the Knight, and the vulgar and prosaic character of the Squire. The poetic imagination of Don Quixote colours all nature and every incident of life with its own magic hues. To his excited fancy, as before observed, wind-mills are giants, and ordinary women beautiful princesses, in the power of cruel enchanters. Sancho Panza, on the contrary, is just the rude villager, common-place enough, simple and credulous, a lover of fun and good-living; and evidently throughout a transcript from nature. The story abounds with incident and exquisite touches of wit. Here and there, too, are some very choice scraps of criticism. For instance, the Curate's examination of the Knight's library, &c. The forte of Cervantes lay not alone in humorous delineations; for some of the episodic stories he has introduced in the course of his work, are remarkable for pathetic interest, as the tale of the "Shepherdess Marcela," of "Cardenio," &c.

The popularity of "Don Quixote" has been almost unbounded. Thirty editions were published during the author's lifetime. It has been translated into all European languages. No other book is so true an exponent of Spanish character; and its language throughout is so varied, elegant and idiomatic, despite

a few *italicisms*, that no better work can be placed in the hands of a student of the language.

The "Novelas Ejemplares" consists of twelve tales of much variety and beauty. The first, called "La Gitanilla," is a most interesting picture of Gipsy life in Spain. The heroine Preciosa, is a beautiful girl who wins the heart of an accomplished cavalier, and induces him to pass two probationary years among the Gipsy band, before she accepts him as her husband. Of course, the tale concludes with the discovery that Preciosa is a lady of high and noble birth, every way equal in rank to her lover.

The second story, "El Amante Liberal," or *The Liberal Lover*, relates the adventures of some Christians enslaved by the Turks. Cervantes has here presented us with a vivid picture of his own sufferings, while in captivity, and the entire narrative, which is one of deep interest, bears the stamp of stern truth.

The history of "Rinconete and Cortadillo," presents us with the story of two young thieves. It is an amusing transcript from nature, such as can only be realized by those conversant with Spanish life and character. It illustrates strikingly the strange admixture of devotional sentiment and superstition among beings we might well imagine lost to every sense of religion. Rinconete inquires of a robber—"Perhaps, then, you follow the occupation of a thief?" "I do so," is the reply, "in the service of God and of all good people." "The Spanish-English Lady," shews clearly that our author had a very droll idea of England and the English. "The Licentiate of Glass," and "The Coloquio de los Perros," are satirical pieces. The "Beautiful Charwoman," and the "Lady Cornelia," are romantic love stories. Each one of these admirable tales possessing a peculiar charm of its own. They are all different in incident and character, and more or less attractive. To some editions of the "Novelas" will be found an appendix, containing tales, by Dona Maria de Zayas y Sotomayor; and it is interesting to observe how very inferior these are, to the ever-varied productions of Cervantes.

The earliest prose work of our author, the "Galatea," a pastoral, was written in avowed imitation of a similar romance, the "Diana," by Montemayor, a Portuguese, who wrote in Castilian. It is interest-

ing in parts, but like the generality of books, with shepherds and shepherdesses for heroes and heroines, it is tedious as a whole. This work contains six books, and was left unfinished.

The "Persiles y Sigismunda," a story of the North, the latest production of Cervantes, and the one which of all he loved the best, is a most wild and improbable romance, exceeding even in fantastic extravagance the tales of chivalry he had satirised so successfully in the "Don Quixote." Nevertheless, it is a model of elegance and perfect purity of style, and rich in flashes of genius, amid all its eccentricities, and, therefore, deserving well a place among the Spanish classics.

It remains to contemplate Cervantes as a dramatist and a poet. His fame as such rests entirely, we think, upon his two plays, the "Numantia," and "El Trato de Argel;" for they both contain higher flights of poetry than the "Viaje al Parneso," or any other of his poetical attempts. He who has once read the "Journey to Parnassus," will not often revert to it again; but the dramas

contain some really fine passages. The "Numantia" celebrates the noble sentiment of patriotism. It is founded upon the story of the siege of that city, when the inhabitants rather than surrender to the Romans, perished amid the flames of their desolated homes.

"Life in Algiers" contains a vivid picture of the sufferings of the Christian captives in Moorish slavery, and was intended by the author as an excitement to the Spanish government to undertake active measures for the redemption of all such captives. We shall not attempt any analysis of these two dramas, that having been already so admirably done by M. Sismondi in his excellent work on the "Literature of the South of Europe."

And here we close our sketch of the life and writings of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; the brightest ornament that shines out amid Spanish literary records; a man of heroic soul, of fair and broad humanity, and of highest genius, of whom his country has, indeed, truest reason for pride and self-gladdening.

M. J. E.

DR. DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

(DELTA)

DR. DAVID MACBETH MOIR was born at Musselburgh, a sea-port town of Scotland, situated about six miles east of Edinburgh, on the 5th of January, 1798. His parents were respectable citizens. He was the second of four children, two of whom, Hugh Moir and Charles Moir, are still living. The father of this family died in 1817, the mother in 1842. The father of Dr. Moir was a man of high worth and established respectability; the mother was a woman of refined feeling and exalted intellect, who gave every encouragement to the mental growth of her children, and afforded them every possible facility for the acquisition of a knowledge of literature.

Young Moir received the first rudiments of his education at a small school in Musselburgh, from which he was removed to the grammar-school, and placed under the training of Mr. Taylor. Here he acquired a knowledge of the

Latin, Greek and French languages, besides making some progress in geometry and algebra. His boyhood was of a healthy sort, marked by no very striking features, yet full of that *bon-homme* which the juvenile man invariably indulges in, when his elastic spirit is not broken by premature troubles. He was fond of innocent sports, and took a hearty share in the out-door games of boyhood. A warm, enthusiastic nature of a highly imaginative cast, always evinces itself in boyhood, in a love of green fields and athletic sports; and the remembrance, in after life, of these exciting scenes of pleasure, is a constant source of refreshment to the soul of a high-toned man. In his full manhood, Moir found it a peculiar pleasure to call to mind the "old lurking-places of hunt-the-hare;" and the "old fantastic beech-tree," from the boughs of which he and his companions suspended their swings. The

green bank where they played at leap-frog, or gathered dandelions for their tame rabbits; and the worm-eaten, weather-worn deal seat where they assembled on autumn evenings to tell the round of stories, wonderful traditions, household memories, and recitals of chivalric enterprise, were all to be noted, years afterwards, when the heart was capable of a new thrill, and could revert to the past with a tenderness which called forth tears. It is just in this sympathy with the simple and the true—this gush of feeling under the touch of memory's magic-wand—that we recognise the poet by nature, who is none the less a poet, though he never writes a line, because his very constitution is poetic.

At the age of thirteen, Moir was apprenticed to Dr. Stewart, a medical practitioner in Musselburgh, a man of considerable talent, who took his pupil under the influence of a love for him, rather than as a trick of business. He entered upon life thus early, and commenced his duties with a cheerful zeal; and, in a short time, so gained upon the confidence of his master, as to be regarded as a personal friend.

"Business first, literary recreation next, and poetry the prince of it; such was the key-note on which Moir pitched his life and kept it to the end." His first poetical attempt bears the date of 1812, when he was in his fifteenth year. Like most juvenile attempts, this was only "good considering" certainly not worthy of preservation. Soon after this, he contrived to get two short prose essays into the "Cheap Magazine," a small Haddington publication. The anxieties connected with this his "first appearance in print," recalls to the mind the anecdote told by Dickens, of his mysterious dropping of a sealed packet into a dark letter-box in Fleet-street, and then hovering near the office, on publishing day, to catch the tidings of its fate. Moir used to relate how, burnt up with eager impatience, he shot out into the streets of Musselburgh to await the coach which brought the magazine from Haddington, and then and there found himself a veritable published author. As his apprenticeship wore out, he began his attendance at Edinburgh College. Every Monday he walked up to his classes, and returned home on Saturday night, to spend the Sabbath in the family circle.

During the week he lodged in a small room in Shakspeare-square. His days were spent in hard work at the theatre of the college, or in the various classes; his evenings at Carfrae's sale-rooms, where he staked his last shilling against all comers in a fierce bidding for a choice book. On Saturday night he exhibited his purchases to his friends, and indulged in a few harmless speculations as to how many volumes it requires to form a library, and how many years to purchase it at an expenditure of five shillings a week. Now and then he indulged himself with a visit to the theatre, to see the performances of Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neill, John Kemble, or Edmund Kean.

His apprenticeship concluded, he got his diploma as a surgeon in the spring of 1816, when he was only eighteen years of age. A long-cherished notion with him had been to enter the army; but the battle of Waterloo had so altered the state of military affairs, that this purpose was abandoned. He accordingly returned home from Edinburgh, and spent the summer in literary pursuits, contributing to the "Scot's Magazine," and taking an active part in a debating-club, called the "Musselburgh Forum." Of this society he was secretary, and so respected was he for his zeal in serving the society, that the members, at the close of their session, voted him a silver medal, suitably inscribed. It is a suggestive fact, that the greater part of our men of letters have gained their earliest experiences in connection with debating-clubs. Towards the end of this same year, he ventured on the publication of a volume, entitled, "The Bombardment of Algiers, and Other Poems," the edition of which was wholly consumed by his friends. Mr. Aird speaks of this as a "performance not without promise;" an expression to be accepted as the most gentle mode of describing a failure; and of all dull books this is a dull one indeed.

In 1817, young Moir—then only nineteen years of age—entered into partnership with Dr. Brown, of Musselburgh, who had an extensive and lucrative practice, in the town and suburbs. Moir's father was just dead, and his mother was left dependent on her son. The duties of this new position found him prepared to meet them, and filial love usurped the mastery of his large heart.

"Many a time," says his brother

Charles, "have I heard my mother, who was a woman of a strong mind, record with a tearful eye the struggles of that period, and the noble bearing of her son David, who carried her successfully through all her difficulties."

But now he began to cultivate his literary talents with an assiduity which matched well with his steadfastness of aim and character. He read diligently in the brief intervals which his hard professional tasks afforded him; and with a wonderful facility of expression, he wrote off with great ease any idea which had occurred to him during the prosecution of his duties. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Thomas Pringle, author of the "Autumnal Excursions," and one of the editors of "Constable's Edinburgh Magazine," to which journal Moir became a frequent contributor. This mixture of business and literature taxed his powers to the utmost, and for the small pinch of attic salt he had to pay some heavy penalties. "When the duties of the day were over," says his brother Charles, "and it was always nine or ten o'clock in the evening before he could count on that—after supper the candle was lighted in his bed-room, and the work of the desk began. Having shared the same room with him for many years in my early life, the routine of those nights is as fresh in my mind as if it had been but yesterday. With that loving-kindness of heart, and that tender care for others, which was the distinguishing feature of his character, he used to persuade me to retire to rest; and many a time have I awoke, when the night was far spent, and wondered to find him still at his books and pen."

Under these circumstances did Moir pass his youth, and enter on the cares of manhood. No pale student was he, "wasting his soul in thin ballads," but a right hearty Scot, robust in constitution, and with a strong tendency to athletic sports and amusements. Most of our youths are sentimental from a deficiency of manly feeling, or, alas! a deficiency of brains; but your true man, who is to do something in his lifetime, and "leave the print of his heel on the earth," affects no paleness of the countenance, no paradoxical mysticism, in conversation, and if he sighs or sheds a tear, it is not advertised like the prayer of the Pharisee, but endured in secret like the sincere emotions of the publican. Moir was just of this frank,

open school; very prone to common sense, and quite conscious that he had a body. "I am far from delicate," he says in a letter to Dr. Macnish, in 1828. "I have not been confined fourteen days to bed, for the last twenty years—a pretty good sign that my constitution is not naturally a very tender one. So far from it. I am much more known in the town of Musselburgh, among the *profanum vulgus*, for my gymnastic proficiency than for any mental capabilities, and many could give evidence to my prowess in leaping, running, swimming, and skating; whoever dreamt that I penned a sonnet when I should engross?"

Yet in spite of this vigour of frame he possessed a nervous system tremblingly delicate, and most strictly in harmony with the sensitiveness of his polished mind. His adolescence was marked by bashfulness, arising from nervous excitement, which it required many years' rough battling with the world to eradicate, and for which, indeed, there is no other remedy. It was under the influence of this strange feeling—certainly under a morbid influence of some kind or other, the consequence, doubtless, of over-excitement of the brain—that he wrote those early pieces of verse, in which the prevailing sentiment is melancholy, and regret for the past. These breathings of melodious sadness were, however, by no means peculiar to his youth, for all through, his poetry is tinged with the same expression, and in such a way as to prove that had he given himself up to meditations in the closet, he would have become a confirmed victim of hypochondriasis, instead of, as he was, one of the heartiest of men, and healthiest of writers.

The series of poems originally published, under the general appellation of "Moods of the Mind," indicate by their general particular titles the peculiar sensibility from which they sprang; each poem being the representative of a "Mood," and that mood usually of the gloomy sort. Of these "Despondency, a Reverie," "The Isle of Despair," "The Cypress Tree," "Midnight Wanderings," and "Reflections on a Ruined Abbey," are suggestive enough on their bare enumeration, and strikingly illustrate how a character of the most practical turn may grow out of a purely contemplative and melancholy nature,

under the stern schooling which contact with the world affords.

It is at this point that we get into the pith and marrow of Moir's life, which was one of hard work from this hour forward. From 1817 to 1828, he never slept a night out of Musselburgh, but from day to day, and from night to night, discharged the heavy duties of his medical practice, with a manful assiduity, and a Christian kindness, such as form the chief elements in our beau ideal of a medical man. Yet, between the laborious morning and evening visits, and the frequent jingling of the "night-bell"—that brass-tongued ogre of the doctor's pillow—he stole a few intervals of rest for the cultivation of his literary powers, and now he steps into the bold arena of "Blackwood's Magazine," a sufficient honour in itself for the most enthusiastic ambition.

A manuscript magazine, projected by Moir, and mainly kept up by himself, had brought him a little fame in Musselburgh, and, what is more, had afforded him a field for practice, and emboldened by the success of his contributions to this very local serial, he sent in some pieces to *Maga*, then plethoric with young blood, and pulsing with life and jollity. Mr. Blackwood was a man of rare sagacity, and he appreciated and encouraged the new contributor.

The pieces contributed were often of the most opposite kind, drab colour to-day, harlequin's spangles to-morrow, and anon, the painted drollery of the red-lipped clown, shaking you from head to foot with laughter at his drollery. "The Eve of St. Jerry," "The Ancient Waggoner," and others of the same rollicking cast, were let off in company with sweet, tender strains, filled with plaintive melody, like touches of flute music, or the cooing of ring-doves. It is strange, though true, that although these various contributions were sent anonymously—the touches of humour being attributed by the public to Maginn—yet Mr. Blackwood scented out their identity, and saw in the queer song and the "plaintive pleading of regret," the diverse efforts of the same hand.

The first of his pieces to which the renowned *A* was attached, and to which he owed his popular cognomen of Delta, was "The Covenanter's Heather Bed," a poem of considerable merit, the idea

of which is taken from the picture representing the temptations of St. Anthony, and adapted to the situation and clothed in the images supplied by Scottish Puritanism. This poem was published in 1819, when Delta was twenty-one, and is a performance rich in promise. The poems just referred to, "Moods of the Mind," follow this, and, simultaneous with these, a series of Biblical sketches, comprising, "Elijah," "The Casting forth of Jordan," and "The Vision of Zechariah." Following these were some miscellaneous pieces, "Emma, a Tale," in sound blank verse—setting forth how a maiden, "all forlorn," dreams of her lover, who has gone to join the "holy wars in Palestine," and how, in her dream, she has a vision of the battle-field, where night-broods, and bird, and beast—

Have come to gorge
On the unburied dead. Rider and horse,
The lofty and the low, commingled lie,
Unbreathing; and the balmy evening gale
Fittfully lifts the feathers on the crest
Of one who slumbers with his visor up.

The "one" is her absent lover, whose return she pines for; and when "radiant morn appears," and upon the "ivy wreath" the "robin sings," with sound of trumpet, drum, and tramp of men and steed, that "one," "Young Ethelrid," returns, and like a faithful knight of those old steel-clad times—

Kneels at her feet in ecstasy,
And lifts her snowy fingers to his lips.

"The Vision," "Reflections on a Brumal Scene," "The Silent Eve," "To Margaret," "Afar, Oh Ladye Fair, away!" "Elegy composed on the Field of Pinkie," "Stanzas on the Re-Interment of King Robert Bruce," "The Snowy Eve," "The Wild Rose," together with "Sonnets on the Chief Localities of Interest in Scotland," "Sir Harold," and "Hymn to the Night Wind," are the chief of these early pieces.

We are thus particular in enumerating the early productions of Delta, in order that the reader, curious in such matters, may note how the development of genius needs time as a primary element; and not time only, but hard work, under the impulse of a set purpose, and with experience to cool the crude ardour of youthful enthusiasm. In the case of Delta the growth of a mind is most beautifully marked in the steady improvement of a power which lurks under these early effusions, showing that they

spring from a rich and virgin soil, yet need the pruning of experience and art to reduce them to symmetrical proportions.

But these early pieces, however imperfect in themselves, compared with the latest productions of his pen, were in the right vein, and soon became exceedingly popular. Hence Δ , the shadow, of which Moir was the substance, was soon looked for in the monthly issue of the Tory thunderer, and with young people especially, the contributions soon became especial favourites. While popularity was growing out of doors, Delta was slowly, but surely, gaining admission to the select literary circles of Edinburgh, and, through Mr. Blackwood, became personally acquainted with several of the leading writers of the magazine, and, among others, Professor Wilson. What Wilson thought of the young poet, on his first acquaintance with him, we are not told, but the way in which the large-hearted wizard gains a mastery over hundreds of fine youths, is thus hit off by Mr. Aird. An essay is submitted to him as professor, editor or friend, by some worthy young man. Mr. Wilson does not like it, and says so in general terms. The youth is not satisfied, and, in the tone of one rather injured, begs to know specific faults. The generous Aristarch, never dealing haughtily with a young worth, instantly sits down, and begins by conveying, in the most fearless terms of praise, his sense of that worth; but, this done, woe be to the luckless piece of prose, or "numerous verse." Down goes the scalpel with the most minute savagery of dissection, and the whole tissues and ramifications of fault are laid naked and bare. The young man is astonished; but his nature is of the right sort; he never forgets the lesson; and with bands of filial affection stronger than hooks of steel, he is knit for life to the man who has dealt with him thus. The severe service was once done to Delta; he was the young man to profit by it, and his acquaintanceship with the professor "gradually ripened into a friendship, not to be dissolved but at the grave's mouth."

Soon afterwards a friendship of a sincere and lasting sort sprang up between Delta and Mr. Galt, the novelist, who came to live at Eskgrove, in the immediate neighbourhood of Musselburgh.

They became united as brothers, and so great was the confidence reposed in Moir by Galt, that when hurried off to America before he could get his novel, the "Last of the Lairds," finished, he left his friend to write the concluding chapters, involving, of course, the winding up—that all-important part of a novel—and this task was completed in a manner so ingenious as to furnish the friends, when they met again, with a source of mirth almost inexhaustible.

It is often said the more a man does, the more he is able to do; and it is truly surprising what an amount of energy Delta displayed in literature at this time, when we consider that at the same time the harassing tasks of his professional life were never once neglected, but pursued with an increasing and increasing ardour. His medical practice extended, his friends increased in number, and the demands on his talent became more and more frequent. From the night journey in the hail or snow, or the long watch beside the bed of some poor recipient of his medical skill and tender heartedness, he would retire to his study and pen delicate ballads, familiar epistles, essays, sonnets, and seraphic hymns. Into *Blackwood* he poured all sorts of contributions, from grave verse down to mock-heroics, imitations, cockney love songs, puns, parodies, freaks, fantasies, and all other sorts of queer, quizzical and funny things; yet with no vulgarity, no wilful distortion of kindly feelings, but, ever true to nature and humanity, and with a clever sparkle which had no gall in it.

At the close of 1824, Delta published a selection of his contributions to the magazines, together with a few new pieces, in a volume, entitled, 'A Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems.' It was a misfortune or mistake at starting to give "The Legend of Genevieve" so much predominance in the title, for it is by no means one of his best productions, and much inferior to many other pieces in the book. "The Hymn to the Morn" and "Hymn to the Night Wind," are, perhaps, the finest in the book—gems in their way, both for lyrical sweetness and felicity of thought. The book did not sell, such books never do: in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred they are either sent after dark to some friendly cheesemonger who is so burnt up with a passion for

juvenile productions as to consume a whole edition himself, or else thrust in twos and threes upon reluctant friends and acquaintances, the majority of whom deem it a sufficient service to accept the volumes and consequently never pay for them. These luckily were not Delta's resources, and in the course of time an edition *was sold*, though the work never paid, a circumstance the more to be expected inasmuch as that he continued singing monthly in *Blackwood*, and of all such productions the public has an eccentric inkling to have them fresh and fresh, the productions of the past having little value until they can be reproduced under the shadow of a name which has by continuous outpourings, acquired extensive popularity.

In 1827, Delta enlarged his circle of friends and became acquainted with Thomas Aird, the strong-minded northerner, and also with Dr. Macnish, the well-known author of the "Anatomy of Drunkenness," the "Philosophy of Sleep," and other works; and, perhaps, still better known by his literary *nom-de-guerre*, "The Modern Pythagorean." Macnish's talent and sagacity and shrewdness, combined with the manliest simplicity and warm-heartedness, and the tags of oddity and fringes of whimsicality which hung all about the native movement of his mind, in the regions of the quaint and queer, made him a perfect delight to Delta; and they loved one another like brothers. An improved edition of "The Anatomy of Drunkenness" was dedicated to Moir.

In 1824, Delta commenced a tale in *Blackwood*, the title of which, "Mansie Wauch," needs only to be mentioned to bring a shower of refreshing memories over the majority of our readers. This soon became so popular in Scotland that clubs were formed where "Mansie" was read aloud to the eager ears of the cannie Scots, exploding with boisterous laughter. The tale was completed in 1827, and reprinted in a volume with some additions, in 1828, and is now a standard classic of humour, and among the very best of its kind. "Mansie Wauch" is a bold delineation of Scottish manners, filled up with scenes and characters truly national, yet of a class almost wholly untouched by either Scott or Burns. "What an excellent compound of conceit, cowardice, gossiping, silliness, pawkishness, candour, kindly affections, and good Christian

principle—the whole amalgam, with no violent contrasts, with no gross exaggerations, beautifully blent down into verisimilitude, presenting to us a unique hero, at once ludicrous and loveable. And how admirably in keeping with the central autobiographer are the characters and scenes which revolve around his needle. Totally different is the whole delineation from the broad, strong, national characteristic, rough and ready, hit off by Burns; but yet equally true to nature, and thoroughly Scottish."

Temperate in living, cheerful in temper, and ever watchful of his moral and religious responsibilities, Delta pursues his course of healing the bodies of the sick and cheering the minds of the healthy, with few events to turn him aside from his steady course till March, 1829, when he threw himself into the thick of the extreme Protestant movement against Catholic emancipation. In this he was not merely a zealous protestant, he was a confirmed bigot, blinded by prejudice to the reasonable pleadings of the Romanists in favour of religious liberty. To this school he adhered to the last, a fact the more to be regretted because his religious sentiments, apart from sectarian considerations, were exalted in spirit, and practical in aim, and characterized by that earnestness and devotion which the Protestant faith in cultivated minds so pre-eminently encourages.

Among the miscellaneous entries in his journals and correspondence is one dated June 23rd, 1828, which bears on his history in an interesting manner. He says, in a letter to Macnish, "I am not aware that I am much given up to superstitious feelings; but it is not a little curious that, when I awoke last new-year's morning, it was strongly impressed upon my heart that this was to be the most eventful year of my life—in what shape, of course, I could not decipher; but either for joy or woe." His new year's dream was fulfilled, for he fell in love that year, and that is, next to conversion, the greatest event which can befall any man in the course of his life-time. On the 8th of June, 1829, Dr. Moir was married at Carham church, Northumberland, to Miss Catherine E. Bell, of Leith. It was a marriage of hearts as of hands; and besides faith and affection, Delta found in his wife that essential element in the domestic happiness of a man of letters, a sym-

pathy with his literary habits, tastes and ambition.

Moir and Macnish were now linked hand in hand in literary projects and labours. Magazines, Reviews and Annuals were flooded by them with sparkling or graceful contributions: and the two fagged on, strong in heart and health, and stronger still in hope. For the Edinburgh Literary Gazette, Delta had performed so many services that a presentation of plate was determined on by the proprietors, and in July, 1829, he became the joyful possessor of this note of admiration.

In April, 1830, Dr. Bowring being in Edinburgh, paid Moir a visit as a brother poet. On the 6th of the same month he became a father, and accepted cheerfully from Mrs. Moir the presentation of a daughter; and about the same time sat for his bust to Mr. Ritchie, the sculptor, then a young man full of promise. In 1830, he edited "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a collection of the posthumous papers of Alexander Balfour, who had long been a friend of Delta's, and of whom he wrote a life, and prefixed it to the volume, which was published for the benefit of Mr. Balfour's family.

Identified as he was with the conservative party, both by his avowed principles of church and state, and by his literary connections, it is somewhat pleasing to find Delta breaking through prescriptive rule, under the impulse of a strong conviction, and, in 1831, becoming a zealous advocate of the Reform Bill. In a letter to Macnish, he thus explains himself—"You have become a Reformer, have you? Well, so have I; and not only that, but secretary to the Reform committee, in which capacity I have had correspondence with Jeffrey and Lord Rosebery. We were last night brilliantly illuminated, and all went off as smack and smooth as a Quaker Meeting. It is absurd to deny the necessity of reform, when a House of Commons could pass a detestable Catholic Bill, against the constitution of the country, and the petitions of nineteen-twentieths of its inhabitants; it was quite time that an end should be put to such a delusive mockery of representation." Here the keynote is catholicism, which it is plain enough he not merely hated as a thing of error, but opposed with a spirit of intolerance which would have denied to

every papist the civil rights of a citizen.

In May, 1831, he appeared before the public in a new light, as the author of "Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine," a work, as he himself tells us, undertaken at the suggestion of his friend Galt. The work, as it stands, is only a history of the medical science of the ancients; the projected volumes, bringing down the history to the present time, were never written.

The year 1832 brought the cholera to Musselburgh. This town was the first point of its attack in Scotland, and in the month of January, it broke out with mortal virulence. Moir was one of the first to go forth in this season of danger and trial; and with unflinching courage and sleepless zeal he faced the new foe with the armaments of his medical skill. And here we meet with one of the most pleasing evidences of the strength and soundness of his character, in that, while he gave so much of his attention to the culture of letters, he never sacrificed the interests of his profession; but, on the contrary, attained to a perfection of skill in this, as simultaneously with it, he attained such high perfection in "the accomplishment of verse." Day after day is the adage repeated and applied to secular things, that "a man cannot serve two masters;" and it is an established rule to doubt the medical capabilities of a literary physician. Moir, however, was one of the few literary physicians who never suffered under the smart of this article of the popular faith; for, so far from neglecting his vocation, in order to cultivate his hobby, he never ceased to improve his knowledge and extend his practice of medicine, so as to merit the large confidence which was always reposed in him. As far as serving two masters, then, it depends very much on the capabilities of the man, a point which biography would never be slow in proving.

Moir was medical secretary of the Board of Health, at Musselburgh, and hence, the extra pressure of a cholera season fell doubly on him; and to answer collectively the numerous inquiries from all parts of the country, as to the prevention and treatment of the malady, he hurriedly threw together his "Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera," which flew through the country like wildfire, and came to a second edition in a few days. To follow this, he

sent forth his "Proofs of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera," a masterly production, in which the doctrine of contagion was established in a manner at once clear and philosophical.

In the autumn of 1832, Delta attended the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, and visited Cheltenham and London. While in London, he sat to Maclise, for his portrait, which appeared in a full-length etching in "Frazer's Magazine." While in the south, he visited Coleridge, and lost himself, as Chalmers and Carlyle did also, in the theosophic infinitudes of the Highgate philosophy. But the chief object of his visit to London was to see his old friend Galt, who was now on the descending side of that perpetual see-saw, of which the lives of literary men mostly consist. "When we parted, seven years before," says Delta, "he was in the prime and vigour of manhood, his eye glowing with health and his step full of elasticity. Before me now sat the drooping figure of one old before his time, crippled in his movements, and evidently but half-resigned to this premature curtailment of his mental and bodily exertions." This is the old story of genius wasting under the bleak breath of bitter disappointment—a story too often told, not to be, alas! too true.

In 1833, Dr. Browne, Moir's senior partner, retired from business, and Moir succeeded him in the practice, with a junior partner. Under the new pressure of increased duties, his literary exercises were now a little abridged. Still he was active in many other things besides his medical practice. Municipal and general political affairs he still took an active interest in; and was so genuine a man of business, that into whatever committee he might happen to be elected, he was always appointed secretary. Among his friends he now numbered Thomas Hood, and Mr. Ritchie, the sculptor; while scores of young men in Musselburgh and Edinburgh, looked to him for counsel in life, and sought his friendly assistance in the realization of their schemes and projects. Ritchie was especially indebted to him for his warm-hearted services. Delta's efforts to assist him in his early career, must afford many pleasant memories to that now eminent sculptor.

Mr. Galt was now residing in Edinburgh, dying by inches; while Mr.

Blackwood was still more rapidly hastening away from the circle of earthly friendships. Mr. Blackwood died in the autumn of 1834, and Delta was appointed one of his executors, as much at the desire of Mr. Blackwood's sons, who entertained the highest regard for Delta, as an adviser and a guardian, as of Mr. Blackwood himself. In 1835, another friend perished, and the green grave closed over the heart of the Ettrick Shepherd. Next, William Motherwell, author of "Jeannie Morrison," and one of the most pathetic of ballad writers ever born, went the same night-journey, and was closely followed by another friend, Michael Scott, the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," and the "Cruise of the Midge," a man of extraordinary qualities, and as subtle, if not so large a wizard, as his immortal namesake. Then again, on the 16th of January, 1837, died Dr. Macnish, Delta's almost brother, "in the bloom of his fame; a man who could not be known without being beloved, and whom Scotland may well be proud to number among her gifted children." To the memory of Macnish, Delta built an altar of love by collecting his fugitive pieces, and publishing them along with a well-written, though partial, biography.

Death had thus thinned the ranks of his friends, and now the destroyer came to his home and hearth, and the spring of 1838 found Delta and his wife weeping the loss of two of their children. In the next year, another fine boy, David Macbeth Moir, was cut off. "The desolation among my little ones," said he, in a letter to his friend Aird, "has proved to me a very staggering blow." To complete this catalogue of domestic sorrows, Mr. Galt died on the 11th of April, 1839, and was buried in the new churchyard of Greenock. Of this friend Delta wrote a truthful memoir, tinctured through with the essence of his own fine friendship for him, yet darkened throughout by the shadow of his heavy grief.

Looking at these events, who is to wonder that Delta's mind wore a tone of permanent sadness, which neither the resources of literary study, nor strong religious faith had power in dispelling. It is to the expression of this feeling that his "Domestic Verses," published in 1843, are chiefly devoted. Seldom, in the history of literature, have the home affections been so faithfully, yet so

poetically portrayed. These are the tender translations of private feelings, in which we trace the predominance of a sanctified sorrow made still more touching by the fine religious earnestness which plays about their pleasing personalities. In the churchyard of Invernesk, there is a simple tombstone, bearing the name of three of Delta's children, Charles Bell, William Blackwood, and David Macbeth, all snatched away in infancy, one at the age of fifteen months, the other two at the respective ages of four years and four months, and four years and six months—to these all the poems in the volume, with the exception of the sonnets, bear reference. Here we have the pieces which have made Delta's name a "household word." The little gushes of home grief and parental affection which come home to the hearts of us all, because appealing to our common humanity, and reminding us continually of the little ones whom we most dearly love. Here are the dirges fresh from his grief-throbbing heart, rich in the fine music of his poet's nature, yet evidently wrung from him by the very intensity of his sorrow. Here is "Wee Willie," "Casa's Dirge," "To the Memory of D. M. M." and that finest of all the Songs of the Domestic Afflictions, "Casa Wappy." To mention this is sufficient to call tears into thousands of eyes of those who have read it again and again, each time accepting it as the embodiment and expression of some sorrow of their own. While it has afforded consolation in the hour of keen pain to many a soul from whom death had snatched the dearest joy, it has knit them more closely with that beloved triangle which, for so many years, has stood mysteriously representing the sympathies of the fireside. Regarding "Casa Wappy" as the finest song of domestic affection in modern literature, we quote it here entire.

CASA WAPPY.

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell,
When thou didst die.
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony,
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to the sight—
A type of heaven:
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
E'en less thy own self, than a part
Of thine, and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright brief day knew no decline—
'Twas cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,
That found thee prostrate in decay,
And ere a third shone clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled;
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow,
In buoyant health:
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnation'd bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictur'd wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball,
But where art thou?
A corner holds thy empty chair;
Thy playthings idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word—
To glad—to grieve—
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And, like the rainbow thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind black night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All—to the wall-flower and wild pea—
Are changed: we saw the world thro' thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem
An inward birth:
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thy evening prayer;
All day we miss thee—everywhere—
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go
In life's spring bloom,
Down to the appointed house below—
The silent tomb,

But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo and "the busy bee"
Return; but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be—(while flowers
Revive again)—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours,
For aye remain:
Oh! can it be, that o'er the grave,
The grass renew'd should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery—Thought were woo—
And Truth a lie—
Heaven were a coinage of the brain—
Religion frenzy—virtue vain—
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O, dear lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!
Soon, soon, thy little feet have trod
The sky-ward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, dearest boy,
That heaven is God's and thou art there,
With him in joy!
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And, dark how'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

In 1844, Delta suffered a slight abridgment of his usual robust health. With his usual disregard of self, and sensitive dislike to have the attention of strangers directed towards him, he had very imprudently sat a whole night in his wet clothes by the bed-side of a patient, and the illness which followed this, gave his nervous system a shock from which he never recovered.

A memorable day in Delta's life, the more memorable considering his fast growing fame as a poet, was that on which took place the Burns' festival, in 1844. Delta was invited, but he took no part in the proceedings, though he made amends by contributing to *Blackwood* a commemorative poem, entitled, "Stanzas for the Burns' Festival," which was the only composition he had produced during twelve months. These were "popular beyond any other thing that I have ever written," and were quickly reprinted in nearly every journal in the country.

A sore mishap befel Mr. Moir in the

beginning of the summer of 1846. He was on his way, with a small party of friends in a phaeton, to visit Borthwick Castle, when the horse took fright and ran off, and at last went smash with the vehicle over a low wall. The party were dashed out upon the ground. None of them, however, was much hurt, except Mr. Moir himself, who received a severe injury in one of his hip joints. It confined him for months and made him lame for life. His general health was impaired and his spirits depressed; but he bore up and resumed his laborious professional duties as speedily as possible. In November of the same year, he took an active share in the proceedings of the inaugural opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. Archbishop Whately, Professor Wilson, Professor Nicoll, Mr. Macaulay, and other distinguished men were present. Mr. Moir's part in the programme was to propose Mr. Macaulay's health. He was introduced to Macaulay in the course of the evening.

An excerpt from his correspondence at this time will throw considerable light on his character and domestic affairs. In a letter to his friend, Mrs. Alexander, he says—

"I am glad to say that all my little ones have been keeping remarkably well during this severe winter, as has also Mrs. Moir—whose inexhaustible attention and devotion to me, by night and by day, through three months of suffering and confinement to bed, make me humbly feel myself a poor creature in comparison. Elizabeth still continues to go three days weekly to Edinburgh, and has made very considerable advances in Italian, German, and French. She also draws well; and so pleased is her music teacher with her progress, that, to her consternation, he is publishing a set of Scottish airs with a dedication to his pupil. Robert is attending Greek, Latin, and mathematics, at college, and German with Dr. Nachot, and is going on very well. He must soon now turn his mind to the business of life. There is the Church, and medicine. I should almost like the former for him, but fear his bent is towards the latter. He shall have his will. Catherine, Anne Mary, and Jane, are all attending school. The first shows rather a musical bias, having of her own accord picked up some tunes on the piano. Anne Mary shows the same

devotion to reading; morning, noon, and night, nothing but a book—a book! Her health, however, is keeping good, and she is full of life and animation. The little Professor [John Wilson Moir] is healthy and strong; and Emily is running about, and chatting like a magpie: there is no truth in phrenology if she be deficient in the organ of language. So you see we are, taken in the lump, a very astonishing family!"

All Mr. Moir's children then alive are named in the foregoing quotation. Another son was born to him on the 5th of August following, and named Oswald. This was the last, making the eleventh, that blessed the poet's marriage! those who were prematurely cut off having, in the sanctities of sorrow, lent their due share in the blessing to father and mother; for

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

At the opening of the Glasgow Athenæum, at the close of 1847, Delta once more shook hands with his old friend Charles Dickens, who was the president of the evening. Among the speakers of the evening were Sheriff Alison, professors Aytoun and Gregory, Colonel Mure, of Caldwell, George Combe, Robert Chambers, and Delta. When the distinguished guests of the evening were proposed, Delta was enthusiastically called upon to reply; and, in a speech of graceful construction, and with a dash of that warm feeling which was a part of his nature, he paid a fine tribute to the intellect of his country, and to the peculiar national characteristics from which the greatness of Scotland has chiefly sprung.

Delta was a staunch churchman, and a zealous worker in the government of the Scottish church. In 1844 he was elected a member of the Kirk-session of Inveresk, and during the remainder of his life discharged the office with exemplary fidelity. In 1848, he was appointed to represent the burgh of Annan, in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and during the remainder of his life the office and honour were every succeeding year conferred upon him.

Soon after this, as we find from Mr. Moir's correspondence, his son Robert made choice of the medical profession, and commenced his curriculum at the Edinburgh University. There an unusual event transpired, which is thus

told:—"Last week, Mrs. Moir and I, after seven year's meditation on the subject, at length effected our escape from the trammels of home for two days and a half." The home birds did wonders in their short flight. They visited Penrith, Keswick, Derwentwater, Windermere, Kendall, Carlisle, Newcastle, and Berwick; saw the tomb of Southey, "from which we brought home with us grass and wild flowers." He was at this time engaged in preparing the single volume edition of Mrs. Hemans' works for the Messrs. Blackwood, for whom he prepared the edition in seven volumes, some years previously. Visiting and returning visits, prosecuting his professional calling with unabated zeal, despite his lameness and failing health, and still clinging to literature, as "a crutch," not "as a staff," we find him "gilding the pill of life" with that unalloyed metal of which true friendship is composed; still numbering among his friends the choicest spirits in the world of art and letters.

He was the man for friends—he could not only make but keep them. Towards the end of June, 1849, Delta took a June jaunt into the Highlands with professor Wilson, Mr. Henry Glassford Bell, and one or two other friends. Delta's health had been failing for some time, and the fresh air of the hills, and the excitement of trout-fishing brought him round again, so that he soon felt "again very much himself." The professor, true to his *alter ego*, Christopher, was in "great force, and up to the waist in water, day after day, for six or eight hours, fishing." Delta was happy "all the while, central in his double web of family ties! He had a strength round about him more than the munition of rocks."

Nothing of particular interest occurs till the spring of 1851, when Mr. Moir delivered his lectures on the Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century, at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. He was, at this time, in a delicate state of health, his nerves much shaken, and his constitution impaired by his close application to professional labours, which left him but little leisure for home peace, and broke into the hours of his rest. His friends, who were aware of this, were not a little uneasy as to how he should get through his task, and were pleasantly disappointed to find that his strength increased as he pro-

ceeded, though still his power of popular delivery was not what it would have been had he had his usual health. Dr. Brown, the chemist, gives the following account of Delta's personal bearing in the delivery of these lectures:—"I accompanied Delta and the Directors of the Institution to the platform, on the occasion of his first lecture. His welcome, by one of the largest audiences ever gathered within the hall, was hearty and long drawn out, there being many present who loved the sight of a man so dear as the author of 'Casa Wappy,' and other familiar strains. Then the author of 'Mansie Wauch,' was an object of kindly interest to hundreds who had never seen him before. He read his lecture like a diffident person going through a manuscript work in a company of friends, without oratory, and without effect at all commensurate with the quiet eloquence of the written discourse. Yet there was a sweet and strong charm in the whole affair, the very spirit of good humour, simplicity, and manliness. It was the prelection of a true British poet and a British gentleman. At the same time, the identical discourse, nobly rendered by Wilson, would have told ten times as well. The passages his own manner was peculiarly suited to, were those of sly humour, which he gave with real zest, chuckling over them himself as he came upon them, and carrying the crowd away with him in his little whirlpools of laughter. He concluded, as he began, somewhat abruptly. In short, he showed himself not an orator, but a poet; always remembering that, as a poet, he could not fail to display himself in the secondary character of an eloquent judge of poetry. If this distinction had been borne in mind, his lectures would have been more satisfactory to those who demand too much of a man; and, as it was, they were highly popular with the majority."

From his correspondence we learn that letters, commendatory of his lectures, flowed in upon him for some time after their delivery, from Mr. Macaulay, Professor Wilson, Barry Cornwall, Charles Dickens, Thomas Aird, Professor Trench, George Gilfillan, and many others of his literary friends; while the lectures themselves, which were immediately published by Mr. Blackwood, soon attained to a second edition. His domestic affairs were even

more hopeful than ever; the health of Mrs. Moir was improving; his son, Robert, was enjoying the appointment of house-surgeon to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and in a fair way soon to acquire the degree of M.D.; and the other four girls and boys, as he himself says, were all getting on like olive plants, and forming a pleasant circle round the daily table—overflowing with affection to their parents and to one another.

In July, 1851, the last contribution of Delta, the "Lament of Selim," appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*; making his three hundred and seventieth article contributed to that journal. To mention the last contribution of any writer whose periodical greetings through some favourite journal, have bound us to him in the strong social bonds of sympathy with his nature, is at all times a gloomy task, and with the mention of Delta's last effusion, we proceed downwards, into the valley of the shadow of death.

On Sabbath morning, June 22nd, 1851, Dr. Moir, in dismounting from his horse at the door of a patient, accidentally hurt his weak limb, and gave himself a severe wrench in trying to save it. He suffered much pain in returning home; nevertheless, he went to church in the afternoon, it being his turn to officiate as elder. On getting back to his house, he was obliged to go to bed. On Monday he ventured out in his carriage to see a patient at Granton: his wife went with him. In returning home he spoke of his declining health in a desponding manner, and said, "Catherine, I am resigned to the Almighty's will, whensoever it may please Him to call me. I have been trying for some time past, to live every day as if it were to be my last." He got worse, and was at last confined to his bed, now pretty well and cheerful, now shivering with heat, sick and faint, and depressed in spirit. But he was still strong in moral courage. A piece of plate was to be presented to Mr. Beveridge, minister of Inveresk, by the people of his congregation, and Moir was named to deliver the address, in the Town Hall, which he did in an admirable manner, for it was a task quite to his mind and heart. As his health did not improve, he set out on the 1st of July, with Mrs. Moir and his little boy, John Wilson, to try the effects of

relaxation and change of scene. They got to Ayr, where he passed a feverish sleep. He got worse; but refused to have medical attendance, saying, "If a doctor were here, he would order me to bed, and I should never rise again." Next day, they went to Dumfries, and he was so far recovered as to be able to walk. On Thursday evening he walked by the side of the Nith, in company with his wife and son, and his friend Thomas Aird, enjoying the beauties of the scenery in the rich lustre of a July sunset. "Oh me," he cried, pressing his hand on his stomach, "there's that spasm again;" while, at the same time, his face collapsed as if he had been struck with a musket-ball. He sat down to rest on a stone seat, refusing to have any aid from those around him; but, as the pain continued, he was with great difficulty got back to the King's Arms Inn and put to bed. Now, his son, Mr. Robert Moir, one of the house-surgeons of the Edinburgh Infirmary, arrived to his assistance, and Dr. Blacklock was called in. The patient kept sinking; and Dr. Browne, of the Chricton Institution, was brought at midnight, and Mr. Robert Moir went off to Edinburgh for Dr. Christison. The medical men saw their patient sinking fast, and thought it prudent to call Mrs. Moir. In the brief absence of the medical men, the dying man said to his wife, "Catherine, my hours are numbered: I feel that I am not to be long with you. But do not let me distress you, or I will say no more. Look at me, my wife, and see I am perfectly resigned to the will of an All-wise Providence. Have faith: God will protect you and our children." To his friend, Thomas Aird, he said, taking him by the hand—"I am going to die, but I am quite resigned—quite resigned. I have contemplated this for some time back."

Thus he lingered on, getting more and more exhausted, slowly and consciously approaching his end. On Saturday his daughters and his partner, Mr. Scott, Mr. Charles Moir, the Rev. Mr. Beveridge, his pastor, and Mr. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, arrived, and the morning was spent in the sacred privacies of family love. Death was now upon his countenance, and with his wife and children and friends around him, he gave them each his parting blessing, passing his hand over the head of each as he pronounced it solemnly; and then,

with his hand upon the head of his wife, he prayed his blessing on his little ones at home, "Jeanie, and Emy, and Osy"—so he fondly styled them—and on his elder brother, and all his absent friends. "And now may the Lord, my God," thus he prayed aloud, "not separate between my soul and my body, till He has made a final separation between my soul and sin: for the sake of my Redeemer!" He died at two o'clock, on Sabbath morning, the 6th of July.

At the request of the inhabitants of Musselburgh, the funeral was a public one. It took place on Thursday the 10th of July. All the shops in the town were closed, the bells tolled mournfully, and about four hundred people followed in procession to the churchyard of Inveresk. In the body of the procession, besides the immediate relatives and friends of the deceased, were the Very Rev. Principal Lee; Professors Wilson, Alison, Aytoun, Christison; many of the clergy of Edinburgh, Musselburgh, and the country around; the Hon. Mr. Coventry; Messrs. Blackwood; Sheriff Gordon; Mr. Robert Chambers; Mr. Gordon, of the Church of Scotland's Educational Committee; Mr. Hugh Miller, the geologist; Dr. Jas. Simpson; and other eminent men of the city and neighbourhood. His age was fifty-three.

And there in the quiet churchyard of Inveresk, sleeps the dust of David Macbeth Moir, with the dust of his three little boys, whom he loved so dearly and lamented so touchingly.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

In estimating the character of the beloved Delta, we find more to admire in the man than the poet; and what is most excellent in the poet, seems the reflex of the man. His poetry, indeed, is not of the highest order, but it is at the same time the most perfect second rate poetry we possess, and its lack of power is always compensated by earnestness, elegance, and a pathos at once lofty and simple. His popularity is by no means a fair voucher of his merit, because the themes on which he sung were even more attractive than the songs themselves; and besides this happy appeal to the popular heart, his opportunities of publication through the medium of the great-voiced *Maga*, was such as fall to the lot of few writers of equal literary merit.

Delta's habits were regular, as his life was even, and his morals perfect. He had none of those morbid traits of feeling, which frequently stamp the productions of genius with striking originalities; and while for this reason his poetry lacked the smack of wild romance, and strong spirit of stirring personality, by which we are alternately pained and startled, in such writers as Byron, so his character as a man comes out all the more perfect from whatever canon of criticism we adopt in reference to his writings. In fact he was a good member of society, bound by all the social ties, and by the earnest observances of religion; and hence, while we love the man the more, his conventional sameness makes his verses less attractive. To what extent a citizen may cultivate the growth of literature, without hurrying himself into any whirlpools of morbid excitement, without even sacrificing the minutest obligations of his worldly calling, Delta will always afford a remarkable example. His chief time for study was after the house was shut up for the night. He could then with some degree of satisfaction sit down to read and write. Still even then he was not safe, the uncertainties of his profession, frequently requiring him to be obedient to the "night bell," when he would have preferred to pass the moonlight with the muses. That he possessed a share of moral courage and enthusiasm for his hobby, such as falls to the lot of few of us, is certain from the bare fact of his steady application to literature, during a life of unremitting labour and anxiety as a physician. The time when he wrote his lectures on poetry happened to be the season of the year when sickness of every kind is most common, so that, until ten or eleven at night, he seldom got pen to paper. On going to his bed-room, sometimes at three in the morning, his mind was so engrossed with his subject that it used to be five or six o'clock before sleep would visit him. This, however, he never allowed to interfere with his breakfast hour, and he came down stairs to his days labours so fresh and cheerful that those who knew the restlessness and suffering of his nights, could not but wonder to see him.

At an early period of life Mr. Moir joined the Communion-table, and was never afterwards a season absent from it. He was solicitous as to the family

services of religion, and had scriptural readings and family-worship regularly once a day. He was a very home-man—the best of his poetry is a reflex of his home joys and sorrows—and he took affectionate interest in the welfare and instruction of his little ones, and happily was blest in life with a partner willing and able to second him in his desire to educate his children in religious purity and intellectual strength. Everything about his home was dear to him, and he gave heed to the most trifling circumstance connected with the history of his children; a thing which only that man shuns whose heart is not sound at the core. The very trees and bushes in the garden had each its history for him. "This one," he would say, "was planted by poor Charlie—all these smaller ones were slips taken from it: that one there was wee Willie's," and so on; every spot bearing some secret charm for him; every shrub and flower having its place in the home affections; they all "took root in woe."

In dealing with his friends, his manly sincerity often led him to express his disapprobation of anything which displeased him in a manner too blunt and plain to be relished; but he was ever ready to make immediate reparation, if he thought he had done the slightest injury to a fellow-man; and his zeal in serving others, by word or deed, had positively no end or limit, when the person to be served was worthy of heart-service. Characteristically he says, in a letter to his friend Aird, "I have no wish to live a day longer than I can be useful to my fellow-creatures."

And much for rejoicing is there in the fact, that he never sacrificed one of the interests of his profession for literature. The world has nourished many mistakes on this point, so much so that it has come to be regarded as an inevitable consequence of literary studies, and particularly the cultivation of poetry, that they unfit men for every other occupation; that, in fact, while by this vocation they become the teachers of the world, they, at the same time, get separated from it, so as to become the most ignorant of the very topics on which they offer counsel. Far from this being the case with Delta, he was noted for his skill as a physician, his power of graphically delineating and treating disease equalling that of

any practitioner of similar position and pretensions. He had no pedantry in the sick chamber, and joined to his kindness of manner, was a half-prophetic insight into the nature of disease and the mode of its removal, springing from his extensive knowledge of science and a poet's method of generalising the facts before him. He was a gentleman, his blood flowed steadily, and his impulses were curbed by a mind of the most perfect balance. His manners were simple, his social relations sincere and strong, and his whole *personnel* pervaded by such a warm and holy serenity, that there was none of the exaggeration of friendship in the phrase by which he was designated by those who knew him; for, from first to last, he was in mind and heart the "amiable Delta."

Besides the works already enumerated, and the many miscellaneous productions contributed to the periodicals, Delta was the author of the "Exile of Norogorod," a poem of 1400 lines, "Chatelar, a Drama, in Three Acts," the "Lunatic of Love," consisting of eight hundred lines, and five other tales averaging five hundred lines each. The greater portion of this is perishable and perishing. He wrote too much and too fast to do justice even to himself; and so great was his appetite for publication, that he sent his pieces out of his hands frequently in the crudest and most imperfect state. Had he devoted his whole time to literature, he would have written much less, because he would have been more severe in self-criticism; and, by the concentration of his powers on fewer subjects, would have taken a higher place in literature than that which he is destined now to occupy. We may say of him, what, perhaps, we can say of no other writer who has written so much, that he has left behind him a few things that will live for ever; and that in the whole mass of his perishable productions, there is not one which does not give evidence of a mind capable of better things.

One of the happiest efforts of his youthful genius is the "Silent Eve," a sketch so green and life-like in its picturesque detail, as to be almost worthy of Wordsworth. Some of his "Scottish Melodies" are fine things. "Eric's Dirge" would be one of the best of these, were not its whole effect marred by an abominable parenthetical Tennysonian iteration, which

follows us up like a nightmare grinning horribly in the middle of each stanza. One of his most finished productions is "Reminiscences of Boyhood," a fine sample of blank verse, full of feeling, and illumined with

That refulgent sunshine, only known
To boyhood's careless and unclouded hours.

Delta repeated himself; he lacked power, and was seldom very original. That thought of Wordsworth's—

The best die first,
While they whose hearts are dry as summer's
dust,
Burn to the socket,

he has used in two poems; once in the domestic story of the "Lost Lamb"—

When from the flocks that feed about,
A single lamb thou chooseth out,
Is it not that which seemeth best,
That thou dost take, yet leave the rest?
Yes! such thy wont, and even so
With his choice little ones below
Doth the Good Shepherd deal.

And again almost in Wordsworth's own words in the lines, "To the Bust of my Son Charles"—

The dearest soonest die,
And bankrupt age but finds the brain,
In all its sluices dry.

In his flower poem "Lilies," we have a thought borrowed in a similar way from Hans Christian Anderson, and rendered almost in the very words of the Danish poet—

No! other hearts and hopes be ours,
And to our souls let faith be given,
To think our lost friends only flowers
Transplanted from this world to heaven.

In the "Fowler," the most picturesque and classical of any of his rustic sketches we meet with a paraphrase of that fine expression in the "Prometheus" "*αγριθμον γελασμα*," rendered thus—

The shore
Of ocean, whose drear multitudinous voice,
Unto the listening spirit of silence sang.

A noble couplet truly, but built on a borrowed thought. In fact, Delta's poetry is a recasting of his readings in imaginative literature in the world of personal feelings, experiences and friendships. His fine imaginative poem, "The deserted Churchyard," is a re-writing of an earlier production of his, called "Solitude;" and in like manner "The Winter Wild," also an earlier piece, appears again in a higher form in a later production, called "The Snow." The majority of these early strains, out of which were elaborated many of his most suc-

cessful and abiding things, are noticeable for their delicacy of fancy and feeling, their perfection of melody, and their frequent play on the same strain of sentiment, "mournfully reverting to the happy days of boyhood, wailing for desolate and disconsolate love, or symbolizing man's fate by the decay of the year." Though he wrote much, he improved to the last, adding to the experiences of his ripening years, a fuller tone of thought; while his heart lost none of its youthful freshness, but continued young in sentiment to the very last.

His poetry has two prime excellences. It is full of true domestic feeling, chastened into a tender spirituality, by religious faith and trust, and of descriptions of scenery equal to the productions of any writer of the present century. What could excel in picturesqueness the following, from the "Fowler:"—

Now day with darkness for the mastery strove :
The stars had waned away—all, save the last
And fairest, Lucifer, whose silver lamp,
In solitary beauty, twinkling, shone
'Mid the far west, where, through the clouds of
rack
Floating around, peep'd out at intervals
A patch of sky; straightway the reign of night
Was finished, and, as if instinctively,
The ocean flocks, or slumbering on the wave
Or on the isles, seem'd the approach of dawn
To feel; and, rising from afar were heard
Shrill shrieks and pipings desolate—a pause
Ensued, and then the same lone sounds return'd,
And suddenly the whirring rush of wings
Went circling round us o'er the level sands,
Then died away; and, as we look'd aloft,
Between us and the sky we saw a speck
Of black upon the blue—some huge, wild bird,
Osprey or eagle, high amid the clouds
Sailing majestic, on its plumes to catch
The earliest crimson of the approaching day.

True to his fine heart is the lesson of humanity taught him by the slaughter which he and the Fowler there committed on the wild flocks of sea birds.

Soul-sicken'd, satiate, and dissatisfied,
An alter'd being homewards I return'd,
My thoughts revolting at the thirst for blood,
So brutalizing, so destructive of
The finer sensibilities which man
In boyhood owns, and which the world destroys.
Nature had preached a sermon to my heart:
And from that moment, on that snowy morn—
(Seeing that earth enough of suffering has,
And death)—all cruelty my soul abhor'd,
Yea, loathed the purpose and the power to kill.

There is a little sketch in his poem on "Thomson's Birth Place," so short, sweet, and sunny, that it might be placed beside one of Wilson's, or Watteau's, or Moreland's pictures, as a literary transcript of Nature's own outlines and colours; it is this;—

A rural church: some scattered cottage roofs,
From whose secluded hearths the thin blue smoke,
Silently wreathing through the breezeless air,
Ascended, mingling with the summer sky;
A rustic bridge, mossy and weather-stained;
A fairy streamlet, singing to itself;
And here and there a venerable tree
In foliaged beauty—of these elements,
And only these, the simple scene was formed.

Such gold-gaps and patches of green and blue take precedence of painting, because while they present literal transcripts of the scenes of nature, they suggest by a few broad touches, human thoughts and feelings of a kindred tone, and carry both the mental and the visual eye to scenes far away. These things the painter cannot accomplish—the limit to his expression is the edge of his canvass. Right well could he sing of—

Meadows
And palm-tree shadows,
And bee-hive cones, and a thymy hill,
And greenwood mazes,
And greensward daisies,
And a foamy stream, and a clacking mill;

for it was the spirit of his love and life to cling to all things gentle, and beautiful, which could minister to the high spirituality of his simple nature, whether green trees, or glad birds, or tender flowers, or rosy-cheeked children; for his heart was a stranger to sordid sympathies, and his genius sought kindred with the homely and the heart-warming. Though so much that he has written will soon be forgotten, his "Domestic Verses," his "Elegiac Effusions," and a few of his sonnets and his prose tale, "Mansie Wauch," will live for ever as productions worthy of the author of "Casa Wappy."

Delta's last work, the "Lectures on the Poetical Literature of the Last Half Century," requires a brief notice before we conclude this paper. This is a book of wholesome, manly criticism; not free from errors of judgment, or entirely purged of prejudice, yet containing errors and prejudices which, so far from detracting, only exhibit his generous enthusiasm and goodness of heart; and are as creditable, in a poetical sense, as if they were characteristics of perfection. Himself a poet, and on terms of intimacy with many of the living writers whose works it was his duty to criticise, it is pleasing that he has discharged his task in so generous and independent a manner, so that we can well afford to forgive him for his few blunders.

In criticising the works of the writers respectively comprised within the period under consideration, the genial character of Delta's mind evinces itself in the most pleasing manner. His distinctions are delicate, and his summings up exhibit great breadth of appreciation, fulness of reading, and considerable power of analysis. He has a keen eye for borrowed lines, and all degrees of plagiarism. He hits off the characteristics of the several authors by sparkling epigrammatic comparisons, so piquant in spirit, so kindly in tone, as to provide a *mélange* of light reading, side by side with the most solid estimates of modern poetical literature.

But the book has two besetting sins. These are the classification of poets as to merit and style, and the enunciation of what we regard as a most unphilosophical idea in regard to the relations and objects of poetry itself. Some of Delta's estimates are accurate and just, and especially when they concern minute particulars; but when he attempts to arrange the poets in the order of their respective positions in literature, he makes (*we* think) some decisions so erroneous as to verge on the ludicrous. What does the reader think of his placing Sir Walter Scott "alone and above all" in the list of modern poets—above Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge; above Campbell, Keats, Shelly, Tennyson! "I at once put him far beyond Byron, Wordsworth, or any other competitor for supremacy, on a throne by the side of Shakspeare." And again, "I challenge one instance from the whole history of literature, where that popularity, whether slow or sudden, which was not deserved, has continued to endure; and assuredly Scott's must, while a single human heart continues to beat." In poetry, there can be little ground for disputing that Scott was, to a considerable extent, extinguished by Byron, whose genius took a higher flight into regions where Scott's less ample wing would not carry him; and now, Scott is least read of any of the seven whose names are believed, by Delta, to have been eclipsed by him. Scott's immortality rests on his prose fictions, and only the most partial nationality could have prompted Delta to place his poems "alone and above all on a shelf by the side of Shakspeare."

Another prejudice, long cherished and stoutly maintained, was that strange conception of the nature and office of poetry which placed it in opposition to the revelations of science, as a creation so distinct and remote from facts, as to be in danger of annihilation in this age of philosophical inquiry and precision. This idea flashes out frequently in his poems, but is expounded in full force in the last of these lectures. In his "Reminiscences of Boyhood" he says—

The leaden talisman of truth,
Hath disenchanting of its rainbow hues
The sky, and robbed the fields of half their
flowers.

And in another he expresses the wish—

And be my mind
To science, when it deadens, blind.

Though we have not room to discuss this question here, nor if we had, would it perhaps be fit we should; yet, we may dismiss the point by stating our opinion that science and poetry may harmoniously march together; the one widening the field of man's physical and mental triumphs, the other ministering to the requirements of his moral nature; both necessary elements of his character and life. If science teaches us to regard as fictions many of the creations of the mind which so long have been the truths of poetry; if she discards the witches and their infernal broth; the seers, the demons, the fairies, and all the spells of a necromancy which has perished; she, at the same, enlarges the sphere of man's thought and wonder; lifts him nearer to the Creator by an inspiration drawn from the Creator's works; and so provides a region of new idealities wherein the creatures of poetry and imagination may find "room and verge enough" to develop each its particular form of being. Whatever increases man's knowledge of nature and himself, increases the domain of true poetry, by the production of a series of images and personalities peculiar to the new life which has arisen; and it must be the task of imagination to adapt itself continually to the new conditions of existence, and not to cling in sadness and tears to perishing idols, merely because there was once a time when they were worshipped with hearts of devotion and with eyes of faith.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

BIOGRAPHY may be compared to a lamp perpetually burning before the niche which contains the effigy of a great man. If it be feeble and dim, the image remains half-shadowed; but if it throw a full and brilliant light, the figure and face of the dead are reflected in luminous relief from the chiaroscuro of the past. Through the works in which our ancestral master-spirits have embalmed their minds for immortality, they "rule our spirits from their urns;" but through the groves of the historical academy, they become visible as the lights to which a hundred centuries may look back for warning or example. Sir THOMAS MORE was one whose works were dedicated to the future, but whose blood was shed for the past; in morals, a philosopher, mounting far above his time; in religion, an enthusiast, clinging to superstitions by which an usurping church had profaned and polluted the pure faith first preached abroad by the fishers of Galilee. In depicting his character, writers have sometimes confounded the office of the historian with that of the funeral orator, or the partizan of a hostile creed. There have, however, been temperate and candid pens employed in delineating his career, which appears indeed so conspicuously in the annals of his age, that we find, without unusual difficulty, the colours to paint him for our biographical gallery.

Of the stem from which he sprung, his autographical epitaph declares the truth, he was of an honourable but not illustrious birth. Sir John More, the father, is supposed to have been descended remotely from an Irish stock; but all the family papers being seized after the attainder of the son, history is without the means of verifying this fact. However, we look for no pedigree in the author of "Utopia." He was at once the flower and the fruit of his genealogical tree. No ancestral lustre gave an early glory to his name. His merits were original and personal—not derivative; and heralds would have blazoned him dimly in their books, since they, as Burke has phrased it, seek no further for virtue than in the preamble of a patent or the inscription of a tomb. Sir John, however, who was born about the year 1440, figured as a lawyer of fine

parts and unimpeached integrity; wearing the robes of a judge, and doubly exalted, in his old age, by seeing his son the Chancellor of England. Few of his maxims, nevertheless, have been bequeathed; though one axiom matrimonial all chroniclers have thought precious enough to be preserved. "The choice of a wife," said the forensic sage, "is like dipping your hand into a bag full of snakes, with only an eel among them: you may happen to light upon the eel, but it is a hundred to one that you are stung by a snake." Sincere or not in this profession, Sir John three times risked the venom, for so many times did he marry, and died at last, aged ninety, not like Cleopatra, by warming an asp upon his breast, but from feasting too luxuriously on grapes. Thomas was by his first wife, who related to her physicians a dream, which, in that credulous age, obtained the credit of a prophecy. She had, she said, a vision of all her children, and among them was one whose countenance shone with a superior brightness.

This was Thomas. He was born in Milk-street, London, in 1480; the twentieth year of Edward the Fourth's reign. Anecdotes are related of his infancy, prophetic of a future greatness; but they are nurses' gossip, too puerile to be preserved. He was early placed at St. Anthony's Free School, an ancient foundation, in Threadneedle-street, where, among other eminent men, Whitgift and Heath had received their education. There, as he tells himself, he rather greedily devoured than leisurely chewed his grammar rules; but stayed only for a short while, for his father had interest enough to procure him admission into the family of Cardinal Morton. This method of education was then much in vogue, though considered the privilege of noblemen's sons. The Cardinal, however, among all his patrician students had none so illustrious as Thomas More, who afterwards drew a generous portrait of him in his "Utopia," as well as in his "History of Richard III." His policy crowned Henry in place of his usurper, and united the Houses of the Red and White Rose; and his talents elevated him to the triple honours of an Archbishop's mitre, Chancellor's

seal and a Cardinal's hat; yet we remember him less admiringly for these, than for the share he had in training to maturity the rare and fruitful genius of the Judge's son. He predicted of him that whoever lived to watch him grow up, would see a marvellous man; for young More gave an early earnest of his capacity. In the Christmas plays he took part among the actors, and charmed audiences of no common sort by the sparkle of his unpremeditated wit; he devised pageants for the amusement of his companions; drew ingenious pictures, and wrote beneath them verses which he need never have been ashamed to own.

To cultivate this sprouting genius, the Cardinal sent him, at seventeen years of age, to Oxford, where he remained two years. Rhetoric, logic, and philosophy chiefly occupied his mind, with the classics, and especially Greek, though that language of the original Muses was not then commonly studied in this country. From the university he came to New Inn, to read for the law, where his father allowed him an income so scanty, and exacted from him so particular an account of his expenses, that he could scarcely dress with decency. More, however, applauded instead of blaming this conduct, for it kept him from luxurious habits which engender vice, and he was himself of an ascetic disposition. At about twenty, indeed, he began to practise the mortifications of a cloister, wearing a hair-shirt next his skin, which he never put aside even under the Chancellor's ermine. In 1500, he was appointed reader in Furnival's Inn, holding that office for three years, and publicly lecturing on religious topics in St. Lawrence's Church, Old Jewry. Thither the learned of the metropolis flocked, and, as Erasmus' Epistles inform us, were not ashamed to derive addition to their sacred wisdom from the youthful layman. At the expiration of his term of office, he felt a strong attraction towards the solitude of a monastic life, and lived four years near the Chapter House, and rigidly performed all the spiritual exercise and penance of a Carthusian friar. What determined him not to join any monkish community, was the general relaxation of discipline which, to his grief, he saw; and thus, fortunately, he was saved from the Hypogæan darkness of a celibatical cell, to perform the most

exalted offices of life—to marry, to be a faithful husband, a good father, and a patriot, active in the service of his country.

More entered Parliament at twenty-one, and soon distinguished himself by an eloquence which the senate timidly applauded, though the Court resented it fiercely. For he was not a palace agent, and once roused the Commons to refuse a subsidy, imperiously demanded of them by the Crown. One of the Privy Council went to the King and told him, "that a beardless boy had overthrown his purpose." Even then, however, the sovereign dared not openly attack the representatives, but satisfied his pique by inventing a quarrel against the young orator's father, from whom he extorted, in the Tower, a fine of £100. To coerce the son, nevertheless, was found impossible, so a bishop was employed to cajole him, which was equally futile; for Thomas refused the flatteries by which they sought to corrupt him, and continued to study the arts of eloquence, and to acquire that authority of learning which might give him a dominion over the minds of other men. He studied the lives of the pious, and resolved to copy the virtue of Pius of Mirandula, whose works he then translated and published. But in their celibacy he could not persuade himself to imitate the Fathers of the Roman Church; for wisely he judged, that it was better to live chastely with a wife, than licentiously as a priest, and to move purely in the light of day, than to brood, bat-like, in the obscurity of those catacombs, where monks and hermits wasted their bodies, and petrified their souls.

He wrote for advice to the scholarly Dean Colet, founder of St. Paul's School, which, as an inroad into the camp of ignorance, More afterwards compared to the horse of Troy. Colet, who loved his disciple, and spoke of him as the only wit in England, bade him marry; and this he did, with Jane, eldest daughter of John Cotte, of New Hall, in Essex. She was a very young girl, with none of her native simplicity concealed by art; and More, at twenty-seven years of age, made her his wife. His first affection, indeed, had chosen her sister; but, as he quaintly thought, it would be a shame and wrong for the elder to see the younger preferred, "he from a certain pity framed his fancy to her, and soon after married her." Settling in a house in Bucklersbury, he continued

the practice of the law, and carried on correspondence with many eminent men of his day. Among these, the most distinguished was Erasmus, who, after many mutual letters, came to England, expressly to see his friend. They met at the Lord Mayor's table, and it was contrived that they should fall into conversation before they were introduced. Erasmus was astonished by the logic and wit of the young stranger, who did not fear to dispute with him, as on equal terms, and at length exclaimed, "Aut tu Morus es, aut nullus?" To this More readily replied, "Aut tu es Erasmus, aut Diabolus."*

More's poetical writings at this time, were, by contemporaries, admired as elegant and pure, but though he was a master of rhetoric, and the English language had been restored to a classic strength, these compositions were altogether languid and diffuse. There is discoverable in them, indeed, a logical force, and no little mixture of philosophy, but the style is prolix, and the ideas are lost in an overlaboured rotundity of diction. His path, however, was not yet to be among the myrtle-shaded ways of literature. The political system of England was then in that troubled state which is the forerunner of change, and the rapid passage of authority from hand to hand, tended not to allay the rising commotion. Already the young lawyer had seen four kings upon the throne, had been persecuted by one of them, and he was now witness to the universal joy that greeted the coronation of Henry VIII. Youthful, handsome, opulent, prodigal, and, for a prince, well educated, the monarch promised to become anything, but the sordid, cruel, and licentious wretch he proved. The people cheered their hearts, by hoping for milder laws; the nobles flattered him with praises, in anticipation of a splendid reign; the clergy exalted him as the anointed of God's vicar on earth, and all joined in applauding as virtues, or excusing as ephemeral foibles, the words and the actions of the new monarch. Rejoicing in one tyrant's death; they exulted as though magnanimity itself had inherited

his crown, instead of a worse despot who cajoled and trampled on them all—the more flagitiously, in proportion as they put their trust in him. More in consonance with the general sentiment, as well as with the fashion of the day, wrote a coronation ode to this prince, and his queen. Henry VIII. was indecent enough to rejoice in gratulations showered on him at the expense of his father, for it was part of his character to revenge upon others with inhuman severity, the crimes most congenial to his own predilections.

Soon after the accession of the king, More was appointed an under-sheriff of the City of London. As a lawyer, too, he became famous, earning "without scruple of conscience," upwards of £400 a year, which was equal to six times the amount now. There was scarcely a great suit in which he was not employed, for the fame of his learning and eloquence circulated rapidly through every part of the kingdom. He was twice, in 1512 and 1515, appointed reader to Lincoln's Inn, and assiduously buried his mind amid the unexplored treasury of knowledge, which the revival of letters had thrown open to research. But while these fruitful cares occupied his attention, the offices of friendship were not forgotten. Erasmus had dedicated to him his celebrated *Praise of Folly*, and now satirists rose up to depreciate the works of that profound and versatile scholar. They had long pelted at him the flippant epigrams inspired from wine cups, but at length Dorpius compounded an attack on the *Moria Encomium*, to which More undertook a reply. The philosopher himself retorted mildly on his young and ductile assailant, with whom he lived in friendliness for many years after; but the under-sheriff analyzed his disquisition, and exposed it to Europe as a mixture of ignorance, scurrility, and malevolence, and the ability of his Latin epistle on this subject won him general applause.

Six years after his marriage, More lost his first wife, and three years afterwards he took a second—Alice Middleton, a widow with one daughter. It is acknowledged that he wedded her less from any particular affection, than on account of the necessity to have some one in his household to care for his children. Neither young nor beautiful, neither rich nor of fine qualities,

* If the reader knows Latin, he will be indignant if we translate this. If he does not, he will be indignant if we don't. Loosely, then, Erasmus said, "If thou art any one, thou art More;" to which More replied, "If thou art not the devil, thou art Erasmus."

More had wooed her for a friend, never thinking of her for himself. But gradually the friend having passed aside, he made the suit his own, placed her among the *penates* of his hearth, and taught her music, to render her less worldly.

For himself, he also desired little to concern himself with the general transactions of the world. No man ever sought with more assiduity to gain entrance to the court, than he to keep out of it; but he was already too conspicuous to be spared from the administration of public affairs. Wolsey, mounting by sudden degrees towards the greatness he afterwards achieved, was desired by the King to engage the services of More; but the legal robe still fitted him better than a courtier's taffety cloak, and he eluded the offered honour. Nevertheless in 1516 we find him associating with Cuthbert Tonstall, in the Embassy to Flanders, where envoys from Charles of Castille, met them to fence with pensive of protests, protocols and ultimata, though differently named in the diplomatic language of the day. Six months were thus consumed, with a successful result, and More was thoroughly satiated with ambassadorial honours. Such duties, he said, writing to an ecclesiastic, suit me less than they suit you, who have no wives at home, or else find them wherever you go. Yet he passed some agreeable hours with the learned men of Antwerp, and at his return, was offered a pension by the king. This he declined, as well as other distinctions which the Court was desirous of conferring on him. At length an incident occurred which carried him beyond his own control, to the public eminence he appeared to shun.

A richly freighted ship belonging to the Pope put in at Southampton. In accordance with the maritime laws of that age, Henry VIII. claimed it as a prize. The Roman Legate required that the case should be argued before the constituted tribunals of the realm. A hearing was appointed before the Chancellor and the Judges in the Star Chamber. Who should plead for the Pontifical right? There was no lawyer equal to More, and he could not refuse the service of God's vicar and the head of his religion. Therefore, when the great question was tried, he rose, and with such eloquence and learning, pleaded the cause of the Vatican, that not only was the Pope's ship restored,

but the king delighted with the powers of his antagonist, so far that he refused any longer to forego the advantage of such a man's aid in the administration. No high office was then vacant, but More was appointed Master of the Requests, and a month after knighted and sworn a Privy Councillor, whence with a rapid transition, he rose to the post of Treasurer to the Exchequer. In this dignity he felt as he tells us, somewhat uneasy as they feel on horseback who have never before been in a saddle. Yet the prince was so affable that all courtiers flattered themselves with a confidence in his especial favour, "just as our London matrons persuade themselves that our Lady's image smileth upon them as they pray before it." Nor was he the only virtuous man deceived by the early hypocrisy of this Eighth Henry, for Erasmus joined in offering to the court the fragrance of an honourable fame.

Great was the change that had now come over the complexion of More's life. He was no longer an advocate, but an officer of state; no longer a private gentleman, but an ornament of the court; though still preserving that simple integrity of heart and plain frugality of life, which enabled him, amid palace follies, to feast with content on pure philosophy, sometimes holding a nocturnal vigil with the king, and conversing long hours with him, on the movements and distribution of the stars.

So agreeable to the monarch and his consort was the society of this witty and accomplished man, that they continually sent for him "to make merry with them." The knight had made it a rule to chat with his wife; and prattle with his children some part of every day; but his conversation became so entertaining to the king and queen, that he could not once in a month obtain permission to spend an evening with his family. In order to relieve himself from this surfeit of court favour, he sacrificed all vanity, and wilfully made himself less attractive than before, so that gradually his time became more his own. There were, however, other cares to occupy his heart. The first deep murmurs of the reformation boded a storm in Europe; Leo was corrupting the church by every flagrant device of sacerdotal greed; Erasmus had aroused the monastic orders; and Luther was refuting the spurious doctrines intro-

duced to prop up a dissolute and decaying hierarchy. More from his philosophical watch-tower saw over the horizon glimmering, the mighty religious revolution, about to emerge from the chaotic anarchy of superstition and slavery then overwhelming the Christian world. There was a dawn of light on the high ranges, it was descending into vallies, and promised soon to spread over the plains; controversy became hot, and More was not yet foremost in the rising war. However, with a temperate and candid tone he defended his friends, and vindicated himself when attacked by the planetary Ishmaelites, wandering between two horizons and falling into collision with every body, whether luminous or not that happened to intercept them on their way.

The rhetorical graces of his language and the resources of his learning, gave him superiority over these impetuous but shallow opponents. In all assemblies of men he was eminent, and especially in the House of Commons, which elected him Speaker in 1523. Shrinking at first from that position, he no sooner took his station on it, than he rose to vindicate Parliament against the insolence and arbitrary conduct of Henry VIII. With the periphrasis of a courtier, he folded round sentiments and maxims, not common then in a servile and venal senate. The king interfered through Wolsey, with every proceeding of the House. More resolved to check this. When, therefore, a subsidy was proposed, and the Cardinal, fearing opposition, came down to awe and humble the refractory members, all heard his speech in silence, and none could reply to it. Wolsey addressed several in particular. They made no reply. He demanded an answer from the speaker, and More with mock humility told him they could not dare discuss in such an awful presence, nor was it, he boldly added, consistent with their ancient and just liberties to deliberate under restraint. The Cardinal in anger rose and withdrew, when More at once supported the subsidy. Shortly afterwards, being in Wolsey's gallery, at Whitehall, the Cardinal said to him, "Would to God you had been at Rome, Sir More, when I made you speaker." "So would I, too," he replied. The powerful priest was sincere, for it was not long before he tried to get rid of his knightly friend, by sending him on a

mission to Spain; but the King interposed, and the design was prevented. Henry had discernment enough to recognise a mind that could serve him, for though styled *Defender of the Faith*, for his persecution of the Lutheran doctrine, he needed a greater intellectual ally to cope with the profound and fiery eloquence of the Wittenberg professor.

That wonderful man, had roused up from a lethargy of centuries the degraded mind of Europe, had declaimed with prophetic encouragement against the English prince, had told him he was a liar and a blasphemer, and was now retorted upon by More in terms of similar vituperation. Attached by faith and predilection to the Church of Rome, he voluminously answered the continual attacks now made upon it, whether in heavy tomes, or flying broad-sheets, packed with close columns of pedantic erudition. For all these services to the shattered fabric of Papal authority, the knight was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and so great was his favour with the king, that as an oriental would phrase it, the sun of majesty condescended sometimes to illuminate the house and garden of his friend at Chelsea. Nor, in the estimation of those also who ejaculate,

For such divinity doth hedge a king,

could mortal man receive more splendour than More, when the Eighth Henry of England came to dinner uninvited, and then walked about the garden for an hour with one arm wound round the Lancastrian Chancellor's neck! Never, except once to Wolsey, had such familiar graciousness been shown. But he knew his master's character; he knew him to be an incarnate perjury all his life, and even then he confessed that there was little to be proud of in these distinctions, for if his head could win Henry a castle in France, he would at once have hewn it off on the block.

The secret of his favour was his ability to serve in the councils of the realm; his skill in diplomacy; and, perhaps, the check he interposed between Cardinal Wolsey's ambition and the weakness of the king. For, the son of the Ipswich butcher was now master-spirit in this kingdom. In the Parliament and in the closet, none but More dared to oppose him; he once called him a fool for showing some flaws in a treaty

he had drawn up, and was wittily replied to by Sir Thomas. Indeed, as the one rose, the other descended along the slope of royal favour, accelerated by his conduct in reference to the queen's divorce; until at length the Great Seal was demanded of Wolsey and given to More. By his own acknowledgment, no man in England was more worthy. Henry, however, incapable of recognising high virtue, or of rewarding it when it was disclosed to him, flattered himself with the hope that the Chancellor might be bribed by the precarious splendours of his position, to aid in his licentious purposes and his unnatural intrigues. But the new bearer of the seal remembered too much of his own character, and the brilliant and long prosperous virtue of those who in other times had filled that chair—the authority of genius, of wisdom, of probity and patriotism that had surrounded it with a glory superior to that of the Crown. Stainless in the integrity of his mind, he ascended to this honour in 1530, and resolving to continue incorruptible, his prescient judgment knew that it would not long be reconcilable with his conscience, or his inclination to wear the robes of the office.

Wolsey, as Chancellor, had made his post at once a fortress and a temple. It was girt with a double belt of prescriptive dignities, to overawe and guard the subjected people, defended by superstition, defended by power, and impenetrable through the broad gates that appeared to invite approach. These were merely the adornment of the station. None passed through them to the presence of the haughty Cardinal. There was no access to him except through the postern-door of bribery; but when More succeeded, his affable familiarity listened to every suitor, and in an open hall gave opportunity to every one who had a cause to plead it. While he sat as Chancellor, his father, though nearly ninety years of age, presided as a Judge in the King's Bench. When he passed through Westminster Hall to his place in the Chancery Court, More, always in a pious spirit, and in accordance with the manners of the time, knelt down before him to ask a blessing; nor would he ever, in the old man's presence, take the precedence which his rank conferred, without first offering it to him. In the administration of the law, corruption never stained his hand,

and literally his own honest boast was true. He said, that before a cause came on, he would with friendship endeavour to compose the disputed affair; "But I assure thee, on my faith," he added, "that if the parties will at my hands call for justice, were it my father stood on one side and the devil on the other, his cause being good, the devil should have right."

This principle he illustrated many times when relatives and friends presumed to recline on his favours. Equity was not held as a philosophical rule in those regretted days; but More had prepared and disciplined himself for a war with ancient corruption and inveterate abuse. All society took a tincture from the complexion of the Court, and a public malady, deep and complicated, diseased not only the practice, but the very essence of the law. The Chancellor opposed himself to this circulating stream of evil influences; and by the exercise of an abstinent and immoveable virtue, checked its progress, though obloquy, in consequence, attached to his name. He conciliated no enemies, and he obliged few friends, because neither could be done while he held in view pure justice as the Pharos of his life. A whimsical instance of this impartiality is recorded. One day, a beggar came to complain that Lady More detained a little dog which belonged to her. The Chancellor sent for his wife with the dog, and placing the lady at one end of the hall, and his poor petitioner at the other, desired both to call the animal by its name. They did so, and without hesitation it ran to the mendicant. "I sit here to do everyone justice," he said, and compelled Lady More to pay a proper price for her favourite. Sometimes, too, he lightened the cares of his office by a little pleasantries; as when an attorney, named Tub, brought him a frivolous cause, which he endorsed "A Tale of a Tub," and sent away folded, so that the joke was undiscovered till the trial came on.

Remembering the Serbonian bog of immemorial suits now choking up the Court of Chancery, history can scarcely expect credence for the fact, that Sir Thomas cleared the glutted cloaca of his day; and, one afternoon, calling for the next cause, was told that no more remained! That was a palmy season for litigants of all degrees—a golden age of equity; for not only did the Chancellor

exalt himself far above such sources of corruption as those by which Bacon pilloried his name to infamy, but he rejected even gifts and oblations laid before him by those who never came for his decision in a court of law. The bishops offered him five thousand pounds as a present. He declined it. They begged that his wife and children would accept the money. He refused. He would serve the Church by writing against heresies, but for such service he would not be paid. Therefore, he would not touch a coin from their hands; though this did not spare him from the calumnies of men, who circulated a rumour that he had been bribed—a slander dishonourable to them, as it long proved injurious to him.

Henry himself could not bend him to his will. The divorce conflict still raged between the Court of England and the College at Rome. More was solicited to favour the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn; but, instead of yielding, he begged permission to resign his office, which, after much importunity, was granted, and, in 1532, Sir Thomas gave up the Great Seal. The necessity of this descent from power seemed not to affect him at all; but his wife Alice, with less philosophy, scolded him bitterly for his resignation. The facetious knight, with more humour than taste, called his daughters, and asked them if they perceived nothing wrong in their mother's appearance. They said "No." "How," he cried, "do you not see that her nose is somewhat awry?" "Tillyvalli," retorted the one-time widow, "And what will you do, Mr. More? Will you sit and make goslings in the ashes? It is better to rule than to be ruled." Probably she little liked the prospect of poverty now opening before her; for, when all the late Chancellor's debts were paid, he was not worth more than a hundred pounds, with an annual income of about the same amount. He was careless of his own fortune, but religiously provided for the interests of those who had zealously served him while he held the Seal. By his father's death he inherited a very trivial property.

More lived, as we have noticed, in Chelsea. Four houses are pointed out as his. Beaufort House seems to have the best pretension, and near it he hired another as an asylum for aged persons, to whom he sent his daughter,

Margaret, as a minister of charity, to see that their wants were supplied. For, in the character of this great and good man, a love of humankind forms a particular grace. He was benevolent to all, and rancorously persecuted none. The purest integrity was accompanied by the gentlest manners, the most elegant genius, and a familiar acquaintance with the noble spirit of antiquity with a hearth-warm friendliness, that endeared him to all and those not few—who came within the influence of his manners. The fantastic libellers to whom I have alluded, would paint him as an amateur inquisitor, a type of that Cardinal Caraffa, who fitted up his private room with racks and pulleys that he might with the connoisseurship of cruelty, delectify his soul with the tortures of poor wretches, whom his bigotry had, by anticipation, damned. They tell us that More bound heretics to a tree in his garden, and beat them until their agony confessed an uncommitted crime. Robbers, murderers, and perpetrators of sacrilege, he did arrest and cast into prison, but that he persecuted the reformers, is an untruth which our Protestant writers can afford to repudiate. There is enough ferocity proved against the satellites of the Romish Church without imputing to good men the nefarious guilt of the Holy Officer. The charges against More had their origin in two circumstances. He caused a child to be whipped before his household for improper expressions concerning the sacrament, and he had a vagabond fanatic flogged for insulting women, under a pretence of religious zeal. From these incidents have sprung aspersions on his character, which, magnified by the ignorance or malignity of pamphleteers, have at length resumed the shape of a laborious and consistent calumny. More resigned all that his pride could aspire to—the most exalted office in the realm, the adulations of thousands, the sweet possession of power, the pomp and consequence of authority, to spare one reproach from his conscience, and with a liberal philosophy he respected the conscience of others.

From the day of his resigning, the Chancellor More went swiftly down that decline which carried him at last to the scaffold. There was in his mind a foreboding of this fate, for he spoke of it often; and when the new queen was

about to be crowned, uttered an exclamation which showed that he was endeavouring to meet, with religious resignation, the tempest then darkening round his head. Three bishops begged him first to accept £20 to buy a gown, and second to take part in the coronation ceremony. He took the money, and naively told them, that as he had complied with one of their requests, he was the bolder in refusing the other. The language he was reported to use on this subject incensed the king, and probably led him early to meditate that crime which blackened as much as any, the infamy of his reign. From this period, the fallen Chancellor was watched with assiduous malignity, in order that some shadow of reason might be discovered plausibly to cover the revenge of the throne. The ornament of his own age, and the moral teacher of every other, was a proper victim for a tyranny which he would not instigate to injustice, and a proper sacrifice for a people which he would not provoke to insurrection. Gratitude for benefits in years past remitted nothing of the rigour that now pursued a virtuous offence; but if More erred in ascribing to the King a magnanimity which was as foreign to him as honour was to the first, or decency to the second Charles, he may be pardoned the mistake, since Henry, though a flagitious husband, was not yet the *Carnifex* of his wives. He had already, indeed, succeeded to the passions of the hangman, after abdicating the pride of the high priest; but Sydney and Milton had not then blazed their imperial philippics before the world; and the charitable knight imputed to good motives the actions of a prince, because he sincerely believed in some authority attaching to a crown.

At that time, however, arose the celebrated enthusiast, Elizabeth Barton, called the "Holy Maid of Kent." More knew her to be an impostor, and treated her as such; but, in her ravings, she pretended to make revelations of public affairs, implicating many in dark and equivocal schemes. Parliament, in 1534, passed bills of attainder, and the woman suffered a barbarous punishment for her offence, while Sir Thomas, among others, was attainted for not disclosing what he had heard. From this, at once he understood the conspiracy that was playing a stake against his life. This charge was a flimsy veil to conceal an

inveterate malice, searching for causes for accusation. The new Chancellor and a conclave of dignitaries interrogated him on his conduct. Back from the Holy Maid of Kent, they soon passed to the question of the King's marriage, and significantly told More that he must publish his consent to a deed already ratified by the approval of the Lords, the Commons, the Bishops, and the Universities of England. First they sought to persuade, and then they endeavoured to terrify him. They denounced him as a villain and a traitor, as one who unpatriotically stood forward for the authority of the Pope. The committee, however, were foiled at all points by his replies; and when the king, enraged, demanded that he should be charged upon the bill, concerning the Holy Maid of Kent, they frankly said, that the Lords would hear him in his own defence, when they could not answer for his condemnation. Henry had not a mind capable of imagining that peers could be honourable as well as other men. He vowed that More should be impeached; he would not yield to a subject; he would attend the House himself; and the noble judges should, by his presence, be overawed in their decision. It was his will that the fallen bearer of his seal should be proved guilty, and the legislature had no more to do than to convict him. Such was divine right in the sixteenth century. Still the committee urged the danger of allowing More to plead before the Lords; his eloquence would carry them away. He would challenge them all by their heraldic names; he would exhibit the true picture of his life, and let them upon their honour say, whether or not he had treacherously acted towards his country. Even the taurine-dullard gained, at length, a glimpse of reason, and consented to prorogue the execution of his assassin's scheme.

Be it remembered, that the councillors who brought him to acquiesce in a suspension of hostility against More, were not inspired by principle an iota less disreputable than his own. Far from it. They desired to mount their selected victim where their aim would be more sure. They saved him from trial, because they feared he *would not* be found guilty. And in persuading the king to this point, they ominously spoke of inventing a better means to serve his turn. Nor was his malice saddened by

any long delay. In that year (1534), three important laws were passed. First, the "Act of Succession." By this, Henry's marriage with Catherine was declared void, and the issue of his union with Anne announced as heirs to the throne. An oath was required in favour of this succession, under pain of confiscation and imprisonment. Second, the King was made Supreme Head of the Church, and the authority of the Pope excluded from the control of ecclesiastical affairs. To these were added, an Act, declaring it high treason to will or express, by words or writing, a desire to deprive the children of Henry and Anne Boleyn of their rights of succession. Soon after, the monarch, triumphing in his new titles, struck a medal, with a legend in Hebrew, Latin, and Greek, which provoked the saying, that he had Crucified the Church as Pilate had crucified the Saviour, with the solemnity of three inscriptions. As a scrupulous lawyer, More could not accept the first of these laws; as a conscientious Roman Catholic, he could not acknowledge the second; as a brave man, he could not fear the third.

Therefore, when the oath was imposed, More joined Bishop Fisher in rejecting it. The marriage, he asserted, was unlawful, and Catherine was still his Queen. "By the mass, Mr. More," said the Duke of Norfolk, "it is perilous striving with princes." "*Indignatio principis mors est.*" "Is that all my lord," he replied "then, in good faith, the difference between your grace and me, is only this,—that I shall die to-day, and you to-morrow." Well he knew the hollow of the block would soon be glutted with his blood. To him, as to the Genevese philosopher in after times, opinion was the Queen of the earth, and princes themselves were first among its slaves. Yet the origin of this power was from one anterior—conscience, the voice of the soul, less fallible than reason, the appeal of virtue against the sophistry of weak desires. If not in these terms, at least on principles of this kind, the persecuted man resigned himself to suffer for a conduct he could not change without violating the purity of his honour. When, therefore, about a month after the oath was passed, he was cited with other clergymen to appear before Cranmer in Lambeth, he went piously to mass, and then by the

river to his destination. It was his usage on leaving home, to be accompanied to his boat by wife and children, whom he lovingly kissed and bade adieu; but this time, as with a prophetic sentiment of the end that was at hand, he closed the wicket gate of his garden, desired none to follow him, and said in a melancholy voice, what to the place and its peace he felt to be a last farewell.

The oath was solemnly tendered to him, and solemnly he refused to take it. A friendly counsellor sought to persuade him by the logic of a rich man, resolved to compound with conscience for the preservation of his wealth; but he adhered to his declared opinion, and during four days was held in custody by the Abbot of Westminster. At length, the King, with an ingratitude consonant to his other actions, and with the malice of exasperated and conscious turpitude, ordered his committal to the Tower, together with Fisher, on a charge of high treason. All grants that had been made to him were declared void, and every device was used to insult him and embitter his closing days. Then the character of the lauded monarch glowed in its full brilliance through the veil with which panegyric and loyalty had it shrined from view. If there was any lustre in it, it was like that bloody glare of the sun, which terrified old voyagers when sailing from the North. Like his Roman prototype Constantius, he never showed mercy to any accused of treason; and like Caligula, he never satisfied his purulent malice unless by taking the life of those he had injured and feared to provoke. His miserable limping soul, never docile in youth, was incorrigible in maturer age; unhappily his power was equal to his vice, and thus through an error of mankind, originated by fraud, and perpetuated by apathy, this flattered traitor and forsworn assassin, found himself with the power to degrade and murder the noblest of the human race.

At the Tower Gate, the porter demanded of More what he wore uppermost. The knight gave him his cap, and was sorry it was no better. But wit was not current there, so he was disrobed, and conducted to an apartment, where in about a month his daughter received permission to visit him. Looking out of the window one day with her,

he saw "a father of Sion" and three monks going to execution for refusing the oaths. "Lo! dost thou not see, Mag?" he said, "that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriages." Soon after his wife came to see him, and besought him to do as he was required by the king, that he might escape from being shut up with mice and rats, and go back to Chelsea to his house, his library, his gallery, garden, and orchard. But he told her heaven was as near him in the Tower, as in his own home, and he would not lose eternity even to gain a thousand years of life. Lady More, however, was not in patriotic virtue, a Rachael Russell, she still solicited him to accept the oath and thus procure his freedom. Possibly, she may have been an emissary of the court, in a taste to which her own worldly ideas inclined her, for many attempts were made to corrupt the knight and break his resolution. Agents, also, were sent to entrap him into treasonable words, though the utterance of these was not essential to his condemnation, for with Henry VIII. perjury was as useful an appanage of royalty as the globe and sceptre.

In this manner a whole year passed away. More was then arraigned for treason at the King's Bench bar. Weak, emaciated, afflicted with a disease in the breast, pale and bent he tottered, leaning on a crutch, to meet his eight judges. The names of the Jury have been preserved. They fill so many lines in the calendar of infamy; but it is not necessary to repeat them, since they were only dragged from obscurity by the baseness of their crime, and are only saved from oblivion by the same crucifixion of history which keeps Monk and Ephialtes perpetually hanging like malefactors before our eyes. An indictment of ponderous prolixity was read, charging him with a "malicious, treacherous, and diabolical" refusal of the oath. Witnesses were suborned to swear falsely against him, and he told one of them to his face that he was perjured, and would be accountable for that offence to God. The trial, however, was a form to mock the sanctity of justice. Already was the prisoner doomed, guilty, of course, the jury found him, and hurriedly he was asked why sentence of death should not be recorded against his crime. With a plain

and manly eloquence he defended the acts of his life, and the principles for which he avowed himself ready to die. To death, then, was he condemned, and on passing back to the Tower, Margaret, his daughter, stealing from the crowd, fell upon his neck and wept, the expressions of her affection and sorrow. He blessed her, bade her be comforted, and went forward to prepare for the scaffold on which he was to appear at the expiration of a week.

More could be facetious even at this time. A light-headed courtier came to him, and with garrulous impertinence asked him to *change his mind*. "I have changed it," at length he answered. A report of this reached the King, who sent to demand an explanation, for there was grace for him still, if he would now recant. The knight replied that his meaning was, that whereas he intended to have been shaved on the morning of the execution, he had now *changed his mind*, and his beard should share the fate of his head!

Early after dawn on the 6th of July, 1535, Sir Thomas Pope came to the prisoner's chamber with a message from the King and Council, that he should prepare himself for death before one o'clock that morning, and that he should not use many words at his execution. For, still the cowardly tyrant feared the judgment of his victim's last utterance upon him; and More was submissive enough to obey. He put on his best clothes. The Lieutenant of the Tower advised him to change them, saying he was but a rascal who would have them. "What, Mr. Lieutenant," he cried, "shall I account him a rascal who shall do me this day so singular a benefit? Nay, I assure you, were it cloth of gold, I should think it well bestowed on him, as St. Cyprian did, who gave his executioner thirty pieces of gold." However, he afterwards changed his dress, and gave the headsman a present in money.

The time came. He was conducted by the Lieutenant to the place of execution. His beard was long, his face thin and pale; he carried in his hands a red cross, and walked with his eyes turned towards heaven. Even then, however, he was humorous with his guards. On ascending the scaffold he found it rickety and begged assistance, saying, "I pray, see me up safe, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself." All he said to the spectators was, that they should

pray for him, and remember that he died for the Catholic faith. He next knelt and repeated a psalm; then he rose, and when the executioner asked forgiveness, kissed him, and said cheerfully, "Thou wilt do me this day a greater benefit than ever any mortal man can be able to give me. Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thy office. My neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not away, for saving thy honesty." After this he laid his head on the block, but exclaimed, "wait until I have removed my beard, for *that* has never committed treason." The axe fell, and humanity was outraged by seeing the head of this pious man fixed on a pole on London bridge. Margaret, his daughter, however, found means to purchase this memorial of her monarch's crime, enclosed it in a leaden box, and ordered it to be buried with her own body, in a vault under Saint Dunstan's, Canterbury. The Knight's corpse lies in the Tower chapel, though some have said it was afterwards removed by his daughter.

Henry received the report of More's execution when he was playing at draughts, and Anne Boleyn was looking on. He cast his eyes on her and said, "thou art the cause of this man's death." He then shut himself up in a chamber and feigned, or perhaps really felt melancholy, but his attempt to fix on his wife the stigma of this crime, only increases the scorn with which all posterity regards his abhorred and wretched name.

More was religious, and his religion was clouded by superstition; but he was not a bigot. In his habits he was simple, and in his abstinence austere. Loyal, beyond virtue, to the King, he resisted his demands when they disagreed with the dictates of conscience. Affectionate to his family, he was benevolent to all men, and though he died in an exploded faith, we may reverence his memory as that of a wise and good man.

The anecdotes of his wit are innumerable. One of his best replies was that to a person named *Manners*, who, on his elevation, said to him, "honores mutant *Mores*." "In English that is true" retorted the Knight, for then "honors would change *Manners*."

A friend brought him a stupid book in manuscript, for his opinion. More with grave humour told him *it would be*

better in verse. The author took home his work, versified it, and brought it again: "Aye," said the Chancellor, "now it is something. It is rhyme;—but before, it was neither *rhyme* nor *reason*." He once employed a clever fellow to rob a justice on the bench, who had declared that none but *careless fools* ever had their pockets picked.

Sir Thomas More, however, will be remembered chiefly for his literary works. *The Utopia or Happy Republic* is a household name. It was written in Latin about the year 1516. Great applause greeted it all over Europe, and English, French, Italian, and Dutch translations were speedily circulated. In this ingenious scheme of a commonwealth, the author embodied his own ideas of government. As Swift did in his *Travels of Gulliver*, so did he in this, obliquely censuring those principles of the English administration which were opposed to his theory of policy and public justice. Such pictures of a state in ideal perfection, have been the favourite studies of men. This suggested the new Atlantis, of Lord Bacon; and the same fancy painted those fabulous creations of the ancient mind—the halcyon or legendary isles, the *Μακάρων νησοί*, the Vales of Bliss and Cities of the Just, in which as in other brilliant illusions the imagination of mankind is prone to indulge. A History of Richard the Third, a Life of Pius of Mirandula, many controversial works and some quaint but interesting letters, have been preserved. It is curious, and is not honourable in our nation, that the writings of Sir Thomas More have been admired more in almost every country than in his own, indeed, they have here been little read, and the polemical part of them would be profitable only to theological and political students. But there is the witchery of a beautiful romance in "Utopia"—the last library edition of which, was printed side by side with the *New Atlantis*, with commentary and introductory discourse, by J. A. St. John. It formed, in fact, part of a series, in which the *Religio Medici* and *Hydrotaphia*, or *Urn Burial*, by Sir Thomas Brown were included. If there be any of our readers who have not read this singular work, I am sure they have neglected one of the richest compositions in the language. It is like a Titian picture, lighted up with the pure aerial tints of Claude, in relief to the

deep Rembrandt chiaroscuro, in which some of the groups and scenes are enveloped. They are imperfectly familiar with the literature of their country, who have not studied this composite masterpiece of philosophy and fancy.

I will not add any elaborate summary on the character of Sir Thomas More. We know a man when we see how he has acted. What he speaks or writes may be a disguise, or an epitaph for the tomb. In the history of More's life, however, his motives reveal themselves in the general tenour of his actions. It is not, indeed, the chief merit of biography to judge the person whose career it paints; but to show

so clearly what he was, that the world may judge him from that account. What I cannot avoid, however, is the reflection that More was a good and pious man, sacrificed by an odious prince, before whom the English nation was then content to bow down. And as these occurrences multiply with the pages of our annals, who can wonder, and, still more, who can regret, that in the next century, that infamous and decrepit tyranny was overthrown first in the field by Cromwell, and second in Parliament by the liberal and patriotic antagonists of the Second James.

RAFFAELLO SANZIO.

BEAUTY is not to be considered merely as the fair flower that blooms by the side of the wanderer's path; it is not merely the line of silver or of gold that streaks the edges of the dusky cloud; or the bright feathery foam that crowns the crest of the dark and rugged wave. It is all of these, and it is something more. It is not an extrinsic ornament, nor one of life's dispensable luxuries; but, in a greater or less degree, it is an absolute necessity, and most truly a powerful agent to purify the soul from material tendencies, to strengthen and to elevate, to spiritualize and refine. Beauty, in the highest sense, the ideal, the transcendental, leads the soul infallibly upwards from the earthly and the human to the immortal and divine. It is the likeness of God shining through his works; the monograph of the Great Artist; the type of that radiant splendour that shall bloom evermore in his fair Paradise.

Hence, to elevate the public taste, becomes the duty of all "Art-interpreters," who are as the evangelists of the ideal, through whom we receive revelations of the beautiful. Among people in general, rare indeed is a true appreciation of this high excellence, which is, or ought to be, the animating soul of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and poetry. Such recognition is rather educational than intuitive. It will be objected, that the world has been inundated with theories of beauty,

and that selection is difficult. The principles relating to ideal loveliness have, however, recently attained a more perfect development; and hence follow results less likely to perplex the earnest thinker. But we must keep aloof from a question so abstract. It is, however, very evident that many intelligent persons even, have singularly chaotic ideas upon this interesting subject.

To quote the words of an acute and clear-seeing critic: "The conceptions of the elder Greeks regarding beauty were nobler than ours, and for that reason their art was of a loftier character. Their beauty was divine, not human; intellectual, not sensuous; and, like the Jews and Persians, they sought in the loveliness of the human form a type of the perfections of the Deity. . . . Beauty, then," continues the same eloquent writer, "is a thing of the intellect. . . . It is universal and divine; it is incapable of tarnish or desecration; the 'beauty of holiness,' and the 'beauty of God,' of the Hebrew prophets, are better imaged in the heathen deities of Greece than in the pictured saints of the Roman Church."

The truth that beauty is *universal*, has too often been overlooked; many having sought to imprison their idea thereof within some one particular type, instead of recognising it in every form, and in all the varieties of its development.

It is the work of the true artist to-

reveal to the sons of earth the wondrous sights and sounds that throng the "world of beauty," in visible imagery, or with the glad voice of song. For he ever stands near to the pearly gates of heaven, and through the portals opening at intervals, he receives benedictions of loveliness, and glimpses of celestial glory, which he transmits to us through "pictured and enmarbled dreams," or amid the lofty harmonies of "starry poesy."

The mantle of inspiration which enfolded the painters and sculptors of ancient Greece, seemed to descend with especial power upon the artists of modern Italy. The residents of the fairest land in Europe, a country rich in historic recollections, in proud and lofty memories of heroic time, and thoughts of many wrongs still deeper in stern influence, to them in particular, was intrusted (second to the Greeks) the mission of interpreting the poetry of art. The annals of painting and sculpture in Italy, form a bright and most interesting record, for the Italian artists have given examples of almost every variety of excellence, in the beautiful and the pathetic, in the terrible and the sublime. And among the brilliant galaxy of names included in such history, not one star shines with more untroubled lustre than the name of the "divine Raphael," which is never pronounced by the art-student without the sincerest reverence and the truest love.

RAFFAELLO SANZIO DI URBINO was born on Good Friday, 1483, in the city of Urbino. He was the son of a respectable painter named Giovanni Sanzio, who was patronised by the Duke Federigo of Urbino. Raphael lost his mother early in life. His father married again, and his second wife, Bernardino, a fair, loving creature, was as kind and affectionately attentive to the subject of this memoir as if he had been her own child. Giovanni Sanzio was his son's first instructor, and the boy was soon able to assist his father in his most important works. And thus passed away the childhood of Raphael, amid the sweet and gentle influences of home, beneath the soft Italian sky, his spirit ennobled and purified by a contemplation of all that is fair and lovely, and thus rendered a shrine for those lofty thoughts which must be ever resultant from a right study of the beautiful, the ideal, in nature and in art. But

how many, alas! there are who fail to introduce into their souls that harmony which ought so surely to follow a true devotion to any object that is noble and good. Why is this? It is because unworthy motives intrude upon their worship. Love of display, self-gratification, desire of gain, looking for the praise of men; these are the sources of ill-success. Ah, not thus, oh thinker—worker! Stand forth amid the world's tumult, free, earnest, and sincere, with no thought of *self*, no wish of recompense, save that which flows of necessity from the deep love through which your work is accomplished, and whence you discover, in truth, in high thought, or action, each is "its own exceeding great reward." So live and act, and rest assured, in due time, not only shall you enjoy this supreme satisfaction, but yours shall also be the palm to the victor's hand, the crown to the poet's brow.

Raphael's father left home for Perugia, in 1494, in order to make arrangements for placing his son under the tuition of Pietro Perugino, the most renowned artist of the time, but before the completion of these arrangements, Giovanni Sanzio died, in the August of the same year. The negotiations were, however, carried on by his widow and a friend named Simone Ciarla, and so at twelve years of age, the young Raphael was sent to study under Perugino, with whom he remained until he was about twenty years of age.

Pietro Vannucci, surnamed *Il Perugino*, from his residence in Perugia, was an intimate friend of the great Lionardo da Vinci. In a poem by Giovanni Sanzio, these two artists are gracefully alluded to as "par d'etate e par d'amore." The works of Vannucci are distinguished by simplicity and sweetness, and a "pure and gentle feeling." The early productions of Raphael bear evidence to the influence of his master's manner. The charming little picture of "St. Catherine" in the National Gallery is to be referred to this period. The young artist was a most industrious student. His favourite subject was the Madonna and the infant Christ. Many beautiful pictures were painted by him while he was with Perugino. Perhaps the most famous is the one representing the "Marriage of Mary and Joseph," now at Milan. Raphael soon greatly surpassed his master. In 1504

he paid a first visit to Florence. He was provided with letters of recommendation from the Duchess of Sora, the Duke of Urbino's sister, to the Gonfaloniere Sodorini, the successor of the Medici. This visit, although short, was an event in the artist's history. He formed the acquaintance of Ghirlandajo, and of the excellent Fra Bartolomeo. His friendship with the latter was firm and enduring, even unto death. Each exerted a beneficial influence upon the other. The elder of the two, instructed his friend in colouring, and a more happy disposition of drapery, while Raphael in turn imparted to the good Friar a more perfect knowledge of the principles of perspective.

At Florence also our artist studied the works of Masaccio, and became acquainted with some of the cartoons of Lionardo da Vinci, and certain of the grand efforts of Michael Angelo. Hence he acquired new ideas of force and of sublimity. He soon returned to Perugia, with a mind expanded and enriched, and filled with memories of beauty. The following year he was employed to paint several altar-pieces for different churches, and he executed besides, some smaller pictures of great excellence, which are scattered through various collections.

After the completion of these works, Raphael returned to Florence, where he remained until the year 1508. Here he enjoyed every facility for study and improvement, which could be supplied by intercourse with eminent men and access to noble galleries of painting and sculpture. The fair city of Florence was the home of refinement of learning, and of genius. It was rendered hallowed ground through having been the birthplace of many of Italy's most illustrious sons. It was here that Dante Alighieri first saw the light of heaven. Here he sang and suffered—and during his exile in after time, stung by the ingratitude of his birth-city, he immortalized it by the indignant denunciation of his lofty verse.

Some of Raphael's finest pictures were painted during his second visit to Florence, a period of about three years. For he was here, indeed, in the brightest season of life—the glad spring-time of youth, when all is so fresh and beautiful, and it seems a joy to live and breathe the free air of heaven. It is the age, too, of poetry and romance and airy

dreams, when the whole world seems a summer-land of beauty, and the spirit overflows with the well-springs of a sweet inspiration, developing itself in soul of genius, in the "harmony of colours," of music, or of song. It was but natural then that the young artist's creations should be in accordance with such happy influences. Take also into consideration the effect of country, and of climate. That glorious Italy, so wreathed with dear enchantments and crowned with strange and lofty memories, its every spot of ground ringing with the echoes of hero-footsteps, and all the air musical with the tones of divinest minstrelsy—was it not a fitting temple for the young enthusiast to bend low in adoring reverence at the shrine of the beautiful and the true? Ah, bright and fair, indeed, must be the artist's life in Italy, if faith and love be with him—for without these no life can be sublime, no death can prove triumphant.

Among the pictures Raphael painted at Florence, are many portraits, some altar-pieces, a Madonna beneath a palm-tree, now in the Bridgewater Gallery, the celebrated *Madonna del Cardellino*, at Florence, and others, altogether about thirty pictures. When our artist was about twenty-five years of age, through the recommendation of his relative, the sculptor, Bramante, he was ordered to Rome by Pius Julius II. to complete the decorations of the Vatican, which had been commenced in the reign of his predecessor, and left unfinished.

At that period Raphael had already established a reputation which extended throughout all Italy. The Italians are ever ready and able to appreciate the beautiful, and to welcome genius with sympathy. They are more quick to recognise, and more fervent to love the indications of talent, than the residents in our cold, northern latitudes. Raphael received so urgent an order from the Pope to proceed to Rome, that he was obliged to leave many of his pictures at Florence, for his friends Ghirlandajo and Fra Bartolomeo to finish. In a sketch of Michael Angelo we have already spoken of the haughty character, the unconquerable energy, and the resistless will of Pope Julius II., and of the many large and magnificent designs, whose execution shed such lustre upon the annals of his pontificate.

As soon as Raphael reached the Roman Capital, he commenced the embellishment of the *Camere* of the Vatican. The first saloon called the *Camera della Segnatura*, he devoted to the celebration of Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence. In four circles he painted on the ceiling four figures, enthroned in the clouds with befitting symbols, and attendant genii. Of these the figure of Poetry is distinguished by superior grandeur and inspiration. Beneath these figures, and on the four sides of the room he painted four great pictures, each about fifteen feet high by twenty-five feet wide, the subject illustrating the four allegorical figures above. Under Theology, he placed the composition generally known by the title of *La Disputa*, i.e. the argument concerning the Holy Sacrament. In the upper part is the heavenly glory, the Redeemer in the centre, beside him the Virgin-mother. On the right and left arranged in a semi-circle, patriarchs, apostles, saints, are seated; all full of character, dignity, and a kind of celestial repose, befitting their beatitude. Angels are hovering round; four of them surrounding the emblematic Dove, hold the gospels. In the lower half of the picture are assembled the celebrated doctors and teachers of the Church, grand, solemn, meditative figures; some searching their books; some engaged in "colloquy sublime." And on each side, a little lower, groups of disciples and listeners, every head and figure a study of character and expression, all different, all full of nature, animation and significance; and thus the two parts of this magnificent composition, the heavenly beatitude above, the mystery of faith below, combine with one comprehensive whole.

Under Poetry, we have Mount Parnassus; Apollo, and the Muses are seen on the summit. On one side near them, the epic and tragic poets. Below on each side are the lyrical poets, Petrarch, Sappho, Corinna, Pindar, Horace.

Under Philosophy, Raphael has placed "the School of Athens." It represents a grand hall or portico, in which a flight of steps separates the foreground from the background. Conspicuous and above the rest, are the elder intellectual philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates. Plato characteristically pointing upwards to heaven; Aristotle pointing to the earth; Socrates impres-

sively discoursing to the listeners near him. Then on a lower plan we have the Sciences and Arts, represented by Pythagoras and Archimides, Zoroaster and Ptolemy the geographer; while alone, as if avoiding, and avoided by all, sits Diogenes the Cynic. Raphael has represented the art of painting by the figure of his master Perugino, and has introduced a portrait of himself humbly following him.

Law or Jurisprudence, from the particular construction of the wall on which it is painted, is represented with less completeness, and is broken up into divisions. Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance are above; below on one side, is Pope Gregory, delivering the ecclesiastical law; and on the other Justinian promulgating his famous code of civil law.

The biographers of Raphael are generally silent with regard to his literary attainments. One of his letters now preserved in the *Museo Borgia*, is written in a kind of *patois*, and might be adduced as an evidence of his being illiterate, were it not that other letters of his are extant, composed in pure and elegant Italian. He was well acquainted with many branches of polite literature, and paid especial attention to history and poetry. Petrarch was one of his dearly loved authors, and from this poet's "Trionfo della Fama," he gathered many ideas which he made use of in his delineation of "Philosophy," in the *Camera della Segnatura*.

Whilst engaged at Rome on the frescoes in the Vatican, our artist found a generous patron and friend in Agostino Chigi, a rich merchant of Rome, for whom he painted several valuable pictures—among others the "Triumphs of Galatea," and the "Sybils della Pace" in the Chapel, belonging to the Chigi family.

About the same time, Raphael executed a fine portrait of Pope Julius II., and also a likeness of himself, which is familiar to every one through the engravings. It represents him as a young man of singular beauty, with rich masses of dark hair, soft sweet eyes, and a touching noble expression, just the *beau-ideal* of a poet-artist.

Michael Angelo having fled from Rome at this period, on account of his quarrel with the Pope, Bramante obtained the keys of the Sistine Chapel,

and exhibited to Raphael the sublime efforts of his famous rival, which doubtless, in some measure, influenced his own style, for a short time afterwards Raphael painted the "Sybils" for A. Chigi, and the "Isaiah" of S. Agostino. In the same year he commenced the second chamber of the Vatican, in which he illustrated the miraculous triumph of the Church over her enemies. This series includes the wonderful picture of "Heliodorus driven from the Temple," one of Raphael's most striking productions. "The group of the celestial warriors trampling on the prostrate Heliodorus, with the avenging angels floating air-borne to scourge the despoilers, is wonderful for its supernatural power—it is a vision of beauty and terror." The portrait of Julius II. is introduced in this work, under the character of the high-priest, Onias. The Pope died in 1513, before the completion of this chamber, and the triple crown devolved upon Leo X.

The age of Leo X. was the golden age of Italian art and literature. The Papal court was thronged with men of learning and of genius, crowned, and purple-robed, and placed high among those whom the people "delighted to honour." Visions of beauty were then not only dreamed, but raised to actual life, through marble and through canvas, and poet-lips were eloquent with the music of immortal song. Raphael was on terms of intimacy with many of the most eminent men of the day—Ariosto, Sanazzaro, and the Cardinal Bembo, were among his friends. His fame and riches greatly increased, so that he built himself a beautiful residence, in that quarter of Rome, called the *Borgo*, between the Castle of St. Angelo and the Church of St. Peter. Scholars flocked to his school from all parts of Italy, and by all the young men under his tuition he was regarded with the profoundest reverence and love. Most of the contemporary artists enjoyed friendly relations with him, excepting Michael Angelo, who, at that period, was absent from Rome. At the commencement of Leo X.'s pontificate the venerable Lionardo da Vinci, visited the capital, and made the acquaintance of Raphael, who also maintained a sincere friendship with Francia, and corresponded with Albert Durer.

Fra Bartolomeo visited Rome in 1513, and thus renewed his intercourse with

Raphael, whose marvellous frescoes in the Vatican filled the simple-hearted friar with wonder and admiration. Some of his best pictures were painted on his return to his convent after this visit.

Meanwhile, the works in the Vatican were still in progress. The remaining decorations were all in illustration of the history of Leo X., for in representing the events in the lives of preceding pontiffs the artist only "shadowed forth the glory of his patron." The most celebrated subjects in this series consist of "Attila driven from Italy by Saint Leo the Great," "the Liberation of St. Peter from Prison," and the "Fire in the Borgo,"—*L'Incendio del Borgo*.

It is singular to trace through these compositions how very cleverly Raphael has allegorized different incidents in the life-story of Leo X. For instance, in the representation of the expulsion of Attila, "even St. Leo himself and his dignified attendants become only supposititious personages, intended to immortalize Leo X., and the cardinals and prelates of his court, whose portraits are actually substituted for those of their predecessors in the honours and dignities of the Roman See. . . . To have represented Leo X., as living in the time of Leo III., would have been an anachronism, to have exhibited him as miraculously expelling Attila from Italy, would have been a falsehood. But Attila himself is only the type of the French monarch, Louis XII. whom Leo had, within the first months of his pontificate, divested of the state of Milan, and expelled from the limits of Italy."

Observe, how very skilfully the artist disposes of the apparent difficulty of reconciling the two events. It is another question, how far such a treatment of the subject is consistent with the true dignity of art, and whether or not an artist be justified in giving real portraits of living men, under the names of historical personages. We see, however, no serious objections thereto, so long as care is taken to preserve the distinguishing characteristics of the primary subject of the picture.

The fresco representing the angel liberating St. Peter from prison, is placed opposite to another of Raphael's master-pieces—*The Mass at Bolsena*, in which the consecrated wafer miraculously dropped blood, to reprove the incredulity of the officiating priest. In

the picture of the release of St. Peter, the artist alludes to the imprisonment of the Pope Leo X. at Ravenna, and his subsequent liberation.

L'Incendio del Borgo depicts a fire in that quarter of Rome, which occurred in the reign of Leo IV., and was said to have been extinguished by a supernatural interposition. "This wonderful piece alternately chills the heart with terror, or warms it with compassion. The calamity of fire is carried to its extreme point, as it is the hour of midnight, and the fire which already occupies a considerable space, is increased by a violent wind, which agitates the flames that leap with rapidity from house to house. The affright and misery of some of the inhabitants are also carried to the utmost extremity. Some rush forward with water, are driven back by scorching flames; others seek safety in flight, with naked feet, robeless and with dishevelled hair; women are seen turning an imploring look to the pontiff; mothers whose own terrors are absorbed in fear for their offspring; and here a youth who bearing on his shoulders his aged and infirm sire, and sinking beneath the weight, collects his almost exhausted strength to place him out of danger."

The last chamber painted by Raphael in the Vatican was called the *Hall of Constantine*, being illustrative of the career of that Emperor. The frescoes in this series were executed by pupils from the artist's designs, as he had so many important undertakings under his superintendence, that it was utterly impossible for him to complete them all with his own hands. Hence he merely furnished the cartoons from which his scholars worked.

In the mean time Raphael painted several pictures for his munificent patron, Agostino Chigi, consisting chiefly of fresco decorations for his palace in the *Transtevere*, now called the *Villa Farnesina*; among which may be mentioned a series representing the history of *Cupid and Psyche*, still in excellent preservation. Our artist possessed also considerable architectural talent, for he furnished Agostino with the design of a private Chapel, and also engaged to superintend the erection of a magnificent mausoleum, which his patron was desirous of having built in his life-time. A sculptor, named Lorenzetto, executed two marble figures for this

sepulchre, from models supplied by Raphael. One of these was the statue "Jonah," worthy of being classed with the productions of ancient art. Our artist adorned the *Loggie* of the Vatican with a set of compositions from Old Testament history, entitled "Raphael's Bible." "The *Loggie* are open galleries, running round three sides of an open court." The construction of these galleries had been commenced by Bramante, but he had not been able to complete the design. They were consequently finished by Raphael, with the addition of great improvements upon the original plan. The painter thus afforded a new specimen of his skill as an architect, with which Leo X. was well pleased. The direction of the interior decorations were also entrusted to Raphael. "This afforded the artist an opportunity of displaying his knowledge of the antique, and his skill in imitating the ancient grotesque and arabesque ornaments, specimens of which then began to be discovered, as well in Italy as in other places, and which were collected from all parts at considerable expense by Raffaello, who also employed artists in various parts of Italy, even in Greece and Turkey, to furnish him with drawings of whatever remains of antiquity might appear deserving of notice. The execution of this great work was chiefly entrusted to two of his scholars, Giulio Romano, and Giovanni da Udine; the former of whom superintended the historical department, the latter the stucco and grotesques, in the representation and exquisite finish of which he excelled all the artists of his time; but various other artists who had already arrived at considerable eminence were employed in the work, and laboured with great assiduity. Among these were Giovanni Francesco Penni, Bartolomeo da Bagnacavallo, Perino del Vaga, Pellegrino da Modena, and Vincenzo da S. Geminiano. The great extent and variety of this undertaking, the fertility of imagination displayed by Raffaello in his designs, the condescension and kindness with which he treated his pupils who attended him in great numbers whenever he appeared in public, and the liberality of the pontiff in rewarding their labours, all combined to render the Vatican at that period a perfect nursery of art."

There is an interesting story related

of one of the boys employed there, in grinding colours, and carrying the composition of lime and other artistic requisites. From hearing the conversations of the painters, and continually living in sight of the glorious creations of genius, this youth acquired a deep love of painting, and a burning desire to devote his life to the art, that he too might leave behind him some such fair memorials. Thought and observation were his only means of study, for he never practised painting until he was eighteen years of age, when all at once he "seized the pencil and astonished his employers." And from that time Polidoro da Caravaggio was numbered in the ranks of the disciples of Raphael.

After the artist had completed the decorations of the *Loggie* he was employed to embellish one of the saloons of the Vatican in the same manner. Leo X. determined also to have the lower walls of the *Capella Sistina* hung round with costly tapestry, to be woven in Flanders, in wool, and silk, and gold. He desired Raphael to furnish the designs for this work, from different portions of Scripture history. The cartoons were accordingly executed, and forwarded to Flanders, where they were suffered to remain after the completion of the tapestry, until the reign of Charles the First, who had the good taste to purchase them. They are now at Hampton Court, and familiar to us all. Originally they were ten in number, but three, unfortunately, have been lost. The tapestries were finished at Arras, and sent to Rome, in 1519. Raphael had the pleasure of seeing them disposed in their places, amid much admiring applause on the part of the spectators. Several sets of hangings were worked from the same cartoons, and of these one set was presented to Henry VIII. of England, and afterwards sold out of the kingdom.

It is said that Francis I. of France, and the King of England were both anxious to engage the services of Raphael as Court painter, but they were equally unsuccessful. The artist painted for the French Monarch a "Holy Family," and the beautiful picture of "St. Michael overcoming the Dragon," for which production he was most magnificently rewarded. One of Raphael's finest works was executed for the convent of St. Sixtus, at Piacenza—it is called the "Madonna di San

Sisto," and represents the infant Christ enthroned in the arms of the Virgin, St. Sixtus and St. Barbara kneeling in adoration on each side.

When Bramante died, in 1514, the office of Superintendent of the building of St. Peter's was rendered vacant, and consequently a competition for the appointment took place between the architects of Rome, among whom were Raphael, Fra Gioconda, and Peruzzi. In compliance with the last request of the dying Bramante, Leo installed Raphael in the vacant office, with Gioconda for his assistant.

The artist was very much interested in the discovery and preservation of all the art remains of antiquity. He formed a plan for excavating the whole of ancient Rome, for the purpose of disinterring all such treasures. He wished also to make an "accurate survey of the city, with representations of all the remains of ancient buildings, so as to obtain, from what might yet be seen, a complete draught or model of the whole as it existed in the most splendid era of its prosperity." A letter on this subject which he addressed to the reigning pontiff is still in existence. He commences:—"There are many persons, holy father, who estimating great things by their own narrow judgment, esteem the military exploits of the ancient Romans, and the skill which they have displayed in their buildings, so spacious and so richly ornamented, as rather fabulous than true. With me, however, it is widely different; for when I perceive in what yet remains of Rome the divinity of mind which the ancients possessed, it seems to me not unreasonable to conclude, that many things were to them easy, which to us appear impossible. Having therefore, under this conviction, always been studious of the remains of antiquity, and having with no small labour investigated, and accurately measured such as have occurred to me, and compared them with the writings of the best authors on this subject, I conceive that I have obtained some acquaintance with the architecture of the ancients. This acquisition, while it gives me great pleasure, has also affected me with no small concern, in observing the inanimate remains as it were of this noble city, the queen of the universe, thus lacerated and dispersed. As there is a duty from every child towards his parents and country,

so I find myself called upon to exert what little ability I possess, in perpetuating somewhat of the image, or rather the shadow, of that which is, in fact, the universal country of all Christians, and at one time was so elevated and so powerful that mankind began to believe that it was raised beyond the efforts of fortune, and destined to perpetual duration. Hence it would seem that Time, envious of the glory of mortals, but not fully confiding in his own strength had combined with fortune, and with the profane and unsparing barbarians, that to his corroding file and consuming tooth they might add their destructive fury; and by fire, by sword, and every other mode of devastation might complete the ruin of Rome."

The artist then proceeds to lament the indifference and neglect with which the modern Romans had treated these noble monuments of their former glory, suffering them to be left to ruin and decay, or even with sacrilegious hand, employing them in the construction of their dwellings. He adds—"It ought not, therefore, holy father, to be the last object of your attention, to take care that the little which now remains of this, the ancient mother of Italian glory and magnificence, be not, by means of the ignorant and the malicious, wholly extirpated and destroyed; but may be preserved as a testimony of the worth and excellence of those divine minds, by whose example we of the present day are incited to great and laudable undertakings."

Raphael was justly distinguished for the excellence of his portraits, which were, of course, earnestly sought after. Among the most striking are those of Bindo Altoviti, of Joanna of Aragon, of Lee X., with the Cardinals Rossi, and Giulio de Medici, and the picture of "La Fornarina," supposed to be the portrait of a beautiful Roman girl, to whom the artist was attached.

At this period we behold Raphael at the very summit of his greatness and felicity, living in the midst of splendour and of luxury; the companion and the friend of princes; beloved by his disciples, esteemed and admired by all. The Cardinal Bibbiena offered him his niece in marriage, with a rich dowry; but the lady's death took place before the completion of the arrangements. It does not appear that the artist was at all desirous of this marriage; the pro-

posal serves, however, to show in what high estimation he was held. But the life so bright and beautiful was not destined to prove of long duration.

Raphael's last and greatest production was the grand picture of the "Transfiguration," which he undertook at the desire of the Cardinal de Medici, Archbishop of Narbonne. It was designed for the altar-piece of the Cathedral of Narbonne. At that time there were two parties in Rome, one in favour of Michael Angelo, and the other adhering to Raphael;—not that there was ever any open rivalry between these two great artists. The stern and haughty Florentine was still evidently anxious not to be outdone. He, therefore, employed a Venetian painter, named Sebastian del Piombo, to invest his own energetic designs with the graces of attractive and brilliant colouring. Whilst Raphael was engaged upon the "Transfiguration," Sebastian commenced his celebrated picture of the "Raising of Lazarus," for which it was generally understood that Buonarroti not only supplied the cartoon, but sketched some of the figures upon the panel. The rival pictures were afterwards exhibited together in the chambers of the Consistory, and although the work of the Venetian obtained due praise the palm was unanimously awarded to that of Raphael.

This *chef d'œuvre* is divided into two parts. The lower represents a demoniac brought for cure to the Redeemer's disciples, by his distressed friends. The upper portion displays Mount Tabor; and the transfigured Christ above, bright with ideal grace, and divine in majesty, Moses and Elias on each side, and the three disciples prostrate on the ground, shading their eyes from the dazzling light of the ineffable glory. But before the artist had quite completed this dream of beauty, death intervened, and Raffaello Sanzio, the world-renowned, "il divin pittore," died on the anniversary of his birth-day, Good Friday, 1520, at the comparatively early age of thirty-seven years. During his illness, the Pope had sent to his residence daily, with the kindest inquiries; and he joined in the universal sorrow, when it was announced that the beloved artist was no more. The mortal remains of Raphael were laid in state, in his studio, beneath his last glorious work; and hither came crowds of rich and poor, the haughty noble and the loving disciple,

to render to the painter's memory the homage of their tears.

They came to give a last farewell,
The young, the glad, the gay,
To him, who low before them there
In pale cold silence lay.

He rested calm with clasped hands,
With rich disparted hair;
And though the loving glance was gone,
The beauty still was there.

And thus they met—a princely band—
The rich, the great, the proud;
The scholar, and the patron high,
Alike in homage bowed.

With solemn steps, and downcast eyes,
With hushed and reverent breath;
In the awful presence-room
Of the majesty of death.

And "pictured dreams" were bright around,
But chief among them rose,
That grand transfigured form that shone
In most divine repose.

The likeness of the victor Christ,
When unto earth was given
Glimpse of the glory that he wore,
Among the thrones of heaven.

Ah! it was well that they should place
The cold and lifeless clay,
Beneath the image of the truth,
The life, the light, the way!

Of him, the holy priest, to whom
The Father God had given
The mastery over death and hell,
The fairest crown in heaven.

And he who pictured that bright scene,
Lay still in child-like rest;
The wreath unheeded on his brow;
The purple on his breast.

He might not hear if nations rose
To greet him with acclaim;
He might not hear the voice of love
That lowly breathed his name.

They gazed upon the life-like forms,
His hand had loved to trace,
And on the marble, pure and still,
Of his placid, sleeping face.

His genius bright with hues of heaven,
Still "asked them overhead;"
And "mid that flush of power and light,
They scarce could deem him dead.

And hearts that never felt before,
Were touched and bleeding then;
And sighs were breathed, and tears were in
The eyes of lofty men.

Then slowly moved the reverent crowd,
And left the sacred spot;
But that hushed room and that pale corpse,
They never more forgot!

The remains of Raphael were followed to the grave by a long and stately funeral procession, amid the deep heart-regrets of an assembled multitude. His tomb is in the Church of the Pantheon, near that of his betrothed wife, Maria de Bibbiena. The Pope requested Cardinal Bembo to compose his epitaph. His loss was deplored throughout Italy as a national calamity.

Raphael is generally placed *first* in the catalogue of painters. No other artist of modern times has ever united in himself so great a variety of excel-

lence. He may not have Michael Angelo's mastery over the terrible and the sublime; but he greatly excels the Florentine in dignity and grace. His Madonnas may not possess the deep spiritual beauty of those of the earlier painters; nevertheless, they are "exceeding fair," and wear upon their brows the light of a "tender human love." His colouring may not be characterized by the brilliancy and richness which distinguished the school of Venice: but his design is by far more pure and lofty than that of the Venetians. Others might approach him in one particular department; but, in completeness and versatility, he was without a rival. The genius of Raphael was highly dramatic. Every sentiment that can sway the heart, every passion that can convulse the soul, has found a true and ready exponent in the creations of his pencil. The impress of poetic feeling is stamped upon all his productions; and perhaps no painter has ever possessed more just claims to the proud title of the Shakspeare of Modern Art. He rarely repeats himself; in the grace of his compositions, in the beauty, dignity, and character of his heads, he is alike eloquent and alone.

We have no written record of Raphael's inner life; of his thought and sentiment, of his loves and his sympathies, of his woes, joys, faith, and aspirations. The pictured halls of the Vatican compose the fair temple, wherein his life-intellectual is enshrined; and, in truth, we could scarcely ask for more. It is a revelation of power and majesty and beauty, and tells us sufficient, if not all we should like to know of the character of the inspiring genius; a genius, we should imagine, with wide and unchained sympathies, rejoicing in the glory and loveliness of nature, regarding life as a beauty and a blessing, and working out the poem of existence with the faith of a lofty soul and the love of a generous heart. Were it otherwise, indeed, there would be no existent harmony between genius and its productions; and from these productions the true spiritual essence of mental character is best shadowed forth. It will be said that base and unworthy men have often thought and acted aright. Yes; but not uniformly. The works of such may be brilliant with coruscations of genius, but they will assuredly be deficient in that steadfast, shining light,

which can alone exist when the whole being moves in sweet concert with the universal harmonies.

Some accusations have been brought against the moral character of Raphael. We believe them to be utterly unfounded; and, in support of our own opinion, we are happy to adduce a testimony from the elegant pen of Mrs. Jameson: "There was a vulgar idea at one time prevalent, that Raphael was a man of vicious and dissipated habits, and even died a victim to his excesses. This slander has been silenced for ever, by indisputable evidence to the contrary. And now we may reflect with pleasure, that nothing rests on surer evidence than the admirable qualities of Raphael, that no earthly renown was ever so unsullied by reproach, so justified by merit, so confirmed by concurrent opinion, so established by time."

After adverting to the painter's extraordinary industry (for he left behind him, when he died, at thirty-seven years of age, 287 pictures and 576 drawings),

a circumstance which almost proves of itself that he could not have employed his short life otherwise than well, the writer continues: "As Raphael carried to the highest perfection the union of those faculties of head and hand which constitute the complete artist, so this harmony pervaded his whole being, and nothing deformed or discordant could enter there. In all the portraits which exist of him, from infancy to manhood, there is a divine sweetness and repose; the little cherub face of three years old is not more serene and angelic than the same features at thirty. The child whom father and mother, tutor and stepmother caressed and idolized in his loving innocence, was the same being whom we see in the pride of manhood subduing and reigning over all hearts; so that, to borrow the words of a contemporary, 'not only all men, but the very brutes loved him;' the only very distinguished man of whom we read, who lived and died without an enemy or a detractor."

JOHN KEATS.

"To the poet, if to any man, it may justly be conceded to be estimated by what he has written rather than by what he has done, and to be judged by the productions of his genius rather than by the circumstances of his outward life. For although the choice and treatment of a subject may enable us to contemplate the mind of the historian, the novelist, or the philosopher, yet our observation will be more or less limited and obscured by the sequence of events, the forms of manners, or the exigences of theory, and the personality of the writer must be frequently lost; while the poet, if his utterances be deep and true, can hardly hide himself even beneath the epic or dramatic veil, and often makes of the rough public ear, a confessional into which to pour the richest treasures and holiest secrets of his soul. His life is in his writings, and his poems are his works indeed. The biography, therefore, of a poet can be little more than a comment on his poems, though his life may be of long duration, and chequered by strange and various adventures—but these pages concern one whose whole life may be summed up in three volumes of poems, some earnest friendships, one

passion and a premature death." As men die so they walk among posterity, and our impression of Keats is that of an earnest, highly susceptible nature, perseveringly testing its own powers, and striving ever towards a realization of its high ideal of perfection; of a manly heart bravely surmounting and profiting by its own hard experience—and of an imagination glowing with all the brilliant hues of romance and allegory, ready to inundate the world, yet learning to flow within regulated channels, and endeavouring to abate its violence without decreasing its power.

Ever improving in his art, he gave no reason to believe that his marvellous faculty partook of the nature of that facility of rhyming which in many men has been the outlet of their ardent feelings in youth and early manhood, but which as the cares of the world have pressed more heavily upon them have subsided into morbidness of feeling or have disappeared altogether. In him no one doubts that a true genius was suddenly arrested, and they who will not allow him to have won a place in the first ranks of English Literature, will not deny the promise of his candidature.

The interest which attaches to the

family of every remarkable individual, has failed in discovering in that of Keats more than that his childhood was surrounded by virtuous and honourable influences. His father, a man of excellent understanding, and of a lively energetic countenance, was employed in the establishment of Jennings, the proprietor of large livery stables in Moorfields, opposite the entrance to Finsbury Circus. He married his master's daughter, but was perfectly free from any taint of affectation or vulgarity on account of his prosperous alliance. He was killed in 1804 by a fall from his horse at the early age of thirty-four. Mrs. Keats, a lively intelligent woman, had four children. John, the subject of this memoir, was born 29th of October, 1795. Of his two brothers, George was the older than himself—Thomas younger, and his sister considerably younger. John resembled his father in feature, stature, and manner, and was possessed of warm affectionate feelings; which are evident from the following little anecdote. On occasion of his mother's illness, the doctor having ordered her not to be disturbed for some time—John kept sentinel at the door for three hours, guarding the entrance with an old sword he had picked up, and allowing no one to enter the room. At this time he was about four years old. Some years later he was sent to Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield, then in high repute.

A maternal uncle of young Keats, had been an officer in Duncan's Ship off Camberdown. This naval uncle was the ideal of the boys, and inspired them with the desire when they went to school of keeping up the family's reputation for bravery. This was manifested in the elder brother by cool manliness, but in John and Tom by a fierce pugnacity of disposition; John was always fighting, he selected for his companions those who excelled in warlike accomplishments. Nor were the brothers backward in exercising their mettle on each other; this disposition was however combined with great tenderness of feeling, and in John with a passionate sensibility, which exhibited itself in strange contrasts, he would frequently pass suddenly from a wild fit of laughter, to an equally violent flood of tears. In giving way to his impulses he regarded not consequences; he once attacked an usher violently, who had been boxing his brother's

ears: and after his mother's death which occurred in 1810, he hid himself for several days in a nook by the master's desk, indulging in one long agony of grief, refusing consolation alike from master or from friend. The sense of humour which so frequently accompanies a strong sensibility, abounded in him. He ever delighted in displays of grotesque originality or wild pranks, and he appeared to prize these next to his favourite quality—physical courage. His perfect indifference to be thought well of as "a good boy," was as remarkable as the peculiar facility with which he mastered his tasks, which never seemed to occupy his attention, but in which he was ever equal to his companions. His skill in all manly exercises, combined to the extreme generosity of his disposition made him highly popular. "He combined," writes one of his schoolfellows "a terrier-like resoluteness of character, with the most noble placability;" and another mentions that his extraordinary energy, animation and ability, impressed them all with the conviction of his future greatness, "but rather in a military or some such active sphere of life, than in the peaceful arena of literature." (Mr. E. Holmes, author of 'Life of Mozart.') "His eyes then, as ever, were large and sensitive, flashing with strong emotions, or suffused with tender sympathies, and more distinctly reflected the varying impulses of his nature, than when under the self-control of maturer years; his hair hung in thick brown ringlets round a head, diminutive for the breadth of shoulders below it, while the smallness of the lower limbs, which in later life marred the proportion of his person, was not then apparent, but at the time only completed such an impression as the ancients had of Achilles, joyous and glorious youth—everlastingly striving."

It was only after remaining at school a considerable time, that his intellectual ambition developed itself; he determined to carry off all the first prizes in literature, and he succeeded. He obtained them after arduous study, and at the expense of his amusements and favourite exercises. Even on holidays, when all the boys were out at play, he would remain translating his Virgil or Fenelon, and when his master would oblige him to go out for the sake of his health, he would walk about with

a book in his hand. The quantity of translations he made on paper during the last two years of his school-life, was astonishing. The twelve books of the *Æneid* were a portion of it, though he does not appear to have been acquainted with much other Latin poetry, nor to have commenced learning Greek. Yet Took's "Pantheon," Spence's "Polymetis" and Lemprière's Dictionary, were sufficient fully to introduce his imagination to the enchantment of Mythology, with which at once he became intimately acquainted; and a mind eagerly alive to the beauties of classic literature, led the way to that wonderful reconstruction of Grecian feeling and fancy, for which he was so peculiarly adapted. He does not at this time seem to have been a sedulous reader of other books, but "Robinson Crusoe" and Marmontel's "Incas of Peru" appear to have impressed him strongly. He must have met with Shakespere, for he told one of his companions "he thought no one could dare to read 'Macbeth' alone in a house, at two o'clock in the morning."

On the death of their remaining parent, in 1810, the young Keats's were consigned to the guardianship of Mr. Abbey, a merchant; about £8,000 were left to be divided among the four children. John, on leaving school, in 1810, was apprenticed for five years to Mr. Hammond, a surgeon of considerable eminence, at Edmonton. From its vicinity to Enfield he was enabled to keep up his acquaintance with the family of Mr. Clarke, where he was ever welcomed with much kindness. His talents and energy strongly recommended him to his preceptor, and his affectionate feelings found a response in the heart of the son. In Charles Cowden Clarke he found a friend, capable of sympathizing in all his highest tastes and purest feelings, and in this genial atmosphere, his noble powers gradually expanded. Yet so little opinion was formed of the direction his genius would take that when, in 1812, he asked for the loan of Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*," it was supposed, he merely desired from a boyish ambition, to become acquainted with so illustrious a poem. The effect produced by this wonderful work of the imagination was electrical. He was in the habit of walking over to Enfield once a week to talk over his reading with his friend, and now he would talk

of nothing but Spenser. A new world of beauty and enchantment seemed opened to him: "He ramped through the scenes of the romance," writes Mr. Clarke, "like a young horse turned into a spring meadow,"—he revelled in the gorgeousness of the imagery as in the pleasures of a newly-discovered sense; the expressiveness and felicity of an epithet (such, for example, as "The sea-shouldering Whale"), would illumine his countenance with ecstasy, and some fine description would strike on the secret chords of his soul and awaken countless harmonies. His earliest known verses are those in imitation of Spenser, beginning—

Now morning from her orient chamber came.

Nor will the just critic fail in discovering that much in the early poems which, at first, appears strained and fantastical may be traced to an indiscriminate and blind reverence for a great, though unequal model. In the scanty records which remain of the adolescent years, in which Keats became a poet, a sonnet on Spenser illustrates this view—

Spenser! a jealous honoror of thine,
A forester deep in thy midmost trees,
Did last eve ask my promise to refine
Some English, that might serve thine ear
to please.

But Elfin poet! 'tis impossible
For an inhabitant of wintry earth
To rise like Phoebus with a golden quill,
Firewinged, and make a morning in his
mirth.

It is impossible to 'scape from toil
O' the sudden, and receive thy spiring:
The flower must drink the nature of the
soil

Before it can put forth its blossoming:
Be with me in the summer days, and I
Will for thine honour and his pleasure try.

Few memorials remain of his other studies—Chaucer evidently gave him the greatest pleasure—he felt in reading it nothing but the pure breath of nature in the early dawn of English literature. The strange tragedy of the unhappy fate of Chatterton, "the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in its pride," is a frequent subject of allusion in Keats's letters and poems. The impressive nature of Keats would naturally incline him to erratic composition, but his early love verses are remarkably deficient in beauty and pathos. The world of personal emotion was to him far less familiar than that of the imagination, and indeed it appears to have been long ere he descended from the heights of poetry and romance, to the

troubled realities of human love. Let it not be supposed that the creations of even his young imagination were cold, passionless, and unimbued with natural feelings; so far from it, it may be conjectured that it was the blending of the ideal and sensual life, so peculiar to the Grecian Mythology, which rendered it so attractive to the mind of Keats, and when the "Endymion" comes to be critically considered, it will at once appear that its excellence consists in the appreciation of that ancient spirit of beauty, to which all outward perceptions so excellently ministered, and which undertook to refine and to elevate the instinctive feelings of those who would submit to their influence.

Friendship, generally ardent in youth, would not remain without its impression in the early poems of Keats. With Mr. Felton Mather, to whom his first poetical epistle is addressed, he enjoyed a high intellectual sympathy. This friend had introduced him to congenial society, both of men and books. Those verses were written just at the time Keats became aware of the little interest which he felt in the profession he was so studiously pursuing, and was already in the midst of that conflict between the outer and inner world, which is, alas! too often the poet's heritage in life. Mr. Mather remarks that at that time "the eye of Keats was more critical than tender, and so was his mind; he admired more the external decorations than felt the deep emotions of the muse. He delighted in leading you through the mazes of elaborate description, but was less conscious of the sublime and pathetic; he used to spend many evenings in reading to me, but I never observed the tears in his eyes, nor the broken voice which are indicative of extreme sensibility." This modification of a nature, at first passionately susceptible, and the succeeding development of the imagination, is not an unfrequent phenomenon in poetical psychology. His next poetic epistle, dated August 1816, is addressed to his brother George, and we find Spenser there too. By this time the delightful consciousness of latent genius had dawned upon him. After a gorgeous description of the present happiness of the poet, he betrays that he is not altogether free from what has been so aptly designated the "weakness of great minds,"—the love of *fame*.

These are the living pleasures of the bard:
But richer far posterity's award.
What does he murmur with his latest breath,
While his proud eye looks thro' the film of death?
What tho' I leave this dull and earthly mould,
Yet shall my spirit lofty converse hold
With after times. The patriot shall feel
My stern alarm, and unsheath his steel;
Or in the senate thunder out my numbers,
To startle princes from their easy slumbers;
The sage will mingle with each moral theme
My happy thoughts sententious: he will teem
With lofty periods when my verses fire him,
And then I'll stoop from heaven to inspire him.
Lays have I left of such a dear delight,
That maids will sing them on their bridal night.

Then, as if feeling his presumptuousness, he checks himself and says—

Could I, at once, my mad ambition smother,
For tasting joys like these, sure I should be
Happier and dearer to society.
At times, 'tis true, I've felt relief from pain,
When some bright thought has darted thro' my
brain:
Thro' all that day I've felt a greater pleasure
Than if I had brought to light a hidden treasure.

His third epistle (Sept., 1816), addressed to his friend Cowden Clarke, is written in a bolder, freer strain than the others. In it occur those just and sententious descriptions of the various orders of verse with which his friend had familiarized his mind. They betoken that he united clearness of perception to brilliance of fancy:—

The sonnet swelling loudly
Up to its climax and then dying proudly;

the ode,

Growing like Atlas, stronger for its load;

the epic,

Of all the king,
Round, vast, and spanning all, like Saturn's
ring;

The sharp the rapier-pointed epigram;

Spenserian vowels that elope with ease,
And float along like birds on summer seas.

Among his sonnets, of which he wrote several, some are of unequal merit, and relating to forgotten details of every-day life, are only interesting so far as they illustrate the progress of genius and the constant striving after something worthy of the *high* and *noble* art to which he had dedicated his powers. A few, however, exist of surpassing loveliness—sublime in strength, rich in expression, and harmonious in rhythm. That "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," has, by a high judge of poetry, been pronounced "the most splendid sonnet in the language."

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold:
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,

That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene,
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Leigh Hunt remarks, it is "epical in the splendour and dignity of its images, and terminates with the noblest Greek simplicity."

These critical remarks have anticipated the termination of Keats's apprenticeship and his removal to London, for the purpose of walking the hospitals. He lodged in the Poultry, and having been introduced by his friend, C. Clarke, to some literary friends, he soon found himself in a genial and sympathizing atmosphere, which stimulated and encouraged him to exertion. One of his most intimate friends at that time, eminent for his poetical originality and political persecutions, was Leigh Hunt, whom all must admire for his noble, independent spirit, which recoiled from every species of oppression, as well as for the delightful, melodious poetry with which he has enriched his country. Miserable, indeed, was the return which his fearless advocacy of justice met with. In those days of hard opinion, which we of a "freer and worthier time," look back upon with strong indignation, Mr. Hunt had been imprisoned for an expression of public feeling, in his "Journal," a little too liberal for those times. The heart of Keats leaped towards him, in human and poetic brotherhood; and the earnest sonnet on the day Hunt left prison, cemented the friendship. They read and walked together, and wrote verses in competition on a given subject. "No imaginative pleasure," observes Mr. Hunt, "was left unnoticed by us or unenjoyed, from the recollection of the bards and patriots of old, to the luxury of a summer rain at our windows, or the clicking of the coal in winter-time." Thus he became intimate with Hazlitt, Shelley, and Haydon, Basil Montague and his distinguished family, and with Mr. Ollier, a young publisher, who offered to publish a volume of Keats's productions. The poem with which it commences was suggested by a delightful summer's day, as he stood by a gate on Hampstead Heath, leading into a field by Caen Wood; and the last "Sleep and Poetry," was occasioned by his sleeping in Mr. Hunt's cottage

in the same year. These two pieces, of considerable length, show the sustained vigour of the young poet's fancy. Yet the imperfections of Keats's style are here more apparent than in his shorter efforts. Poetry to him was not yet an *art*; the irregularities of his own verse were to him no more than the irregularities of that nature of which he considered himself as the interpreter.

For what has made the sage or poet write,
But the fair paradise of Nature's light?
In the calm grandeur of a sober line,
We see the moving of the mountain pine.
And when a tale is beautifully staid,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade.

He had yet to learn that art should purify and elevate that nature which it comprehends; and that the ideal loses none of its beauty in aiming at perfection of form as well as of view. He did not like to consider poetry as the result of anxious and studious thought; nor that it should represent the struggles in the hearts of men. He says most exquisitely, that

A drainless shower
Of light is poetry—'tis the supreme power;
'Tis might half slumbering on its own right arm.

At the completion of the first volume, he gave a striking proof of his facility for composition. He was enjoying the evening with a lively circle of friends, when the last proof-sheet was brought him, with a message from the publisher that, if he intended to have a dedication, he must write one immediately; he adjourned to a side table, and, whilst the rest were busily conversing, wrote the Sonnet commencing,

Glory and loveliness have passed away.

This little book, the beloved first fruits of so great a genius, scarcely arrested the public attention; it had hardly a purchaser beyond the circle of ardent friends, who composed most of the great minds of that time—and the profuse admiration which they bestowed upon it, must have contrasted strangely with the utter neglect of the rest of mankind, and been a bitter lesson to his highly sensitive feelings. Haydon, Dilke, Reynolds, Woodhouse, Rice, Taylor, Wessey, Leigh Hunt, Bailey, and Haslam, were, at this time, Keats's principal companions and correspondents.

The uncongenial nature of the profession for which Keats was preparing himself, became daily more apparent to him. An extensive book of careful an-

notations testify his diligence—distasteful as he felt his profession to be—though one of his fellow students describes him at the lectures as being very fond of mixing up the notes with doggerel rhymes, especially when he got hold of another student's syllabus. He did not meet with much sympathy among the students, and whenever he showed them his graver compositions, they were sure to be severely ridiculed. They were therefore much surprised, when he presented himself at the Apothecaries' Hall, that he "passed" the examination with much credit. When, however, he entered on the practical part, although successful in all his operations, yet his mind was so oppressed with the *dread of doing harm*, that he came to the settled conviction that he was totally unfit for the profession, on which he had expended so many years of study and a considerable part of his property. "My dexterity," he remarks, "used to seem to me a miracle, and I resolved never to take up a surgical instrument again;" and thus he found himself on the threshold of manhood—without the means of daily subsistence, but with a host of friends deeply interested in his welfare, and indulging those proud hopes for the future which so often buoy up only to deceive the highest geniuses.

While at Margate in May, 1817, he commenced the poem of "Endymion:" it was finished on 28th November of the same year, as recorded by the existing manuscript, fairly written in a book, with various corrections of words and phrases, but with little transposition of sentences. In the following extract from a letter to his brother George, he gives his reasons for working out a simple mythological legend into so long a story. "As to what you say about my being a poet, I can return no answer but by saying that the high idea I have of poetical fame makes me think I see it towering too high above me. At any rate I have no right to talk until 'Endymion' is finished. It will be a test, a trial of my powers of imagination, and chiefly of my invention—which is a rare thing indeed—by which I must make 4,000 lines of one bare circumstance, and fill them with poetry. And when I consider that this is a great task, and that when done it will take me but a dozen paces towards the Temple of Fame—it makes me say,

'God forbid that I should be without such a task.' I have heard Hunt say and I may be asked, '*why endeavour after a long poem?*' to this I should answer, Do not the lovers of poetry like to have a little region to wander in, where they may pick and choose, and in which the images are so numerous that many are forgotten and found new in a second reading,—which may be food for a week's stroll in the summer? Do not they like this better than what they can read through before Mrs. Williams comes down stairs? a morning's work at most.

"Besides, a long poem is a test of invention, which I take for the polar star of poetry, as fancy is the sails, and imagination the rudder. Did our great poets ever write short pieces? I mean in the shape of tales. This same invention seems, indeed, of late years, to have been forgotten in a partial excellence."

So much for what Keats says of his own composition—of its imperfections (which consist rather in the excessive luxuriance of imagery, and extreme sensibility, if these can be called faults, than in overdrawn and "spun-out" description) he was well aware, as the reader may perceive by the preface to "Endymion:"—"Knowing within myself the manner in which this poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public, what manner I mean will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error, denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished."

"Endymion" is filled with imagery of the most startling loveliness, gorgeous descriptions, and wild, rich, ever-varying Æolian music; the metre is capricious, indeed, it can hardly be said to have any versification, and the lines are broken in the strangest, though not unnatural manner, so that it is easy to mistake it for blank verse, unless reading aloud, although the rhymes are remarkably correct and ingenious. The whole poem displays a singularly accurate acquaintance with the mythology of Greece, and an exquisite appreciation of its beauties. In reading the poem we are constrained to own that in "bidding to live again the images of pagan beauty," Keats had *not* dulled their brightness.

The winter of 1817-18 was spent

cheerily enough among his friends at Hampstead; his society was much courted for the agreeable mingling of playfulness and earnestness which distinguished his manner towards all men. He was perfectly natural and unassuming; there was no striving to say "smart things;" he joked well or ill, as the case might be, with a laugh that still rings sweetly in many ears; but at the mention of oppression, or baseness, or any calumny against those he loved, he rose into grave manliness at once, and gave vent to his indignation in withering words of reproach; his habitual gentleness and self-control made these occasional looks of bitterest contempt almost terrible. At one time, hearing a gross falsehood respecting the artist Severn, repeated and dwelt upon, he left the room, declaring "he should be ashamed to sit with men who could utter and believe such things." At another time, hearing of some unworthy conduct, he burst out—"Is there no human dusthole into which we can sweep such fellows?"

To display of every kind he had especial abhorrence, and he complains, in a note to Haydon, that "conversation is not a search after knowledge, but an endeavour at effect; if Bacon were alive, and to make a remark in the present day, in company, the conversation would stop on a sudden, I am convinced of this." "Plain practical life, on the one hand, and a free exercise of his rich imagination, on the other, were the ideal of his existence; his poetry never weakened his action, and his simple every-day habits never coarsened the beauty of the world within him." In a letter written to Bailey about this time, we find the following fine suggestive idea:—"Twelve days have passed since your last reached me. What has gone through the myriads of human minds since the 12th. We talk of the immense number of books, the volumes ranged thousands by thousands; but *perhaps more goes through the human intelligence in twelve days than ever was written.*"

A lady, whose intuitive perception only equals the depth of her understanding, says, she distinctly remembers Keats, as he appeared at this time at Hazlitt's lectures. "His eyes were large and blue, his hair auburn, he wore it divided down the centre, and it fell in rich masses on each side of his face; his mouth was full and less in-

tellectual than the other features. His countenance lives in my mind, as one of singular beauty and brightness; it had an expression as if it had been looking on some glorious sight. The shape of his face had not the squareness of a man's, but more like some women's face I have seen; it was so wide over the forehead, and so small at the chin—he seemed in perfect health, and with life offering all things that were precious to him."

We cannot resist quoting three axioms which Keats penned in February 1818, to his friend Taylor (we presume the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," &c.) on poetry, which show what a simple correct taste he possessed, united to a most feeling appreciation of its exquisiteness.

Axiom 1.—"I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance.

2.—"Its touches of beauty should never be half-way, thereby making the reader breathless instead of content. The rise, the progress, the telling of imagery should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the *luxury of twilight*. But it is easier to think what poetry should be, than to write it. And this leads me to another axiom—That if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all. If 'Endymion' serves me as a pioneer, perhaps I ought to be content, for, thank God, I can read, and perhaps understand, Shakspeare to his depths; and I have, I am sure, many friends who, if I fail, will attribute any change, in my life and temper to humbleness rather than pride—to a cowering under the wings of great poets, rather than to a bitterness that I am not appreciated."

Keats's letters of this period are peculiarly his own; they exhibit great powers of perception, depth of thought, intensity of feeling, originality of conception. The following earnest paragraph will show how unwearied he was in the endeavour rightly to "occupy" the five talents entrusted to his stewardship—even to the sacrifice of his most darling hopes.

"I was proposing to travel over the North this Summer. There is but one thing to prevent me. I know nothing

—I have read nothing—and I mean to follow Solomon's directions, "Get learning, get understanding." I find earlier days are gone by, I find that I can have no enjoyment in the world, but continual drinking of knowledge. I find there is no worthy pursuit, but the idea of doing some good to the world. Some do it with their society; some with their wit; some with their benevolence; some with a sort of power of conferring pleasure and good humour on all they meet, and in a thousand ways, all dutiful to the command of great nature. There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it; and for that end, propose retiring for some years. I have been hovering for some time between an exquisite sense of the luxurious, and a love for philosophy; were I calculated for the former, I should be glad, but as I am not I shall turn all my soul to the latter."

The usual monotony of Keats's life was now agreeably varied by a pedestrian tour, through the lakes and highlands, with his friend Brown. The rapture of Keats was unbounded when he became sensible to the full effect of mountain scenery. At the turn of the road above Bowness, when the Lake Windermere first bursts on the view, he stopped as if petrified with beauty. A sort of journal of this tour, remains in various letters written at this time, they are saturated with the spirit of delight which he felt at beholding nature in her wildest, grandest moods, and bear witness how eminently his mind was qualified to appreciate nature in her touchingly simple, as well as her overpoweringly grand forms, from the "trembling light heather bells" to "black mountain peaks," or "mossy waterfalls," yet there is a vein of rich humour in them, and they abound in remarks on the people, and their peculiar habits and modes of life.

In November, 1818, there appeared in the Quarterly, an article most severely and ungenerously criticising Keats's poems. It had no worth as criticism, (for the justness of the critic, must be tested by what he admires, not only by what he dislikes and abuses) it was eminently stupid; for the book according to the reviewer, might have been one of those productions, which it is absolutely waste of time to

notice at all, (pity indeed that the reviewer set no higher value on *his* time, than to waste it in *such* a manner!) From the article, the reader would perceive the writer's utter incapacity to appreciate poetry of any sort, and the avowal that he could not read the book he had undertaken to criticise, (!) was a piece of impertinence so glaring, as should have deterred all from reading the criticism. The notice in Blackwood was even more scurrilous, but more amusing and inserted quotations of some length. Now it has been currently believed that these severe cuts, in two leading Reviews were so bitterly felt by Keats, that they brought on a consumption, of which he ultimately died—true, Keats did die shortly after the criticisms upon him, and his friends out of honest anger, propagated the notion, that the brutality of the critics had a most injurious effect on his health, *but a conscientious enquiry entirely dispels such a belief.* It is sufficiently apparent from Keats's letters, how little importance he attaches to such opinions, how seldom he alludes to them at all, and with how little concern when he does so. Mark his own words in a confidential letter to his publisher, shortly after seeing the critiques.

..... "I cannot but feel indebted to those gentlemen who have taken my part. As for the rest I begin to get a little acquaintance with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what "Blackwood," or the "Quarterly" could inflict; and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine. I. S. is perfectly right in regard to the "Slipshod Endymion;" that it is so is no fault of mine. No! though it may sound a little paradoxical, it is as good as I had power to make it by myself. Had I been nervous about it being a perfect piece, and with that view asked advice, and trembled over every page, it would not have been written; for it is not in my nature to fumble. I will write independently. I have written independently *without judgment*, I may write independently and *with*

judgment hereafter. The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself—that which is created, must create itself.”

A few weeks later he writes on the same subject,—“Reynolds is well and persuades me to publish my ‘Pot of Basil,’ as an answer to the attack made on me by ‘Blackwood’ and the ‘Quarterly.’ I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death. Even as a matter of present interest the attempt to crush me in the ‘Quarterly’ has only brought me more into notice, and it is a common expression among book-men, ‘I wonder the ‘Quarterly’ should cut its own throat.’” So little, indeed, had it cooled his ardour, or broken his spirit, that about this time he penned the following passage of exalted feeling:—“In the second place I will speak of my views, and of the life I purpose to myself. I am ambitious of doing the world some good; if I should be spared that may be the work of future years. In the interval I will assay to reach as high a summit in poetry as the nerve bestowed upon me will suffer. The fairest conceptions I have of poems to come, bring the blood frequently into my forehead. All I hope is that I may not lose all interest in human affairs; that the solitary indifference I feel for applause, even from the finest spirits, will not blunt any acuteness of vision I may have. I do not think it will. I feel assured I should write from the mere yearning and fondness I have for the beautiful, even if my night’s labours should be burnt every morning, and no eye ever shine upon them.”

In a letter to his brother George, October, 1818, he mentions a lady of noble form, refined manners, and superior intellect, as simply admiring her—this admiration in time ripened into a passion which ceased only with his existence. However warmly the devotion of Keats may have been returned, his outward circumstances soon became in so uncertain a state as to render a union for some years at least impossible. Poverty and sickness overtook him; these he met, and for a time successfully baffled, with strong hope and consciousness of his own mighty power of intellect; but they at length overcame him, and the very intensity of his passion was, in a certain sense, accessory

to his death. Had he lived *less* he might, possibly, have lived *longer*.

When in December, Keats was left alone by the death of his brother Tom, (who had long been in consumption,) he accepted the invitation of Mr. Brown to reside with him. The cheerful society of his friend had a beneficial effect on his spirits, and stimulated him to renewed poetic exertions. It was then he began “Hyperion,” that noble fragment full “of the large utterance of the early gods,” of which Shelley said the scenery and drawing of Saturn, dethroned by the fallen Titans, surpassed those of Satan and his rebellious angels in “Paradise Lost.”

Hyperion is, without doubt, the most mature of his poems, and contains more of the sublime than any other, which is relieved and softened by imagery of the most exquisite and æriel hue.

Take, for example, the following fragmentary passage:—

As when upon a tranced summer-night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, *branch-charmed by the earnest stars*,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust,
Which comes upon the silence and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave:
So came these words and went.

A simile of more unearthly haunting majesty than the following, the intellect of man could hardly create:—

There is a roaring in the bleak grown pines
When winter lifts his voice; there is a noise
Among immortals when a God gives sign,
With hushing finger, how he means to load
His tongue with the full weight of utterless
thought,
With thunder and with music and with pomp.
Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines
Which when it ceases in this mountain’d world,
No other sound succeeds.

The “Eve of St. Agnes” was begun in 1819 in Hampshire, and finished on his return to Hampstead—there is a certain Spenserian handling about it, but with a striking improvement in diction and versification. Lord Jeffrey justly remarks, “The glory and charm of the poem is the description of the fair maiden’s antique chamber and of all that passes in that sweet and angel-guarded sanctuary, every part of which is touched with colour at once rich and delicate, and the whole chastened and harmonized in the midst of its gorgeous distinctness by a pervading grace and purity, that indicate not less clearly the exaltation than the refinement of the author’s fancy.” We find the following critical observations in Leigh Hunt’s

delightful work on "Imagination and Fancy:"—"The Eve of St. Agnes' is young, but full-grown poetry of the rarest description; graceful as the beardless Apollo; glowing and gorgeous with the colours of romance—in addition to felicity of treatment, its subject is in every respect a happy one, and helps to 'paint' this our bower of 'poetry with delight.' In all the luxury of the poem there is nothing of the conventional craft of artificial writers; no heaping up of words or similes for their own sakes or the rhyme's sake; no gaudy common places; no borrowed airs of earnestness; no tricks of inversion; no substitution of reading or of ingenious thoughts for feeling or spontaneity, no irrelevancy or unfitness of any sort. All flows out of sincerity and passion. The writer is as much in love with his heroine as his hero is; his description of the painted window, however gorgeous, has not an untrue or superfluous word; and the only speck of a fault in the whole poem arises from an excess of emotion."

Keats spent the greater part of the summer at Shanklin in company with his friend Brown. Here they attempted a combination of intellectual power as was hardly likely to prove successful, they were to write a drama between them. Brown was to supply the characters, incident and dramatic plot, while Keats translated them into rich and glowing verse—this was no doubt an amusing diversion, but it requires no profound æsthetic knowledge to understand that this singular mode of composition was not likely to be successful—for the unity of form and emotion must receive an injury hard to be compensated by any apparent improvement in the several parts, and a certain inferiority is often more agreeable than an attempt at entire completeness, at the sacrifice of that unity of feeling and character, which in the drama most especially should be preserved—"the story is confused and unreal, and the personages are mere imbodied passions, the heroine and her brother walk through the whole piece like the demons of an old romance, and the historical character which gives his name to the play (Otho the Great) is almost excluded and made a part of the pageantry—passages, however, of great beauty and power are continually recurring—there is scarce a page without some touch of the great

poet, and the contrast between the glory of the diction and the poverty of invention is very striking.

Keats now began to find himself in somewhat straightened circumstances, from various causes. His volumes of poems had not sold so well as he had hoped they would. Then it is possible he possessed no overplus of prudence and economy in money matters—a quality which is not usually found to exist in excess in men of high literary talent. Certainly there is no *reason* why common practical sense should not be combined with intellectual superiority, though it rarely is. To meet his present wants, he determined to write for the periodicals, although he formerly entertained strong objections to magazine writing; he subdued his proud feelings, and there are several letters which relate to this subject, but it does not appear that he ever carried out his intentions, for it was in the early part of 1820, that symptoms first appeared of that disease which was soon to close his bright, though not unclouded, career.

One night, about eleven o'clock he returned home in a state of great physical excitement—to those who did not know him, it might appear in a state of fierce intoxication. He told his friend that he had been outside a coach, had received a severe chill and was a little fevered, but added, "I don't feel it now." He was easily persuaded to go to bed, and as he leaped into the cold sheets, he slightly coughed, and said, "That is blood from my month, bring me the candle, let me see this blood." He gazed stedfastly, for some moments, at the crimson stain, and then, looking into his friend's face with an expression of sudden calmness never to be forgotten, remarked, "I know the colour of that blood—it is arterial blood—I cannot be deceived in that colour; that drop is my death warrant. I must die."

A surgeon was immediately called in, and after being bled, Keats fell into a quiet sleep. The medical man declared the lungs to be sound and the rupture unimportant; but Keats was of a different opinion, and with the frequent self-prescience of disease, added to his scientific knowledge, he was not to be persuaded out of his forebodings; his love of life did at times, however, get the better of his gloom.

The advancing year brought with it

such an improvement in health and strength, as amounted almost in the estimation of many of his most sanguine friends, to recovery. Gleams of his old cheerfulness returned. In a letter (February, 1820) he remarks, with exquisite delicacy and feeling, "how astonishingly does the chance of leaving the world impress a sense of its natural beauties upon us. I think of green fields; I muse with the greatest affection on every flower I have known since my infancy, their shapes and colours are as new to me as if I had just created them with a superhuman fancy. It is because they are connected with the most thoughtless and the happiest moments of our lives. I have seen foreign flowers, in hot-houses, of the most beautiful natures, but I do not care a straw for them. *The simple flowers of spring are what I want to see again.*"

In May, Keats went to Kentish Town to be near his friend, Leigh Hunt, but soon returned to Hampstead, and remained with the family of the lady to whom he was attached. But as the summer and autumn advanced all the delusive hopes which his apparent recovery had fostered died away, for the disease was making visible progress, and in September, as a last forlorn hope, he was recommended to try the genial climate of Italy. His friend Severn, nobly regardless of his fair prospects for the future, (the gold medal for the best historical painting had just been awarded to him) at once offered to accompany Keats into Italy. Such a companionship was everything to him, and though he reproached himself on his deathbed with permitting Severn to make the sacrifice, it no doubt afforded all the alleviation of which his sad condition was capable.

The voyage was begun on the 20th of September, for a fortnight they were delayed in the Channel by contrary winds. He landed once more on the Dorchester coast; the bright beauty of the day and the scene revived the poet's drooping heart, it was then that he composed that sonnet of solemn tenderness,

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching with eternal lips apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,

Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

which was the last he ever wrote.

A violent storm in the Bay of Biscay lasted thirty hours. After the tempest had subsided, Keats was reading the description of the storm in Don Juan, and cast the book on the floor in a transport of indignation—"How horrible an example of human nature," he cried, "is this man, who has no pleasure left him, but to gloat over and jeer at the most awful incidents of life. Oh! this is a paltry originality, which consists in making solemn things gay, and gay things solemn, and yet it will fascinate thousands, by the very diabolical outrage of their sympathies. Byron's perverted education makes him assume to feel, and try to impart to others, those depraved sensations which the want of any education excites in many."

The invalid's sufferings increased during the latter part of the voyage, and a miserable ten days quarantine at Naples. But when once fairly settled in comfortable quarters, his spirits appeared somewhat to revive, and the glorious scenery to bring back at moments his old sense of delight; these transitory gleams of hope were only remarkable as contrasting painfully with the gloom of melancholy and despair, which overcame all his feelings, even those of love.

Little things which might have passed at other times unobserved, now struck his exquisitely susceptible feelings with intense disgust. He could not bear to go to the Opera, on account of the sentinels who were stationed continually on the stage. "We will go at once to Rome," he said, "I know my end approaches, and the continual visible tyranny of this government prevents me from having any peace of mind—I could not lie quietly here—I will not leave even my bones in the midst of this despotism."

He had received at Naples a most kind letter from Shelley, anxiously enquiring after his health, and concluding with a pressing invitation to Pisa, where he could ensure him every comfort and attention. It is unfortunate this invitation was not accepted, as it might have spared the sufferer much annoyance, and relieved the mind of his friend from much painful responsi-

bility and distress. On arriving at Rome he delivered the letter of introduction to Dr. (now Sir James) Clarke, from whom he received all the attention which skill and knowledge can confer, and all that sympathy and delicate thoughtfulness which could lighten the dark passages of mortal sickness, and soothe the pillow of the forlorn stranger. Dr. Clarke procured Keats a lodging in the Piazza di Spagna, opposite to his own dwelling; it was in the first house on your right hand as you ascend the steps of the "Trinita del Monte." The desolation and gloom of Keats's state were alone alleviated by the love and care of his faithful friend Severn and Dr. Clarke. Once during his illness he requested that on his grave stone might be this inscription:—

Here lies one whose name was writ in water;

he also wished that a purse of his sister's together with an unopened letter, which he was unable to read, and some hair should be placed in his coffin. This request Severn fulfilled with his own hand. He continued to linger in a state of extreme suffering and weakness. The lowering clouds of gloom and foreboding which, during the first part of his illness, hung so heavily and thickly around him, happily passed away, and left a beautiful calm of quietness and peace. On the 27th February, 1821, Mr. Severn wrote a letter to a friend,—“He is gone; he died with the most perfect ease—he seemed to go to sleep. On the 23rd, about four, the approaches of death came on. ‘Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy; don’t be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come.’ I lifted him up in my arms. The phlegm seemed boiling in his throat, and increased until eleven, when he gradually sunk into death, so quiet that I still thought he slept. I cannot say more now. I am broken down by four nights watching, no sleep

since, and my poor Keats gone. Three days since the body was opened, the lungs were completely gone. The doctors could not imagine how he had lived these two months. I followed his dear body to the grave on Monday, with many English. The letters I placed in the coffin with my own hand.”

Keats was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, one of the most beautiful spots on which the eye or heart of man can rest. It is a grassy slope, amid the verdurous ruins of the Honorian walls of the diminished city, and surrounded by the pyramidal tomb which Petarch attributed to Remas, but which antiquarian truth has ascribed to the humbler man of Caius Cestius, a tribune of the people only remembered by his sepulchre. In one of those mental voyages into the past, which often precede death, Keats had told Severn that “he thought the intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers;” and another time, after lying awhile still and peaceful, he said, “I feel the flowers growing over me.” And there they do grow, even all the winter long—violets, and daisies, mingling with the fresh herbage, and in the words of *Shelley*, “making one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.”

To the memory of John Keats, *Shelley* inscribed his exquisitely beautiful poem, “*Adonais*—‘truly one of the fairest monuments ever raised, and the sweetest tribute of love that has ever been offered on the altar of departed genius.’ And a few years after this was written, in the extended burying-ground, a little above the grave of Keats, was placed another tombstone, recording that below rested the passionate and world-worn heart of *Shelley* himself—“*Cor Cordium*.”

P. B. S.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THERE are times in the histories of all nations which are strangely productive of great minds. After a long dark winter of sluggish inactivity, a spring time comes upon the mind of the world as

well as upon the earth. The sun of knowledge and the dews of faith soften the clods and warm them into life, and then the seeds which have been dropped on the soil of humanity begin to ger-

minate and prepare to put forth their harvest. Such a period in the history of England was that which preceded the Commonwealth. Up to the reign of the eighth Henry, superstition had dominated over art, set limits to science, confined intellect within a narrow circle, and banned free thought. The world's heart and brain were as though they were dead, so faint was the action of one, under the shadow of the hood of the monk—so faint the pulsation of the other beneath its ecclesiastical shroud. Philosophers were fain to hide their lore within the recesses of their studies, for fear that it might offend the dogmas of the Church—and men spake of the thoughts which began to beam in upon their souls as though truth were a crime. But there were men who, like Galileo, spake with the voices which echoed to them out of the recesses of nature, and braved the dungeon—there were martyrs who like the Lollards, proclaimed the faith which was in them, and dared the stake and the flame. The first blow at a system thoroughly rotten, seals its fate. Its end may be delayed or put off—but from that moment it is written on the page of the future, for

Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Human thought often errs, but it has this godlike quality, that in the end it always tends to the right. Keep it still, silent, immovable—shut it in an exhausted receiver from which the air of knowledge is thoroughly excluded, it will remain latent—let but a breath enter its prison-house, and it begins to wake—it ceases to be compressible—it grows, and puts a firm grasp on power. It is a beautiful story, that in the Arabian Nights' Tales where the fisherman draws up in his net the vessel sealed with the magic signet of Solomon. When he opened it there arose from it a cloud—that cloud became a giant threatening him with destruction. That is how thought was imprisoned; but when once the seal was off its prison-house, it grew so rapidly that it was beyond the power of man to force it back into the narrow cell from which it had emerged.

It has been said that great men make great times. Invert the sentence and it is still true—great times make great men. Those who recognise the

providential government of the world, note its workings in this, that a crisis brings the men fitted to meet it; close upon the heels of the danger ever follows the means of safety. If it were our task to trace the progress of humanity, we might show how, with the spirit of enquiry which marked the era of the Reformation, came intellectual power from which rose Shakspeare and his contemporaries, and how the two blended to produce the pure, earnest, unwavering, stern faith of the puritans. But that is not our purpose. We may only so far touch history as to observe the general circumstances which preceded and accompanied a particular life—only so far indulge in speculation as to trace the connection of the wide-spread cause with the one effect which forms our subject. That we have attempted to do as briefly as may be; and now to the matter in hand.

At the town of Kingston-on-Hull, where the broad Humber floats between verdant banks to the sea, stands a monument bearing the following inscription: "Near this place lyeth the body of Andrew Marvell, Esq., a man so endowed by nature, so improved by education, study, and travel, so consummated by experience, that joining the peculiar graces of wit and learning with a singular penetration and strength of judgment; and exercising all these in the whole course of his life with an unalterable steadiness in the ways of virtue, he became the ornament and example of his age, beloved by good men, feared by bad, admired by all, though imitated by few, and scarce paralleled by any. But a tombstone can neither contain his character, nor is marble necessary to transmit it to posterity; it is engraved in the minds of this generation, and will always be legible in his inimitable writings, nevertheless. He having served twenty years in Parliament, and that with such wisdom, dexterity, and courage, as becomes a true patriot, the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, from whence he was deputed to that assembly, lamenting in his death the public loss, have erected this monument of their grief and their gratitude, 1688."

It has been observed by a satirist, that if the testimony of tombstones is to be taken, the living have sadly degenerated from the virtues of the dead. Monuments are so infected with the vice of flattery, that monumental in-

scriptions are not often to be depended upon; but this tombstone is as much a verity as the man whom it commemorates. Andrew Marvell was one of the worthiest of the old English worthies. The friend of Oliver Cromwell and of John Milton, he shared the firm adherence to a settled purpose of the one, and the stern truthfulness of the other, to which he added those lighter qualities which make men as lovable in private life as high virtue makes them estimable in public.

It is worth while to try to look into the heart of such a man; to know what he thought and how he lived—to distinguish from the broad stream of life the current of his existence, and to trace in the great web of history the threads which he wove into it. To begin at the beginning, then, ANDREW MARVELL was born at Kingston-upon-Hull, in the year 1620. His parents were in good circumstances, and his boyhood passed off without distinction. Quick, versatile, and playful, he passed through the earlier stages of education with credit, but without exciting suspicion of coming greatness. The first stage of learning passed, Andrew Marvell, at the age of eighteen, entered Trinity College. At this time, the clergy of the Romish Church had somewhat revived from the stunning-blow they received at their overthrow. They looked for brighter times, when kings should bow their heads beneath the pastoral crook, and princes walk bareheaded in their processions. With that startling vitality which has ever marked the propagandists of that faith, abrogated by our forefathers, they had risen from their defeat like a cork, for a moment submerged by the whelming waves. With that persevering, self-devoting energy which has ever characterized their efforts, they were seeking to weave their meshes round the young minds of the age. Moving stealthily, under one disguise or another, the Jesuits were in the universities spreading their snares around. The agents of this society fastened upon Andrew Marvell; and, in youth, his was a nature fitted for them to act upon. Joined to a clear intellect he had a sensitive temperament and an impulsive nature. His devotional feelings were strong, and his poetic instincts led him to love that which was venerable. Young, ardent, and inexperienced, they infused doubts

into his mind before which his soul trembled. They pointed to erring wisdom in order to elevate infallible authority. They worked on the modest sense of his own weakness, to induce him to repose upon the bosom of the Church which had endured for ages. They painted the new form of worship as a dark cloud which would pass away from the sky of faith and leave it bright and serene as ever; and they appealed to the chivalrous feeling of which he was full, colouring the sacrifice which would attend a change of religion, with the tinge of noble self-devotedness to right. It was probably this last consideration which proved most effective. Not that Andrew Marvell had not doubts as to the paths in which he was treading. Every earnest, inquiring spirit has had them. Few who have thought on such subjects, but have propounded questions to their own hearts to which they could give no satisfactory answer. Few but have shrunk before the mysteries hidden among Revelation, and longed for some oracle which could not err, to interpret their hidden meaning. But, in his case, we refer the success of the followers of Loyola rather to that charm which self-sacrifice has for the impulsive and generous; for it was certain that Marvell's change was one resting upon sentiment rather than upon reason.

The conversion of the young proselyte was not made public. It was the policy of the Jesuits to work in the dark, and to keep the results of their efforts secret till they had gathered power enough to brave the Protestant spirit of England. Young Marvell silently left the college, abandoned his studies, and entered upon the discipline of the order. Upon how fine a thread hang the destinies of individuals and of the world. When Cromwell had embarked on board a ship in the Thames to join the pilgrim fathers of America, if Charles had suffered that then obscure man to depart in peace, he might never have bared his neck to the axe at Whitehall. If Marvell's father had not sought him out and found him among the neophytes of Rome, instead of standing in the front of freedom's battle, he would have wasted his energies in the ineffectual attempt to rechain the liberated souls of men. Thus it is that small circumstances are to great events, what the rudder is to the ship—they serve to guide the bark of time over the ocean of progress.

Great was the grief of old Marvell, at Hull, over the loss of his son, and earnest were the efforts made to track him out. At last a clue was discovered and the father proceeded to the place of his concealment. It does not seem that any stern exercise of parental authority was necessary to reclaim the youth. Andrew had already learned a lesson which told upon his future life. He had been taught that in his new vocation, he must smother those deep sentiments which bound him to his kind, and make the human bond of sympathy which binds man to man, an instrument to serve a coldly-calculated end. He had found too that to be rid of doubt he must give up freedom; that when he exchanged half-darkened reason for blind faith, he must cease to think. The safety that was offered to him was in a dungeon without light, and his was a mind to prefer danger beneath the open sky. In fact, he was disenchanted of the romance which prompted his change. He was like the traveller who looks from a distance upon the mountains bounding the horizon. They are tinged with the blue of the firmament. The setting sun casting on them his slanting rays bathes them in liquid gold. They seem an earthly paradise. He reaches them, and instead of verdant dells and embowered groves, vast chasms yawn and jagged peaks raise up their barren heads. He learns that imagination clothes the remote with unreal attractiveness.

So young Marvell had seen both aspects. He had been drawn through distance and repelled by closeness. He left the Jesuits without a pang, and, like a man who wakes from a benumbing dream, returned to his old studies with an added zest. His college course ended, young Marvell went upon the Continent to enlarge his knowledge of men and manners. It is believed that it was in Italy he first met Milton, and began that friendship which lasted throughout his life. The first literary event of Marvell's life took place in Rome, and it serves to show that he had become more than indifferent to the Jesuits; that he was inimical to them. His first effort was a satire upon Richard Flecknoe, an English Jesuit of some notoriety. It is a critique full of pungent humour and biting sarcasm, and at once gained for him the undying enmity of those from whose toils he had

escaped. This satire was followed by another, also upon an ecclesiastic. The pursuits of the graphiologists of our day only illustrate the adage, that, "there is nothing new under the sun." The Abbot de Manitan, of Paris, like the gentlemen and ladies of to-day who discover firmness in a down-stroke, instability in an up-stroke, and levity in a long-tailed letter, pretended to prognosticate people's dispositions from their hand-writings, and Marvell lashed him much as the satirical writers of *Punch* do the impostors of our own day.

At this period there is a dark space in the life of Marvell. For some years we know nothing certain of him. An uncertain rumour fills up the blank by saying that he accompanied a mission to the Turks, as secretary, but reliable evidence is wanting. What is known is that he reappeared in 1653, when he was appointed tutor to Cromwell's nephew, and in 1657 was advanced to the post of Latin secretary to the pretender. Shortly after this Andrew Marvell may be said to have commenced his public life. In 1658, when he was thirty-eight years old, he was elected to represent his native town in Parliament, and now having fairly got him upon the open stage of life, let us try to realize what manner of man he was, both physically and intellectually. Nature had written her letter of recommendation upon his person. His appearance was altogether in his favour. With a thin graceful figure, he had a handsome face. The brow was open. The nose and chin classic and finely cut. The mouth softly sensuous, rather than firm; the dark eyes bright and full of vivacity; the dark hair in keeping with a clear brown complexion, curled gracefully down to his shoulders. In him there was perceived none of those tokens of stern determination which sits on the rugged features of Cromwell; none of that rigid self-command, which marks the intellectually beautiful face of Milton. He had not

That vast girth of chest and limb, assigned
So oft to those who subjugate their kind.

The body was, as it often is, the correct indicator of the nature of the mind it enshrined—He gained much of the harder portions of his character from the circumstances in which he was placed. His was no hand to lift itself first against a monarchy. His was a mind which sought for gradual reform

rather than violent revolution. He looked to gentle means rather than to force, and had it not been that there was at the bottom of his kindly nature a fixed regard for right, he would have been more likely to have clung to the fallen fortunes of the monarchy, than the rising hopes of the Republic. That which stronger men regarded as capable of being prevented, he sometimes regarded with the eye of the fatalist as inevitable, and thought, to quote his own words,—

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame.

But though he could not have emulated Cromwell's deeds, and would not have imitated them if he could, he looked with that admiration which most men accord to the powerful, as one who

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould.

He evidently views strength as the arbiter, when he says,

Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain;
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak.

And looks upon its successes as a consequence of incurring natural law—

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

Apart from this, however, he regarded the triumph of Republican principles as the triumph of right, and while he looked upon the death of the First Charles as necessary, accorded to the fallen monarch his pity and respect.

He nothing common did or mean,
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye,
The axe's edge did try:

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right!
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

If we may take Marvell's ode on Cromwell's return from Ireland, from which we have quoted, as an authority, we may presume that in some minds there was an expectation that Cromwell would carry "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" into other countries, in defence of the persecuted Protestants.

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy as Hannibal,
And to all states not free,
Shall climacterio be,

And there are some other lines which seem to settle a disputed point in history, about which rival writers are even now contending. When Charles escaped to Carisbrooke Castle, and these fell into the hands of an adherent of the Protector's, it is asserted on one hand that Cromwell so intrigued as to give the King an opportunity of apparently escaping, and so planned as that he should be led to direct his flight to Carisbrooke, where preparations were already made for his capture. The motive assigned is that he wished to irritate the army and the nation against Charles. On the other side the tale is regarded as a fabrication, not to be charged against Cromwell's memory. Whichever may be true, Marvell who was in the secret of the time, gives ground for inferring the truth of the accusation. In the same poem (referring to Cromwell) he says—

And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art;

Where twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrooke's narrow case.

That hence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

Here then we have an avowal, in poetry it is true—but still an *express* avowal by a republican, who was at once Cromwell's Latin Secretary, admirer, and friend, that he prompted Charles to escape so that he might come to the block. That one would think would almost suffice to settle the controversy. The admirers of Cromwell will regret to see this dark stain of treachery fixed upon his character, but regard for historic truth is of more consequence than partiality for an individual, however great he may be.

We have already said that Marvell was sent to parliament in 1658, and with the exception of three years, when he was Secretary to the Embassy to Russia, he continued to represent Hull till 1675, when the parliament was prorogued. It was not until after the death of Cromwell and the restoration of the monarchy, that Marvell's true character fully shone out. Then, when so many of the adherents of the Protector paid their court to the restored Prince, his consistency would not allow him to change, nor his integrity to deny, the principles he con-

scientifically held. He was as he had been a republican, and despite the danger of persecution and a threatened assassination, he gloried in and avowed the fact, and stood boldly forth for the people's rights. Macaulay speaks bitterly of that time as "a day of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier and the *Anathema Marantha* of every fawning dean." In bright relief against the dark background of this pandemonium stands the figure of Andrew Marvell in bright relief, looking at the darkness of the period, he seems like one of a few, very few, glorious stars gemming a sky of murky blackness. His adherence to his principles rebuked the political corruption which festered around him, and the blameless purity of his life cast added shame upon the hideous profligacy which, nurtured in the court, spread downward, demoralizing all ranks. He fully deserved the name he won, of the "British Aristides." The boldness with which he reprov'd wrong in the highest quarter, and incurred no small danger, may be inferred from the fact that the finest of his satirical writings is a parody on the speeches of Charles II., in which he exposed, with no sparing hand, and in no measured terms, the private vices of the king, and his gross violation of public pledges. Most other men would have suffered for this, but Marvell had a personal as well as political interest. The elegance of his manners, the amiability of his demeanour, his polished wit, and his finished education, procured for him consideration and respect even from a debauched king and a profligate court, and though Charles deeply felt the sting of his pen, he could do nothing but join in the laugh against himself.

Marvell was not, however, suffered to pursue his honest course unmolested. What those whom he opposed dare not compass by persecution was attempted by temptation. Many efforts were made to win him over. The king complimented him, Rochester praised him, the frail beauties of the courts offered him their blandest smiles and their most honied flatteries, but "Aristides" was proof against all. Little money as

Charles's extravagant expenditure left him to spare, £1,000 was found to bribe Marvell. The Treasurer went with it where he lodged at the top of a house down a court in the Strand, and placed it before him. Marvell was poor, he had that very morning been compelled to borrow a guinea of a friend to satisfy present necessities. What comforts and luxuries there were in that heap of gold. But no, his virtue was not to be shaken—he went on as he had begun, claiming religious liberty for all, denouncing the excise, which he alleged was fettering industry and enterprise, and demanding that parliaments should be held frequently and the people fairly represented. In the reaction of that period, when the strictness of puritanism had given way to the gross demoralization of an age without faith, it is owing mainly to Andrew Marvell that any traces of public or private morality were preserved. And his example was all the more effectual as he was devoid of that overstraining pretension to sanctity and affectation of austerity of life, which had done so much to bring discredit upon puritanism.

As a controversialist, Marvell was perhaps in his day held in higher estimation than Milton himself. It is possible that, while he never neglected principle, he dealt in a spirit of biting satire with the men he opposed. The satirist seldom lives much beyond his own age, because the persons whom he satirizes are forgotten, and his gibes lose the application which gives them point. The game of the controversialist is often equally short lived, but the pamphlets of Milton have, apart from their immediate objects, so much dignity of style and depth of argument, bearing upon the highest principles, that the world is not likely to let them die. One of Marvell's works of that kind is still, however, much admired. Dr. Parker, the high churchman, who led the persecution of the non-conformists, supported the power of Government to stereotype a faith, and impose it upon a people on the ground that "princes may with less hazard give liberty to men's vices and debaucheries than to their consciences." Marvell answered this with a cutting satire. The Dr. replied, and the reply drew forth a rejoinder in which, while the argument was completely disposed of, the poor Doctor was handled with such savage wit, that he was glad to retire

from town to escape the ridicule which was showered upon him from all sides. This brought upon Marvell a threat of assassination from one of Dr. Parker's adherents. So great was the rage of the party that there is little doubt Marvell's life was in danger; but he heeded the threat as little as he had the blandishments of the Court. He was as much above fear, as he was above prudence. He went on his way ever ready to defend the right, and as his monument tells us—"beloved by good men, feared by bad."

The end of Andrew Marvell did not disgrace his life. Up to the last he was in the performance of his public duties. He died "with harness on his back." In 1768, being then forty-eight years of age, he attended a popular meeting of his constituents at Hull. At that meeting he died. His health had been remarkably good, and there appeared nothing to account for his sudden decease. Suspicion pointed to poison as the cause of his death. There is no proof that it was brought about by that means; but the character of the age, his own prominence and ability as a champion of the people, the fear and hatred of his enemies, and the suddenness of the event, all lend a colour of truth to the supposition. We have omitted to touch upon the character of Marvell as a poet. His poems were rather an amusement than an occupation, and written in hurried moments snatched from the bustle of his busy political life. Nevertheless some of them have considerable merit, and are full of beautiful thoughts and quaint images enough to set up a whole tribe of small modern poetasters. From

a poem entitled "Eyes and Tears" we take the following stanzas, which are characteristic of the tender, thoughtful nature of the man.

How wisely nature did agree,
With the same eyes to weep and see,
That having viewed the object vain,
They might be ready to complain,
And since the self-deluding sight
In a false angle takes each height;
These tears, which better measure all,
Like watery lines and planets fall.

Happy are they whom grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less;
And to preserve their sight more true,
Bathe still their eyes in their own dew;
So Magdalen, in tears more wise,
Dissolved those captivating eyes
Whose liquid chains could flowing meet
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
The sparkling glance that shoots desire,
Drench'd in those tears doth lose its fire.

Yes, oft the Thunderer pity takes,
And there his hissing lightning slakes.
The incense is to heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear;
And stars shine lovely in the night,
But as they seem the tears of light.
Ope then mine eyes, your double sluice,
And practice to your noblest use;
For others, too, can see and sleep,
But only human eyes can weep.

Such were the works of Andrew Marvell—such was his life—such was his sudden, early death, before the prime of manhood was past. Fearless of danger—not to be tempted or bought—keen of perception, and strong in argument, pure in life, and ever ready to stand nobly for the right, he is one of England's noblest worthies—a man whose works and acts are wedded,

Like perfect music unto noblest words.

If there have been greater men, there have not been many better; and he does what few do—he justifies the eulogy which his tomb-stone records.

R. H.

LIVES
OF
THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

(The Biographical Magazine.)

VOL. IV.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings not on figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best"—*Festus*.

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PREFACE.

THIS is not the place for an Essay, or we might dilate on the uses of Biography. We might expatiate on the comparative influence of the ideal and the actual, of the *dramatis personæ* in fiction and the veritable man in history. We might contrast in their results law and theory, with life and action — virtue mirrored in precepts, with virtue incarnated in the individual — intellect portrayed in metaphysical disquisition, with intellect enthroned and inspiring — vice blackened in words, with vice breathing its own loathesome air — ignorance inveighed against, with ignorance bearing its own reproach, and suffering its own inherent ills; we might do all this, and then point to the BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE, and leave the reader to draw a practical conclusion. But there would be impropriety in such a course, for however successfully we might plead in behalf of Biography, we could not presume to say that the pages of this periodical are illustrative of all its excellences. Yet we do not undervalue our position; we have at least a task to perform, and opportunities to improve. To interest or inform is something, but to hang the memory with portraitures that warn or encourage is more. We want no hero-worship; but inspiring associations force themselves upon us, when we contemplate the illustrious. There is truth in Longfellow's words, interpreted in their highest sense:—

“Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing may take heart again.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.”

The BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE, though exclusively devoted to one species of composition, allows of diversity of style and thought. There is nothing more varied in its aspects than character; to trace it through the maze of interchanging motives, to look into its depths, or watch it bursting into action, is an ever fruitful study. There are many questions associated with it continually arising. We ask ourselves, How long is a subjection to any given habits and circumstances requisite, to produce a character in harmony with them; and how far, and in what position, is the natural disposition capable of modifying their effect? Or, again, How far is it possible to change a character once formed, and in what period and condition of life is it most easy? We inquire, moreover, into the influences that mould and make the man: what influences most powerfully affect, and what produce any particular style of individual. We then, perhaps, attempt to discover the amount of influence, which in turn a developed character exerts—the kind of influence—and what character exercises the greatest. Hence we are often led to speculate on the relative excellence of different characters, and on the legitimate position their exemplars should occupy in our estimation. These, and kindred subjects, occur to the writer of Biography; many a train of thought he must leave for his readers to pursue. Our aim in every sketch is to give a correct idea of the man as he lived and thought. Between our design and our execution, there may be a wide disparity; but in again completing another period of labour, we anticipate the future. Our aim remains the same; our efforts to realise it will be redoubled. Our object brings before us every species of circumstance and person; and by the principles of intellectual and moral truth, we would test every claim.

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LIVES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

OF no eminent character of any age have we a more ample and accurate account, than of Samuel Johnson during the last twenty years of his life. His figure, his habits, his dress, his gait, are all as familiar to us as those of a personal acquaintance; all the trivial incidents in which he was in any way concerned, we have as faithfully chronicled as if they were of historical importance; his conversations, his table-talk, even the most casual remarks, have come down to us in a state of the most careful preservation.

Strongly contrasted with this is the obscurity that involves the whole of his previous career. He was upwards of fifty years of age when his biographer, Boswell, was introduced to him. He had then already achieved for himself a first position in the field of English literature, was renowned as an essayist, lexicographer, and poet, was caressed and revered by a wide circle of the illustrious of the age, and had just received a pension sufficiently liberal to secure him thenceforward from pecuniary embarrassment. Of the man at this period and during the remainder of his career, we have the most vivid and detailed account possible; we desiderate nothing; he yet moves and speaks upon Boswell's canvas. But of the toil, and struggle, and privation, by which this eminence was achieved, of the several steps of the slow and painful progress, of the influences that had acted upon him and made him the singular phenomenon he appeared to those of a younger generation, we can glean but scanty information. Something has, however, been collected by the diligence of his biographer, and these materials, meagre as they are, may perhaps avail for the present rapid sketch.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, on the 18th of September, 1709. His father, Michael Johnson, carried on the business of a bookseller in that town, and by his skill and industry would have realized a competent fortune, but for losses sus-

tained in an unsuccessful speculation. These, however, were so great, as seriously to straiten his circumstances, and deprive his son of all assistance from that quarter. On the death of his father, Dr. Johnson records the sum of £20, as "all that I expect to receive out of my father's effects, prior to the death of my mother." It is a remarkable evidence of the paucity of readers at that period, and the centralization of all that related to literature in the metropolis, that Michael Johnson's trade was extended over many of the adjacent towns, and that even Birmingham itself was indebted for its supply of intellectual provender to a stall opened every market day by the Lichfield bibliopole. Michael Johnson possessed a large, robust frame, a strong understanding, remarkably cultivated for his age and position, with tendencies to that morbid melancholy which was more fully developed in his son. His wife was a woman of sense and piety, not lettered, however, like her husband, and strongly tinged with superstition. Thus from both his parents young Johnson doubtlessly inherited much that afterwards characterized him,—from his father, his unwieldy body, his vigorous sense, his fits of gloom and depression; from his mother, his strong sense of religion and his tendencies to superstition. And what was distempered in these hereditary dispositions would perhaps be aggravated by the early ravages of disease; for he was attacked by the scrofula while yet in infancy, and retained its hideous scars to the close of life.

There is an element of the mythical generally blended with the early history of the illustrious; and thus legendary feats of infantile precocity are transmitted of our great lexicographer. These, however, we may pass by. At school he appears to have been always a-head of his compeers, and that with little effort of his own. Mingling little in the sports of boyhood, assuming the supremacy over his associates as by a kind of inherent right, irregular in his habits,

studious and indolent by fits, reading voraciously everything that came in his way without system or selection, and seldom forgetting anything once read, he appears in his youth to have foreshadowed his after character. "The boy was father to the man." That which was Dr. Johnson's great defect throughout the whole of his career, which enfeebled at times and distorted his otherwise gigantic capacities—a want of discipline, is here already conspicuous. Throughout life he studied much in the same way that he indulged his appetites. "Johnson," says Boswell, and it certainly is a little superior to the general inanity of his remarks, "though he could be rigidly *abstemious* was not a *temperate* man in eating and drinking. He could *refrain* but he could not use moderately." And so in catering to his mental appetites. He could lay-a-bed till mid-day, and 'hold forth' till midnight at the Mitre tavern; or he could write forty-eight printed octavo pages at a sitting, and compose a hundred lines of poetry in a day and throw off his *Rasselas* in the evenings of a week; but he never could discipline himself to a regular and systematic course of study. "I would not advise," he remarks himself, "a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him, for what he reads as a task, will do him little good." The result of this was, and thus it ever will be, in the case of any one that adopts the precedent, that while Johnson laid up in his tenacious memory a vast amount of curious information, he displayed on many common topics, an ignorance that might shame a school-boy; and his judgment, subtle, and strong where based upon a sufficient acquaintance with facts, was perpetually perverted by erroneous premises, and cramped by narrow and superficial views of things. Young Johnson at seventeen knew many things that might have puzzled a veteran scholar, and Dr. Johnson at seventy made blunders which a lad of common information could have corrected. His mind was a museum, exhibiting much that is rare and curious, and omitting much that is common and useful.

At nineteen he was placed at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he studied for two years, and throughout life he entertained great fondness and veneration

for his Alma Mater. Of his college life we obtain but a glimpse. The irregular habits upon which we have already commented, appear to have followed him thither. Now we find him diligently reading metaphysics and Greek, the two studies to which he was most partial, now giving way to his constitutional indolence, and now again recording in his diary his remorse and shame and resolves of amendment; at one time enervating his friends by his wit and merriment, or spiring them up to rebellion against the college discipline, at another, chafed and miserable on account of his extreme poverty, or driven by his morbid temperament to the verge of insanity. It is painful to contemplate how his honest pride was galled by the destitution of his circumstances. At one time, when his shoes were so worn that his feet became visible through them, and a delicate charity had placed a new pair at the door of his chamber, he is said to have flung away the eleemosynary supply.

Johnson's college residence is also remarkable on two other accounts. It was clouded by one of the earliest and darkest of those fits of mental depression to which he was subject throughout life; and then further, those powerful impressions of religion were renewed which he had imbibed from his mother (in childhood), and which from this time forward materially influenced his character. Johnson's melancholy was in many respects peculiar. It was not that of a man of lively sensibilities, who shrinks from the atmosphere of earth as cold and ungenial, and whose quick sympathies and tender affections are being perpetually jarred and wounded. Of the miseries of such a nature Johnson had no appreciation. He did not believe that such sensitiveness really existed, and harshly judged it to be the affectation of maudlin sentiment or wounded vanity. Accustomed himself to face the world's roughest usage and most inclement seasons, trained and braced in the hardy school of privation and poverty, his sympathies were no more capable of blending with such refined feelings, than his criticism of appreciating the more delicate beauties of taste. Nor was Johnson's melancholy, insanity, or anything approaching it. He was not like Cowper a monomaniac. His mental gloom did not shape itself into some one dark and distorted idea,

taking possession of the soul, and not to be exorcised by argument or effort. Nor was it that of the man of dreaming imagination, who broods over every trivial incident till he gives it a significance and a magnitude entirely the creation of his own distempered mind. Nor was it, least of all, the affectation of a vain and silly mind, such as Boswell was perpetually annoying him with, and of which he made a happy similitude, when, pointing one evening to a moth that had fluttered into the candle and burned itself, he said quietly, "That creature was its own tormentor, and I believe its name was Boswell!" Johnson's melancholy was at all events sincere, such as became a strong and earnest mind. It was not paraded before the world like that of some other wretched geniuses, but comes out chiefly in his private diaries; it did not assume a tone of misanthropy real or affected, but generally that of penitent and remorseful confession. It evinced itself in the intense sense he had of his own deficiencies, in the severity of which he records and characterizes his broken resolves and defeated struggles, in the gloom which any personal calamity appeared to shed over every object and pursuit, and more than all in his constant terror of death, and angry impatience whenever the subject was broached. Probably in so far as it was not hereditary and physical, the legacy of the paternal malady, and the result of midnight study and mid-day slumber, it arose from the uneasiness of a sensitive conscience combined with defective religious views.

Johnson's conscience was not indeed well-informed, but it was susceptible even to superstition. He brought the most trivial observances before its bar, and judged them with relentless severity. And he who considered it a grave offence to drink milk with his tea on Good Friday, was not likely to regard with complacency what was really defective in his conduct. Accordingly his diary abounds in expressions of the bitterest remorse and the most unsparing self-accusations. Now he reproaches himself with the intemperate indulgence of appetite, now with slothfulness, and the frivolous occupation of time, and now with the desertion of purposes and the violation of vows. Deeply impressed as he was with a sense of religious duty, ever fearfully foreboding death, and

possessing vivid and solemn views of the probationary character of life, such self-scrutiny overwhelmed him with remorse and dismay. It was not because his conduct was grossly bad, that he was the prey of such emotions, but because his standard of duty was high and his conscience faithful. He felt how strict were the requirements of God, how important were the issues of life, and he could not be satisfied with an imperfect obedience to the one, or an uncertain preparation for the other.

Such soul conflicts must ever be the lot of a sincere and earnest mind, impressed with a powerful sense of religion, and nothing can meet and pacify such a condition but a just appreciation of the provisions of Christianity. And Johnson's religious views were as we have already intimated, defective. Primary features in the Christian scheme of forgiveness are that it is bestowed not at all on account of merit in the recipient, but altogether on account of the propitiation of Christ, and that such forgiveness is a pre-essential to all true and acceptable obedience; that is, all obedience, satisfying either the claims of God, or the requirements of conscience, is a result and not a condition of forgiveness. And this Johnson misunderstood. He was a sincere Christian, that is, in an age of fashionable infidelity, he stood stoutly by the Bible, and rested his hopes on its revelations;—but those revelations he had not clearly apprehended. Had he done so, we should not have found him asserting: "No rational man can die without uneasy apprehension. His hope of salvation must be founded on the terms on which it is promised that the mediation of our Saviour shall be applied to us, namely, *obedience*, and where obedience has failed, then as suppletory to it, repentance. But what man can say that his obedience has been such as he would approve of in another, or even in himself upon close examination; or that his repentance has not been such as to require being repented of? No man can be sure that his obedience and repentance will obtain salvation."

Here is much misapprehension. Repentance is not supplementary to obedience, but an admission of disobedience, a total abnegation of self, and so an essential preliminary to that sentiment of *trust in Christ*, which, and not obedience, is the condition "on which it is

promised that the mediation of our Saviour shall be applied to us." But on such views as those quoted above in Johnson's own words, there is no satisfaction for an awakened conscience to be found before death, and every earnest, religious spirit, must live till then in all the horror of doubt upon the most momentous of all subjects.

To such sources then we would trace whatever there was of morbid melancholy in Johnson's character. The seeds were without doubt constitutional, but fostered afterwards by physical irregularities. Nature has her inexorable laws, and wreaks a sure vengeance on the transgressor. And then to all this we must superadd the alarms and disquietude of a dissatisfied conscience, combined with defective religious sentiments.

Johnson was necessitated by the harsh compulsion of poverty to leave Oxford after a two years' residence, and before obtaining a degree. After this he appears to have led a desultory life. For some time he was resident in Birmingham, and engaged in writing for a magazine. Then again we find him employed as usher, in a private school at Market Bosworth, of which he soon found the monotonous drudgery intolerable. At the age of twenty-seven he married a widow lady, as everybody knows, nearly twice his own age, repulsive in appearance, flaunt in dress, and affected in manner. Yet he appears to have felt and retained for her a strong affection, and after her death, which almost overwhelmed him, he seldom mentions her in his diary without some expression of endearment or regret. Upon his marriage, he opened an "Establishment for young gentlemen" in a large house near his native town. But for the duties of a pedagogue Johnson was eminently unfitted. The rapidity of his own mental operations, the force and precision of thought and language that he cultivated, disqualified him altogether for doling out instruction in quantity and style adapted to the capacities of youths, while his grotesque appearance, mutterings, and contortions, presented too many salient points of ridicule to be consistent with the maintenance of decorum. Accordingly, the Edial establishment was soon broken up, and, driven of necessity to look somewhere for a livelihood, Johnson at length went to London to seek his

fortune as a *literary adventurer*. David Garrick was his travelling companion, and the circumstance was often made the subject of pleasant remark in after years, when each in his own department had achieved a position of unrivalled eminence.

It has been often remarked that this was a period of transition in the history of our literature, of transition from the patronage of the great to the patronage of the public. But we cannot do better than quote from Macaulay's brilliant essay:—"Johnson came up to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between sunny days. The age of patronage had passed away. The age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived. The number of readers is at present so great that a popular author may subsist in comfort and opulence on the profits of his works. In the reign of William the third, of Anne, and of George the first, even such men as Congreve and Addison would scarcely have been able to live like gentlemen by the mere sale of their writings. But the deficiency of the natural demand for literature was, at the close of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, more than made up by artificial encouragement, by a vast system of bounties and premiums. There was perhaps never a time at which the rewards of literary merit were so splendid, at which men who could write well, found such easy admittance into the most distinguished society, and to the highest honours of the state.

"But soon after the accession of the house of Hanover a change took place. The supreme power passed to a man who cared little for poetry or eloquence. During the whole course of his administration therefore he scarcely befriended a single man of genius. Thus at the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had little to hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low, that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine. The thin and withered ears had devoured the

good ears. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the word Poet. That word denoted a creature dressed like a scare crow, familiar with computers and spunging houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench prison and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet. Even the poorest pitied him; and they well might pity him. For if their condition was equally abject, their aspirations were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a-day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by baliffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub Street to St. George's Fields, and from St. George's Fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's Church, to sleep on a bulk in June, and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December, to die in an hospital and to be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kitcat or the Scriblerus Club, would have sat in Parliament, and would have been entrusted with embassies to the High Allies; who, if he had lived in our time, would have found encouragement scarcely less munificent in Albemarle Street or in Paternoster Row."

This is not an overdrawn picture. Johnson himself has given us an idea of the shifts to which literary adventurers in the metropolis were at this time driven. He used often to narrate with the utmost gravity, of a frugal friend of his, who would lodge in a garret for eighteen pence a week, receive his guests in a coffee house to hide the nakedness of his squalid abode, dine on sixpence, breakfast on a penny, and go without supper, reserve his visits and appointments to *clean-shirt-day*, and thus make £20 a year suffice for lodgings and maintenance. Such were the miseries and privations through which Johnson had to struggle to competence and renown. And let it be remembered that through those difficulties he *did* struggle, and to such competence and renown he *did* attain. With nothing to aid him but his genius and hardy resolution, the destitute and neglected

tenant of some miserable garret in Grub Street fought his way to the tables of the wealthy and the society of the great. He rose till Lord Chesterfield condescended to deprecate his anger. Royalty honoured him with an interview. The state gave him a pension, and such men as Edmund Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds were proud to be numbered among his friends. And in accomplishing all this for himself, he indirectly did much to pave the way for others. By his own personal exertions he had a large share in bringing on the dawn of a brighter day for literature, in substituting the patronage of the public for the patronage of the great. He won for literary men respect and honour on their own account. Whatever of renown and reverence he attained, he attained entirely by his merit as a writer. And this was not a triumph for Samuel Johnson merely, but for literature represented in him. Then again, his sturdy independence and self-sufficiency were a strong tower for needy and struggling authors. They gathered round him with the instinctive attraction of the weaker to the stronger. And when he pushed his own way to eminence, they followed in his wake. Every distinction and emolument conferred on *him*, raised *them* the higher in the social scale. All honour then to the stout heart and vigorous arm, that helped so manfully to clear and smooth the path of modern literature, and if occasionally his independence is pushed to obstinacy, his energetic speech warms into violence, and his sturdy self-reliance becomes domineering and dogmatical, let us hold the offences venial. If his character sometimes seems harsh and unamiable, let us remember that one more delicately moulded, could never have played the part he had played in the history of his country's literature.

Johnson went to London at the age of twenty-nine, and for several years afterwards, we gain but occasional glimpses of him. And those glimpses are very sad and painful to contemplate. We find him, now walking the streets with "Savage," in default of a lodging, now dining at Cave's behind a screen, because his clothes were too shabby to be made visible, now fasting for two entire days in succession, now driven by distress from one miserable garret to another yet more bare and squalid, now

accommodating a distinguished visitor with the only chair his chamber contained, while he himself swung upon the three-legged remnant of another, and now placed under arrest for the wretched sum of £5 18s. It is also during this gloomy period that his moral character will least bear examination. His close intimacy with such a man as Savage,—whose life is one unrelieved tissue of misfortune and crime, who, being acquitted of a murder perpetrated in a tavern brawl, persisted in a dissipated and licentious career, till having alienated his friends by his insolence and prodigality, he died miserably in prison—was not likely to be productive of good. By his influence Johnson appears to have been betrayed into practices that occasioned him afterwards the profoundest remorse.

During this period his chief support was derived from the Gentleman's Magazine, with which he had connected himself shortly after his arrival in London. For this magazine, which combined in itself the magazine, review, and newspaper, besides contributing many articles on miscellaneous subjects, he for some time superintended the reports of Parliamentary debates, which were published under the title of "The Senate of Lilliput." For these he appears sometimes to have had the brief notes of a spectator, but as often, merely the names of the speakers and the side each took in the debate, his own ready ingenuity supplying the rest. For this, indeed, Johnson was well fitted, for no one could argue more plausibly on both sides of the question. When, however, we remember that at this time he was a violent Jacobite, we may well be suspicious of the impartiality of the reports. To us, accustomed as we are to a rapid, full, and instantaneous diffusion of all that passes in the Representative Chambers of the nation, it appears almost inconceivable that such a state of things existed only a century back. And we may well congratulate ourselves on the rapid strides science and invention have since been taking, as well as on the more liberal tone that has been infused into our Institutions.

Some time during the year following his arrival in the metropolis, Johnson published his "London, a poem in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal." The work had considerable

popularity, and brought the author into the notice of literary men. Pope wrote of it in terms of high commendation, a circumstance with which Johnson, when he heard of it, was much gratified. Ten years afterwards he imitated the tenth satire of the same poet in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," and these, with his tragedy of "Irene," which was already finished, but was not produced on the stage for several years afterwards, comprise all his poetical performances of any importance. Of Johnson's poetry perhaps the most commendatory thing that can be said, is that it is excellent of its class; but it is none the less certain that that class does not comprehend poetry of the highest rank. The true poet is the interpreter and high priest of nature. His function is to discover those subtle associations, undiscernible by the faculties of common men, which unite the world of spirit with the world of matter. He breathes a soul into the universe, not the world-god of the idolatrous Pagan philosophy, but an emanation of his own creative spirit.

"The world is full of glorious likenesses.
The poet's power is to sort these out,
And to make music from the common strings
With which the world is strung; to make the
dumb
Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw
Life clear and sweet and harmless as spring
water
Welling its way through flowers."

And he is the first-rank poet who penetrates with deepest sympathy into these hidden analogies of nature, who best understands and most truly interprets her speech, who in fact identifies himself with her as though he were one of her own free and glorious productions. And such poetry was almost or altogether extinct at the time Johnson wrote. The cramped and artificial style of Pope was regarded as the true model of poetical composition; the classics were studied with intense assiduity, and classical finish and elegance were more desiderated than the freedom and vigour of genuine inspiration. Myriads of lines and tame heroics, provided they never transgressed the laws of correct versification, could be tolerated and even obtain the patronage of the critics; but Collins' magnificent odes were treated with a neglect that drove the sensitive author to insanity. The whole education of the poet had got wrong. London had become the nucleus of literary talent. Poet, essay-

ist, critic and historian, all who sought a precarious livelihood by their brains, flocked promiscuously thither. But London was not the place to educate the poet. The blank walls of some desolate apartment, the monotonous scenery of smoking chimneys and toiling men, the fumes and chatter of a coffee house, are not prolific of the influences from which true poetry is born. Yet such were the scenes amidst which the bard of this age abode. All that his imagination could recal of the fair features of nature, were probably regretful reminiscences of happier days long since elapsed. No wonder that through all this long night, and until the advent of Crabbe and Cowper, we meet with but little of the highest style of poetry.

Now measuring Johnson by the standard of his own class, his poems are worthy of the highest praise. Conceding Pope's to be the true school of poetry, the art, for art it would then be, overturning the old adage, could scarcely be carried to a higher degree of perfection. They contain much correct and sonorous versification, much felicity and force of expression, many passages of great vigour and eloquence, not a little appropriate imagery and happy illustration and withal carry throughout an earnest and elevating tone. "The Vanity of Human Wishes" is really a powerful poem; the famous passages on Charles XII., and Cardinal Wolsey, are perhaps as fine specimens of didactic verse as any our language affords. Still "The Vanity of Human Wishes" is not more superior to Blackmore's "Creation," than is the poetry of the Task or the Excursion, *as poetry*, to anything Johnson or the school to which he belonged has produced. Poetry is not a Didactic aim, or Satire, or Wit, or finished rhythm; but a translation into human speech of the many voiced utterances of nature. Poetry may be subservient to moral or satirical or didactic ends, it may march in the stately rhythm of the heroic couplet, or dance to some of the wilder measures of song, or be altogether free from any such trammels, but the poetry, as such, must be distinguished from the ends it subserves, or the shapes it assumes.

Some six years after the publication of his London, Johnson gave to the world his—"Life of Savage." This too was extensively popular, and attracted many favourable notices. By this time

he was generally known in the world of letters, as a writer of vast erudition, possessed of great critical discernment and philosophical thought, and wielding a pen of singular power. But this increased notoriety effected no change in his circumstances. He still wrote for a precarious subsistence, and was not unfrequently in the utmost embarrassment and misery. It was while thus living the life of a pauper, and struggling for his daily bread, while comparatively unaided and friendless, that he issued in 1747, after ten years of London life, the Prospectus of his "Dictionary of the English Language." All the world knows how the Prospectus was addressed to Lord Chesterfield; how his Lordship treated the whole affair with the most unjustifiable indifference, without vouchsafing to the struggling author "one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour;" how, when the gigantic undertaking was on the verge of completion, and other productions had established Johnson's fame, the *patron* issued two letters in the "World" newspaper, couched in his politest style and intended to propitiate the indignant author; and how Johnson in a reply which will exist as long as the English language is read, inflicted the most memorable castigation that ever fawning hypocrisy received from manly independence; all this, we say, is familiar to every one acquainted with the barest outlines of Johnson's history. Lord Chesterfield was too accomplished a man of the world, to allow himself to display any visible emotion on the reception of this indignant epistle, but there are passages in it, equally just as severe, that must have made him writhe internally, for all his bland and imperturbable exterior. It was indeed a gigantic task which Johnson, trusting to his own unaided resources, had undertaken. Forty members of the French Academy had been for forty years employed in compiling a Dictionary of their country's tongue, Johnson in eight years and without a single coadjutor accomplished a similar task for our own. The powers he brought to the undertaking were a memory of extraordinary tenacity, a prodigious amount of various reading, considerable philosophical research, the most critical nicety of discrimination, and great facility of expression. Although its defects are

numerous and glaring, although in many places it displays an amount of ignorance and prejudice, almost as wonderful as the vast erudition that otherwise characterizes it, the "Dictionary of the English Language" is a monumental work. Others more accurate and comprehensive have been and will be compiled, with the extension of the language and the progress of philological research, but Johnson's will never be superseded. The happiness of its definitions, the acuteness of discrimination it displays, the weight and number of its authorities, and the taste and judgment shown in their selection, will ever render it a standard of the English tongue. We are liable greatly to underrate the ability necessary to compile a dictionary. The work is perpetually in our hands, one of the necessities of intellectual life, but the author is seldom thought of; or, if it *should* cross our minds that words, and definitions, and authorities, did not arrange themselves by chance, we give the compiler credit for industry and perseverance, and little more. There is much truth in the words of Johnson in his gloomy preface. "Mankind have considered him (the writer of dictionaries), not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths through which learning and genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress." Yet to make a single accurate definition calls into exercise some of the highest faculties of the mind. If any one wishes to test its difficulty, let him make the attempt to define to his own satisfaction, any single *abstract* term he chooses. And if he finds this no easy task, let him for the future form a juster estimate of the labour of the Lexicographer, who has not only in every case to define, but to distinguish between all kindred shades of meaning, to trace, where possible, their connection with each other, and to vindicate each usage by select and adequate authorities. All this Johnson, without friend or patron, and with but scanty helps compared with those the humblest author now has at his command, was the first to do for his native tongue. And it is not the least praise due to the mode in which he has accomplished his undertaking, that the authorities he quotes

are in general selected from the finest passages of the best English writers, and calculated not merely to answer the immediate use he makes of them, but in themselves to profit and delight.

During the eight years that his Dictionary was in progress, Johnson's pen was employed in other ways. Two years after its commencement, as already intimated, he published his "Vanity of Human Wishes," and produced "Irene" on the stage. Twice a week for three entire years, he issued the "Rambler" a series of moral essays, and as soon as that ceased the "Adventurer," a weekly series of similar papers, was commenced. These periodicals acquired considerable popularity, nor can it be denied that they contain much original thought, strong sense and powerful writing. Yet posterity has hardly verified the judgment of cotemporaries. The Rambler and Adventurer are now comparatively little read, and in spite of their splendid imagery and stately writing, the palm of merit is almost unanimously adjudicated to the less pretentious style of the Tatler and Spectator. In that age, when almost all who read at all, were classical scholars, and when artificial tastes ruled in the criticism both of prose and poetry, such a style as Johnson's, especially while possessing the charm of novelty, might become popular, but now, when the bulk of the reading public are altogether ignorant of Latin and Greek, and criticism has returned to purer and simpler tastes, the general judgment pronounces it vitiated and un-English. What that style is, every one at all acquainted with English literature, well knows. Its portentous vocabulary, consisting of our strong old Anglo-Saxon vernacular translated into barbarous derivatives from the classical languages, its rounded but monotonous periods, its tautology, and on the other hand its frequent force and eloquence, and the facility with which expression is given by it to the most delicate shades of thought, all this is familiar to us all. To us this last characteristic has always appeared most wonderful. One would have thought that so grandiloquent a style would be too unwieldy to be of much service; but it is amazing how Johnson can combine with it the utmost refinement of expression. It reminds one of an elephant picking up a needle with its trunk. But all its excellences cannot atone for its

defects, nor can even the vigorous sense and many beauties of the Rambler and Rasselas redeem them from oblivion, while clothed in such a style.

As his Dictionary verged upon publication, Johnson's circle of acquaintance widened. The obscure writer of reviews and translations for magazines is now known to the world as a distinguished poet, an erudite scholar, a profound philosopher, a popular essayist, and every way worthy of the great undertaking he has projected. Already he begins to anticipate his future career. Already Smollett styles him "the Great Cham of Literature". Lord Chesterfield, as we have seen, would fain have rectified his blunder. Sir Joshua Reynolds who is making six-thousand a year with his pencil, Bennett Langton, a young man of an ancient and respectable family in Lincolnshire, and Topham Beauclerk, his friend, a clever and reckless Oxford student, about this time make his acquaintance. A knot of literary men is gathering round the uncouth genius that still however retains his miserable den in some back lane of the city. Here we have the dawn of that brilliant association, of which Boswell has left us so graphic and interesting a picture, and which afterwards found its nucleus in the Gerrard-street club.

In the year 1755, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on him by his Alma Mater, and the Dictionary was given to the world. It was introduced by a preface written in Johnson's best style, full of vigorous thought and honourable feeling, yet strongly tinged with gloom. And no wonder, for there was a sad reverse to the picture we have given in the preceding paragraph. His wife had died a year or two previously; —he is now poor and solitary; all his manful exertions seem to be without avail; the writer of "London" and "Irene" of the "Rambler," the "Life of Savage," and the "English Dictionary" must again address himself to toil as a matter of necessity to secure his scanty livelihood. He has already anticipated in the expenses of its publication almost all that the sale of the Dictionary will bring him in. True, his renown has risen; but he is "solitary and cannot enjoy it," he cannot share his honest satisfaction with his buried wife. True, friends have gathered round him, but this has not relieved him from the harsh necessity of toil, and compulsory

literary toil is of all the hardest to endure. All this is sad and painful to contemplate, but a brighter day is at hand.

In the year following the publication of his Dictionary, he issued Prospectuses of an "Edition of Shakspeare with Notes," which he did indeed ultimately complete, but which his characteristic slothfulness, aggravated by the reception of his pension, delayed for many years. Then during two entire years we have another weekly serial of Moral Essays called "the Idler," and whilst that is carrying on, the most beautiful of his smaller prose writings, his "Rasselas" is given to the world. It is a remarkable proof of the rapidity and correctness of his powers of composition, that Rasselas, which really contains much splendid imagery and philosophic thought, was thrown off during the evenings of one week, and the sheets sent to the printer without revision, just as they were penned. About this time he had his first interview with Goldsmith, whose genius he early appreciated, and the intrinsic worth of whose character soon won his affections. He felt that beneath that plain exterior and blundering speech, and in spite of the silly vanity that sometimes made him say and do such ridiculous things, "Goldy" possessed a warm and benevolent heart. Perhaps among all his friends, there was no one he more truly loved. Nor was Goldsmith slow to appreciate the genuine worth and kindness of the gruff, ungainly being, whose acquaintance he had just made. "Ah!" he would say, "Johnson to be sure has a roughness of manner, but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*" The circumstances of their first interview as narrated by Goldsmith's biographer, are amusing and characteristic. "Percy called to take up Johnson at Inner Temple Lane, and found him, to his great astonishment, in a marked condition of cleanliness and neatness; without his rusty brown suit or his soiled shirt, his loose knee breeches, his unbuckled shoes, or his old little shrivelled unpowdered wig; and not at all likely, as Miss Reynolds tells us his fashion in these days was, to be mistaken for a beggarman. He had been seen in no such respectable garb since he appeared behind Garrick's scenes on the first of the nine nights of

Irene, in a scarlet gold laced waistcoat, and rich gold laced hat. 'In fact,' says Percy, 'he had on a new suit of clothes, a new wig nicely powdered, and everything so dissimilar from his usual habits, that I could not resist the impulse of inquiring the cause of such rigid regard in him to exterior appearance.' 'Why, sir,' he answered, 'I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice; and I am desirous this night to show him a better example.' The example was not lost, as extracts from tailors' bills will shortly show; and the anecdote, which offers pleasant proof of the interest already felt by Johnson for his new acquaintance, is our only record connected with that memorable supper. It had no Boswell historian, and is gone into oblivion. But the friendship which dates from it will never pass away."

At length the time has arrived when this long period of compulsory toil and miserable poverty is to terminate, and Johnson, having struggled painfully to eminence and renown, is to spend the remainder of his days in competence and comfort. In 1762, shortly after the accession of George III., and when Johnson was fifty-four years old, a pension of three hundred a year was settled upon him, by the interest of the Earl of Bute, the then Prime Minister. Johnson felt some hesitancy at first about accepting it. He thought of the definition of pensioner in his own dictionary. He thought of the miserable sycophants that had at different periods been thus provided for, and that would probably be associated with himself. But being assured that it was given solely on the score of literary merit, and with no accompanying stipulation, his honest pride gave way, and he accepted it. Of course, considerable stir was raised among his small friends, but this occasioned Johnson no annoyance. "I wish," he observed, "the pension was twice as large, that they might make twice as much noise." And now the great man was to repose from his toils, and give himself up to that literary society he so much relished, and in which he made so conspicuous a figure. And accordingly he does repose. His constitutional slothfulness grows upon him. And though his outward circumstances are so much altered for the better, his private journal abounds

more than ever with bitter and remorseful self-reproaches; showing how just the remark, that true happiness is from within, and cannot be artificially produced by any adjustment of external circumstances.

From the reception of his pension to the time of his death, Johnson wrote but little. His "Journey to the Western Islands," his "Edition of Shakespeare," and his "Lives of the Poets" were his only productions of any note. The first is an account of a tour he made of Scotland in company with Boswell, and is characterized by much good sense, and many finely written passages; but disfigured by violent prejudices, imperfect information, and the "*Johnsesque*" style. In the last two he assumes the chair of criticism, for which he was but very imperfectly qualified. His criticisms were fundamentally faulty, being based upon assumptions he had no right to make. He takes it for granted that all poetry must be conformed to a certain arbitrary standard, the standard he himself and the school he belonged to had adopted. He evidently has no sympathy whatever with the highest and truest style of poetical composition. Allow him his assumptions, grant him that Pope is the true model of all poets for all time, that musical numbers, classical finish, and didactic purposes, are necessary to poetry, concede that his standard is correct, and no one could be more acute and discriminating. He can distinguish with the utmost subtlety between all authors that come within the range of his appreciation, and pronounce upon their relative merits with unimpeachable judgment. But beyond this his criticisms are provoking and contemptible. He might as well have applied Newton's standard, What does it prove? as have extended his own arbitrary ideals to poetry universally. Hence the feebleness of his criticisms on Shakespeare, the harsh and ignorant way in which he treats Milton, the cold and sparing praise he bestows on Thompson, and the unmeasured contempt he pours on Grey. Yet these were certainly the four truest poets that came under his notice. Hence too his ridiculous preference of rhyme to blank verse. What he would have said to the productions of Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Keats, or many of the effusions of our own day, in which the liberty of the poet is perhaps pushed to the verge of licentious-

ness, with what tremendous invectives he would have sought to have crushed them, we dare not conjecture.

It was shortly after the reception of his pension, that he and Boswell first met. The young Scot, who had a mania for hero-hunting, had long burned with desire to see this colossus of literature. Twice already had he made the attempt, and twice been disappointed. At length one memorable Monday evening, it was the 16th of May, 1762, he was sitting at tea with "Tom Davies and his pretty wife," who had left the stage and were now established in a bookseller's business in Russel Street, when Johnson's huge rolling figure darkened the little window that looked into the shop. Davies announces his awful approach with a theatrical air; he enters, and the ceremonies of introduction are gone through. Boswell's little heart flutters a good deal, and suddenly remembering Johnson's antipathy to Scotland, heightened just now by political circumstances, he whispers his friend in considerable agitation, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland," at once cries Davies, mischievously. Anxious to deprecate the consequences of such a disclosure, Boswell blunders out, "Mr. Johnson, I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it," and only gets his desert for this piece of servility, when Johnson with a stern look retorts, "That, sir, I find is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This was a hard blow, and the young Scot with all his pertness was considerably abashed. At length, venturing to intrude his opinion upon some trivial matter of complaint Johnson thought he had against Garrick, he received another rebuff, that fairly gave him his quietus for the evening. "Sir, I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject."

This was an unpromising beginning, but Boswell was not easily daunted. A few days after he visited Johnson in his own chamber, "the giant in his den," and met with a more favourable reception. From that time their intimacy dates. From that time Boswell dogged the heels of Johnson like his shadow. The friends of the latter were astonished; they could not conceive what "the big man" found so agreeable in the society of this shallow conceited Scotchman. "He is a bur," was Goldsmith's

solution. "Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has *the faculty of sticking*." And to this day the mystery remains. Perhaps it was Boswell's love of social enjoyment, or his faculty of patient listening, for a good talker loves the company of a good listener, or his unbounded reverence and unmitigated flatteries, or the knowledge that he was taking notes, and purposed to write a biography, or his ancient family and the Scotch estate at Auchinlech, or perhaps it was a combination of some or all these causes; but whatever was the bond of sympathy, certain it is that there was a strong mutual attachment between the English sage and the Scotch simpleton. And prosperity has gained in consequence the most delightful piece of biography that was ever penned. Boswell's book is an anomaly, an exception to all the precedents of authorship. The author was a man of the most imbecile intellect. His sole excellences were a faculty of quick observation, and a retentive memory; and the sole excellences of his work are such as result from these. The book is a faithful portraiture of his hero and the men he mingled with; the most minute features are delineated; the most trivial incidents are chronicled. It has the accuracy and detail of a Flemish painting. And all that it has more than this, is the silliest inanity or the most wearisome commonplace. In so far as it is not a mere collection of notes and memoranda, a faithful transcript of Boswell's diary, it is nothing and worse than nothing. All the observations that are interspersed, as coming from the author himself, only excite contempt for their intrinsic worthlessness, and astonishment at the ignorant conceit with which they are obtruded. And yet this is the most readable biography that ever was penned. "Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has no second. He has distanced all his competitors so decidedly that it is not worth while to place them. Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere."

From the reception of his pension to the close of his life, there is little variation in Johnson's history. An annual journey to Lichfield and Birmingham,

an occasional visit to his Alma Mater, whence, as well as from Trinity College, Dublin, he received during this period the degree of Doctor of Laws, and his famous tour in Scotland, are the principal events that break its monotony. The bulk of his time was spent in literary conversation. In this he had ever delighted, and now that his pension had set him above authorship, he could indulge himself to his heart's content. Never was he more in his element than when he was haranguing to some gathering of distinguished men and women at Streatham Park, or bearing all before him in some vehement disputation at the Literary Club, the nucleus of the wit, talent, and authorship of the metropolis. And never does he appear to greater advantage than in this species of intellectual gladiatorship. The precision, wit, eloquence, and sarcasm of his deliverances, are familiar to all, and need no comment. And though not unfrequently prejudice led him astray, and passion betrayed him into unseemly violence, though sometimes he argued for the mere sake of arguing, and consciously tried to make the worse side appear the better, though he loved too well to surprise with judgments opposed to the general opinion, and possessed a spirit of opposition which tempted him to dissent from everything advanced by another, though often he was provoked without occasion, and when provoked showed no leniency to the weaknesses, and no regard to the feelings of the offender—making all these just and necessary deductions, such an amount of strong sense, practical wisdom, and shrewd discernment, couched in such happy and powerful expression, has never probably been combined in the expression of any one man. Nor should it be overlooked that the bolts of his sarcasm were generally aimed where they were merited. On the whole, good sense and modesty, frankness and virtue, escaped his censure and won his esteem; it was pertness and affectation, vice and infidelity, that provoked his indignation, and brought down the lashes of his wit and the thunder of his eloquence. Thus the last twenty years of his life was spent. At length the inevitable event he so much dreaded gave indications of its approach. It is painful to contemplate the unabated gloom of his apprehensions, and the anxiety with which he

observed the premonitions of death. He still doubted whether he had not failed to answer the purposes of life. He gave himself with more diligence to religious duties, and his thoughts and conversations appear to have been more than ever turned to the great event that awaited him, and the subjects it suggested. During his last illness he employed himself unremittently in religious exercises and meditations. There was less of gloom about the closing scenes of his life than might have been expected from his previous solicitude. He bore his pains with fortitude, and frequently expressed the most satisfactory reliance on the "propitiatory sacrifice." "Study Dr. Clarke," he said urgently to his physician, "and read his sermons." This was astonishing, for Clarke is an Arian, and the doctor was violently orthodox. Being consequently asked why he made so unwonted a recommendation, his reply was, "Because he is the fullest on the propitiatory sacrifice." Indeed, his views of the Christian scheme appear to have been clearer now than ever during his life-time. We may safely believe that he died the death of a Christian. That event took place on the 13th of December, 1784, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Such was the career of this extraordinary man, a man on the whole eminently deserving esteem and veneration. His virtues and regard for religion were conspicuous in an age of sensuality and scepticism; his failures were in great measure constitutional, or the consequences of the hardships and disappointments of his early life. Under a rough exterior he concealed a kind and sympathetic heart, and hence those who knew him best were most strongly attached to him. The amount of good, direct and indirect, which he accomplished, it would be difficult to over-estimate. The moral tone of his writings and conversation must have exerted a very beneficial influence upon his age, while the strength and independence of his character contributed much to the elevation of literature from the debasement to which it had sunk. He left the condition of literary men far better than he found it, when he commenced his career,—and the advancement was in no small degree owing to his own character and exertions.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

THERE is in the Louvre a *Biblioteca Petrarchesca*—a Petrarchian Library, of nine hundred volumes, illustrating the history of the poet. Never was there wrought, with all the marble of Athens, or the brass of Corinth, a nobler monument of fame.

But the life of Petrarca deserves to occupy this space. His works were the pride of a proud age. Their influence was marvellous on one of the greatest intellectual movements that ever occurred. The poet's popular renown, indeed, springs from his Helicon of sweet sonnets; but he is celebrated among scholars—the true embalmers of the memory of genius—as the saviour of ancient learning, who bridged by his labours the torrent which was sweeping away the shining goals of time, and rescued the priceless purity of classical literature, to be the model of all future creations of the mind. Florence was the city of his birth, but his life diffused its influence over all Italy. He was not a Tuscan, but an Italian, and if he was ever hostile to any state it was to the Florentine. He had no narrow, civic pride. He was a mediator among enemies; and his peculiar hope was to see the return of peace, when Italians should live in unison with the soft beauty of their native land, and be in patriotism what they were in art. Perhaps in political actions he was moved by no very intelligible spirit. Originally a pure republican, he was the panegyrist of an emperor; the friend of Rienzi, he submitted to the patronage of Rienzi's foes; a lover of liberty, he cultivated an attachment to the tyrannic families which were the pest of the Italian states—the Visconti among others, with their fit emblems of snakes. But though the feeling played in many variations on his nature, he was ever faithful to Italy, and with his last breath persuaded her Republics to harmony.

In literature and learning he was the master-spirit of his time. Before printing was invented he acquired a wonderful erudition, which was never rusted by pedantry. He was the lord and not the slave of the lamp. In Latin compositions he attained a purity which Erasmus flippantly depreciated, though if Petrarca had never written in that language, his

critic might not have been so competent to judge of it. Metrical faults, no doubt, deface his African epic, but if Iscanius be excepted there is no writer of the middle ages whose verses approach it in elegance. Yet admitting every blemish in his own works, his restoration of the mouldering fragments of antiquity led to the revival of learning; he renewed the spirit of philosophy; he sought to diminish corruption in the Catholic belief; he looked backward as a poet, and forward as a prophet, and while he exhumed many buried treasures, he predicted many advancements in science and thought, which could only have been foreseen by a lofty and luminous mind.

The state of literature in that period may be described in four words:—Pedantry, Barbarism, Corruption, and Superstition. Historians were mere chroniclers; language decayed daily; theology was a subtle quackery; jurisprudence dealt in commentated caballos; in philosophy Aristotle's authority was forged to countenance a hundred burlesques of his system; in medicine, empiricism, and in science, astrology, usurped the seats of knowledge; and while thousands bowed to this fantastic, uncouth image in mimicry of Latin and Grecian learning, beards grew white on the chins of men who blinded themselves in searching for the philosopher's stone!

Such, intellectually, was Italy when Petrarca was born. Her political condition was superior. The richest, the most commercial, the most illustrious country of Europe, it was still the battle-field of factions, and two centuries of bloodshed stained its soil. Rome and the German emperors contended for a supremacy which in either would have been an usurpation. Some populations submitted to one, some to the other, and many declared themselves independent of both, though the leaders of their revolt usually became traitors themselves, and as princes exercised the despotism which they would not vicariously practise as feudal lords. The discords of Italy, however, had partially ceased at the commencement of the fourteenth century, though scarcely one sovereignty was undisputed.

Florence, however, enjoyed a supre-

macy which none could deny. She was superior in learning and the arts. Her republican institutions, favourable to both, gave her people the liberty which alone renders them valuable. She had her poets, painters, and historians; yet was there wanted a brilliant, powerful intellect, to re-adorn the Tuscan commonwealth, and raise it to an emulation of the ancient glory which had passed, almost unremembered, away.

Florence was then divided between the factions of the Black and White. The family of the poet belonged to the latter, and had been compelled during the supremacy of the former, to fly from the city. His father was under the sentence of losing his right hand in default of paying a heavy fine, and retired to Arezzo, to wait a favourable turn of fortune. It was in the night of the 19th of July, 1304, precisely when Petrarca was hazarding his life in a battle with the Black party, that FRANCESCO PETRARCA was born, with sore peril and pain to his mother.

The father, proscribed and exiled, had to wander about seeking for the means to support his family. Eletta, his wife, however, not being included in the sentence, lived on a small property at Ancisa, fourteen miles from Florence. There Petrarca was housed at seven months old, though in going to it he narrowly escaped drowning in the Arno. Occasionally Petrarca visited his wife in disguise, and in course of time two other children were born—of whom one died in infancy, while the other was for a time educated with the little poet.

When the Emperor Henry VII. arrived in Italy, the expectations of the White party were revived, and Petrarca went with his family to Pisa, where he hoped to be recalled by his victorious friends. But the idea was delusive, and though he received an offer of amnesty from the hostile party, he considered it more safe to seek an asylum in Avignon, whither many Italians were allured by hopes of honour and profit at the papal residence. On the voyage there was a second escape from drowning, and at Avignon it was soon found that the costly living of that luxurious city would soon swallow up all the poor resources of Petrarca. He therefore in 1315 retired to Carpentras, a quieter and cheaper town.

Petrarca was now eleven years old, and ripe for the first graft of learning. This he received from his mother and

from one who taught him elementary logic and grammar, and distinguished him as the ornament of his school. His care was affectionate, and long after in old age and poverty, the gratitude of his pupil was shown in a pious and noble bounty.

This pedagogue, says Petrarca, was like a whetstone—blunt himself but capable of sharpening others. He borrowed from his pupil a valuable copy of Cicero and pawned it, and then when the owner offered to pay for its redemption was so ashamed that he refused to confess whither it had gone. Thus the precious manuscript was lost.

Even at this early age the future lover of Laura felt in himself that sympathy with nature which is one of the richest springs of poetry. He saw the sweet retirement of Vaucluse, and immediately he loved it better than the magnificence of the most festal city. In an attachment to the superior orders of learning also, he displayed a sign of that intuitive taste which was destined to reform the literature of the world. Designed for the law, he soon hated its corruption, its venality, and its systematized chicane, and not all the eloquence of famous professors at Montpellier and Bologna, could win him to any respect for it. Much grieved by this disappointment, his father one day threw some copies of the classics into the fire; but the tears of his son moved him to rescue Cicero and Virgil from the flames, saying "Virgil will console you for the loss of your other MSS. and Cicero will prepare you for the study of the law." To heighten his distaste for the dirt and dust of jurisprudence he met at Bologna with Cino da Pistoja, whose tender and musical lyrics are the most esteemed among those of the poets anterior to Petrarca. He was excited also by seeing Venice, where his ambition was kindled, and where that ambition was last triumphant. Returning from a visit to that city he found that his mother had died at the premature age of thirty-eight, and among the first poetical pieces of the young Francesco are some upon this virtuous and beautiful woman. Soon after Petrarca also died, and the orphan student went with his brother to Avignon. They found their affairs in the worst confusion. Their father's executors betraying their trusts had appropriated most of the property; but in the ignorance of their cupidity,

had left the MSS. which Petrarca most valued. Yet they could not live by reading Cicero, and must choose some profession. They fixed on the Church, and entered it. In Avignon preferment was the most easily to be obtained, for John XXII. resided there, assumed the privilege of nominating to all vacant benefices, and sold the service of religion to increase his own revenue. All the inventions of avarice contributed to glut his coffers, and his sordid thirst accumulated in the sacred treasury the fund, almost incredible, of twenty millions of florins. Under the purple and the tiara, the basest excesses disgraced the court of the Pontiff. Licence and profligacy, emanating from the very altars of Avignon, spread like a contagion through all ranks of society.

Even the young poet caught some stains from the universal disease which corrupted the manners of the city. For his ardent temperament was easily acted upon, and in his youth he appears to have been subject to one weakness. He was vain of his face and person—not an uncommon foible, even with men of the most imperial genius. Milton was irritated by being called cadaverous and pale, and offered the evidence of his friends to show that he was so blooming and fresh, that he looked ten years younger than he actually was. Petrarca however, was in reality handsome, with a noble demeanour, a manly figure, an air and carriage of distinguished dignity. In conversation he was animated, and his voice was very musical. With a complexion neither dark nor fair, but clear and soft, he had large full eyes, bright with the expression of every thought. By living temperately he preserved the beauty of health; but by dressing too studiously he incurred the reproach of something less pardonable than affectation. When walking the streets, after arranging every detail of his costume as though it were to be fixed in a picture, he avoided every breath of wind which might discompose his hair, and every pool which might throw a single speck on his garment.

This feeling, however, only sicklied his mind during youth, and even while it lasted, while he haunted palaces and mixed in frivolous society, he never remitted his grave and profitable studies. The law, indeed, he finally abandoned, devoting himself altogether to literature, and cultivated a pure style from the

models of purity which he possessed. Nor could he have chosen loftier examples. To express thoughts with natural power and dignity, to know the human heart, to learn the rights and duties of men, no better teachers could he have had than Cicero and Seneca. From Virgil he acquired the art of felicitous and dignified versification, and by Livy he was inspired with a love of the magnanimous Roman heroes.

Petrarca's first compositions were in Latin; he employed also the Italian, though this, improved as it was by Dante, was still ungraceful and harsh. His Latin works were—on Africa, an Epic; twelve Bucolic eclogues; and three books of epistles.

But in his scholarly pursuits difficulties almost insuperable arose. The great inheritance of the Augustan age was scattered, and the choice and beautiful works of antiquity were in danger of being lost or destroyed by their ignorant possessors. Petrarca rescued many by copying them, and was impelled through immense labours by his own promises to himself of future exaltation and fame. The friendship of the Pope's Florentine Secretary, and of Giacomo Colonna, were advantages which he gained by his faithful disposition, his engaging manners, and a reputation, already large, for talents and learning.

When the student was near the completion of his twenty-third year, he first saw that Laura whose name he has fixed as an immortal light in the zenith of poetry. Posterity has been bewildered by the infinitely varied accounts of this woman. That she was a myth; that she was a fanciful type of the Madonna; that she was an allegorical representation of poetry and repentance; that she was not even this, but a phantasma of beauty which Petrarca imagined and then, like another Pygmalion, loved—all these are stories which have been current, and still hold a place in the minds of certain spellers of literary history.

On the 6th of April, 1327, exactly at the first hour of the morning, Petrarca saw Laura at the Church of St. Clara of Avignon. In that sacred place, on a solemn day, the lady appeared to his sight with long golden hair falling in tresses over a green mantle sprinkled with violets. Her demeanour was that of a gentle and delicate pride. She was more youthful than himself, with a sweet and modest face, fair skin, and

eyebrows as black as ebony. Her shoulders were bare and white as snow, "when she opened her mouth you perceived the beauty of pearls and the sweetness of roses. She was full of grace. Nothing was so soft as her looks, so modest as her carriage, so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of gaiety and tenderness breathed around her, but so pure and happily tempered as to inspire every beholder with the sentiments of virtue, for she was chaste as the dew-drop of the morn."

Laura de Noves was the daughter of a Provençal noble, and was born at Avignon in 1308. She was rich, and in 1325, married Hugh de Sade, a man of morose disposition, by whom she was the mother of ten children. Her life was unquestionably pure; she indulged towards Petrarca an innocent friendship, yet, indeed, was not unmoved by the idolatry of a man, not only the most famous, but the most fascinating in Italy, and did undoubtedly desire to preserve over his mind the supremacy her beauty had gained.

Her husband, of course, could not but be wounded by the unhappy accident of Petrarca's devotion to his Laura. Every morning he was liable to hear the city ringing with applause of some golden worded sonnet declaring the passion of the poet for her; and this, it is supposed, might have made him proud. Certain is however, that it made him more bitter than his original nature. He upbraided her perpetually, till she shed tears; and when she had died, he married again, before the sod was seven months old upon her grave.

In 1330, Colonna, the patron of Petrarca, was promoted to the Bishopric of Lombes, and invited the young minstrel to accompany him thither; he joyfully acquiesced, and traversed on his way the whole of Languedoc, passing through Montpellier, Narbonne, and Toulouse, and then settling under the shadow of the Pyrenees. A concourse of clergy came out to meet their new and youthful pastor, and Laura's lover entered unnoticed; but after a short stay he went, well pleased, to Avignon. There an assemblage of the learned inspired him with ambitious feelings, and his inquiries in uncommon paths of science were unceasing. He was engaged in the education of Colonna's son; but his heart

was full of its unfortunate passion. At first Laura was his kind and affable friend; but only as a simple friend he continued to see her. But he had too little self command. His unvarying assiduity, the firing of his eyes, his wild look, convinced her that an inordinate affection had overmastered him, and she took alarm. When he approached, she retired; when he was present, she veiled her face; by no act, by no glance would she countenance his love. Many a melancholy sonnet did he write, complaining of these severities; and if the fragrance of fame could have satisfied, his happiness might have been great, for his renown grew every day, and the sweet affluence of his pen delighted every city and vine clad retreat in Italy.

He now travelled through the north of France, through Flanders, Brabant, and a part of Germany, with the object of observing men and manners, of examining ancient monuments, of discovering manuscripts, and of forgetting Laura. Italy was then rising through a series of triumphs to a position of glory. But the infinite diversity of factions; the powers eager to spoil her; the hopelessness of an union among the population, made Petrarca weep, while his electrifying apostrophies sought to awake once more the ancient spirit of the land, which gave models to Raffaello and Michael Angelo. After returning from his travels, he found that he had accomplished all his purposes but one. He had seen much, and learned much. He had reclaimed many precious relics of knowledge, but he remembered Laura.

In that year a terrible drought afflicted Avignon. The people went all but naked in the streets, madly accusing heaven that it did not blast them with lightning, rather than with slow and wasting agony. Laura, too, was ill, and her poet-lover immortalized her malady in his sonnets. These were somewhat extravagant; but his mind was often impelled beyond the orbit of reason. Thus, when John XXII., in his dotage, revived the design of the Crusades, he threw the force of his eloquence into bitter reproaches against the Christian powers, for not joining this brazen-headed Pontiff in a war of extermination against the infidel conquerors of the Holy Land.

When Benedict VII. succeeded this fantastic priest-prince, he presented the

young poet, who was the best ornament of his Court, with the canonicate of Lombes, promising him the next prebend which should become vacant. Just at that period he had contracted an intimate friendship with Azzo da Corregio, of Parma, whose right to his principality was impeached, and was now to be tried before the Pope's tribunal. Revering the intellect of Petrarca, he importuned him to be his public defender. From taste, or for interest, he would never consent to such a task: but for the sake of his friend he yielded, and rose before the Court of Rome in a new character. He pleaded for the Lady of Verona; he pleaded for the ancient privileges of the great Corregio family; he pleaded for the character of Azzo. It was an oration, in which the principles of the highest law, the maxims of the finest policy, the tracings of the closest evidence were to be drawn out and blended as in a broad historical tablet. The effort was vast; for he depended solely on rhetorical dignity and truth, without replying to personal imputation, by insinuation, or satire, or railery.

Now, therefore, his glory was rising, and he was congratulated in Italy as the sharer of Dante's fame. Yet he was unhappy. A single sorrow obliterated all the bright stories of his life—a fatal, false, fruitless love, which he sought once more to appease by absence. In the hottest summer days he often shivered with cold; he trembled not only in the presence of Laura, but at the mention of her name, or at the sight of any little thing belonging to her. Therefore, feeling this to grow like a consuming misery in his mind, he left Avignon, and embarked for Italy. The sight of her pleasant coast, awoke in him sentiments of irrepressible but chastened joy; he landed gladly, but the first object which met his eyes, was a laurel, typical in its delicate Italian name, of one whom he longed to forget. Leaping forward to the tree, he overlooked a streamlet which ran between, and fell into it. Emerging, he fainted from excitement, and then blushed at his own weakness although none saw it, “for to the reflecting mind no witness is necessary to excite the emotion of shame.”

War filled the whole country between Tuscany and Rome. It was unsafe to pass. Petrarca, therefore, took refuge with Orso, Count of Anguillara, kindred by marriage to the Colonna family.

They hospitably treated him, and he delighted in the romantic and rich landscapes of that spot, which the ancients fabled to have been the first that was cultivated in the age of gold. Yet war made it desolate. There was no pastoral happiness now. The shepherd armed himself against, not wolves, but men. The labourer goaded his cattle with a lance. The fisher covered himself with a shield, and the villager drew water in a helmet instead of a jar. Dreadful howlings were heard all night, and the sounding of trumpets was incessant during the day. Sorrowfully did the poet listen to these sounds, and remember the soft and melodious breathings of his lute at Avignon.

However, the Colonnas at length escorted him to Rome, and he was lodged on the hill where Scipio had triumphed, where Metellus and Pompey had victoriously stood. After a short stay, spent in researches, he made a voyage along the southern coasts of Europe, passed the rock of Calpe, sailed as far northwards as the British shores, and no doubt wondered what race of mortals could breathe under the dim fogs which hang above these storm-beat islands. Who was there in England who could have welcomed him, had he landed? Chaucer was but a child, and even Scotchmen, according to the poet, “vile” as he thought them, were less barbarous than our countrymen. During these wanderings his mind was calmed, but unhappily he was attracted once more to Avignon, where, seeing Laura again, the old passion was rekindled, and he went to take possession of his canonicate at Lombes in a miserable condition of sorrow.

We should indeed greatly pity his sufferings, but for two circumstances. Laura was married and the mother of an increasing family. Whatever, therefore, his first passion might have been, when he had left Avignon with the object of forgetting her, every moral principle urged him never to see her more. His love could not be in vain without being miserable, and could not be fruitful without being guilty. But it cannot be concealed that his affection was less single and faithful than he describes it to be. If it had not been so, never would he have formed an attachment with another, and yet we find him the father of two children at Lombes,—of a son whom he acknow-

leged and a daughter who was one of the dearest consolations of his old age. Their mother he has allowed to pass into oblivion, not even preserving her name; but, whatever may have been his motives, there appears a heartlessness in this total silence, which does not increase our estimation of his character. He had broken his celibatical vows; and his enemies triumphed and mortified him, his friends regretted and mortified him still more. He resolved to settle in a rural retreat, and at Vacluse, fifteen miles from the city where Laura lived, in seclusion, where he might hide his humiliation and his tears.

Vaclubse, or Vallis Clausa, the Shut-Up Valley—is an exquisite spot, beautified by the waters of the Torgue. On one side its softly swelling hills are deliciously girt with vineyards, and corn-fields, and gardens, and on the other the river is bordered by plains, shaded by groups of trees. Mountains encircle it with a wall of living rock, descending perpendicularly at the end, where the Torgue rises from a mighty cavern. Here, in a cottage surrounded by a little field, he remained, leading a lonely, ascetic life, listening only to the voices of nature; seeing nothing but the landscapes and the sky; and sweetening his solitude by reveries in two gardens. The one was shady, near the course of the river; the other bright, and near his door. He began here a history of Rome, which he never published, and an epic on Africa, which he only completed long after, at the persuasion of Boccacio.

One day he desired to visit an important friend at Avignon. Approaching the city, he suddenly became conscious that the sight of Laura would unnerve him, and he fled back to Vaclubse. Still some mysterious power seemed to impel him thither. He met her in the streets. She cast a kind look upon him and said, "Petrarca, you are tired of loving me." That incident inspired one of the most beautiful sonnets in the language of Italy. In 1339, he composed the three which are confessed to be master-pieces of their kind, as well as three canzoni to the eyes of Laura, which the Italians call the three sister graces, kindred to a spirit divine. Tasso had no criticisms for them, but calls them queens of song. The poet, by such writing, rather cherished than sub-

dued the fatal affections of his heart. He persuaded the painter, Martini of Siena, to give him a portrait of Laura, which he carried about with him continually, rewarding the artist with two sonnets, that increased his fame wonderfully.

At this time, so studiously did he apply to his epic, the *Scipiade*, that Colonna of Lombes, fearing that he would injure his health, asked him for the key of his library, which he gave up. The bishop then locked up every book and paper, declaring he should not read or write for ten days. On the first day of this intellectual Ramadan, Petrarca suffered a restless and painful ennui; on the second, his head burned with impatience; on the third, he was so close to a fever that Colonna relented, and the poet went back to his poem.

During his delightful seclusion at Vaclubse, he corresponded with many friends, from scholars to kings, some of whom he condescended to flatter, especially Robert of Naples. Perhaps the suspicion is not malicious, that he was willing to court favour in order to secure an object which was now his great ambition—that of gaining the honour of Poet Laureate. Whatever efforts he used, the distinction came unexpectedly. At nine o'clock on the morning of the 1st of September, 1340, he received a letter from the Roman Senate, inviting him to come and receive the laurel crown in Rome. On the same day, he was astounded by an invitation from the University of Paris, asking him to come and be crowned Poet Laureate in that capital. He claimed the advice of the Colonna. They urged him to receive the wreath which was the growth of his native soil. He therefore embarked early in 1341, passing through Naples, where the king lavished every honour upon him. But he would be examined in learning first. And he selected as the person fit to examine—His Majesty of Naples!

Sully said that our first James was the most learned fool in Europe. Roberto the Good, if less a fool, was more a dunce. However, the examination went on during three days; the king was pleased, and the poet was pleased; and the king took the robes from his own shoulders and put them on the shoulders of the poet, made him his grand almoner, flattered him, and was flattered

himself, and so kindly dismissed him to Rome.

To Rome, then, Petrarca went, treading, as he passed, near the dust of Virgil. On the 8th of April, 1341, innumerable trumpets blew a *matin* over all the Eternal City. Throngs of people filled the streets and open places. Twelve noble youths in robes of scarlet led the procession, chaunting Petrarca's lyric in praise of the Roman people. Next came six citizens clothed in green, with garlands on their heads, and Petrarca walked in the midst of them, dressed in the royal garment of Naples. Then came the chief senator, and then a train of the great council; and they all trod upon scattered blossoms as they went, while the flowers of Italian beauty sprinkled perfumes on the head of the poet as he passed along. At the capitol the trumpets ceased. Petrarca addressed the multitude, and cried *viva* for the Roman people, *viva* for the senators, *viva* for liberty. Next he kneeled before the senator Orso, who, taking a crown of laurel from his own head, placed it on that of Petrarca, saying, "This crown is the reward of virtue." Rising with the bloom of a nation's love upon his brows, he repeated a sonnet in praise of the ancient people whose memory is immortal there and throughout the world. A tremendous shout of applause rose around the capitol. The friends of the poet shed tears of joy; the orators spoke of him amid thunders of gratulations; and so, acclaimed and honoured, he went to the church of Saint Peter and laid his laurels on the altar. On the same day, he received the emblazoned patent or memorial of the title which had been conferred, and the privileges appertaining to it.

After a short stay at Rome he went to Pisa, where we are surprised to hear him complaining of the neglect of his works, as we are afterwards when he repents of accepting the laurel. From Pisa he journeyed to Parma, where he was consulted in the most important deliberations of state, and enjoyed the Italian retirement he loved; but he was within a year forced to go to Avignon as advocate of the Roman people to the new Pope, Clement II. Apparently he had won his heart from its fatal love, but the influence of Laura's presence rekindled its intensity, especially as her behaviour to him was even more friendly than before. The study of the

Greek language, however, profitably occupied his thoughts, and the birth of a daughter whom he named Francesca, aided in distracting them. The favour in which he now stood with the powerful lords of Italy, also prevented him from suffering melancholy. At one time the Pope's ambassador to Naples, then the mediator between two powerful republics, he saw himself honoured by a whole nation, and flattered by all that nation's rulers. Once, on returning through a disturbed territory to Vaucluse, he was attacked by robbers, and passed a fearful night as he sought to escape. But even this danger produced for him a manifestation most grateful to his soul. He was reported to have been killed, and universal mourning saddened the whole race which spoke his language, while elegies, very sincere, though very unpoetical, were lavished on the consecration of his memory. He now passed a whole year near Laura, and his sonnets display the fluctuating feelings of his heart. Some are exuberant of joy; some flow like the very waters of sorrow—so musical and soft they are.

Avignon is described by Petrarca to have been the Babylon of the West. It was the centre of intrigue, and the palace of luxury. The fantastic brilliance of a masque perpetually filled its halls with revelry; and the fêtes of princes, and pageants of cardinals, made it for a time the most attractive city of Europe. Laura was in the poet's eyes, the embellishment of every beautiful scene, the queen of Allegro. After he had met her many times, he secluded himself for a year "by Sorga's waters" in Vaucluse. Here he continually wept away the sweetness of his feelings in those delightful dewfalls of music which are the most exquisite effusions in the Tuscan tongue. He had now the privilege of visiting Laura at her own house, and when she was threatened with blindness, her pain was immortalized in a sonnet, which is to the expression of grief in poetry what Carlo Dolci's picture is in painting. How strange had been the history of his love! For twenty years it had continued. Hume, who was Jeremy Bentham in another shape, declares that all intense passions are fleeting. Hume knew nothing about it. He had never known the noblest sentiment. He was incapable of admiring it. The truth is

that none but intense passion can be of long duration. In Petrarca, there was the most violent passion, yet it was continuous and steady through a long course of years. It has been said that this, if unhappy for himself, was fortunate for mankind, because to this guilty and miserable love we owe the richest poetry of the first poet. We deny it. Petrarca would have written far more spiritually and sweetly, had a pure and fortunate love possessed his breast. Had the holy influence of Christianity tempered his mind, he would have sacrificed unworthy desires, and have risen in dignity and worth. Laura's conduct was objectionable, and helped to prolong the lamentable delusion. Meantime, he continued his labours of literature, and produced some elaborate compositions which deserve to be remembered.

Public events made him once more a patriot. Rienzi accomplished his celebrated revolution in Rome. His authority, in the name of freedom, was established, and his emissaries were received with respect in every court of Europe. Petrarca's bosom glowed with exultation, and he enthusiastically applauded the great Tribune, who seemed to have renewed the vital spring of Italian liberty. Now he felt that Avignon was not the abode for him. If Rome was becoming regenerate, where should he be but at the capital, where the authority of every patriot was required to uphold a constitution well established, but not wisely maintained. The poet, however, while Rienzi was throwing away his own fame, and the freedom he had won for the people, determined to proceed to the city which had crowned him. Yet he could not go without an adieu from Laura. His sad sonnets still multiplied upon her name, and how hopeless he was, after twenty years of devotion, may be conceived from the melodious line "*Sull' onde, e'n vena fondo, e scrivo in vento;*" "*I plough in water, build on sand, and write in air.*" Now that he went to see her, for the last time before his departure, it was with more than ordinary emotion. She was at an assembly which he often frequented—she appeared, he tells us, like a beautiful rose. Her demeanour was unusually touching. No pearls or flowers adorned her garments or her hair; she was thoughtful and serious, and did not consent to sing.

Petrarca bade her farewell; he looked upon her countenance—it was pale and sad; he looked into her eyes—they seemed prophetic of sorrow. He turned away, and passing out of the chamber, never saw Laura again.

After being tossed to and fro in the commotions of Italy, which he vainly sought to appease, we find him once more in Parma. There he heard that Laura had perished of the plague. She died on the 1st of April, 1348, at Avignon, at the same house in which he first met her. "*I have nothing now left,*" wrote he, "*worth living for.*" The elegiac sonnets, after her death, are so profuse of adorations as to be profane.

Meanwhile, though this was the one passion which ruled his nature, his share in the affairs of Italy was active. He raised the Florentines; he urged the Emperor to interfere for the peace of the nation, and he untiringly laboured to cement alliances between the remaining free states. His friendship with Boccaccio also occupied much of his mind. It began late, however, and was soon ended by the death of that wonderful writer.

It would, however, be impossible, within the limits of a sketch like this, to trace closely the career of Petrarca after Laura was lost to his love and to his hope. He was a wanderer. The strangest events were occurring in all parts of Italy, and he was everywhere influencing those events. We find him rushing, as it were, from city to city. Half Italy flies by us in a panorama, as we follow the errant poet—Padua, Verona, Mantua, Parma, Arezzo, Naples, Milan, Venice, all appear and disappear in the dissolving view, as Petrarca now negotiates peace, now threatens war, now proposes the marriage of a prince, now amnesty for a tribune, now elevation for a Cardinal, in the name of Emperor, or King, or Pope, or Republic in turn. Sometimes he escapes from the throng of men and events, rushing over the beautiful peninsula, to his own fountain at Vaucluse, where his sorrow-laden verse is poured out in golden floods on the memory of Laura. Never, perhaps, did a poet occupy a more splendid position. Twenty years of his changeful life passed like an epic, and he was ever conspicuous amid insurrections, wars, triumphs, and revolutions, flattered by the great, beloved by the humble, with a name resounding through

the South so loudly, that its echoes may be believed eternal. All the while the deep springs of his poetic mind flowed forth in those sweet and delicate sonnets, which are the pride of Italy. When, therefore, after a career during which he had distinguished himself in every position which as a man or as a citizen he could occupy, he retired, in his sixty-third year, to Arqua, it was with a renown not equalled by that of any poet, or patriot, or conqueror, or despot in the world.

He now made his will and retreated to Arqua, on the slope of a beautiful hill near Padua. A delicious air eternally breathed in that place. Rich vineyards girt it delightfully, and yielded the most fragrant wine. The breath of the mountain range came balmily and freshly upon him, but the toils of his long and troubled life had worn him out. During the summer of 1370 he continued ill—and his malady was attributed to drinking water, eating fruit, and fasting immoderately. He was also distressed by poverty, for he was hospitable and had a perfect tribe of friends constantly visiting him. He was obliged to keep two horses and *five or six amanuenses*, which were not easily to be procured. Of this he complains in very melancholy terms.

So violent was his fever that once his physicians thought him dead. Ten times during ten years, indeed, he had been pronounced past recovery. On this occasion, however, they had said that he might possibly survive the night, if he was prevented from sleeping. They then left, declaring that he could by no mortal chance exist beyond daylight. Petrarca, as soon as they were gone, told the attendants not to disturb him, since he wished to sleep. At daylight the physicians came. Not only had the patient slept; not only was he alive; but he was at his table writing. "He is not like other men," they exclaimed.

Still, he was never again well. When, in the spring of 1372, he attempted to ride out, he could only go a few paces from the door. The debility of his frame was fixed; but there was yet a wealth in his mind, which gave its last manifestation in a noble letter to Venice, exhorting that Republic for the sake of liberty, for the sake of Italy, for the sake of their common pride and their common hope, to seal the bond of peace.

His name once more electrified the Venetian people; but all his ardent thoughts now burned in a lamp whose oil was well nigh spent.

On the 18th of June, 1374, Petrarca went, late at night, into his library, and remained a long while alone. Some one required to see him. His attendants went in. They found him with his head reclined on a book. He was accustomed to rest in this attitude, and they were not alarmed. But he was observed to be very still. They approached him, and touched him. He was rigid and cold.

There was that night a deep gloom in Arqua, and next day, all Padua, and all the dwellers on the beautiful hills around mourned for the poet they had lost. And soon the sorrowful news spread over Italy, and in every place where his sweet writings had made his name like that of a familiar friend, men wept for his death, as though each one had been bereaved. Sixteen professors bore his bier to the grave, and every poet in the land made some offering in memory of the lover of Laura. They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died.

The personal character and the writings of Petrarca we consider a more interesting subject of inquiry, than the events of the latter part of his life. We do not remember him as the diplomatist, but as the man and the poet.

Amiable we must confess him to have been, and exempt from the baser foibles. He was candid, generous, and of a soft disposition, and without craft. When he attacked, it was with temper, though many have blamed the fierceness of his invective against the corruptions of the Church of Rome. Yet none pretends that he laid more to the charge of the ecclesiastics than was exactly true. If there was a quality in him which we respect less than another, it was his attachment to proud and powerful men, who, as his intellect must have perceived, were playing falsely with the Italians. They who describe him as a vagabond favourite of the rich and great, exhibit no competence to criticise; but we are inclined to accept Sismondi's estimate of his worldly and voluptuous character. His affections were indeed comparatively stationary, while he migrated more than any bird. Yet his only enduring love was of a woman, who was married to another, and his

next attachment was to a woman whom he ought to have married himself. Generous he may have been; but independent we cannot think he was, or he would never have become an inmate of the Visconti palace. Vain of himself, he was hasty in his judgment of others. Religious feeling was not developed in his life. He professed to hold a pure creed, and to acknowledge the laws of Christianity, yet he never sacrificed to piety one desire of his soul. We know that it has been the fashion to extenuate his pertinacious suit to Laura. But the apologists must explain their ground. Do they believe, or do they not, that a poet of genius, because he was a poet of genius, that Petrarca because he was Petrarca, could pursue an evil course of action with less moral guilt than any other man?

In literature Petrarca was as a fountain which refreshed and invigorated the mind of a whole age. As a Latinist he was not so pure as many who succeeded him, but through his labours the purest of his successors attained to their purity. The plethora of his classical allusions would be pedantic now, but was elegant and tasteful then. He cleared the way for the restoration of ancient learning. He enlarged and encouraged the science of geography. In philosophy he is not easily intelligible. Cicero and Seneca indeed influenced his mind; and he adopted the theory of Plato, that love is a rapturous trance of the soul, abstracted from all animal passion. But his imagination coloured his philosophical ideas most fancifully, especially those concerning the beatitude of an immortal life, which he fixed in the stars.

Campbell seems to describe the Latin Epic on Africa very justly, when he calls it an ambitious failure. It was a dead and cold composition. The shorter Latin poems are more interesting, especially the satirical eclogues which have also an historical value. The prose epistles, however, are his best compositions in that language. His prose works occupy eleven hundred printed

folio pages—and the subjects are ethical, philosophical, and imaginative.

His poetry was principally devoted to Laura. The absorption of his heart in one feeling was so entire that it became frantic. At least we are willing to pardon as insane, what we should else stigmatize as blasphemous. Can anything more repulsive be imagined than his comparison of the sacredness of her birth-place to the Bethlehem, where Jesus was born? Such passages, however, seldom occur. She is usually painted chaste and beautiful, by a chaste and beautiful pen. His sonnets have been complained of as monotonous, because they are never infused with anger or jealousy. Sometimes he is joyful, sometimes melancholy, but invariably tender. We confess that this is not what displeases us in Petrarca.

There is in the language of his sonnets a pure and melting melody, a delicate and spiritual grace, an aerial buoyancy of thought, so delightful that we can dwell on them incessantly. In the canzoni, though they are exquisitely versified, we find less of the real witchery of his pen, and in the "Trionfi," the "subordinate parts and images," in the language of an English critic, "have a beauty rather arabesque than classical." It is so grandly conceived however, and pervaded by a tone so rich and deep, that it will never lose its place in literature.

In this estimate of Petrarca, we have endeavoured to subdue the picture to the tints of truth, because in analyzing the life and the works of such a man, more than commonly temperate criticism is required. He has been made a demi-god, and he has been made half a knave. What is worse, he has become among thousands of educated persons, almost a tradition. They talk of him and do not inquire what he did, or read what he wrote. Let us hope that this fashion will pass away, and that the master-minds of letters will resume their influence in the world.

GEORGE FOX.

STATISTICAL authorities tell us that the Society of Friends threatens to become extinct. But as in chemical changes we have only transformation, or as in geological vicissitudes denudation in one place necessarily implies aggregation of the same materials in another place, so fares it with the world of principles and opinions. Having done their work in one form, they assume another, better fitted, we believe, to promote individual and social progress. Perhaps there never were so few Quakers in England since the Restoration—when their Society was fairly established—as at present.* But never was there so much essential Quakerism *outside its pale*. The central trunk may be decaying; the spiritual independence in which its life originated may be partly oppressed and stifled by a dead bark of traditional forms; but new suckers have been sent out from the root, hardly less vigorous, and promising freer and larger growth than the main stem. The views of many of our philanthropists, our ecclesiastical and social reformers—whether right or wrong—are virtually contained in the intuitions of the early Friends, as the following sketch will indicate.

Few facts of minor historical interest have been more misapprehended, than the connection between the *origin* of the Society of Friends, and its present character and position. It has been a prevalent idea, that the Quakerism of the present day, with its moral influence and respectability, sprang originally from the merest fanaticism; that, with the exception perhaps of William Penn and his famous colony, there is little in its early history, which presents an essential similarity to the more attractive features which it now exhibits. Still less justice has been done to the Founder. Some confound this Sect with the “Seekers” or “Ranters” of the Commonwealth times, and thus ignore its proper institution altogether. This may perhaps account for errors in the ecclesiastical chronology of the period on the part of writers who are generally correct, and whose success

with the public largely depends on their accuracy in observing the relations of historical sequence. For instance, the author of a popular fiction, whose scene and dress are laid in the period in question, introduces us to a lady of the Quaker persuasion, at a time when the founder had scarcely made up his mind what Quakerism was to be. Again, with respect to the share which Fox had in forming the Society, we think it unfair to his memory to state, that he “only laid the foundation; it was reserved for Barclay and Penn to raise the superstructure.” Happily, in these latter days, we have begun to pay more respect to individual influence than did our immediate forefathers; and to look with suspicion upon the theory which would resolve great moral results into a mere “concourse” of intellectual or moral atoms. In the present case, indeed, it needs but a slight acquaintance with the early annals of this remarkable institution to be well assured, that if ever a founder left strong and indubitable marks of his individual idiosyncrasy in the essential characteristics of the sect which he established, it was George Fox. Even its more trivial peculiarities bear the stamp of his times, his position in society, and his personal tastes and antipathies. Had he been born in a higher social grade, the “you” of polite discourse would probably have no more offended him than the numerous conventional departures from strict simplicity and humility in language, of which unvarying use had made him unob-servant in his own circle. Had his ear been more enamoured of sweet sounds, it is, we think, highly probable that music would not have been regarded as so vain and superfluous an enjoyment among his followers. Not to insist on this, however, or on modes of dress established in the Society, the power of perpetuating the speech of a class stands alone in the records of individual influence. The sternest monastic asceticism never accomplished this. The power to have overcome the most absolute of all tyrannies, that of “use” in language, to which Horace ascribes the indefeasible “*jus et norma loquendi*”—is to have exercised a plenitude of intellectual dominion to which Basil or Bene-

* In 1659 they were reckoned at 30,000. At present there are less than 30,000.—*Mr. Howitt's article on “Quakers,” in the Encyclopædia Britannica.*

dict, Bernard or Loyala, never aspired. Moreover, other teachers and founders of societies have been content to be honoured by external and formal invitation, only on *particular occasions*, or in comparative seclusions—in pulpits, or professional chairs, or conventual cells. The gown of Geneva and the “weeds of Dominic” are limited in point of time, or space, or both; but the disciples of George Fox present us almost with a fac-simile of the master in appearance and in speech—under all circumstances of publicity or privacy—from the court and the senate down to the most retired “meeting-house,” or “friendly” hearth of Westmoreland or Leicestershire. That Fox was “an uneducated man,” will be a stumbling-block in the way of a due appreciation of his greatness, only in the view of those who do not understand the indomitable force of a vigorous character, and for whom the history of mental revolutions has been written in vain. For that this was no bar to a strong intellectual growth, and to the development of a remarkable power to rule the souls and actions of his fellow men, is clear, from his success in establishing a rigid and peculiar system, and from the vivid record he has left of his feelings and speculations; of which Coleridge says, “There exist folios on the human understanding and the nature of man, which would have a far greater claim to their high rank and celebrity, if, in the whole large volume, there could be found as much fulness of heart and intellect as bursts forth in many a page of George Fox.”

The misapprehensions that have prevailed respecting the origin of the Society of Friends, and the personal character of its originator, must be an excuse for what might otherwise seem an unfairly apologetic tone in so cursory a delineation as the following; and it may further be premised, that the early teaching of Fox, and his first difficulties and successes, constitute by far the most interesting and important part of his biography, and of the first period of Quaker history, to which, therefore, we shall confine ourselves.

A great proportion of the noted men of the Commonwealth times issued from rural seclusion. This fact is in accordance with the settled depth of their convictions, and the straightforwardness of their public course. It is

to this consideration that the well-known lines in “Gray’s Elegy” are indebted for something of their poetical force; though, at the same time, it supplies a partial refutation of the sentiment they express. The “celestial fire” and “noble rage” were at that time restrained by no limitations of rustic isolation. Under the ordinary conditions of society, such barriers may be all but invincible. But it seems to be of the very nature of social or political, as well as physical revolutions, to invert relative positions in a degree which is really remarkable. The forces which disturb the underlying materials of the earth’s crust, avail to raise them to the height of the loftiest mountains;—leaving the nearest strata far below them; and it is a singular and analogous fact, in human history, that during the two most important civil perturbations that have occurred in modern history—those of England and France—the most renowned leaders and chief agitators were fetched from remote or secluded provinces, or from a comparatively obscure station in society. Fox was among the humblest in origin and obscurest in position of those who, during the unquiet middle period of the 17th century, stepped out of the retirement of country occupations, to become famous even among his great compeers; for if we may judge of his intellectual and moral stature by the long and well defined shadow which he has cast over subsequent generations, and which reaches our own times,—or from those parts of his life-work which promise to be permanent,—he was inferior to none of them.

A mile or two on the Leicestershire side of the Watling-street, half way between Atherstone and Nuneaton, stands the little village of Drayton in the Clay, or Fenny Drayton. There, in the month of July, 1624,—the year before Charles began his ill-fated reign—GEORGE Fox was born. “My father’s name,” writes he in his journal, “was Christopher Fox; he was by profession a weaver, an honest man, and there was a seed of God in him. The neighbours called him ‘Righteous Christer.’ My mother was an upright woman; her maiden name was Mary Lago, of the family of the Lagos, and of the stock of the martyrs.” From the very first he seems to have had a deep sense of holiness and truth. “The Lord taught me,” he says, “to be faithful in all things, and

to act faithfully two ways, viz.: in-wardly, to God, and outwardly, to man; and to keep to yea and nay in all things." Such a child, it is evident enough, must have been a born Non-conformist—in the wider acceptation of the term; and of course he soon began to suffer the penalties of Nonconformity. "Boys and rude people would laugh at him;" but notwithstanding these early rebuffs, he found that he was living in God's world, a world, where in the long run all God's laws are honoured, even to a tittle, in the persons of those who live them and teach them. During his apprenticeship to a shoemaker and grazier in the neighbourhood, this report was current about him—that "If George says 'verily,' there is no altering him." And it belongs to a due estimate of his character to remark that the "verily" of that same George and his disciples has been a most potent and obstinate "verily" ever since.

Straight-forwardness of *action*, soon brought independence in *principle*. He that will move in a straight line soon finds that all crooked lines, however amiable or kindly may be the travellers in them, must, sooner or later, cross *his*. It was not now and then,—in trading or feasting—at markets or merry-makings, but in almost every act and circumstance in life, that he thought himself obliged to utter a protest and deliver a "testimony." In order, therefore, to do successful battle with the evil that was continually around him, he felt that he was called to strengthen *himself* against temptation, and that he must encounter the enemy in solitude and in virtual exile. He must keep the long Night-Watch by his arms that has always made part of the initiation into the highest order of spiritual chivalry; for God said to him in a voice which he had been accustomed not to gainsay or neglect: "Thou must forsake all, both young and old, and keep out of all, and be a stranger to all." It would be inconsistent with the character of a man whose life is valuable to us as that of one whose thoughts and actions were spontaneous,—who lived from within, outwards, not vice versa; who exhibits to us a true and real organism, and not the mere "cast" or semblance of one;—to suppose that this wish for retirement was an affectation, or a copy from his predecessors. Not with such base acts is heaven scaled, or any part of earth

conquered. There was, indeed, nothing unnatural in such a desire at this crisis in his soul's history. A place for this spiritual *askesis*,—soon presented itself. On the 9th of July, 1643, some fortnight after the death of John Hampden, George Fox left his relations, and broke off from all the world. Setting out from Fenny Drayton, he travelled towards London till he reached Barnet, where in the chase "he often walked solitary, to wait upon the Lord." This chase is still a fine stretch of woodland, reminding us of the olden time, though the great Metropolis too often announces its proximity by profane intrusions. It was far more wild and solitary then, and he seemed to hear a voice speaking to him such as that whose accents have flowed into poetry in our own days:—

Whence camest thou, misplaced, mistimed?
Whence, O, thou orphan and defrauded?
Is thy land peeled, thy realm marauded?
Who thee divorced, deceived and left;
Thee of thy faith who hath bereft,
And torn the ensigns from thy brow,
And sunk the immortal eye so low?

Come, lay thee in my soothing shade,
And heal the hurts which sin has made.
I will teach the bright parable
Older than time,
Things undecipherable,
Visions sublime.
I see thee in the crowd alone;
I will be thy companion.
Let thy friends be as the dead in doom,
And build to them a final tomb:
Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
Thy churches and thy charities,
And leave thy peacock wit behind,
Enough for thee the primal mind
That flows in streams, that breathes in wind.
Leave all thy pedant lore apart,
God hid the whole world in thy heart.

This soothing promise of ease was, nevertheless, unfulfilled for the present. Seldom has England seen a more troublous time than this first year of George Fox's wanderings. Events in the political world were fast hastening to a crisis, and the advantage which the Parliamentary forces were soon about to gain, was not to be again rendered doubtful. But this man, occupied with an inward struggle, had no attention to give to public events, however critical; and, except when his relations urged him, for his soul's health, since he would not follow their first advice and marry, to join a volunteer band that were beating up for recruits for the Parliament in Leicestershire,—the tumult of the times seems hardly to have reached him at all. He was fighting a sterner battle, and questions concerning

a more important kingdom than that of England were being canvassed and contended about in his breast. He was asking, whether in this world of vanity and hollowness, God's truth should ever get a fair hearing; whether other men would ever join him in the upright Yea and Nay conversation which he had adopted; almost ready to doubt, indeed, if there were a God ruling in the earth, whether good or evil held actual supremacy in the universe; for, says he, "a strong temptation to despair came upon me,"—not so much, it would seem, occasioned by his own sins, as the sins of the men around him.

His spiritual conflict was but begun. Peace of mind was no more to be found by him in Barnet Chase than at Drayton; and it appears that among other causes of disquietude, he had some misgivings as to whether he had done right in breaking off from his friends and relatives. Yet he seems to have settled this in the affirmative, for we find that from Barnet he went to London, where he "took a lodging, and was under great misery and trouble there." Having great hitherto, no relief from within, he again sought comfort and satisfaction without. Filial affection led him homewards, and since solitude had not produced the alleviation it promised, he began to apply to others for advice. In this course he was even more unsuccessful, if possible, than in the other. None could "speak to his condition." He lived some time at Coventry, then noted as a resort of puritan divines, and for its parliamentary politics. In that city "many sought his acquaintance; but he feared to unite himself with any." Thence "he went to his own country again, and was there about a year, in great sorrows and troubles, and walked many nights by himself." One old minister at Mancetter (a hamlet known as the place of Glover, the martyr's residence) urged him to "take tobacco and sing psalms;" but "tobacco," says he, "I did not love, and psalms I was not in a state to sing." A clergyman ("priest" he calls him) at Tamworth, he found "like an empty, hollow cask," as far as doing him good was concerned. But the hardest rebuff he met with was in the city before mentioned, on his meeting with a noted man, Dr. Cradock. Walking in the garden of that divine, and earnestly conversing on the affairs of his soul,

George, careful rather to walk morally and spiritually in the straight path than to observe the path in which, bodily, he was walking, and the garden alleys being none of the widest, set his foot on the side of a bed, "at which the man was in a rage, as if his house had been on fire." "Thus," adds Fox, "all our discourse was lost." Another of these miserable comforters, one Macham, or Matcham, advised a ministering through the body to the health of the soul. Bleeding they attempted; but the man was so worn and "dried up with sorrows, grief, and trouble," that no blood would come. These occurrences are worth noticing, as they show that in the establishment of his principles, there was no mere obstinacy and self-willedness. Could he have got any to "speak to his condition," he would gladly have listened; but he thought it too great a stretch of politeness to *profess* himself cured, out of mere complaisance to his physicians. Many a weary mile did he travel, and many an unworthy reception did he meet—even at the risk, as at Mancetter, of having his griefs talked of in kitchens, and "made a jest," as he says, "among the milk-lasses"—that he might buy the truth. In the mean time, his search after light was no hindrance to the practical duties of godliness. Money he had for his own spare livelihood, and enough also to bestow on those who needed it. "When the time called Christmas came, while others were feasting and sporting themselves, he went from house to house, looking for poor widows" and supplying their wants. "And when he was invited to marriages (as sometimes he was) he would go to none at all; but the next day, or soon after, he went and visited the newly married; and if they were poor, he gave them some money." Yet his troubles continued, and he was often under great temptations; fasting and walking as before in solitary places many days: for, says he, "I was a man of sorrows in the times of the first workings of the Lord in me." But light was at hand.

About the beginning of the year 1646, his journal tells us—"As I was going to Coventry and approaching the gate, a consideration rose in my mind, how it was that all Christians are believers, both Protestants and Papists, and the Lord opened to me that if all were believers, then they were all born of God;"

that is, their oneness could not be in doctrine, but in something underlying doctrine—not a form of belief, but a new life. This “consideration” was the germ of Quakerism. About the same time one or two other things struck him, that had much to do with his subsequent teaching: things not extraordinary in themselves, and certainly as old and trite in his days as they are now; but remarkable to George Fox, and to all who *think* as well as talk about them. Such truisms, for instance, as the following:—“that to be bred at Oxford or Cambridge is not enough to fit and qualify a man to be a minister of Christ;” and that “God, who made the world, did not dwell in temples made with hands.” These doctrines and the like were read in houses and churches daily, but he found them wonderfully opposed, as he thought, to the common belief of people. We have here the *negative* side of Quakerism; its positive side was yet to be unfolded. Fox had to continue his pilgrimage of consultation, weary and disgusting though it was. Travelling about, he met with people of various religious persuasions, some of them of the strangest character. What religious belief was in men was sure to come out in his company. He performed the part of a spiritual magnet. All similar particles set towards him by a natural necessity, and such was the strength of the attraction, that it discovered the presence of the mysterious attribute where none else could. To such a man it was impossible to talk of politics, or trade, or weather. He had no other interest or business in the world save that highest one—to find out the essential truth for himself and for others; but was now nearly at the end of his expectations. “Then,” says he, “when all my hopes in them and in all men were gone, so that I had nothing outwardly to help me, nor could I tell what to do, then, O! then, I heard a voice which said—‘There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition,’ and when I heard it my heart did leap for joy.”

From that time we hear little more of doubts or spiritual sermons, and nothing more of taking advice in the highest matters with his fellow-men. There was light here—he thought for others as well as himself. If all men could be persuaded to do as he had done—to

throw themselves on God only for spiritual help—there would be the same peace and joy and holiness for all. So he believed—correctly or incorrectly; and so he began to teach. He had a doctrine which would bring all things into harmony with God; which would put an end to the bitterness of religious controversy, while it would kindle up the real religious spirit into a living flame. “I saw,” says his journal, “the mountains burning up, and the rubbish; the rough and crooked ways and places made smooth and plain, that the Lord might come into his tabernacle;” and, in the jubilee of his soul, he exclaims: “Now was I come up in spirit through the flaming sword into the paradise of God. All things were new; and all the creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter.” He had gained a satisfying truth for himself, and felt sure that this truth would reach the souls of all other men. Rightly or wrongly, therefore, he determined to preach it. His success was more than equal to his zeal; and the extraordinary rapidity with which his doctrine spread might well countenance “the slanderous report that George Fox carried bottles about with him, and made people drink thereof, which made them follow him,” and that “he rode upon a great black horse, and was seen in one country upon that horse, and in the same hour in another country three score miles off.” Remembering that the days of wizarding were very far from ended in the middle of the 17th century, and that the miracles of rumour have not ceased in the middle of the 19th, we shall not be astonished at the extraordinary parts of this statement, and shall be prepared to learn that George travelled on *foot*. In Lancashire, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Warwickshire, his speaking in “steeple-houses” on his journeys, and in private dwellings, gained him a large number of followers. There is a circumstance connected with the commencement of Fox’s preaching, which is inconsiderable in itself, but on which a distinguished thinker has thought proper to hang some considerable remarks. The annals of his society inform us that on setting out upon his mission, he made himself a suit of *leather*; not as was reported, that he might have a remembrance of his early trade as a shoemaker, but simply for its durabi-

lity and general serviceableness. On this, Mr. Carlyle in his "Sartor Resartus" observes: "Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern History is not the Diet of Worms, still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule by others: namely, George Fox's making to himself a Suit of Leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a shoemaker, was one of those to whom under ruder or purer omen the Divine Idea of the Universe is pleased to manifest itself; and across all the hulls of Ignorance and earthly Degradation, shine through, in unspeakable Awfulness, unspeakable Beauty, on their souls; who, therefore, are rightly accounted prophets, God-possessed, or even gods, as in some periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall, working on tanned hides, amid pincers, pastehorns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had, nevertheless, a living Spirit belonging to him; also an antique inspired volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards, and discern its celestial home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals and an honourable Mastership in Cordwainery, and, perhaps, the post of Thirdborough in his Hundred, as the crown of long, faithful serving, was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind: but even amid the boring and hammering came tones from that far country, came Splendours and Terrors; for this poor Cordwainer, as we said, was a Man; and the Temple of Immensity, wherein, as man, he had been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him." And of his preparing to set out on his mission, Carlyle says: "Let some living Angelo or Rosa, with seeing eye and understanding heart, picture George Fox, on that morning, when he spreads out his cutting-board for the last time, and cuts cow-hides by unwonted patterns, and stitches them together into one continuous all-including case, the farewell service of his awl! Stitch away, thou noble Fox: every prick of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of Slavery and World-Worship and the Mammon God. Thy elbows jerk, as in strong swimmer-strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the prison-ditch within which

Vanity holds her Workhouse and Rag-fair, into lands of true liberty: were the work done, there is in broad Europe one Free Man, and thou art he!"

The message which Fox felt himself called to deliver was substantially this:—that God must speak to every man *inwardly*; or the outward revelation, whether given in symbol or in word—in nature at all times, or to inspired men at particular times, will be a dead letter; that to understand the things of God, even in the slightest degree, with a mere heathen apprehension of them, there must be an enlightening by the spirit of God; that following this light will lead men, and has led them, be their circumstances, country, or degree of intellect what they may, into further light; while neglecting it must lead them, in the midst of any amount of external information or religious progress, into deeper and deeper darkness. This Fox believed and taught, wherever and whenever an occasion, as he deemed it, presented itself. To follow him through the long detail of successes, persecutions, mobbings, and imprisonments, would far exceed the limits of this sketch nor does the history of his progress present those salient points or generic differences which would justify a division into distinct periods. His followers were animated by the same spirit; although some of them seem to have regarded his person with far more honour than was consistent with the doctrine he sought to establish. It is but fair to say, however, that he did not court it, and that during his lifetime, at any rate, great freedom was allowed to the expression of convictions on the part of all.

The untimely assertion of his principles brought a more tangible scandal upon Fox's proceedings than anything else. His zeal against what he deemed the worship of the outward, led him to intrude unseasonably upon the worship of what he calls "steeple-houses." And in some cases, it would require a direct defence, on the ground of the supremacy of conscientious dictates and the sovereignty of truth to justify him—at Nottingham, for instance, when in the great church he uttered his "testimony" in the middle of the sermon, there was no fair reason to complain of the resulting imprisonment. But we can find no such excuse for the great majority of the inflictions of, legal

penalties or popular violence on Quaker teachers, on similar grounds of accusation. Usually Fox and his friends waited till the regular service was ended before they spoke to the congregation. If even then it is urged that the limits of prudence and propriety were overstepped in their attempting anything of the kind, they may claim the benefit of a disputed rule *in foro morum*, and may partly rest their defence on the special circumstances and conventionalities of the times. In affairs of the highest importance, there may be more honour done to the highest harmony, which is truth, than to that inferior harmony which pretends to be the "comme il faut." We are generally disposed to look with some indulgence on greater violations of social decency in the cause of essential truth, than George Fox's preaching was ever charged with. What sound Presbyterian would not rebuke tenderly the ire of that zealous old Scotswoman who some few years before, when the English Church Service (the symbol of restored Episcopacy) was read for the first time in St. Giles's church, Edinburgh—flinging the stool she sat on at the officiating dean, cried out in the excess of her indignation, "Villain! dost thou say the mass at my lug?" Besides, the position of ecclesiastical affairs at that period supplies a special excuse. It is a very delicate question to whom, in those days of the commonwealth, the parish churches really belonged. Presbyterian Baxter was preaching at Kidderminster, in a church which had been built and endowed by Roman Catholics, and since occupied by Episcopalians. If the government laid a claim to possession—it was itself divided on religious matters. Besides the religious services held in them were by no means so strictly regular as at present. We find them used, in those abnormal times, as places for religious discussion, in which the minister in the pulpit acted as a kind of chairman or moderator; and the congregation generally, took part in the proceedings. The forms of warrants and indictments show clearly enough that it was not the *manner* but the *matter* of Fox's teaching that were so direly offensive. Read the following warrant of commitment to Derby gaol:—

"To the Master of the House of Correction in Derby, greeting. We

have sent you herewithal the bodies of George Fox, late of Mansfield, in the county of Nottingham, and John Fretwell, late of Stanesly, in the county of Derby, husbandman, brought before us this present day, and charged with the avowed uttering and broaching of divers blasphemous opinions, contrary to the late Act of Parliament, which, upon their examination before us, they have confessed.

"Signed, GERVASE BENNET,
NATHANIEL BARTON."

"Oct. 30th, 1650."

The central doctrines we have seen already; and if to this we add the vehement zeal with which they were uttered, and the frequent warning to persecutors and gainsayers to "quake before the Lord," whence the name Quaker was derived, and which dates from the year just mentioned—we shall understand the reason of the frequent imprisonment of the early "Friends." With the belief in the "Inward Life" several inferential doctrines naturally associated themselves. The meaning of the term church is necessarily more limited in Fox's system than in any other. Each unit is a virtual church in himself. Wherever a God-fearing man was—a man living in obedience to the light within, there was a temple of God in which the incense of good thought and good work was continually ascending to heaven. All such a man's occupations were sacred—all that were in strict and diligent accordance with the inward teaching were equally sacred, of whatever kind. No ceremony or form of religious worship was judged *indispensable*—useful, as conducing to edification, but nothing more. Their baptism was to be purely and only of the spirit, and every meal was to be a sacrament. Church architecture, clerical habits, holidays, had no meaning for them. "The three spires of Lichfield struck at my life," Fox tells us. Only a large enjoyment of the spiritual life could entitle any man to teach others; and his commission was limited to such times as he was actually in the enjoyment of that superiority. Sex making no distinction in the possession of the inward life, or in its vigorous cultivation, was to form no distinction in the ministry of the word to others. With these views, social and political peculiarities were strictly connected. Pure truth and love must be the glory and defence of God's living

temples. Simulation, dissimulation of all sorts, on what pretence soever, must be put far from them. Hence, to quote the language of William Penn, in his preface to Fox's Journal, "they affirmed it to be sinful to give flattering titles, or to use vain gestures and compliments of respect; though to virtue and authority they ever made a difference, but after their plain and homely manner, yet sincere and substantial way. They also used the plain language of thou and thee to a single person, whatever was his degree among men." This "thou" and "thee" was, as Penn calls it, the plain language of those times, and had nothing of the quaintness with which it strikes the ear in modern days. It is the familiar speech of Germany, and may often enough be heard in some country districts of England, though more frequently in joke, irony, or anger, than in ordinary talk. Fox felt himself forbidden, also, "to put off his hat to any, high or low." The *political* aspect of the early Quakers was equally remarkable with their religious and social peculiarities. "Yea" and "Nay," was their conversation in private; and swear they would not in public. They forbore to revenge or forcibly prevent insult to them as individuals, and they could not be brought to fight in their capacity as citizens. "As truth-speaking succeeded swearing, so faith and truth succeeded fighting, in the doctrine and practice of this people." The first distinct protest on behalf of these Peace Principles, which constitute their most notorious political divergence from ordinary rules, at present, was made by their founder from the gaol at Derby. At the end of his appointed term of imprisonment, some of the soldiers there wished to have him as a commander. This he refused. Next, they wanted to press him as a common soldier, when the battle of Worcester was drawing on; but "he told them that he was brought off from outward wars." He deemed that it made no part of his, nor of any man's calling, to shoot the lives out of his fellow-creatures; but rather, if possible, to inspire them with a better life. And it was no cowardice that led him to draw back. He could bear the sight of cold steel better than most men; for not only was he often cruelly beaten and bruised by people with their hands, Bibles (a formidable weapon of assault and battery in those days), and sticks,

but on one occasion, at Twycross, a servant in some gentleman's house "came raving out upon him with a naked rapier in his hand." Fox, nothing dismayed, looked steadfastly on him and said: "Alack! for thee, poor creature! what wilt thou do with thy carnal weapon, it is no more to me than a straw." The determination to celebrate marriages after their own fashion and in accordance with their own principles, was perhaps their boldest assertion of social and political independence on conscientious grounds; but the result has proved that social order may sometimes be honoured as much in the breach as in the observance; for no body of men has contributed more to a general respect for law and propriety, than the Society of Friends. Resistance to tithes and other Church-dues, completes the summary of Quaker dissent; and whatever may be thought of the special application of their principle, in point of wisdom, it must be allowed, that scrupulous conscientiousness has, in their case, received its reward—that of universal respect.

In resuming the thread of the Founder's biography, space will not allow us even to recount all the events of an ever-active life, nor can we dwell on its principal occurrences; of his trance and meditations in the Vale of Bever, in 1648, when he lay fourteen days like a dead man, but after which his inward peace was more strongly confirmed than before—his fanaticisms and attested quasi-miraculous cure of diseases—his imprisonments at Carlisle, Leicester, Lancaster, and Worcester, besides those already mentioned—his interviews with Cromwell to ask his protection for persecuted Quakers, in the last of which he "saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him"—of his marriage with that right noble woman, Margaret, widow of Judge Fell, of Ulverston, whose firmness and high-mindedness may well have confirmed his Quaker doctrine of female ministrations—of his voyages and travels through Great Britain, and the Continents of Europe and America, we can only take this cursory notice. Nor may we dwell on the success of his mission, and the proclamation of his doctrine, not only in Christendom, but in an Eastern court, and that by a female member of the Society. The accession of such men as

Robert Barclay, the philosopher and theologian of Quakerism, in 1667, and William Penn, its court representative, statesman, and colonist, in 1668, put the continuance of its existence among sects beyond doubt, and far outweighed the scandal occasioned by the excesses of Nayler, and similar wild fanatics. Not many originators of religious bodies have left them in so flourishing and hopeful a condition. His teaching and admonitions to his followers, lasted almost up to the very day of his death, 13th of November, 1690. He had been at the meeting in Gracechurch Street, where, says Penn, he addressed the congregation both in discourse and prayer, and "the meeting being ended," retired to the house of a friend adjoining the meeting, when he observed to those about him that he thought he felt the cold strike to his heart, as he came out, but added, "yet I am glad I was here; now I am clear, I am fully clear." He then returned to bed, and lay peacefully and composed in mind, retaining his senses to the end. To his friends he observed, "All is well; the seed of God reigns over all, and over death itself, and though I am weak in body, yet the power of God is over all, and the seed

reigns over all disorderly spirits." And in this happy state of mind he departed in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

His last biographer, Mr. Josiah Marsh, thus describes his appearance and manner—"The person of George Fox was somewhat corpulent, and his height above the common standard. His countenance was smooth and placid, and his intelligent grey eyes were vivid and piercing. He was active in his habits, and unremitting in his labours, both bodily and mental: he was a small sleeper, an early riser, and carefully abstemious in his diet." His simplicity of appearance and humble deportment in youth, led superficial observers to undervalue the vigour of his character; but his words even then were forcible. "In conversation and manners he was grave, courteous, and free from affectation; and from his love and good-will to all mankind, he was benevolent and civil beyond the common forms." Few men have done so much by the almost unaided force of soul: that mysterious influence which establishes the true royalty of one man over his fellows. Such royalty is not established often in a millennium; but the traces of its achievements never disappear.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, D.C.L., F.R.A.S., seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, and son of the sixth Earl by the fourth daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough. Lord Shaftesbury has long been marked for history, on account of his philanthropy, piety, and patriotism, and his name needs nothing adventitious to give it lustre. But we cannot forget that his ancestry, also, is historic, and that the memory of the first who bore this title will be honoured throughout the British Empire, so long as constitutional liberties exist. May this be until the end of time!

The family name, Cooper, rose into notice in the twenty-third year of the reign of Henry VIII., when Richard Cooper, Esq., a country gentleman, in possession of large estates in the counties of Sussex and Southampton, purchased the manor of Paulet. His son, Sir John Cooper, was elected member of the House of Commons in the year

1586, for Whitechurch, Hants. Next in lineage comes John Cooper, Esq., of Rockbourn, Southampton, who was created Baronet on the 4th July, 1622.

Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, son of Sir John, born at Wimborne St. Giles, in Dorsetshire, July 22, 1621, inherited the estates both of his father and of his maternal grandfather, Sir Anthony Ashley. He was entered of Exeter College, Oxford, in 1636, and in 1638 became a student of law at Lincoln's Inn. He must have been a youth of great energy,—unless, indeed, family influence, then all powerful in such matters, and still too potent in winning votes, covered the deficiencies of immaturity—for when but a minor, being only nineteen years of age, he was returned for Tewkesbury, and in the month of April, 1640, took his seat among the grave men who made, or who aspired to make laws for the government of England. At this time

he was a royalist, and not only shared in the work of legislation, but represented the authority of Charles I. in the government of Weymouth, until the year 1643, when he was deprived of that command, and gave himself over to the service of the long Parliament, in which, however, he did not sit. His martial genius found scope in another field. Under a Parliamentary commission he raised an insurgent force in Dorsetshire, in 1644, and, at its head, took the town of Wareham, and laid all the surrounding country in subjection to new masters.

The rise of Oliver Cromwell elevated Sir Anthony, who next appeared in the first "Barebones" Parliament, as it was called, as one of the representatives of the county of Wiltshire. It was in the spring of 1653, that the young statesman resumed his parliamentary position, covered with laurels of civil conquest, and fraught with hopes of future honour for himself, if not also of a better constitution for his country. But it must not be imagined that he was a republican at heart. In common with the majority of the English people, he surrendered himself to the force of a reaction, violent indeed, but necessary; and if he became involved in the excesses of that reaction, and even if he succumbed to the pressure of a burden that in those days of all political confusion, crushed the higher principles of conscience and of honour in so many minds, he was at least an instrument in the hands of Him who pulleth down and raiseth up, for leavening the laws of England with better principles, and laying the foundations of that moral grandeur which distinguishes our Constitution from all others in the world. Scarcely was he seated in Cromwell's Parliament, when he was appointed one of the Protector's Council of State, and there he did good service by opposing some designs of Cromwell which were incompatible with the public weal, and chiefly by resisting the prosecution of a plan which Oliver alone would not have resisted; the changing the title of Protector into that of King. During the Parliaments of 1654 and 1656, under Oliver, and that of 1659, under his successor, Richard Cromwell, Sir Anthony pursued his course in the debates, the struggles, and the intrigues of that period, contributing his full share of those ingredients which quickened the

turmoil of society, but also hastened the defecation of the social mass, after a succession of war and revolution.

When Richard Cromwell was deposed, Sir Anthony withdrew, for a moment, from the scene. His former associates in the "Commonwealth" eyed him with a suspicion which certainly was not groundless, and his position became perilous; but General Monk applied his firm hand to the trembling balance, making it preponderate on the side of royalty. In the "Convention Parliament" which met April 20, 1660, Sir Anthony was one of the Select Committee appointed to draw up the invitation to the King, and one of the Commissioners sent over to Breda to negotiate for the Restoration. Indeed it is said that General Monk acted under his direction.

Charles II., on his landing in England, hastened to recompense his services, making him, in rapid succession, Lord Lieutenant of the County of the Dorset, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Privy Councillor. The following year he was raised to the peerage as Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles. And on the trial of the "regicides" in October, 1670, he sat as one of the Commissioners of oyer and terminer. Here the question very naturally rises, how this statesman could have satisfied his conscience in such contradictory positions. How could he have reviewed his conduct as member of Cromwell's Council of State when Charles I. was brought to the scaffold, with his conduct as a judge of those very persons who devised the measures and executed the pleasure of that council? Was not he himself a regicide at the moment he figured as a patriot republican, and was not he a hypocrite, and even worse, when he sat in judgment over former associates, accomplices, and agents? It is easy to put this question, nothing is more easy, nothing more natural than to confess the perplexity into which the conflicting history of the Protectorate and the Restoration throws every reader; and perhaps nothing is more difficult than to solve the question with anything like satisfaction to a dispassionate inquirer. "Men's minds might innocently change. New circumstances might create new obligations. Apparent vacillation and inconsistency might be no less than a virtuous repentance." But beyond these

common-places, evidence might be alleged to show that Lord Chancellor Ashley, like Secretary Thurloe, disapproved of the execution of King Charles I., and stood aside in a posture of disapprobation while it was taking place. Such a posture was not that of Ashley and Thurloe alone, but of many others who seemed, to the public eye, to be identified with the most prominent agents of that mysterious Providence, whether punitive or permissive which fell in vengeance on the head of a sovereign, who not only trifled with liberties imperfectly ascertained, and with a constitution incompletely settled, but with the first principles of truth, morality and religion—himself at once the instrument and the victim of Romish ambition, to domineer over this country.

Passing from this passage of history, we shall soon find the most eminent ancestors of the present Lord Shaftesbury assuming the happier position of a *bene meritis*, by acclamation of an entire people. After his appointment as Chancellor, Lord Ashley is said to have had almost the entire management of the treasury in his own hands, but although he had earned the gratitude of his sovereign, and commanded his respect, on account of the peculiar talent which gave him influence even over the members of opposite parties, he acted with the opposition section of the cabinet itself, and not unreasonably, for he saw that Charles II. aimed steadily to make the monarchy of England absolute, and to overthrow the Protestant religion. Unable to depend on his cabinet for this purpose, or to form any cabinet on whom a king could depend for the attainment of such an object, he formed a *camarilla*, or, shall we say, a select committee, intrusted with the management of the design, and assisted by remittances of gold, and flattering presents from the King of France, whose object was to destroy constitutional government, together with religious and civil liberty in England. This *camarilla* was called *cabal*, from a combination of the initial letters of the names of its members, which were

1. Cliford, Sir Thomas. An undisguised Papist.
2. Arlington, Henry, Earl of. A disguised Papist.

3. Buckingham, George Villiers, Duke of. An Atheist.
4. Ashley, Sir Anthony A. Cooper. The most clever of them all.
5. Lauderdale, Earl of. An unprincipled Courtier.

Wretched company, indeed! And to imagine that Lord Ashley could innocently sit with these men, pretend to work with them, gain their confidence, please their master, and yet frustrate the consummation of their treason, is insuperably difficult. Only one thing can be told to his honour, in relation to this cabal, and it is that he managed not to be corrupted by French gold, for he did not receive any. Yet,—most marvellous to tell!—he pleased King Charles so perfectly that he was created Earl of Shaftesbury, in April, 1672. Such was the origin of this title, now made so honourable. In the November following, on the resignation of Sir Orlando Bridgman, he was raised to the office of Lord Chancellor, and appeared in Parliament, of course, as representing the royal pleasure. And so he did, for a time. It was the royal pleasure to make war with Holland, in order to weaken the Protestant interest, and check the advances of liberty, both civil and religious. At first, Shaftesbury strongly advocated that war, and even made a furious speech in Parliament, applying to Holland the old sentence—on behalf of Rome, too—*Carthago delenda est*, “Carthago must be blotted out.” But, seeing that it was impossible to force the country into such a war, and that even a parliamentary majority, which then was of but little value, availed not to enforce taxation for its maintenance, he suddenly turned round, explained away his former belligerent sayings, applying that odious sentence to a *party*, merely, of Dutchmen, and threw himself, suddenly, into the cause of patriotism and freedom. We say not *how* he could so easily have changed, saying and unsaying, but merely note the fact. He did not receive universal credit for honesty in his change, like Sir Robert Peel, in our own day, and on a less vital question; but his adversaries poured on him floods of derision. He chose to live in the City of London, which was thought irregular for a nobleman, and at court they gave him the *sobriquet* of Alderman Shiftsbury. But this was the least. An avalanche of revenge descended on him from the

throne, and His Majesty deprived him of the seals of office in November, 1673. From that moment the Test Act lost his advocacy, and measures of despotism no more received his support.

At length he was committed to the Tower, on charge of treasonable conspiracy against the king, but this accusation could not be sustained. Burnet, who was no great friend of his, describes the issue of that affair as follows:—"A bill of indictment was presented to the grand jury against Lord Shaftesbury. The jury was composed of many of the chief citizens of London. The witnesses were examined in open court, contrary to the usual custom; the witnesses swore many incredible things against him, mixed with other things that looked very like his extravagant way of talking. The draught of the association was also brought as a proof of his treason, although it was not laid to the indictment, and was proved only by one witness. The jury returned *ignoramus* upon the bill. Upon this the court did declaim with open mouth against these juries; in which, they said, the spirit of the party did appear, &c." No doubt they thought so, but Shaftesbury had popular sympathy on his side, there were great rejoicings on occasion of his release, and a medal was struck in commemoration of the event. This gave occasion to Dryden's poem of "The Medal."

Yet he was not utterly disgraced, not yet irrecoverably fallen, nor did the king feel able to venture on overwhelming a man at one stroke whom a revolution might avenge. He was, therefore, made use of in an attempt to serve the king's purpose of subverting the constitution, by a very remarkable arrangement. Charles formed a committee, or cabal, of his friends, in order to deliberate on measures to be taken for the attainment of this end, and placed Shaftesbury over them as president. He took the place, maintained the semblance of impartiality proper for a chairman, and at the same time quietly pursued his purpose of promoting personal liberty, and moderating the power of the crown. Remembering his own imprisonment, he framed a bill "for the better securing the liberty of the subject." With considerable difficulty it passed the Lords, and, even then, no effort was spared to deprive it of its force. "Lord Shaftesbury's Act," how-

ever, survived the utmost opposition that could be made to it in the reign of the last sovereign whose power, constitutional restraints, like these we now enjoy, did not moderate. England received her second Magna Charta, in the *Habeas Corpus*, which now secures the meanest subject from the aggression of arbitrary power, and makes his house his castle.

This great measure, the bulwark of weakness against power, was not the last memorable act of the first Earl of Shaftesbury. Attended by several Peers, and gentlemen of high distinction, his Lordship went publicly to Westminster Hall, and at the King's Bench bar, by a bill in form, presented the Duke of York as a Popish recusant. Such an act was a demonstration of courage and of patriotism that, although the bill was ignored, commands the veneration of posterity. Shaftesbury was again persecuted, of course. He fled for his life, embarked at Harwich in disguise, Nov. 18, 1682, and proceeded to Holland for refuge. There he was welcomed, gently reminded by an honest Dutchman of his earlier act, by a playful allusion, *jam Carthago non est deleta*—"Carthage is not yet blotted out." There he died, leaving to England the bequest, and to his descendants the honour, of the *Habeas Corpus*. And but a few years afterwards, the King himself had to flee. William, Prince of Orange, came over to occupy the throne of these realms, and "the glorious revolution of 1688" rose as a barrier between the despotism that had gone before, and the liberties that followed.

The house of Shaftesbury had not yet a representative worthy of his memory. The *third* Earl, remarkable for wit and scepticism, was called by Voltaire "the boldest English Philosopher," and may now be mentioned merely as a foil to enhance the bright reputation of the *seventh*, who adorns his lineage, and of whose public acts we shall proceed to speak.

We necessarily confine ourselves to his *public acts*. His biography can only be fitly written by the pen of some one who has known him with domestic intimacy; has had access to private documents, and who, released from that restraint of delicacy which would attend the consideration that he was speaking of a living man, can review, as a survi-

vor, the entire career that the subject of his biography has run. Every one who knows his lordship near at hand, and every one who is familiar with his name as that of an untiring philanthropist and patriot, must wish that the day when such a review can be taken, may be very far distant. Our own task, then, is of comparatively easy execution, and it shall be discharged with all convenient brevity.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, was born April 28, 1801,—launched into existence just at the opening of this nineteenth century. War abroad, and frequent discontent at home, with a very low standard of morality in high places, lax administration of government, much popular depravity, abuses everywhere, fraud in charities, and corruption in constituencies, and social evils that would astound the young men of this generation if they could fall back upon that day and witness them, made the birth-day of Lord Shaftesbury as unlike the day when these lines will go to press, as it was different from an April day in 1601. No Bible Society—no Tract Society—scarcely any Missionary Society—no earnest education of the poor, little machinery, beyond a few implements but slightly improved on those which the grandsire of the then-living operative had handled. Scarcely a pre-*se* of our great inventions. A traditional dread of power, and as but little popular apprehension of a manly, generous and loyal independence. The liberal and the factious were confounded, and really good men who came under the former category were often thrown most injuriously into the latter. Just then, in the dim dawning of this century of advancement unprecedented, this child was born. In due time he went to Oxford, became a first class man in 1823, and subsequently rose to the honours of a Doctor in Civil Law.

When but twenty five years of age, the Honourable Anthony Ashley Cooper took a seat in the House of Commons, as representative of Woodstock. His politics were rather Tory than otherwise, as we shall presently show, yet without any acerbity in their expression; and whatever might have been his theory of the British Constitution, his notions of aristocracy were not such as to detach him from the real interests of the people, but were kept in accordance with the best traditions of his family. An

incident which occurred early in his Parliamentary life may be quoted in confirmation of this estimate of his character. It was on 20th May, 1828, when the "Pensions' Act Amendment Bill" was before the House of Commons, that a keen debate arose concerning a provision for the family of Mr. Canning, recently deceased. Various reasons, personal, political, and economical, arrayed themselves in strong opposition to the extension of bounty, as proposed, to the family of the departed statesman. Lord Ashley—this was his title by courtesy—pleaded for the grant. He told the House that, to his mind, it did not appear that by their favourable vote they would commit themselves to approve any part of Mr. Canning's political life. "It was merely intended as a remuneration to his family for the injury done to his and to their private fortune during a long course of public service. He had opposed Mr. Canning during the last years of his life, and he should probably be in opposition to him were he now alive; but he had never allowed private feelings to enter into his opposition. *He opposed Mr. Canning as a politician, not as a father or a husband*, and he would as soon refuse to give him credit for his private virtues, as he would oppose this vote on account of any errors committed by him in his political life." This noble statement was received with great applause; it well became a young man in whom generosity might gracefully preponderate over the bias of his party, and it was an earnest of the benevolence which afterwards became his distinguishing characteristic.

Some months before the occurrence of this incident Lord Ashley had associated himself with the promoters of an important social amelioration.

The notion that all government, or discipline, or teaching, or even the healing of the body, or restoration of the mind, must be effected by authority, and that authority must be enforced by coercion, still was paramount, and was not exemplified more hatefully by any than by those who undertook the charge of lunatics. The case of these sufferers had awakened some attention, and the Legislature had enacted a remedy for some part of their misery at least; but the provisions of the law, never fairly carried into execution, had lain dormant for about thirty years. Those

provisions had been so generally evaded, that the few who pitied the dereliction of the lunatic, were discouraged from interfering in his behalf. Yet the law in itself was insufficient, for even if carried out to its utmost extent, it could not save persons from being conveyed, as insane, to the so-called lunatic "asylums." A rich man, if he happened to be eccentric or even sick, might be thus imprisoned, at the instance of some one acting under the impulse of interest or malice, through the facility allowed in granting certificates of insanity to the keepers of those establishments. A physician, a surgeon, even an apothecary, a mere "seller of drugs," might sign a man away, in perfect soundness of mind, as if he were a maniac. An ignorant practitioner, seeing his patient suffering from the effects of fever, or from his own treatment of him, drugged into delirium, or worn down by drastics into melancholy, and thinking him bereft of reason, might get him sent away to a mad-house.

And the mismanagement and barbarity of the keepers and their servants were often dreadful to be told. No curative process of mental malady was attempted, nor any care taken for the preservation of health in patients not otherwise diseased. One medical man, little worthy of the name, pretended to take charge of many hundred lunatics, who were lodged in different houses, those houses being separated by considerable distance, so that the poor victims of neglect and cupidity, often perished unseen by the one reputed physician of those establishments. There was the "White House, Bethnal-Green," a living cemetery. There was Old St. Luke's. And there were other places. One Mr. Warburton was a sort of king over the mad, whom he had herded together in those divers asylums that constituted his domain. The cost of keepers was economised by the expedient of chaining down the more furious on cribs or boxes, six feet long, and covered with straw. There the poor maniacs were fastened down by iron on their arms and legs. Thus they lay all night—and the night was very long—without assistance, even to meet the calls of nature. Fifteen or sixteen of them might be seen, but for the monastic privacy of the place, chained down after that sort, within a single room, and wallowing in filth. Warburton pretended to be a

strict Sabbath-keeper, in his way. The lunatics were punctually chained down every Saturday evening; and, not to disturb the dismal silence of the establishment on that sacred day, when the religion of the Bible teaches that even the beast should be delivered from its yoke, they were fixed firmly to their cribs until the Monday morning. Their groans were instead of Sunday prayers. Then, chafed and filthy, covered with sores and ordure, and stripped to utter nudity, they were driven into the courtyard of that horrible Bastille, and the whole drove of them plunged into cold water—cold as it might be, sometimes with ice floating in the pans. When they sank, more or less rapidly, under the accumulation of horrors, from rags, from chains, and starvation, and filth, and brute force, inflicted without measure, they were transferred to the infirmary, a blacker dungeon, a more foul pit, where they might die outright. There the physician seldom deigned to come. Warburton himself shrank from the door, when the stench happened to be too violent even for *his* hardened nostrils. In short, the "asylums," as they called them, were of all prisons the worst. For nine years, as was reported in Parliament, some of the lunatics, if lunatics they were, or not, when first brought thither, had been chained like felons to the wall. These, and other such barbarities had transpired to the public ear. Indignation was aroused, a Parliamentary Committee had examined witnesses, and interrogated the guilty themselves, and found them no less devoid of truth than of humanity. Mr. Robertson Gordon introduced a Bill for the appointment of a Commission of Lunacy. Lord Ashley was one of his supporters, and has been identified with the advance of legislation on the subject, as well as with the administration of the laws that have been successively enacted, up to the present time.

There could be no second opinion as to the merit of these measures. Humanity and religion more than justified them. But the next legislative proceeding in which his lordship took part, was of a very different description. In February, 1829, the great question of removing, or not removing, certain disabilities that had been imposed for centuries on Romanists, was fairly opened. The king's speech to that Parliament announced his Majesty's sorrow that in

Ireland an association should exist (the "Catholic Association"), which was dangerous to the public peace, kept alive discord and ill will, and threatened to obstruct effectually every effort to improve the condition of that part of the United Kingdom. His Majesty, whose communications with the Pope and court of Rome, although rather indirect, had been of the most friendly kind, not only recommended that confederacy to be made the subject of consideration in Parliament, but also recommended that the whole state of Ireland should be examined with a view to remove all occasions of discontent, the aforesaid disabilities being complained of as the chief. Mr. Secretary Peel proposed their removal. Lord Ashley was not very prominent in the debates which followed, long and stormy as they were. Perhaps he did not choose to be foremost on the arena of disputation, and was satisfied with declaring his joy "in the prospect of the great question being definitively settled." He took the side of "emancipation," to borrow a current phrase, and voted with the majority. He voted conscientiously, no doubt. England had not been educated into an understanding of the political aspects of that question, and even the religious grounds were but partially apprehended by some of our best men. His lordship has latterly changed his views, and many thousands have heard him acknowledge, that with his present experience he would vote differently, if the Act of 1829 had to be made over again.

Lord Ashley now became intimately connected with the government of India. He was appointed member of the Board of Control of the East India Company, and of his conduct there and in the Legislature it may be said, in general, that he manifested a sincere and unwavering purpose to improve the social condition of that vast portion of the British Empire, and took special interest in the promotion of education among the natives. But he desired, that, in the administration of justice, and the exercise of authority, the assimilation to British institutions should be gradual, measures of reform cautious and rather tentative, and he advised that before the reins of authority were relaxed, natives should be trained up, by the best possible methods of instruction, so as to understand our laws and the religion on which they rest and are as-

sured, and be then admitted, stage by stage, to the enjoyment of civil privileges. He would prepare them to receive rights that should be created, so to speak, for their ulterior benefit.

Notwithstanding his love of progress, and, which was still more surprising, his advocacy of the momentous change of 1829, in regard to Romanists, Lord Ashley classed with Tories. He did not vote for Parliamentary Reform, but gave his voice against it, as that idea was embodied in the "Reform Bill," and his course, at that time, was not the smoothest. In 1831, after a very severe contest, but, as he declared, "on the honour of a gentleman," without condescending to employ the least corruption, he was elected member for Dorchester. The agriculturalists were with him, and many freeholders walked twenty miles to the hustings, to give him their votes, and twenty miles back again without the slightest hope of remuneration. But three or four months after he had taken his seat, a petition was got up against him by the opposite party, and although, as he stated, he could have proved, in Committee, that no corruption of any kind had been employed in that election, he preferred to resign his seat, in the manner prescribed by law, rather than incur the "enormous expense" of maintaining his right to represent the borough. But, forthwith, he was honourably elected by the county of Dorset, and, with scarcely any interruption, again made his appearance on the floor of the House of Commons. Nor had he been there long, when we find him advocating measures for the improvement of public morals, especially advocating the provision of whatever would draw the artisan away from haunts of impurity, and tend, by elevating his tastes and habits, to make him a worthy member of society.

And now we approach one of the most brilliant passages in his life.

In March, 1832, Mr. Sadler introduced his famous Factories' Regulations Bill. That effort of philanthropy was an event of primary importance in the history of our country, and now the remembrance of it is deeply written in the memory of most persons of mature age, not only in manufacturing towns, but wherever humanity was then stirred by a recital of wrongs and of sufferings that had grown to be a gigantic scandal upon England. In order to appreciate

the position soon to be taken by Lord Ashley, we must recal the case, and cannot do so more effectually than by quoting a few of the passages of Mr. Sadler's speech in moving the second reading of his bill, as we find it recorded in "Hansard's Debates." Amidst the profound attention of the House, Mr. Sadler addressed the speaker thus:—

"Sir, the Bill which I now proceed to implore the House to sanction by its authority, has for its purpose to liberate children and other young persons employed in the mills and factories of the kingdom, from that over-exertion and confinement which common sense, as well as long experience, has shown to be utterly inconsistent with the improvement of their minds, the preservation of their morals, or the protection of their health: in a word, to rescue them from a state of suffering and degradation which, it is conceived, the children of the industrious classes in hardly any other country endure, or ever have experienced, and which cannot be much longer tolerated."

Then the honourable member proceeded to show how this thralldom of the children of the poor was the consequence of poverty on the one hand, and of official inhumanity on the other.

"The overseer, as is in evidence, refuses relief if they have children capable of working in the factories whom they refuse to send there. They choose, therefore, what they deem, perhaps, the lesser evil, and reluctantly resign their offspring to the captivity and pollution of the mill: they rouse them in the winter morning, which, as the poor father says before the Lords' Committee, they 'feel very sorry to do'—they receive them fatigued and exhausted, many a weary hour after the day has closed—they see them droop and sicken, and, in many cases, become cripples, and die, before they reach their prime: and they do all this, because they must otherwise suffer unrelieved, and starve, like Ugolino, amidst their starving children. It is mockery to contend that these parents have a choice; that they can dictate to, or even parley with, their employer, as to the number of hours their child shall be tasked, or the treatment it shall be subject to in his mill; and it is an insult to the parental breast to say that they resign it voluntarily—no, sir,

Their poverty and not their will consents.

Consents, indeed! but often with tears, as Dr. Ashton, a physician familiar with the whole system, informed the Committee; a noble member of which, indeed, observed to one of the poor parents then examined, who was speaking of the successive fate of several of his children which he had been obliged to send to the factory—"you can hardly speak of them without crying?" The answer was 'No!' and few, I should suppose, refrained from sympathizing with him."

But there was another, and a too numerous class of parents, brutish, and yet more brutalized by the system under which they lived. "Dead to the instincts of nature, and reversing the order of society, instead of providing for their own offspring, they make their offspring provide for them: provide, not for their necessities alone, but for their intemperance and profligacy. They purchase idleness by the sweat of their infants, and spend the price of their happiness, health, and life, in the haunts of profligacy and corruption. Thus, at the very same hour of the night that the father is at his guilty orgies, the child is panting in the factory. Such count upon their children as upon their cattle,—nay, to so disgusting a state of degradation does the system lead, that they make the certainty of having an offspring the indispensable condition of marriage, that they may breed a generation of slaves. These, then, are some of the *free agents*, without the *στοργή* (the merely instinctive compassion) of the beast, or the feelings of the man, to whom the advocates of the mill-system assure us we ought to intrust the labour of little children. One of these *free agents*, a witness against the late Sir Robert Peel's Bill, confessed, before the Committee, that he had pushed his own child down and broken her arm, because she did not do as he thought proper, while in the mill. The Lords refused to hear the wretch another word."

The patriotic dealers in infant flesh remonstrated against the attempted innovation on their rights of property. They contended that they were free agents, that the parents, as free agents, cheerfully acquiesced, and the poor children, also free agents, worked away merrily by night and day; Mr. Sadler scouted all this.

"There are other descriptions of chil-

dren, also," said he, "whom I should be glad to know how the objectors to whom I am alluding make out to be *free agents*. I mean poor orphan children—a class which the system is a very efficient instrument in multiplying; very few adult spinners, as it is often alleged, and as I shall prove, surviving the age of forty; in many instances, therefore, leaving their children fatherless at a very early period of life. . . . Are these orphans *free agents*? Again, there are in all manufacturing towns a great number of illegitimate children, and these, also, are greatly increased by the system in question. . . . To this list of free agents I might also add the little children who are still apprenticed out in considerable numbers, often, I fear, by the too ready sanction of the magistrates, whose hard treatment has been the subject of many recent communications which I have received from individuals of the highest credit and respectability."

Pursuing a vein of steady, heart-stirring invective, accumulating facts to substantiate his accusation of the system of protracted labour, and the employment of children in that labour, Mr. Sadler rode triumphantly over the barricades of mammon, and carried the majority with him in such appeals as the following:—

"Sir, our ancestors could not have believed it possible—posterity will not believe it true—it will be placed among the historic doubts of some future antiquary—that a generation of Englishmen could exist, and had existed, that would task lisping infancy of a few summers old, regardless alike of its smiles or tears, and unmoved by its unresisting weakness, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, sixteen hours a-day, and through the weary night also, till, in the dewy morn of its existence, the bud of youth faded, and fell, ere it was unfolded. Oh cursed lust of gold! Oh the guilt England was contracting in the kindling eye of heaven, when nothing but exultations were heard about the perfection of her machinery, and the rapid increase of her wealth and prosperity!"

But that lust of gold is never to be satiated, and the power of one man over masses of his fellow-creatures, if it once degenerates into tyranny, if it once grows heartless, struggles with cunning and ferocious ingenuity against

the higher power that would release his prey.

"Whether it was proposed to limit the labour of infants and young persons, besides the time necessary for their meals and refreshments, to ten, eleven, or even twelve hours a-day, it was all one, the proposal was scouted and resisted. The motives and conduct of those engaged in attempting to obtain this protection were malign. The universal humanity of all those engaged in every pursuit, whose power over those children was unrestrained, was boldly asserted; the superior health, happiness, and even longevity of those employments were always maintained. Whatever was the nature or duration of the employment which these young persons whether daily or nightly pursued, it was contended that no injury, but abundance of good was done to them. On every occasion this opposition has so far triumphed, as to defeat the original intentions of those who have proposed these measures. It has succeeded in lengthening the time of infantine labour—in limiting every act to one particular branch of business—in introducing provisions which have rendered them liable to constant evasions—and it is well known that the whole of them are evaded, and rendered little better than a dead letter. The very same opposition that has so long and so often triumphed over justice and humanity, is again organized, and actively at work."

But soldiers, criminals, felons, convicts, slaves, the lowest castes of humanity, nay, even the brutes find pity, and their life, their health, yes, their comfort is cared for by their owners. And Mr. Sadler recounts instances in illustration; and then he proceeds to say, with reference to legislative interference in favour of the negroes:

"Passing over many other beneficent regulations, I can hardly restrain my indignation within due bounds while I lastly appeal to the regulations regarding these slaves, and advert to those proposed in favour of British children, which are, nevertheless, vehemently opposed. I compare not the English child with the African child, but I ask this House and His Majesty's government, whether it would not be right and becoming to consider the English child as favourably as the African adult. You have limited the labour of the

black to nine hours, but when I propose that the labour of the *young white slave* shall not exceed ten, why this proposition is deemed monstrous."

Mr. Sadler then produced a large mass of information, to show the manifold injury inflicted on the factory children and young persons by excessive labour, and by the recklessness of their employers. Deformity of body, disease and premature death, especially of females. The mangling of limbs and the dismembering of bodies consequent on setting children to work near unguarded machinery. Pestilent immorality and brutalizing ignorance. Such were the consequences of congregating large masses of operatives, beginning with children of tender age, and allowing those masses to be dependent, not only on the caprice or the cupidity of employers grown callous by familiarity with sights and sounds of degradation, but also on the tyranny of established customs. All employers were not thus hardened. Very many would gladly have mitigated the severity of the system which engendered mischief of its own; but the pressure of competition, as well as the natural desire to accelerate the manufacture for the sake of meeting orders within the briefest possible time, urged them onward, and the limbs and life of the poor operative were inevitably racked out, as if in obedience to some dire and relentless fate.

The manufacturers looked on this measure with suspicion, but the operatives hailed it as the promise of deliverance. Between these parties there was too little sympathy, and the effort of humanity herself seemed to aggravate the wretchedness of those whom she desired to relieve. Evidence, often distorted, seemed to be conflicting. Working men, and women too, were induced to declare that they and their children had nothing to complain of, and, at the bidding of interested persons, a few of them even signed petitions against the Bill. Yet this method of artificial opposition could not, in the nature of things, be carried very far. In the large town of Manchester, for example, only four hundred and twenty working men could be induced to sign a declaration that, their children suffered no hardships under the system then existing; and in their particular case the statement might have been true. The Bill was thrown off into a select committee, and

by the month of August, smothered outright.

Lord Ashley was no cold spectator of this parliamentary struggle. At the opening of the next session of Parliament, he hastened to obtain leave for bringing in a similar bill. Another member, indeed, wished to originate a measure that might have quieted the agitation of the factory labourers, but parried at the same time a blow apprehended by the other party. But his Lordship, with characteristic promptitude and tact, anticipated the movement of the less zealous advocate, and on the first moment possible, gave notice that he should ask leave to bring in a bill "to regulate the labour of children in factories." Having thus obtained priority, he made the most of his position.

The masses of work-people, in the factory towns and districts of England and Scotland, heard with delight that an advocate could still be found to undertake their cause. Everywhere, and on every lip, resounded blessings on the name of Lord Ashley, and meetings were held to enlighten the public mind on a subject that could not now be hushed. A week after the first Parliamentary announcement, petitions were pouring in from all quarters, in favour of the new Bill, and his Lordship, in presenting them, did not lose his opportunity for calling on the House of Commons to entertain their prayer. On the 14th March, 1833, the battle was renewed, and the adverse party, denying some of the allegations, pretending ignorance of others, and meeting the most forcible with professions of incredulity, asked for commissioners to go into the country and collect evidence. The sense of the House was, at first, against the proposal, as evidently made for the sake of gaining time, and it was consequently withdrawn. But after a fortnight's labour, a scheme of counter-tactics was organized, and several petitions, got up by the hostile mill owners, were laid on the table, asking for a commission to take evidence.

Lord Ashley assured the House that no evidence could possibly be found to palliate the misery which had been unveiled, but insisted that the appointment of a commission would be regarded with suspicion by the myriads of complainants, whose patience was exhausted with long delays and repeated disap-

pointments. There was great agitation in the country, and he assured them that it would be their wisdom to hasten to the provision of a remedy.

Another week brought in more petitions from the manufacturers, and the number of these requests, with the apparent reasonableness of pursuing to the fullest extent an investigation of grievances, in the places where they were said to exist, made a considerable impression on the house. Again, he opposed the motion. During forty years, he observed, the subject had been before Parliament, and had engaged the attention of the country. So early as the year 1796 the cries of the suffering factory children had been heard in that house, and a succession of fruitless efforts had been made to satisfy the clamours of humanity. Those efforts he recounted in detail, and followed up the recapitulation by presenting a multitude of recent facts, and adducing the written testimony of a large number of medical practitioners, and of humane and honest manufacturers, who longed for the shield of legislative sanction to be thrown over them, while they should lighten the burden that now weighed so grievously on the thousands of parents and children in their employ. He contended that the enumeration of particulars could add nothing to the weight of incontrovertible testimony known to all the world, as to the evil of the whole system. "It is time," said he, "that it should be checked, and I will push this bill as long as I breathe." It was agreed, however, to appoint a commission.

Commissioners were appointed, and they went down into the country to collect evidence. But the Government did its work reluctantly. Their instructions to the Commissioners were held back from Parliament as long as possible, and, after all, it was found that those Commissioners conducted their examination of witnesses with all possible privacy, that short-hand writers were not admitted to take down the evidence, and that the Commissioners kept secret disclosures that were made before them.

Lord Althorp, on part of the Government, pleaded, in extenuation of this artifice, the excited state of the country, which he conceived sufficient to justify the secrecy of those proceedings. Several members joined in decrying the conduct of the Commissioners, or of the

Government under whom the Commissioners were acting; and Lord Ashley demanded publicity in behalf of the operatives. Delegates had come to him, fairly elected, to ask the Parliament, through himself, that the evidence actually given to the Commissioners might be made public. Then rose a cry against his Lordship from members who took umbrage at the position he now occupied, and would have contended that he had no right to meddle with any constituency but his own, nor to travel beyond Dorsetshire in communication with persons belonging to other representatives. But those poor starving operatives were not electors.

Four delegates, he stated, were then in London, sent to himself by the operatives of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and of Lancashire. Those delegates had been duly elected, openly, and by universal suffrage. They had thus entrusted their case to his care, and he was entitled to say that he was as much the representative of the operatives as any member of the House was the representative of his constituency. The Report of the Commissioners, however, could not be *refused*, it could only be delayed by the Government, in hope of gaining time, while the zeal of Lord Ashley and his friends might cool, and while popular excitement might subside.

Another fortnight passed away, and still the blue books, although printed, were not forthcoming in the House, and members, therefore, would not be enlightened as to the merits of the question, by the investigations of the quiet and confidential commissioners. So far as such reports might possibly prepare them to vote, they were yet unprepared. Lord Althorp protested that he did not intend to hold back any information, but was sorry that the voluminous Report—which, notwithstanding, had been seen under the arms of honourable members out of doors—was not yet ready. But the House had to hear other reports, in the form of letters addressed to Lord Ashley, from the Midlands, from the north of England, and from Scotland, bitterly complaining of the proceedings of the commissioners, who had seemed to lend themselves entirely to serve the interest of those persons whose misdoings publicity and fairness would have unveiled. The case was palpable. Without the help of the blue books, and without any

further incentive of debate, the Bill was read a second time.

Again, two days afterwards, the third reading of the Bill is the "Order of the day."—"That the House do go into Committee upon the reading of the Bill for the Regulation of Factories."

Again, Lord Althorp asks for time!

But Lord Ashley steadfastly resists the demand. It was not *his* fault that the Government had delayed the report of their commissioners. *He* was not answerable for the time that had been wasted in secrecy, or in silence, or in procrastination, or in suppression. *He* had advocated publicity, and prayed for speed. *He* had never asked for time, and therefore it was not fair that delay should ever and anon be craved from him. The session was passing away. The patience of the country was wearing out. Even the safety of the country was endangered. The honour of Parliament was at stake. He protested against the ill faith of government, and deprecated the offence, the disgust, the discontent that would be awakened in the country, if the interests of the poor and the oppressed were tampered with any longer. "Strong language!" ejaculated a member, rippling, for an instant, the full tide of invective that seemed to be carrying the whole house before it. But Ashley spurned the interruption, and the torrent that could not be stemmed rushed on again. The house was divided, and an amendment for delay proposed by Lord Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was negatived by a majority of twenty-three.

The house went into committee on the 18th July, 1833. The bill then had to be considered clause by clause. The question necessarily arose as to the age at which childhood should be accounted to cease in the factories, and a young man, or woman, might be lawfully called on to go through a full amount of labour, as to time. Lord Ashley had insisted on the tenderness of childhood, and especially pointed out the necessity of sparing young females from protracted and excessive labour, such as was likely to ruin the female constitution, and induce disease, deformity and death. But the Chancellor, seated in his high region, could not, or would not, stoop so low. He fixed his eye on the Exchequer. He bowed before the golden image. He descanted on the perils of the market. He pourtrayed calamities

that might befall England if she could not compete with foreign states. Poverty, dearth, bankruptcies, deserted ports, ruinous warehouses, famine, riot, all the monsters that a scared imagination could conjure up, floated before the hallucinated vision of both sides of the House, as thus they sat calculating in committee. They voted against Lord Ashley, and rejected the demarcation that would have left the factory children some space for physical growth and development, with sufficient opportunity for a mental culture suited to their station. His lordship was grieved at this material reverse. "Having taken up the subject," said he, "fairly and conscientiously, I find that the noble lord has defeated me. I shall, therefore, surrender the bill into the hands of the noble lord; but having taken it up with a view to do good to the classes interested, I will only say, into whatsoever hands it may pass—*God prosper it!*"

And God did prosper it, as He ever does prosper a good cause that is undertaken in His fear, and for His honour. The defeat was but momentary, and that very ground was actually recovered. It was impossible to smother the bill now in any hands, and perhaps it was well that the Chancellor should feel the responsibility of a new position. It was enacted that after the first day of January of the year 1834, no person under the age of eighteen years of age should work in any cotton, woollen, flax, or silk factory, worked by the aid of steam or water power, between the hours of half-past eight in the evening, and half-past five in the morning, and that no person under eighteen years of age should work more than twelve hours in any one day, nor more than sixty-nine hours in the week. Except in silk mills, no children under nine years of age were to be employed, nor were children under eleven years to be worked more than nine hours in any one day, or forty-eight hours in one week. Four inspectors were appointed over as many districts, into which the country is divided. So great a measure could not be made complete at once. The working of any such law was yet wanting, in order to supply experience to the Legislature, to guard all interests, and to show how the confidence of all parties might be conciliated, but this act of 3 and 4 Wm. IV. was the

result, mainly, of Lord Ashley's perseverance, and it will stand, in the history of British Legislation, as an imperishable monument to his honour.

It is of little importance for us to trace his progress at every step, or to mark, minutely, his conduct as a Lord of the Admiralty during Sir Robert Peel's brief Administration of 1834, 1835. It is enough to say that he conscientiously discharged the duties of that office, so long as he held it.

But so long as his great object was not gained, Lord Ashley could not allow his energies to be diverted to the pursuit of any other. It was true that an act of Parliament had passed, and that commissioners were appointed, under the Home Secretary, to carry its provisions into execution. But he understood too well the insufficiency of machinery, however wisely constructed, unless it were worked by willing hands. There were many employers who thought the law oppressive towards themselves, and these persons, aided by the political adversaries to the party to which the philanthropist belonged, would not allow the law to remain undisturbed. Accordingly, in the Parliament of 1836, a short Bill was brought in to repeal a clause in the former Act, and to remove restrictions on the time of employment of children under twelve years of age in mills and factories. That Act fixed eight hours daily as the most that could be exacted from such young children, but there was a cry raised that the necessary amount of work could not be done for want of hands. His Lordship strained every nerve to resist this retrogression of humanity; he moved an amendment, and supported his motion by an array of heart-rending disclosures. But government influence prevailed so far as to defeat him, although by very small majority. It was vain to tell the men of office, and the hot political partizans, and the money-getting dealers in infant labour, of the suffering of little children, with swollen legs and curved spines, sinking on the floors of the factories, dying for want of sleep, and the task-masters flogging them until their eyes opened, and their hands moved again; and of little children, even in sleep, going through the accustomed motions of arm and hand, with convulsive anxiety, terror impelling the nervous mechanism, until idiotism, paralysis, or *phthisis*, gaunt mes-

sengers of pity, released these children from the lashes of the pitiless. It was in vain that their indefatigable advocate opened those blue books that had been kept out of sight on the days when they should have been produced, and recited those harrowing disclosures from records made by the Government Commissioners themselves.

Still he kept to his post. All the friends of the factory children regarded him as the impersonation of compassion towards the sufferers, and kept him in perfect information of their condition, and from time to time, nefarious abuses and evasions of the existing statute came to light. Such an one rang through the country in the report of a Yorkshire newspaper:—

"It appeared in that paper, according to the confession of the masters themselves, that five boys, of between twelve and fifteen years of age, had been made to work for thirty-four hours successively, in a shocking hole, devoted to the tearing up of woollen goods; the atmosphere of which was so noxious and offensive that the men who worked in it were obliged to wear handkerchiefs tied over their mouths to prevent their inhaling the foul air. The fact was proved before the magistrates, and the masters, Messrs J—, B—, and Co., were convicted in the full penalty."

He read this report in the House of Commons, called on Lord John Russell, on whom it was then incumbent to have the law enforced, and his Lordship, necessarily, promised to instruct the Inspector of the District in which that barbarism was detected, to direct his particular attention to the factory in question. The Inspectors, too, often connived at infractions of the law, and even began to count off the sacred hours when the factory children found refuge and kindness in the Sunday schools, and deduct an equivalent measure of time from the schooling, such as it was, that the law compelled their employers to dole out to them in the week. Lord Ashley's complaints were heard, and they elicited official promises of "inquiry," but that was all.

Wearied by these evasions, and sickened by a succession of disappointments, his Lordship next laid a motion before the House, praying for a general inquiry into the operation of the acts for the regulation of factories. Lord John proffered some explanations and some

assurances, and the motion was, in consequence, withdrawn. This took place on the 20th March, 1837. By this time the active and conscientious philanthropy of Lord Ashley was rapidly winning for him the admiration of all classes of the public. A few years before, when efforts were made to unseat him by petitioning against his election for Woodstock, and he was represented as a Tory and an enemy of political reform, so strong was the popular feeling against him that tradesmen and labouring men thought him a monster of illiberality, and gave their shillings to the fund that was to defray the expenses of that petition; and so strong and so wide-spread was popular prejudice in those early days, that he and his friends were compelled to cover their heads and retreat before the storm. But it now became apparent to every one, that this reputed Tory was in reality one of the most strenuous and self-denying benefactors of his country, yearning, day and night, over the miseries of the poor and defenceless.

In the session of 1838, another bill was introduced for the Regulation of Factories, and the bill was framed in full knowledge of the practical insufficiency of what had been already done. And again the Government had recourse to all possible expedients to defer the measure, until the rising of Parliament should frustrate it altogether. The queen was to be crowned, and the coronation was conveniently made to serve as a pretext for all manner of proceedings or for none at all. The end of June was near, when, one day, his Lordship rose to move an amendment on the order of the day. On that motion he made a long and earnest speech, and appealed to the best feelings of the House.

"He made this appeal the more fervently, because he could show to the House that he himself had been deluded and mocked upon this subject by Her Majesty's Government in the most unwarrantable manner. He had made repeated attempts to introduce amendments into the operation of the existing law, but the Government had invariably taken the matter out of his hand under the solemn promise that they would proceed with it themselves. And he, yielding to their representations and requests, had parted with the measure, and surrendered it into their hands,

Government, however, had not moved in the matter. For two years he had been deluded in this way, and now he was told that Government had no intention of proceeding further with the subject this session, and that the whole of the great question was to be brought, in the most peremptory manner, to a sudden standstill. . . . He asked Lord John Russell whether the lives and limbs of his own fellow countrymen were of less value, in his estimation, than those of the negroes? He was surprised that the noble Lord should endeavour to evade, in that manner, what he should not disguise to be otherwise than an imputation upon the character of the Government of having totally neglected the best interests of humanity. For this conduct, his (Lord John's) Government would stand condemned in the estimation of every honourable-minded man in the kingdom."

His amendment was lost, indeed, but honourably to himself, by a trifling ministerial majority of eight votes against it.

Argument could not prevail against his facts. Majorities could not always be got to throw out his motions, to reject his amendments, or to shelve his bills. The lower arts were therefore exercised, and when, on the 12th of July, a motion of which he had given notice, was to come before the House, the Ministers and their train made haste, some to get out of the way, and some one to be just in his place to count out the House before members happened to be there in sufficient numbers to "make a House," and by that means his opportunity was taken from him, and the embarrassment of his position, already great, was aggravated. On the day following, his Lordship anticipated all other business by demanding an explanation. He said that the Noble Lord opposite (Lord John Russell), and the House, might think him a very despicable person, but the *subject* which he came there to advocate was not so despicable, and if the attention of Parliament were not directed to it, and that speedily, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, however burdensome his office might be then, would find it a million times more burdensome.

"He held it to be inconsistent, both with the safety of the House and with the safety of the empire at large, to leave a law affecting the welfare of two

millions, or three millions, of human beings in such a state; that no one of its provisions was observed, that it was deliberately and impudently violated every day, and that it was left, not only for five years, but was most likely to be left for another year, without any possibility of redress, while they positively refused to hear any statement upon the part of the persons aggrieved."

He pursued his observations with honourable and manly boldness, yet with a courtesy that never forsook him, not even in the most trying moments. A warm debate ensued, and when he had proceeded but a little way in his reply, the animadversions he felt constrained to make on the tactics employed by his opponents were drowned in clamour. Shouts of "order, order, order," compelled him to sit down, and the conversation dropped.

Again, a few days afterwards, he took the unusual, but necessary, course of interposing an amendment on the order of the day. The order of the day was for resolving the House into a Committee of Supply. The amendment was to consider the Factories Bill. The order of the day was carried, but another debate took place, which served to enlighten the country, to keep up attention, and to teach his antagonists that neither he nor the country was to be wearied out.

The Hon. Fox Maule took up the matter in the next parliament. His lordship might have rejoiced to see a member of the government at length putting his hand to the measure, which, although not pursued with the promptitude which it deserved, was, at least, saved from the weight of official opposition. He gave his concurrence to the Bill, but watched its details with becoming jealousy, both on the second reading and in committee.

An interesting episode in his parliamentary career occurred in the same session, on occasion of a proposal of Government to give a Committee of Privy Council on Education an absolute control over the national mind. They did not propose a bill that might pass through both Houses of Parliament, but came to ask for a money grant to be expended at their own discretion. That bill stirred up great jealousy "out of doors," and his lordship took a leading part in the opposition that quashed the proposal within doors.

The Committee of Council, he objected, was not only to distribute the funds intrusted to its charge, but to insert and enforce a new scheme of education. They were to determine, not only in what form the people were to be instructed, but what the instruction was to be. They were to say, what was the form of the belief to be propagated, and what was to be common to *all*, and what was to be considered special to the few. They were also to enact rules by which they were to afford assistance. What an enormous power to confer on any body of men! What a precedent for future governments to follow! Parliament was only called upon to vote £30,000 for that year, but there was no obstacle to their being called upon next year for £1,000,000, and that for the purpose of acquiring dominion over the whole mind of the country. Nor was the opponent of this Budget scheme less hostile to it on religious grounds than on financial and political. He saw a pernicious latitudinarianism in the scheme of the Cabinet, who would have prescribed a sort of general Christianity, passing by the special inculcation of doctrinal truth.

Where was the distinction founded, he asked, between general and special religion? What authority had they for it? Where did they find it? Did they find it in the primitive fathers, in the founders of the Reformed Church, or in the Bible itself? He knew not of any writer who had maintained such a distinction, assuredly it was not to be found in the Holy Scriptures, it did not exist in the nature of things. The discovery was reserved for the crude, and, he must say, presumptuous analysis of the Committee of the Privy Council.

With characteristic cordiality he assisted Mr. Fox Maule in the session of 1840, to put down the barbarous custom of sending little children up chimneys, and by his active co-operation aided in bringing the attention of the country to that vestige of savage life of which men in civilized—not to say Christian—society ought to be ashamed.

But in August of that year he again gave his energies to a work of mercy, of even wider scope than that of the Factory reformation. Children, from their infantile submission, their aptitude to acquire almost any mechanical habit, and their cheapness, are in large demand in the labour market. The

power necessary for the heavier operations is obtainable by machinery and by steam. The nicest work can be performed by means of a hand accustomed to use certain machines or implements. And the notion of machinery so predominates that the indwelling of a soul in a body of flesh and blood is apt to be lost sight of. He therefore moved for a Committee of inquiry into the whole system of juvenile labour, and the exordium of his speech on that occasion, especially as the Report was corrected by himself, is actually autographic, and must be copied.

"It is, sir, with feelings somewhat akin to despair, that I now rise to bring before the House the motion of which I have given notice. When I consider the period of the session, the long discussions that have already taken place to-day, the scanty attendance of members, and the power which any member possesses of stopping me midway in my career, I cannot but entertain misgivings that I shall not be able to bring under the attention of the House this subject, which has now occupied so large a portion of my public life, *and in which are now concentrated, in one hour, the labour of years.* Sir, I must assure the House that this motion has not been conceived, nor will it be introduced, in any hostile spirit towards her Majesty's Ministers; quite the reverse. I do indeed trust, nay more, I have reason to believe that I shall obtain their hearty and effectual support. Sir, I know well that I owe an apology and an explanation to the House for trespassing on their patience at so late a period. My explanation is this: I have long been taunted with my narrow and exclusive attention to the children in the factories alone. I have been told, in language and writing, that there are other cases, fully as grievous and not less numerous; that I was unjust and inconsiderate in my denouncement of the one, and my omission of the other. I have, however, long contemplated this effort which I am now making; I had long resolved that, so soon as I could see the factory children, as it were, safe in harbour, I would undertake a new task.

"The Committee of this Session on Mills and Factories, having fully substantiated the necessity and rendered certain the amendment of the law, I am now endeavouring to obtain an inquiry into the actual circumstances and con-

dition of another large part of our juvenile population. Sir, I hardly know whether any argument is necessary to prove that the future hopes of a country must, under God, be laid in the character and condition of its children; however right it may be to attempt, it is almost fruitless to expect, the reformation of its adults—as the sapling has been bent, so it will grow. To ensure a vigorous and moral manhood, we must train them aright from their earliest years, and so reserve the full development of their moral and physical energies for the service, hereafter, of our common country. Now, sir, whatever may be done, or proposed, in time to come, we have, I think, a right to know the state of our juvenile population; the House has a right, the country has a right. How is it possible to address ourselves to the remedies of evils which we all feel, unless we have previously ascertained both the nature and the cause of them? The first step towards a cure is a knowledge of the disorder. We have asserted these truths in our factory legislation; and I have on my side the authority of all civilized nations of modern times; the practice of this House; the common-sense of the thing; and the justice of the principle. Sir, I may say with Tacitus, *opus adgredior, opimum casibus. . . . ipsa etiam pace sævum*—to give but an outline of all the undertaking would occupy too much of your time and patience; few persons, perhaps, have an idea of the number and variety of the employments which demand and exhaust the physical energies of young children, or of the extent of suffering to which they are exposed. It is right, sir, that the country should know at what cost its pre-eminence is purchased,

Petty rogues submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy their state.

"The number I cannot give with any degree of accuracy, though I may venture to place it as many-fold the number of those engaged in the factories—the suffering I can exhibit to a certain degree, in the document before me. Sir, I will just read a list of some of these occupations, as many as I have been able to collect; but I will abstain from entering into detail upon every one of them. I will select a few instances, and leave the House to judge of the mass, by the form and taste of the sample. Now, this is a list of some of the occu-

pations in which I find them engaged, and in which the employment is both irksome and unhealthy.

"Earthenware, porcelain, hosiery, pin-making, needle-making, manufacture of arms, nail-making, card-setting, draw-boy weaving, iron-works, forges, &c., iron-foundries, glass-trade, collieries, calico-printing, tobacco manufacture, button factories, bleaching and paper mills."

The tempest of party rage no longer howls. His recent victory over an obstructive administration, his heroic perseverance, his self-denial and independence, together with an entire absence of that weakness which hunts for popularity, or succumbs to power, gave him an influence for good that it was now vain to resist. And it is due to the government of that day to say that, so far were its members from resisting this proposal that they gave it the full advantage of their patronage. Lord Ashley, after the introduction we have copied, turned to some parts of his lists, pointed out, very briefly, but with sufficient clearness, what, in each branch of labour or manufacture was most painful, deleterious, or demoralizing; and then he had the happiness of receiving almost unanimous support. Without any material opposition, and with the cordial concurrence of the British Parliament, for it was not warped at that moment by the conflicting passions, that had formerly steeled the hearts of so many of its members, cool from the fever of party politics, he went home that evening like one who had gathered the fruit of a laborious and late harvest. He gathered it before the autumnal damps could spoil the grain, or untimely snows had fallen to hinder the joyousness of "harvest home."

But it is not only on the arena of parliamentary debate that we must look for Lord Ashley. He seldom spoke at length in the House of Commons on general subjects. The element of debate was not congenial with his mind. But on a great object he could pursue that with indomitable firmness, but he had no ambition to glitter in the foremost rank of orators. Conducting personal investigation and carrying on correspondence with persons who could supply him with information, he spent no small portion of his time in gathering materials for the prosecution of that object.

Parliament, to satisfy itself, appointed committees, and sent commissioners over the country; but he had long before examined his own witnesses, and had everywhere anticipated the commissioners by previous researches. Minute acquaintance with cases that came before them, and an exact knowledge of the habits of all classes, and of the peculiarities of the several branches of labour, enabled him to test evidence when it was given under the bias of some extraneous motive, to detect the internal marks of unsoundness that appeared in some of the official reports, and to baffle the ingenuity of those antagonists who would burnish up the opposite side of the black shield to make it appear white, while in reality it was all black. Against the reasons of statesmen he could not only bring the appeals which rouse humanity, but he could demonstrate the impolicy of overworking the labourer, of disheartening the poor, of hardening the parental bosom, of propagating reasons of discontent among the lower classes, and thus it became apparent that no policy could be sound that acquiesced in such a state of things, nor could a government be firm, nor could even a throne be steady, that found not support in the broad and deep foundations of public confidence. The Home-Secretary whom he once warned so energetically of the consequences of displaying a heartless indifference to the wrongs of an entire class of the population, heard other portents of a storm that was actually impending, and we cannot but perceive, on reviewing the comparative state of England during the last twenty years, that if the discontented operatives of 1838 had been appealed to then, as their successors were in 1848, it would not have been so easy to have turned back the torrent of popular disaffection that would have been swollen from the manufacturing districts.

But when their grievances were mitigated, if not removed; when one illustrious member of the English aristocracy, and he surrounded by many others like-minded with himself, — pleaded for the poor and the helpless, both in the legislature and in the heart of England, the old enmity against that order began to give way before the influence of a kindlier feeling. It has now become honourable for the wearer

of a coronet to lay aside the stiffness of his rank, and to go down among the poor in the character of a benefactor, a teacher, and a friend. Legislation, too, having once been resolutely turned into a new channel, ceased to be the mere utterance of authority, in the apprehension of the poor; and, therefore, law putting on a milder majesty, can exert a wider and a stronger sway. Then, when the factory regulations received royal sanction, the Bible was carried into the factories by the very entrance which philanthropy had made. Then, the children, released from withering slavery, could learn to read and understand that Bible, and it was found that philanthropy had raised an outwork for the defence of Christianity amidst the strongest holds of unbelief, and had also laid the foundation of another great work which, although it is now but just begun, yet certainly is begun. But the same nobleman who, in those earlier times of social amelioration, was doing the work of a pioneer among factory children, chimney-sweeps, and the children of the poor in general, was bespeaking the gratitude of those children whom he might reasonably expect to greet him when he should meet them again as youths, as men, as fathers and as mothers, and ask their respectful attention to his counsels. He once taught their masters justice. He will afterwards come, as a patron of great societies, and as an advocate of Education in its most efficient and most necessary forms, to teach themselves truth.

It may be remembered that shortly after the Great Exhibition of 1851, a Frenchman wrote a book to create, or perhaps in many quarters only to strengthen, a persuasion that the poor of this country were ground down in the lowest state of depravity and of dereliction. Facts in the reports of City Missionaries, and of other devoted and benevolent persons, who prosecute their labours in the lowest haunts of wretchedness, might have seemed to

confirm those statements of an enemy. But we can confidently challenge a comparison of our own population, number for number, with any population in Europe, and may justly feel indignant at the calumnies which we know to be unjust, and must not fail to observe that the inhabitants of Continental Europe would never have heard so much of the grievances of our labouring classes, taken in the aggregate and exhibited in one startling picture, if Lord Ashley had not made his gigantic efforts at once to disclose the evil and to provide the remedy. His exertions, therefore, not only demanded the gratitude of some feeble and injured classes at the time, but they are now recorded in the memory of the whole nation, as tending to vindicate Great Britain in the sight of the world from an accusation which was once too well grounded, but which each successive year goes further to repel.

If Lord Ashley had even then retired from his labours, immediately after the parliamentary effort which we last noted, and added not a word or an action more to swell the debt of gratitude which is due to him, the children of England might well have poured their pence into a treasury for the erection of a monument to the memory of the children's friend. The restored lunatic might have crowned that monument with amaranths, and the persecuted Jew from Syria, whose release from monkish tortures and chains was not without the interposition of Lord Ashley, might have mingled with the myriads who came to bless him, and witnessed the fulfilment of a prayer he had often breathed for him—"May his end be good." But it was not so; his end is not yet come. He lives to earn a yet larger meed of gratitude. Ashley, the long familiar name, is exchanged for Shaftesbury, and a few pages more must be reserved for marking a career not less happily pursued than auspiciously begun.

(To be continued.)

JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM.

JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM was born at Flushing, near Falmouth, in Cornwall, in 1786. He was but nine years of age when he embraced the maritime profession, and commenced his world-wide travels. Misfortune began immediately to haunt his steps. Ere he completed his tenth year he was a prisoner of war, and passed several months in confinement at Corunna; and ere he attained his eleventh, he had been marched barefoot many hundred miles through Spain and Portugal to Lisbon. He subsequently visited other countries in a seafaring capacity; at the age of twenty-one he was appointed to the command of a vessel; and performed several voyages to the West Indies, the two Americas, and the Mediterranean, (including Gibraltar, Malta, the Greek Islands, and Smyrna, in the Levant,) in the double character of captain and supercargo.

Having thus acquired a practical knowledge of the value of ships and merchandize, he proposed to settle as a general merchant at Malta, then the great central magazine whence the Continent of Europe derived its supplies of English and Colonial produce, and the great prize-port into which all captured vessels were brought for adjudication and sale. Already he had acquainted himself with the languages of which Malta was the seat, French, Italian, Greek, and Arabic; and he had every prospect, therefore, of successful speculation. But here disappointment again encountered him; the plague just then broke out, in 1813, and he found on his arrival at Valetta, that all landing was prohibited. He proceeded, in consequence, to Smyrna, was cordially received by the British residents, and waited there the course of events at Malta. At length, finding his hopes in that quarter futile, he sought around him fresh sources of enterprise.

After a stay of some months at Smyrna, during which the intelligence from Malta continued to be more and more unfavourable, he proceeded to Alexandria, in Egypt, and thence to Cairo, where he was cordially received by the British Consul-General, Colonel Missett, and entertained as a guest at the British Residency; and having soon won the notice, and secured by his ta-

lents, the friendship of Mohammed Ali, then the ruling Pasha of Egypt, he proposed to his Highness the re-opening of the ancient canal that had connected the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, and other eminently useful works, which, however, the Wahabee war appears to have prevented. He afterwards proceeded from Cairo to Upper Egypt, ascending the Nile to Nubia, beyond the Cataracts; but was there stopped by an almost total blindness, the result of a long and severe ophthalmia. To add to his distresses, having halted, on his return, at Keneh, with an intention of going thence to Kosseir, he was soon after attacked in the Desert by a band of Egyptian soldiers, mutineers of the army of Ibrahim Pasha, who stripped and plundered him, and left him entirely naked on the barren waste, at least sixty miles from any human habitation, food, or water. On at last reaching Kosseir, he found himself obliged to retrace his steps, from the impossibility of prosecuting his route in that direction, as all the vessels had been seized by the mutineers. Returning to Cairo, he proceeded to traverse the Isthmus of Suez, for the purpose of surveying its levels; explored all the surrounding localities; and, habited as a native, and speaking the language and mixing freely with the people of the country, visited every part of Lower Egypt and the Delta.

It was now proposed by the Brito-Egyptian merchants, that Mr. Buckingham should survey, on their behalf, the hydrography of the Red Sea, and proceed by that route to India, with a view of ascertaining how far the merchants there might be disposed to renew the commercial intercourse formerly existing between that country and Egypt. He acceded to their wish (indeed, the enterprise had been suggested by himself to the Pasha, for increasing the facilities of maritime commerce, and cementing a friendship between his Highness and the English), and after a disastrous voyage, he reached his destination. But here again he was disappointed, the merchants of Bombay demanding securities, he was not empowered to give them, and deemed it unlikely they could obtain. He, therefore, after communicating this to his

employers, sought other occupation. A week had scarcely elapsed ere he obtained the command of a frigate then just launched for the Imaum of Muscat, and commissioned for China; but while actually rigging and fitting out his ship for sea, he was acquainted by the Bombay Government that, as he had not the Company's license, he could not be permitted to retain his post, or even to continue in India.

This first banishment of Mr. Buckingham from India was not in consequence of any fault on his part, either alleged or even suspected; but merely in conformity with the settled principle of the East India Company's monopoly, to prevent any one from visiting India on any pretence, or for any purpose, without their express license, which Mr. Buckingham did not possess, merely because, on his leaving England to settle at Malta, he had never contemplated visiting India at all, and did not know that such a license was necessary. Indeed, the Governor of Bombay, the late Sir Evan Nepean, at the very moment of his feeling himself compelled to have recourse to this harsh measure of banishing a man without trial, and without the commission of any moral or political offence, used these express words, in his communication to Mr. Francis Warden, then Chief Secretary of the Bombay Government, through whom the correspondence on this subject passed: "To the individual himself (meaning Mr. Buckingham) I have not the slightest degree of objection; on the contrary, he appeared to me to be a sensible, intelligent man; and I shall by no means be sorry to see him return with the Company's license, believing, as I do, that he would be of use to the mercantile interests, in opening the trade of the Red Sea." Being thus banished from the country, with the highest compliment to his utility, Mr. Buckingham returned again to Egypt, by a second voyage through the Red Sea, during which, with his usual energy and industry, he collected ample materials, *en route*, for a new hydrographical chart for all its coasts.

The Brito-Egyptian merchants resolving now to obtain from the Pasha the securities demanded by the merchants of Bombay, a treaty was made between his Highness the British Consul, and Mr. Buckingham, with which the latter returned to India, as the representative

of Mohammed Ali, for which the Company's license was not required, bearing letters and commissions to the Indian Government, as the Envoy of an independent Prince. Proceeding from Alexandria to Beyrout, and thence by Tyre, Sidon, Acre, and Jaffa, to Jerusalem, he was compelled by various circumstances to traverse nearly the whole of Palestine, the countries east of Jordan and the Dead Sea, the Hauran, and the Decapolis. He reached Damascus; from whence he was invited to Mount Lebanon, to become the guest, and enjoy the hospitality of Lady Hester Stanhope; after which he visited Baalbeck, Tripoli, Antioch, the Orontes, and Aleppo; proceeding thence into Mesopotamia, he crossed the Euphrates at Bir; passed on to Orfah, near Haran, the Ur of the Chaldees, the birthplace of Abraham, and the Edessa of the Greeks; journeyed to Diarbekir, or the Black City, in the heart of Asia Minor, to Mardin, on the mountains, and by the Great Desert of Sinjar, to Mosul on the Tigris; inspected the renowned sites of the ancient cities of Nineveh, Arbela, Ctesiphon, and Seleucia; made extensive researches on the ruins of Babylon, identified the hanging gardens of Semiramis, and the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, and discovered a portion of the ancient wall of Babylon, supposed to be entirely destroyed; ascended the tower of Babel; and, at length, reposed in Bagdad.

Pursuing his route towards India, he advanced into Persia, crossing the chain of Mount Zagros, and going by Kermanshah to Hamadan, the ancient Ecobatana, Ispahan, the most magnificent of oriental cities, Persepolis, and its splendid ruins, and (by Shiraz and Shapoor) to Bushir, where he embarked in a ship of war belonging to the East India Company, which was bound on an expedition against the Wahabees, the pirates of the Persian Gulf; visited Ras-el-Khyma, their chief port; went on shore with the Commodore of the squadron, Captain Brydges, and acted as his Arabian interpreter; assisted afterwards in the bombardment of the town, and finally reached Bombay at the end of 1816, having been nearly twelve months on his perilous journey. It proved as unsuccessful as his first mission to Bombay in its object, the merchants still wanting confidence in the Egyptian Government.

By this time, however, the Company's license had been forwarded to him from England, authorizing him to remain in their territories; and he accordingly resumed his command in the service of the Imaum of Muscat, being re-appointed to the same ship, the Humayoon Shah, his removal from which had cost him in the interim, some £30,000, which had gone into the pockets of his more fortunate successor, by three successful voyages to China, yielding £10,000 each. After visiting Muscat and Bussorah, he returned with his vessel to Bombay; proceeded down the coast of Malabar (touching at Tellicherry, Calicut, Mahee, and Cochin), to Colombo and Point de Galle; thence passed up the Coromandel coast, by Covelong, Madras, Vizagapatam, and Bimlipatam; and, having greatly extended the hydrographical knowledge of the Persian Gulf and the river Euphrates, reached Calcutta, in June, 1818. Here he found orders from the Imaum, directing him to proceed with the ship to the coast of Zanzibar, and give convoy to certain vessels there, engaged in the slave trade. But Buckingham abhorred the slave system; having opposed it in the West Indies many years before, and, having no alternative, rather than acquire riches from such a polluted source, he resigned the command, and the income of £4,000 a year, which it yielded him. Would that all the sons of Britain had been like-minded! Would that all her descendants were so now! Then would the chains drop from the unoffending captive; then would the hands of commerce be unstained by blood, and religion accompany her to teach and to bless the world.

It was now suggested to him by Mr. Palmer, "the Prince of the Merchants of the East," that he had talents for literary and political life, and ought to relinquish the maritime profession; and the attentions paid Mr. Buckingham by the highest authorities, including the Governor-General, Lord Hastings, Bishop Middleton, the Supreme Judges, and the invitation of the leading British merchants (whom his disinterested and high-principled conduct had deeply impressed), induced him to consent to undertake the establishment and editorship of a newspaper on the liberal principles which then characterized the Hastings' administration. It was issued

under the title of "The Calcutta Journal," obtained almost instant popularity, and within three years yielded its enterprising founder a net profit of about £8,000 per annum.*

The great subjects of Free Trade, Free Settlement, and a Free Press, advocated by Mr. Buckingham, in the paper alluded to, were unpalatable, however, to some in authority; and led them to cherish feelings of animosity against him; and—the Marquis of Hastings having returned to Europe, and being succeeded for a short interval by a temporary Governor-General, Mr. John Adam—after suffering much persecution at his hands, Mr. Buckingham was suddenly ordered to quit Calcutta, without a hearing, trial, or defence; the fortune he had acquired was utterly annihilated, debts were entailed on him by the suppression of his paper and protracted proceedings to avert this stroke, to the amount of £10,000; and his wife, who had just joined him after ten years' separation, was ejected with him from house and home—an act of cruelty and tyranny which excited the just indignation of all classes of Indian society.

Again, and most cruelly, disappointed in his hopes, Mr. Buckingham returned to England, where the injuries he had suffered in India equally excited the commiseration and indignation of the public at home; and where his claims to compensation were recognised and defended by many distinguished men,

* At first published only twice a week, its success was so great as at length to lead to its daily issue. A taste for learning and enlightened pursuits was called by it into existence; in polite literature and general information it is said to have been unequalled; and it numbered every individual in India of literary eminence among its contributors. The good it effected is admitted by all who were then in that country, to have been greater than was ever achieved by any publication that had previously existed in any part of our Eastern possessions. It exposed many public abuses, and caused them to be redressed, and prevented many more being committed, from the apprehension of its censures; it greatly improved the administration of justice in the native courts; and was the first to inveigh openly against the practice of *Suttee*, and ultimately forced on the suppression of that frightful and murderous rite; condemned the equally revolting practice of the Government deriving a revenue from the superstitions of the natives in their pilgrimages to Juggernaut, and accelerated the abolition of that iniquitous source of gain; defended the Christian missionaries in their holy and benevolent labours; advocated the education and elevation of the Indian population; opposed every despotic act; and pleaded, boldly, earnestly, and incessantly, for the Great Reforms then required for India, all of which have since been accomplished.

including Lords Durham, Russell, Denman, and other members of the Senate; Sir Charles Forbes, Sir Henry Strachey, Mr. Joseph Hume, and other India proprietors of East India Stock; and Lord William Bentinck, the ex-Governor-General, who presided at a public meeting in London, and passed the highest eulogies on Mr. Buckingham's character and labours; were pleaded by the press; petitioned for by the people; echoed by the Colonies; and recommended for redress by two successive Committees of the House of Commons. Yet he could not even obtain permission from the Company to return to India to wind up his affairs and collect the numerous debts there owing him; and his claims for recompense were repudiated alike by the Company and the Ministry.

When the severity of the punishment to which Mr. Buckingham was subjected is considered, most persons would conclude that he must have been guilty of some heinous crime, some attempt to overthrow the established government of the East India Company, to excite the natives of Hindostan to revolt against the English rule, or some similar atrocity; or that, at least, he had been guilty of some foul and dangerous libel against the chief authority of the State; for to crimes and offences of this description alone could such heavy punishments as banishment without trial, confiscation of hard-earned property, and the utter ruin of an innocent family, be appropriate. It is but justice, therefore, to the reputation of the subject of our Biography, that the true state of the case should be accurately known; and for this purpose, we place on record in our pages, from the parliamentary evidence produced before the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to enquire into the case, the entire text of the article, for the writing and publishing which, all the vengeance of the India Government was thus poured out on its author's devoted head. It was a playful allusion to the ludicrous impropriety of appointing a Scotch Presbyterian minister to the secular office of a Clerk of Stationery for the Government Offices, as a reward for his political services in opposing the Free Trade party of Mr. Buckingham, through the columns of an Indian Newspaper, the *John Bull*, and was as follows:—

"The reverend gentleman named be-

low (Dr. Bryce), who, we perceive by the Index of that useful publication, the Annual Directory, is a Doctor of Divinity and Moderator of the Kirk Session, and who, by the favour of the higher powers, now combines the Office of Parson and Clerk in the same person, has no doubt been selected for the arduous duties of his new place from the purest motives, and the strictest possible attention to the public interests. Such a Clerk as is here required, to inspect and reject whatever articles may appear objectionable to him, should be a competent judge of the several sorts of pasteboard, sealingwax, inkstands, sand, lead, gum, pounce, tape, and leather; and one would imagine that nothing short of a regular apprenticeship at Stationers' Hall would qualify a candidate for such a situation. All this information, however, the reverend gentleman no doubt possesses in a more eminent degree than any other person who could be found to do the duties of such an office; and though, at first sight, such information may seem incompatible with a theological education, yet we know that this country (India) abounds with surprising instances of that kind of genius which fits a man in a moment for any post to which he may be appointed.

"In Scotland, we believe, the duties of a Presbyterian minister are divided between preaching on the Sabbath, and on the other days of the week, visiting the sick, comforting the weak hearted, conferring with the bold, and encouraging the timid, in the several duties of their religion. Some shallow persons might conceive, that if a Presbyterian clergyman were to do his duty in India, he might also find abundant occupation throughout the year, in the zealous and faithful discharge of those pious duties which ought more especially to engage his devout attention; but they must be persons of very little reflection indeed who entertain such an idea. We have seen the Presbyterian flock of Calcutta take very good care of themselves for many months without a pastor at all; and even when the shepherd was among them, he had abundant time to edit a controversial newspaper, long since defunct, and to take part in all the meetings, festivities, addresses, and flatteries, that were current at that time. He has contrived to display this eminently active, if not holy disposition, up to the

present period; and according to the maxim 'to him that hath much (to do) still more shall be given, and from him that hath nothing, even the little that he hath shall be taken away,' this reverend doctor, who has so often evinced the universality of his genius and talents, whether within the pale of divinity or without it, is, perhaps, the very best person that could be selected, all things considered, to take care of the foolscap, pasteboard, wax, sand, gum, lead, leather, and tape of the Honourable East India Company of Merchants, and to examine and pronounce on the quality of each, so as to see that no drafts are given on their Treasury for gum that will not stick, tape short of measure, or inkstands of base metal."

For this, and this alone, Mr. Buckingham's license to reside in India was withdrawn, and he was ordered, at his peril, to quit India, without the power, as the law then stood, of appealing to any Court for protection, and without any opportunity being afforded him of hearing, trial, or defence!

What renders the case more remarkable, is this; that the very appointment, at which he thus lightly, and, perhaps, irreverently laughed, was no sooner heard of by the India Directors in England, than it was instantly ordered to be annulled, as grossly improper. The Board of Control, for the affairs of India, pronounced the same condemnation on the appointment, so that the Ministers of the Crown and the India Directors concurred in their joint censure of the act; and lastly, the General Assembly of Scotland, to whom this reverend Clerk was responsible, in his ecclesiastical capacity, denounced the appointment as most unclerical, and gave the reverend offender the option either of resigning his new appointment, or being stripped of his ministerial gown! All these high authorities were deemed quite right in thus uniformly disapproving and annulling the appointment, as soon as they heard of it: while Mr. Buckingham, for merely making it the subject of a premature pleasantry, was decidedly as wrong; and when the India Directors were appealed to for redress, they had no hesitation in admitting that Mr. Buckingham's was, indeed, a very hard case; but that it would be very dangerous for them to establish such a precedent, as the re-

dress of any wrong inflicted by the Governors abroad, however unjustly; as it would open the door to endless applications for redress! Such are the maxims of Oriental policy—and such the perversions of justice to which they lead.

The Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed in the session of 1834, to examine the whole case, consisted of no less than thirty-seven members, including the leaders of both parties in politics, among whom may be named—Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Althorp, Mr. Charles Grant, the President of the Board of Control, and two of its Secretaries, Mr. Robert Gordon, and Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, Mr. Williams Wynn, an ex-President of the Board of Control, Lord Granville Somerset, Mr. Cutlar Ferguson, an East India Director, Mr. Hume, Mr. Alderman Thompson, and Mr. John Smith, the City Banker—all large proprietors of East India Stock; Mr. Charles Ross, ex-Secretary to the India Board, Mr. Abercrombie, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Walter, Proprietor of "The Times," Mr. W. Ewart Gladstone, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, and others—a Committee, as will be seen, strongly imbued with Ministerial and East Indian prejudices and interests. Yet, even these, after many day's examination, and a full hearing of all the arguments urged by the East India Company, and their officers in their defence, came to the unanimous resolution—"That your Committee are of opinion that Compensation ought to be made to Mr. Buckingham;" adding further, "That your Committee abstain from expressing an opinion as to the amount of Compensation, in the hope that the subject will be taken into the favourable consideration of the East India Company, and thus the interposition of Parliament in the next session, to fix such amount, be rendered unnecessary."

It will scarcely be believed that, after such a unanimous resolution passed by such a body of men as this, and reported to the House of Commons, the Company should refuse to accede to their recommendation. But so it was. It is understood that as the loss proved to have been sustained by Mr. Buckingham, was the sudden deprivation of an income of £8,000 sterling per annum,

which his popular Journal yielded him of nett profit after all expenses were paid; and the entire destruction of its capital by forcible suppression, amounting to £40,000 of ascertained marketable value;—the economical Mr. Hume, himself a proprietor of India Stock, proposed in the Committee that £20,000 should be named as the sum to be given to Mr. Buckingham in compensation. But the rest of the Committee, pretending that it would be more courteous and complimentary to the East India Company (as if they deserved this homage of excessive delicacy) to leave the sum open, to be settled by their discretion, it was so determined: and as no sum was named, the Company refused to give anything; and treated the resolutions of the Parliamentary Committee as so much waste paper.

It should be observed that out of the large annual profits made by Mr. Buckingham from his Journal, he formed one of the largest and most valuable libraries ever before collected in India, especially of standard works, not easily procurable in that country; and admitted, by the Bishop of Calcutta, to have been admirably selected. As Mr. Buckingham was unwilling to abandon the hope of being able to return to India again, after his case had been examined in England, he left this library behind him, with instructions to have it opened as a Circulating Library for the accommodation of the British residents, and for his own profit. But so determined were the Indian authorities to crush their adversary if possible, by cutting off all his resources, that they absolutely refused to allow this library to be opened: because it might be beneficial to the man, they were determined, if possible, to destroy!

The whole of the evidence given in the Parliamentary Report is full of interest: but we content ourselves with extracting from the General Summary of the whole, three of the concluding paragraphs only, as a specimen of the rest, relating to the conduct of the Indian Government after the suppression of Mr. Buckingham's paper, and when various attempts had been made to sell the presses, types, and other materials to other parties. They are these:—

“That after still further ruinous protraction and delays, the avowed determination of the Indian Government

not to allow the property to be used for the establishment of any Journal, so long as Mr. Buckingham was to derive any pecuniary benefit from it, compelled the agents of that gentleman to sell it on such terms as they could obtain, in a market, where, by the very operation of this determination of the Government, there could be very few competitors for its use; and accordingly, the materials of an establishment, which it cost upwards of £20,000 sterling, and five years of time, to bring to the state of perfection and profit described, were sold for so small a sum, and had become encumbered with such heavy charges by the delays and difficulties adverted to, as to leave Mr. Buckingham not only without proceeds but very largely in debt.

“That Mr. Buckingham has now been in England twenty years, during which he has been subjected to the greatest difficulties, arising out of the losses described; but he has, nevertheless, persevered in every legitimate and honourable mode of appealing to the India Directors, to the Board of Control, and to Parliament; the Authorities of the Government of India being so protected as to render it impossible to obtain redress from them through a Court of Law.

“That the result of all these proceedings has been to entail on Mr. Buckingham the total ruin of all his property and prospects in India, by the utter extinction of his establishment there, which was not over-estimated at the value of £40,000 sterling; and by the accumulation upon himself, as the party responsible for all the liabilities of the concern, of debts to the extent of nearly £10,000 more.”

With the opinions of eminent men publicly expressed, as to these transactions, it would be easy to fill several pages; but of these also we confine ourselves to three only—the excellent and venerable Lord Denman, late Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench—the learned and upright Sir Edward West, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Bombay, and Lord John Russell, the Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee.

Lord Denman said—“Mr. Buckingham had been torn from his business, from his friends, from all his hopes, and had been sent to a distant country, where he was ruined, and

was, perhaps, on the very verge of beggary. It was horrible to hear of such things. It was horrible to see anything like an attempt to introduce into this country that Indian atmosphere, which he, for one, was not prepared to breathe. He considered this to be one of the most cruel, oppressive, and unjustifiable acts, which he had ever known to have been committed by a British Governor."

In a letter of Sir Edward West, Chief Justice at Bombay, addressed to Mr. Buckingham, from India, through Sir Charles Forbes, dated October 1, 1827, when all the facts of his case were fully known, the original of which letter has been shown to Lord John Russell, is the following remarkable testimony to the utility of Mr. Buckingham's writings in India:—

"Severe and unmerited as have been your sufferings, you have the consolation of having effected, in the judgment of all unprejudiced persons, more good for India, than any other individual without exception."

Lord John Russell said—"I am of course in possession of all the facts which were laid before the Committee, and I am prepared to state, that having listened attentively to all that transpired in the Committee, my opinion of the hardships suffered by Mr. Buckingham is, instead of being weakened, materially strengthened, by the experience and knowledge I have thus acquired. For my own part, having had an opportunity of reading all those articles published in Mr. Buckingham's Journal, which were particularly found fault with by the Indian Government, I can undertake to say, that there is not one of those articles, although they must all have been written and inserted in the hurry inseparable from the publication of a daily paper, which not only does not reflect the slightest stain on the character of the writer, but are such as would do honour to any man possessing an honest zeal for the welfare of the community in which he lived, and such as there is every reason to believe were written and published, with a perfect conviction, on the part of the author and publisher, that he was serving the cause of truth, and was therefore entitled to the thanks of his fellow-subjects, and the approbation of a wise and benevolent government."

Never, perhaps, in the history of the

world was there so remarkable an instance as this, of a man being treated almost like a felon, with ruin, insults, and indignities heaped on his devoted head, at the same time that the highest testimony that England and India could furnish, were borne to his merits, and public usefulness. It was enough to break the heart of the strongest man, and much less than this has driven many an unfortunate victim to self-destruction. But Mr. Buckingham still bore up against it all, and persevered under the consciousness of right, and a strong sense of duty to his country and to mankind.

And yet he was unwearied. Finding a return to Hindostan impossible, and desiring to employ the information he had acquired for the benefit of his fellow-subjects at home and abroad, after a tour through the chief districts of England and Scotland for preliminary observation of the public feeling and amount of interest in reference to India, he established the "the Oriental Herald," which, from 1824, he continued to conduct to 1829, availing himself of every means to spread information, and arouse discussion respecting that country through every open channel and in every accessible spot, with a view of awakening the people to a sense of the importance of our Eastern possessions, and the benefits that would accrue to both lands by a better system of intercourse with them. In this enterprise he sunk not less than £6,000; the remnant of his property, added to subscriptions raised for the purpose. "And if to this," observes he, in his own outline of his eventful life, "be added the uninterrupted application of every faculty, every thought, and every moment of my time, through good report, and through evil report, by day and night, in sickness and in trouble, as well as in vigorous health and comparative tranquillity, when persecuted by enemies, sneered at by false friends, and discouraged by the anxious fears and apprehensions of real ones, I believe I may truly say, that whether as regards the application of money or of labour, no cause was ever more resolutely or more undeviatingly adhered to, through every opposing circumstance, than this has been by me."

The "Sphynx,"* a political paper,

* To this journal Mr. Buckingham devoted a legacy of five thousand rupees, bequeathed to

and the "Athenæum," a journal chiefly devoted to Literature, Science, and the Arts, and now everywhere known, were also established by Mr. Buckingham, after which he made a second and more extensive tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the view of stirring up the mercantile and manufacturing interests, ere the then approaching expiration of the Company's Charter, to seek a Free Trade with India and China, and procure a revision of the laws and institutions of the country under the Company's rule. On this occasion he visited every town of any size or importance, connected with mercantile, manufacturing or shipping affairs; enduring immense fatigue, incurring considerable expense, depriving himself of home and domestic enjoyments, and encountering the fiercest opposition and the most virulent abuse. At the same time he commenced a series of Lectures on the Oriental Lands, which attracted crowded audiences, and secured attention to his principal subject, when in its turn it became his theme. He succeeded in addressing, during four years of almost incessant journeying, not less than a million of persons; and formed upwards of two hundred associations in different towns composed of the most influential residents in each, who bound themselves to use their labour, their money, and their united influence, to throw both India and China open to the free intercourse and enterprise of British subjects.

In 1832, Mr. Buckingham was invited to become the representative of the town of Sheffield, where he had been wholly unknown until his public appeals on the subject of India won him the general favour of its inhabitants. Without personally canvassing for a single vote, possessing any local interest, having any personal acquaintance in the place or its neighbourhood, or being subjected to any expense, he was returned triumphantly to Parliament; and in this position, which he continued six years to occupy, he originated and carried successfully several measures of public good. Among these may be mentioned the virtual abolition of Impress-

ment and the substitution of a general Registry for Seamen, with the adoption of other means calculated to advance their welfare,* and prevent the destruction of life and property at sea by intemperance and shipwreck. Bills were also introduced by him for the first time for the establishment of Public Walks and Gardens for the recreation of the Working Classes in all large Towns, and of Literary and Scientific Institutions for the diffusion of useful and entertaining knowledge among the People; both of which are now highly popular, though at first rejected; while he advocated at the same time the interests of India and Africa; took his full share of labour in all the great questions of humanity, and of moral and social improvement, brought before Parliament; and was ever ready to give his voice and vote for the advancement of civil and religious liberty. Having, however, been invited to visit America (where his wrongs had awakened a wide and lively interest), and having long contemplated an extensive tour through the Western World, he, in 1837, resigned his seat, and proceeded there.

"When I first set forth," he afterwards remarked, "I adopted for the motto of my expedition the words, 'Temperance, Education, Benevolence, and Peace,'—desiring to keep before me constantly these high and important objects, the interests of which I should feel it my happiness steadily and zealously to promote." He landed at New York in October, 1837, and continued there till February, 1838; when he proceeded to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, returned to New York, ascended the Hudson river, passed a while on the summit of the Catskill Mountains, remained some weeks at Albany, visited Utica, Syracuse, Auburn, Geneva, Canandaigua, Rochester, and Buffalo, and reposed for a short period amid the wonders, beauties, and sublimities of Niagara. He then crossed to Vermont, and touching at the White Mountains, went on by Concord, the Merrimack, and Lowell, to Boston. The interesting cities of Salem, New Bedford, and Providence, were next

him by an individual in India, whom he had never seen or ever heard of before; but who had left it in his will as a tribute of respect to Mr. Buckingham's public character and principles, and of gratitude for the benefit he believed his writings to have produced in that country.

* There is not a British seaman in any part of the world where our bannered cross is flying, who would not gladly give a month's pay to "The Sailor's Friend;" the great, the eloquent, the down-trodden, yet still unconquered and victorious advocate for the abolition of flogging and impressment.—*Ebenezer Elliot.*

visited by Mr. Buckingham; and after these, the ancient city of Plymouth, founded by the Pilgrim Fathers, where he concluded his first year's labours in America. In the second he proceeded to the Southern and extreme Eastern states; and employed the third and concluding one of his four chiefly in the Western States and the British Provinces of the Canadas, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

During the intervals of these vast and varied journeys he appears to have been almost incessantly occupied in the delivery of lectures on the "Scriptural and Classical Regions of the Oriental World," lectures on "Temperance," the "Promotion of Education," the "Establishment of Sailors' Homes," the "Furtherance of the Cause of Universal Peace," and other benevolent objects. His reception generally was most enthusiastic. At Philadelphia, 2,000 persons, including members of nearly all the first families in the city, gave him a banquet of welcome. At Washington, the Hall of Representatives was granted him for a Temperance Meeting; he addressed his audience from the Speaker's chair, and by his means a Bill was prepared and ultimately carried through Congress for the suppression of Duelling among its members. At Charleston his lectures on "Egypt and Palestine" were attended by the largest audiences ever assembled there. In the State of Kentucky, and within a few miles of Lexington, the friends of Temperance met together in a forest one Sabbath afternoon to hear him; and the clergy of the city having deferred their services to admit of their congregations attending, thousands from far and near came on horseback and in carriages; the united choirs of the several churches joined on the ground, and swelling choruses of odes and hymns filled the air with harmony. At Toronto his lectures were attended by the most crowded audiences, including all the official rank and influence of the city—the Lieutenant-Governor and his staff, the Judges, and the civil and military officers, all gracing them with the presence and support of themselves and their families. At Quebec, public attention and hospitality were extended to him and to his family (who everywhere accompanied him) with unmeasured liberality; the Canadian House of Commons was placed by the courtesy of the Governor-

General, Lord Sydenham, at his disposal; and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of his audience. At New Brunswick, amid the most tempestuous and inclement weather, there was no diminution of interest or numbers in those who, night after night in uninterrupted succession, attended his assemblages. At Fredricton, the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Harvey, and other chief officers, the Bishop of the diocese, the clergy and ministers of different denominations, and the principal families of the city and neighbourhood, with the higher class pupils of all the schools, were among the auditories.

These are but examples of his reception in America, where, indeed, his progress resembled that of some great prophet or apostle, to whose teachings all were eager to listen, and whom all were anxious to honour as the oracle of inspiration. Suffice it to add, that during the three years of his absence, he gave his gratuitous services at about a hundred and fifty meetings for the promotion of Education, Temperance, Benevolence, and Peace; and raised for philanthropic purposes, perhaps 100,000 dollars, the custody and distribution of which were confided to other hands.

In all his travels whether in Europe, Asia, or America, Mr. Buckingham had been constantly impressed with the hospitality and attention shown to our countrymen, whose frigid and inaccessible demeanour to foreigners, when visited in return, presented a most unfavourable contrast, and excited his serious regret. Desirous to remove this national reproach, he conceived the idea of founding an institution which should afford a remedy for the evil; introduce foreigners to the best English society; and, collecting together the most enlightened of our land, give the visitor an opportunity of becoming acquainted with persons of kindred minds and pursuits. His suggestion and plans meeting the approval of those to whom they were submitted, it was accordingly established under the title of "The British and Foreign Institute," with Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge at its head, the Earl of Devon as President, a large and influential body of Vice-presidents, and Mr. Buckingham himself as Resident Director. The latter, indeed, after all his disappointment, relied with confidence on the stability of this establishment as

being calculated to afford him an occupation at once honourable, agreeable, and remunerative, in the direction of which he might pass the remaining years of his life usefully and beneficially to the world and to himself. But even this hope was at length defeated; the misconduct of others, on whose honour and fidelity to their engagements he had been induced to rely, left the institution without adequate support; and after devoting to it nearly five years valuable time without receiving any salary or emolument, and expending upwards of two thousand pounds on its behalf, he was doomed to see it discontinued, from the failure of those who had been loudest in their promises of support, to fulfil their engagements. The sense entertained of his services by the members most conversant with its affairs was manifested by their contributions to a testimonial, sufficient in its amount to prove that they appreciated his fidelity in the guardianship of their interests, and wished to mark his retirement with a token of friendly respect, but the benevolent originator was after all a sufferer for his patriotism and philanthropy to a very large extent.

In the autumn of 1847, feeling a strong desire to see those portions of Europe which from their proximity and easy access are generally visited before remoter parts, but which he had not yet had an opportunity of examining, Mr. Buckingham set out on a continental tour. In company with his amiable wife he visited Belgium, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Holland, and gave the result of his excursion to the world in the volumes so entitled. The pleasure it afforded, induced them to make a second excursion in the year following; when they went through France to Switzerland, and across the Simplon to Italy; visiting lakes Como, Maggiore, and Lugano, the cities of Milan and Geneva, Naples, Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Baie, Capua, and Rome; proceeded by Tivoli, Terni, and Perugia to Florence; crossed the Appenines to Bologna, Modena, Reggio, Mantua, and Verona; pursued their route to Padua, Vicenza, and Venice; and passed through the romantic mountains and valleys of the Tyrol, by Innsbruck, Munich, Ulm, Augsburg, and Stuttgart, to Paris.

Mr. Buckingham still survives, and we believe has some intention of giving

to the world his autobiography, for which, whenever it appears, we may safely predict success. A mere catalogue of the works he has already published, would occupy considerable space, amounting as they do to nearly a *hundred volumes!* His writings, as a traveller, are admitted by all acquainted with them, to rank among the highest that treat of the countries he describes; an assertion best proved by the fact, that in works of scriptural illustration (including Kitto, Burder, Keith, Caunter, Horne, Murray, and nearly all compilations on the Oriental world), his writings have been more largely and more frequently quoted than those of any other modern traveller; and no other man living has done so much perhaps, to communicate vivid, accurate, and delightful pictures of the scenery, ruins, manners, and customs of Eastern lands, confirming the faith of the Christian, expanding the heart of the philanthropist, and enlarging the sphere of knowledge and enjoyment to all. He has, moreover, given between three and four thousand lectures, which, for clearness of arrangement, felicity of illustration, variety of information, and "deep, fervid, limitless," eloquence, have, perhaps, never been surpassed. He has lived to see most of the great reforms he suggested, laboured for, and suffered for, carried out. The improvement in the culture of Egyptian cotton, for the supply of the British market, and the exportation of British manufactures in return; the preparation of Egyptian youths in England, to become the instruments of civilization in their own country; the communication with India by way of the Red Sea; the abatement of the duties levied on British and Indian merchandize in Egypt; the enlargement of hydrographical knowledge; the abolition of West Indian slavery; the diminution of intemperance; the relief of literature from certain obnoxious imposts; the promotion of free and unfettered commerce; the extinction of Suttee, or widow-burning; the colonization of India by British settlers; the grant of trial by jury to British subjects in India; the freedom of the Indian press; the extension of education in England, America, and India; the reduction of the idolatrous revenues of Juggernaut; and the promotion of Christian missions in the East; are all measures which

have been indebted to him for their first conception or advancement.

From foreign rulers he has received numerous testimonials of regard; three gold medals of merit from the kings of Prussia, Belgium, and Sweden; a highly commendatory autograph letter from the Pope, who honoured him with a private audience, when he visited Rome; a splendid present from the late Government of France, under Louis Philippe, through the Prime Minister, and the Minister of Instruction, M. Guizot, and the Count de Salvandy, with both of whom, as well as with the king, he had interviews in Paris; and an equally valuable present from the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Yet our own Government, while acknowledging his claims, has not only, until of late, withheld from him all marks of consideration, but denied him the very justice to which its own resolutions have declared him entitled. A meagre pension—£200 per annum—has at length been wrung from it, and a similar sum from the East India Company. Millions have derived, and are enjoying, large and substantial benefits from the exertions of Mr. Buckingham, which have always been directed to the accomplishment of some great public good; while the author and advocate of the measures which have produced such glorious results, has himself—to the dishonour of our country—reaped little but persecution, disappointment, and loss, which it is now too late to hope he can ever repair.

The latest, and perhaps, on the whole, the most important work written by Mr. Buckingham, forms an octavo volume, under the title of "National Evils and Practical Remedies, with the Plan of a Model Town, illustrated by Two Engravings. Accompanied by an Examination of some important Political Problems," with the motto, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another." The subjects of this work are thus divided: 1. The Existing Evils of Society, Causes to which they may be Traced, and Remedies Suggested. 2. Plan of a Model Town, and Associated Community. 3. True Principles of Taxation—Financial Reform. 4. Emigration and Colonization. 5. Necessity of a New Reform Bill, Purification of the Electoral System. 6. Regeneration of Ireland.

It will be seen, by this enumeration, that the work embraces some of the

most interesting and important topics of political and social science that can occupy the public mind; and in it Mr. Buckingham appears to have condensed and concentrated the experience of his long and varied life. A brief notice of this latest production of his pen, will, therefore, be a fitting appendage to his biography.

In discussing that prolific subject—our National Evils, Mr. Buckingham permits nothing to divert him from his aim, which is no less than the regeneration of society. He comes to the task well qualified by the vicissitudes of his experience, and the disinterestedness and integrity of his character. We have not room to follow him as he lays bare in succession those enormities that destroy the happiness and prosperity of a people. Ignorance, intemperance, and national prejudice—commercial monopoly instead of free-trade fully developed—the popular idolatry of warriors and their deeds—competition, or rivalry and opposition, instead of union and co-operation—the hopeless condition of the unfortunate throughout Europe—all these things are in turn exposed; and the desirableness of a reform is deduced from the narration.

The second part of the volume is devoted to a consideration of the remedy. Mr. Buckingham proposes a Model Town and Associated Community. In this town, to be called "Victoria," both in honour of Her Majesty in whose reign it is hoped to be founded, and to commemorate a victory over the evils of the age, refinement is to be carried to its greatest extent. Everything that can expand the mind and purify the heart would come within the sphere of its cognizance. We are presented with a code of laws that should be binding on its citizens, and with conditions of membership, providing for religious freedom, education, temperance, limitation of hours of labour, and other objects, that would necessarily tend to relieve us from the ills society seems heir to. We commend the valuable suggestions that this scheme embodies to the regard of the patriot and philanthropist.

The Essay on the True Principles of Taxation and Financial Reform, advocates in the broadest manner the gradual but eventual abolition of all taxes, duties, imposts, and burdens of every kind on articles of consumption, and the

substitution, in lieu of this, of one only system of direct taxation on property and income, so as to get rid of all the expense of collection which the establishment of custom-houses and excise-offices involve—as well as the smuggling to which such duties continually lead. He maintains, however, that a clear distinction should be made between temporary and permanent incomes, and would, therefore, tax at the lowest rate all earnings derived from labour, whether of the hand or brain, as liable to interruption by accident or disease: at the next higher rate, all incomes from permanent sources, rendered independent of labour, but enduring only for life—such as pensions, annuities—life interests subject to no suspension during illness, and ending only by death; and at the highest rate of all, incomes derived from permanent sources, and not ceasing at death, but descending to heirs and others, such as incomes arising from lands, houses, mortgages, and public funds—the proportionate ratio of each to be matter of legislative adjustment. He still further advocates a progressively increasing rate in each of these three classes, rising with increasing incomes; so that persons of colossal fortunes should not only pay absolutely more, but relatively more than the necessitous classes—the scale rising from 1 per cent. on precarious incomes of the lowest amount, to 20 per cent on the highest incomes of a fixed and permanent kind, and such as would descend to heirs and successors—including such colossal fortunes as £300,000 and £400,000 a year—of which there are several among our highest nobility; and showing from many high authorities, the celebrated Doctor Paley, the author of the “Evidences of the Christian Religion,” among others, that 20 per cent. or £50,000, taken as the annual tax from a millionaire, and leaving him still in possession of £350,000 per annum, when his tax would be paid, would not fall so heavily on him as a tax of 1 per cent on a man earning fifty pounds a year by his labour, liable to interruption by sickness, want of work, and other causes, as he would have only forty-nine pounds left for his subsistence.

Mr. Buckingham brought this subject before the House of Commons in 1833, when Lord Althorp was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and has since

republished the debate on it in a separate pamphlet, for the express purpose of comparison with Mr. Gladstone's financial propositions.

Another portion of his proposed Financial Reform, is a plan for the gradual extinction of the National Debt, which was embodied in his resolution of 1833, and is discussed in the same debate. The interest of the public funds was then at 4 per cent.; and Mr. Buckingham's proposition was to open a new stock, to be called “The National Annuity Fund,” into which all the holders of the then existing stocks of every kind, who chose to do so, should be at liberty to transfer their stock at the market value of the day—the condition being that this National Annuity Fund should begin at once to pay an increased interest of 5 per cent. instead of 4, and then gradually diminish both principal and interest at the rate of one shilling per annum only for a hundred years: at which time both principal and interest would cease and the debt become extinct. The justice of this proposition was fully admitted by all parties in the House, being grounded on the daily practice of converting permanent funds at a low interest into terminable annuities at a higher rate; and the only objection raised to it was the difficulty of providing for the increased rate of interest for the first twenty years—an unwillingness, in short, to put ourselves to any inconvenience for the purpose of lightening the burdens on our posterity. The advantage of such a plan is obvious; to the stockholder there would have been the immediate benefit of an increased income for the next twenty years—which it would require to bring down the interest to its original rate of 4 per cent.—and the diminution after that would be so light as hardly to be perceptible—at the rate only of one shilling on each £100 of stock per annum; while to the nation the benefit would be undoubted—as after that period, the interest to be paid would be diminishing every year; and our posterity would, in eighty years from that time, be entirely relieved from any National Debt whatever. The motion was lost on a majority of 19 only; but if it had been carried (and had a minister instead of a private member been the author of it, its success would have been certain), the position of the country at present would have been thus:—One-fifth part of the

National Debt, or £160,000,000 sterling, would have been paid off by the end of this 20th year, 1853,—the interest of the public funds would have been still 4 per cent.; and the prospect of the debt being wholly extinct in eighty years, from the present time, would have been one which any statesman or patriot who cared at all for the future would have been proud to contemplate.

In the Essay on the necessity of a new Reform Bill, and the purification of the Electoral System, Mr. Buckingham embodies views which he put forth in 1837, just previous to his resigning his seat in Parliament and going to the United States of America; and the time that has since elapsed, has tended only to show their soundness and practicability. The most prominent features of his plan may be thus described:—The first change should be to abolish all property-qualification in voters, and establish instead of this an Educational test, by which all the ignorant freemen and peasantry who are bought and sold in masses, and who are the chief materials of the corruption and riot of elections, would be disfranchised, and their places supplied by an equally large number of men of excellent abilities and high moral character, who are far more competent to exercise the elective franchise, but who are shut out from it, because, if in counties, they are not freeholders, or, if in boroughs, they are not house-keepers, but merely lodgers—exemptions which exclude from the franchise an immense number of the younger members of the liberal professions, of mercantile life, and of employment in the public offices. Mr. Buckingham proposes that the franchise should be given to those only who would prove themselves possessed of the following qualifications: To be of full age, twenty-one; to be able to read, write, and perform the three first rules of arithmetic; to have the means of independent subsistence, by labour or otherwise; neither to be a drunkard, a pauper, or a convicted criminal. This might not much enlarge, but it would materially *purify* the constituency, which is what is most wanted; and it will be seen that already this test of educational qualification put forth by Mr. Buckingham in 1837, is now advocated by many of the public journals.

As one of the greatest advantages of

this improved qualification, it would enable the votes to be taken in writing, instead of verbally; and thus prevent all the canvassing, and riotous assemblages of noisy and angry party processions to the hustings and the polling booths. Mr. Buckingham proposes that each elector, as soon as his qualifications were proved before a competent board, and admitted, should sign his name, with all particulars of his birth-place, age, trade, or profession, residence, &c., in his own hand-writing, in a register prepared for that purpose, to be kept in the parish or borough archives; and when an election took place, that he and all other duly registered electors should be furnished with a schedule or voting paper by the returning officer, sent to his residence by the post, for greater security; that the elector should be required to fill this up with the name of the candidate for whom he gave his vote—sign it with his own usual signature—and return it to the office by post, also for security against interception, within twenty-four hours after its receipt, or lose its value; and in any case of doubt or suspicion, the signature of the voter on the polling-paper could be compared with that in the Register, and thus duplicates, or false impersonations prevented. It is worthy of remark, that this proposition also, first put forth by Mr. Buckingham in 1837, has at length found favour in higher quarters; and the Earl of Shaftesbury has recently introduced a bill into the House of Peers, to make this very change in the mode of taking votes at elections, which, if carried, will put an end to the revolting scenes which have so recently disgraced our annals.

This frequent anticipation of the public perception, and the subsequent adoption of his views by others, who could not keep pace with "the man before his time," forms so remarkable a feature of Mr. Buckingham's public history, that we cannot conclude our notice of his most eventful life, without especial reference to it. Often, in years gone by, has he been condemned for indulging in "utopian speculation," and in the pursuit of his objects met with cold contempt, and even rancorous opposition; but as often, he has afterwards found his opponents convinced of the practicability of his measures, and the public weal rejoicing in their adoption.

"But the peculiarity of the case," as an eminent writer has observed, "ends not here: there has also been, even among those who at length did his wisdom the homage of walking in its light, the utmost unanimity in excluding from their discussion all acknowledgment of their obligations . . . He was not simply 'before his day,' he was also above it. The neglect of which he is the subject, is, in part, the penalty of his very superiority. He thought alone, he acted alone, he formed no party, he sought no organization; he was a power in himself, and seemed formed for individual, not associated, action. Satisfied with being the creator of the seeds of things, he left others to sow them, and raise fruit for their own and the public good . . . Again, the astonishing versatility of Mr. Buckingham has been most unfavourable to the distinct impression of his claims on the public mind; instead of fixing on a line and keeping to it, and working out one project in one place—a task too limited for his genius—he has touched upon everything; and after illuminating it, showing what it was, what it was not, and what it ought to be, passed on to something fresh, and to repeat the process elsewhere; the prejudiced had scarcely time to recover from the shock, till the enchanter had vanished. And as with his intellectual, so with his corporeal activity, a sphere less than the globe is too limited for him; he has aspired to something like universal empire, and, in essence, he has obtained it; but he has purchased his imperial honours at the expense of the local homage, which has been attained by multitudes of minor mortals, with all the solid secular advantages thence resulting." Still, as the same writer observes, he has amply avenged himself of all his adversaries, by a statement of truth, with which he prefaces the volume we have briefly analysed. We regret that our space forbids the transcription of this remarkable and interesting production. Instance after instance is given in it, in which things suggested by Mr. Buckingham were frowned upon as futile and impracticable, but have since been realized. We should think that the most obstinate sceptic, in whose eyes every innovation is inconsistent with "the present state of the world," would rise from its per-

sal, and from the contemplation of such a career as we have attempted to depict, with a resolve to be careful in the future, how he branded that man as a "visionary," whose views differing from his own, were yet based on sound sense and pure philosophy.

Mr. Buckingham's latest labour has been the delivery of a Course of Lectures on India, its past and present state, the measures necessary to be taken by the British Legislature, to do justice to the hundred and fifty millions of our fellow-subjects in that country, and, by the fuller development of its almost boundless resources to make it, what it has never yet been, a source of gain instead of loss to England itself. The Course was delivered preparatory to the introduction of the recent India Bill into the House of Commons; and the final Lecture has been just published under the title of "A Plan for the Future Government of India." In this production, Mr. Buckingham has brought to bear his Oriental knowledge and practical experience of nearly forty years devoted to the examination and study of India and its affairs; and we must say that on comparing it with the Bill of Sir Charles Wood and the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen, it is impossible not to be struck with the immense difference between the two. The Lecture will no doubt be extensively read by all who feel an interest in the good government of this vast and important portion of the British empire.

Should this Plan for the Government of India prove to be the closing labour of his long and varied life, he will have no occasion to regret the time or pains bestowed on its execution, as it cannot fail to establish his reputation for consistency, and fidelity to all his early opinions, the sincerity of which none can doubt—since they are expressed now, as they have often been before, in opposition to all those high authorities whom it would be his worldly interest rather to conciliate than to offend; but having suffered so severely for his devotion to Truth and Justice, it is a pleasing spectacle to see him, in his old age, as energetic, as vigorous, and as independent as he was in his earliest youth, in the maintenance of those principles which he holds to be sacred, and which he therefore advocates and defends to the last.

JOHN FOSTER.

SOME men are immortalized by their actions. Their names are associated with events; a reluctant world has felt their presence, as they have mingled in its busiest scenes, and extorted its admiration by their unwearied exertions. Their energy has hewn a path across the rocky heights of life, and no change-ful tempest or breaking billow can wash out the traces of their steps. Others, on the contrary, are remembered from their thoughts. They give laws and promulgate sentiments, but are rarely seen in the arena of actual contest; they command, but they do not fight. The one character takes its material, fuses, and moulds it to its fancy; the other insensibly assimilates it to itself. The outward manifestations of the former are multiform and prodigal of incident; the life-story of the latter exhibits only the operations and productions of mind.

There can be no question as to which of these two classes JOHN FOSTER represents. He was born September 17th, 1770, at a small farm-house near Hebden Bridge, in the parish of Halifax. The circumstances of his childhood seem rather to have strengthened than implanted the distinctive features of after years. His father was possessed of vigorous and thoughtful intellect; his mother of practical energy in addition; but the habits of both, probably from the lateness of their marriage, were of too sedate a cast to admit of that buoyancy of feeling and affection, which, as it is a most effective influence, is also one main charm, of the home circle. Sisters he had none, and his only brother was four years younger than himself; and it is no wonder, therefore, that he early put away childish things. He had not reached his twelfth year when the precocious manliness of his observations won for him from his neighbours the epithet, "old-fashioned." From the sports of merry and careless boyhood he invariably shrunk, painfully conscious of "an awkward, but entire individuality." Feeling, as he afterwards declared, "a foreigner in the place," he turned with delight to nature, and made of her a companion, giving full rein to his sensibilities, when surrounded by her glories and listening to her voice, spiritual and profound,

chanting its strains in the wood or by the brook.

Whatever time was unoccupied by the cares of their farm, his parents devoted to weaving. He began to assist them, and for several years was thus engaged; but in his case, romance and handicraft were not easily wedded, and indeed, though mind asserts its supremacy over all circumstantialia, it is difficult to imagine John Foster at the loom. The manufacturer he served was continually resolving to take no more of his indifferent work. Often, when he brought his piece for inspection, would he turn his head aside, and not deigning to engage in conversation, submit to the ordeal with unmistakable repugnance. As it was, there was no incentive to mechanical contrivance; had it been otherwise, he might not have profited, for he was never known to display much skill or genius in that direction, though with that boyish instrument of all arts, the pen-knife, he is reported to have employed himself once in fashioning a globe.

He was already remarkable for the manner in which he associated ideas. His mind encircled ever object with interest not properly its own. Even single words exerted a fascination over him, some from their meaning, others merely from their sound; thus the word "chalcony" was a favourite with his ear, and the word "hermit," if we may refer an illustration in his essays to himself, was "at any time enough to transport him, like the witch's broomstick, to the solitary hut which was delightfully surrounded by shady and solemn groves, mossy rocks, crystal streams, and gardens of radishes." He had, too, an insuperable dislike to a book during the reading of which he had done anything his conscience condemned. This vivacity of the suggestive faculty, while it is the source of rich enjoyment to its possessor, has also its peculiar dangers; and into these young Foster was sometimes betrayed. His imagination far oftener pictured visions of gloom than of beauty and light. Often did he succumb to horrible phantoms of his own creation. "The time of going to bed was an awful season of each day,;" and for years he would not

sit on a stool that had formerly belonged to a man whose death had been sudden and mysterious, and whose ghost was said still to haunt the neighbourhood of the house.

His studies at this period were earnest but irregular. A barn was the scene of his cogitations and readings; he would shut himself up here awhile, and then come forth to make an unusual onslaught on his weaving, as if fresh strength had been imparted in the interim to body as well as mind. Beyond the bounds of English literature he was unable to wander; but his father coveted for him a more extended range, and the time was near when privileges were to be given that comported more with his tastes and talents. His moral character was unimpeachable, and never had he been found wanting in generous sympathies with the lofty and the true. "O Lord, bless the lads," was his father's favourite prayer over him and the one friend his childhood had discovered; and that prayer was answered. Religion, mingling insensibly with his feelings, was germinating within; the flowers and fruits were by and by to appear. When about fourteen, he disclosed to his associate the anxiety he had felt on contrasting his principles and actions with the requirements of the divine law; but spoke, too, of the relief he had found, and *only* found, in reliance on Jesus, the sacrifice once offered for the sins of the world. Six days after the completion of his seventeenth year, he became a member of the Baptist church at Hebden Bridge; and before long, by a special religious service, was appointed to prepare himself for the duties of the ministry. To this he had been urged by friends who had watched with interest his conduct, and particularly by his pastor, Dr. Fawcett; and his own deliberate and conscientious choice soon induced him to act in harmony with their wishes. He now became an inmate of Brearley Hall, that under the immediate direction of that venerable man, he might pursue a course of extended study that should better qualify him for the work in view. A portion of each day was still devoted to the assistance of his parents in their occupation; but notwithstanding, now that ample means were afforded for mental improvement, he studied intensely, even permitting the stars to come and wane as he passed whole

nights in meditation and reading. "His scholastic exercises," we are told, "were marked by great labour, and accomplished very slowly." And so it was with the efforts of later days; his genius could rear pyramids, but it had not the skill that could expedite toil. It is instructive to note the discipline to which men of letters have subjected themselves at the outset of their course. Every one has heard of Demosthenes' transcriptions of Thucydides, and of countless similar stories; and we like to hear them, they lead us away from the glittering honours of fame amidst her "cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces," and point to the rugged, steep, and self-made path by which the noblest aspirants have always ascended. We can picture Foster striving to improve himself in composition: there he sits, a hand on each knee, with some favourite author before him, whose sentences one by one he ponders, shaping each into every form of conceivable expression; and all the while, in thoughtful silence, he rocks his body to and fro, "*pumping*" as he calls it; and this is the process by which the stiff but forceful periods of the Essayist are being modelled!

His love of nature deepened as his years advanced; and to his lonely rambles, when he loved to sort out "the glorious likenesses" of which the world is full, we are indebted for much of the richness and novelty of his style, and for many an appropriate illustration. No changing features of the scenes about him escaped his observation. He once walked the river side from eve to dawn, with a friend he had persuaded to accompany him, just that they might see the first approach of light, and its effects on the scenery; and some time after, when visiting his parents he suddenly started forth in a heavy shower, to look at a waterfall in the neighbourhood and, on returning, said, "I now understand the thing, and have got some ideas on the subject, with which I should not like to part."

His sermons were generally successful in investing ordinary subjects with freshness and grace; but yet not unfrequently rather startled than edified the hearer. He regularly visited the cottages of the sick and aged, and prayed and read the Scriptures with them, usually selecting the 145th Psalm. His aversion to certain set forms of speech

in common use among religious people, was already great; he declared that "if possible he would expunge them from every book by Act of Parliament; and often said, 'We want to put a new face upon things.'"

After a residence of about three years at Brearley, he was admitted as a student into the Baptist College at Bristol. From this period the idiosyncrasy of the man is clearly revealed in his letters and other writings; no pencilling of ours could so well portray it; so that, in the absence of incident, we shall do well to draw largely upon them. The following extract from a letter to Dr. Fawcett, written at Bristol, will show the ardour enkindled within him:—

"The value of time, the deficiencies of my character and possible attainments, flash upon my mind with more forcible conviction than ever before. I can sometimes grasp the idea of universal and transcendent excellence; and it always excites, at least, a temporary ebullition of spirit. I cannot doubt the possibility of becoming greatly wise and greatly good; and while such an object places itself in view, and invites pursuit, no spirit that possesses the least portion of ethereal fire can remain unmoved. I despise mediocrity. I wish to kindle with the ardour of genius. I am mortified almost to death, to feel my mind so contracted, and its energies so feeble or so torpid. I read such writers as Young and Johnson with a mixture of pleasure and vexation. I cannot forbear asking myself, Why cannot I think in a manner as forcible and as original as theirs? Why cannot I rise to their sublimities of sentiment, or even to an elevation still more stupendous? Why cannot I pierce through nature with a glance? Why cannot I effuse those beams of genius which penetrate every object and illuminate every scene? I believe the possible enlargement of the human mind is quite indefinite, and that heaven has not fixed any impassable bounds."

In 1792, at the expiration of his term, Foster left College; and he would have had reason to congratulate himself on his sojourn there, had no other advantage accrued than the friendship of the Rev. Joseph Hughes, then Classical Tutor, who will be long remembered as the originator of the British and Fo-

reign Bible Society. This gentleman was not two years his senior, but from the similarity of his temperament, the sobriety of his judgment, and especially the superior spirituality of his religion, he was well qualified to become his monitor and friend. Their intercourse was maintained throughout life, and proved mutually profitable.

Mr. Foster's first preaching engagement was at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he continued his ministrations for but little more than three months. His congregation assembled in an ancient room, situated at the top of Tuthill Stairs and formerly the mayor's chapel, not large enough to accommodate above a hundred persons, yet never even in danger of being taxed to the extent of its capacity; but in this small auditory there were some "half-dozen sensible fellows," whose "significant looks" and breathless attention told that his sermons were appreciated. Of his reclusive mode of life, he shall speak for himself:—"Though the town is only about two or three hundred yards from the house, I never take any notice of it, and very rarely enter it—but on the Sunday. I often walk in the fields, where I contemplate horses and cows, and birds and grass; or along the river, where I observe the motions of the tide, the effect of the wind, or, if it is evening, the moon and stars reflected in the water. When inclined to read, I am amply furnished with books. When I am in the habit of musing, I can shut myself in my solitary chamber, and walk over the floor, throw myself in a chair, or recline on my table; or if I would dream, I can extend myself on the bed." He was the subject of deep and varying feeling; and, in fact, was fighting in this seclusion that battle of life which to the valiant and true-hearted, is ever the forerunner of victory. The unbounded future lay before him; he had crossed the threshold of manhood, but still the prospect was beclouded. Whither was he tending? In what work were those energies to be employed, in the possession of which his spirit exulted. Was he long to stand beneath the Cross of the despised Galilean, and proclaim Him to the world as its great Regenerator and King? He was apprehensive not; but left the issue in that gloom "whence no conjecture could invite it." "I feel conscious," he wrote, "of possessing

great powers, but not happily combined nor fully brought forth. . . . At the age of twenty-two, I feel I have still to *begin to live*; I have yet in a great measure my principles to fix, my plans to form, my means to select, and habits of exertion to acquire."

Leaving Newcastle, he again revisited Yorkshire, where he remained, till called thence by an invitation to Dublin from the Baptist Society meeting in Swift's Alley. In Ireland, he preached rather more than a year, one month of which was passed at Cork; but though endeared to all who intimately knew him, and diligent in the discharge of every duty, his success was by no means proportionate to his desires. This was, perhaps, in part owing to the unbending originality of his character, which placed a gulph, not easily bridged, between his sympathies and those of most others; to use a phrase of his own, his soul was "not formed to coalesce" with an assemblage fashioned in the ordinary mould of artificial society, and this inability tempted him to withhold that exhibition of lively interest in its welfare, which would have been most effectual in elevating it to his own standard.

His avowed contempt of ecclesiastical formalities, his ridicule, not entirely misplaced, of the "cleric habit," and his views on many another point, were all likely to operate against his growth in public favour. We cannot here forbear an extract from a fragment of a journal written at Dublin; it bears on every line the impress of the man, and may faintly illustrate some portion of the preceding remarks, while it gives a sample of such thoughts as, we may suppose, often flitted by him, when, at a later date, the quiet sarcasm of his eye was dreaded even by a Hall. Hé speaks of an evening party, where "he took no part in the conversation, which, however, was plentiful, but was much amused with observation." "One part of the circle was composed of *ladies*. . . I listened to their chat. Let me enjoy nonsense no more if I was not delighted. . . . But though full of transitions, it was so rapid and incessant, that philosophic observation was somewhat baffled. Sometimes the ladies would be struck with profound astonishment, would naturally bend forward as they sat, with an inclination of their bodies towards each other, bridle back their heads at the same time, silent for a mo-

ment and staring at one another, as if each had seen an additional *nose* rising on each other's face. I think I heard not one sentiment. There was a long dispute whether a particular house in the town has a door on a certain side. I contemplated with a degree of wonder. I thought, 'Have you no ideas about realities and beings that are unseen? about the Eternal Governor and a future state? Is this all you find in life and all by which you fortify yourselves against death?' I wish I could have formed a clear conception of the situation of their minds—that I could be privy to their serious reflections, if they ever have such, or, if not, discover how they escape them."

Foster left Dublin in despair; but after an absence of several months, returned to experiment on a classical and mathematical school. He began with "the room and the forms," but so little success attended the undertaking that it was speedily relinquished. During his latter residence in Ireland, we learn from himself, that his connection with violent democrats, and his share in forming a society, under the denomination of "Sons of Brutus," exposed him at least to the expectation of danger from the strong arm of angry authority. His political opinions were the offspring of his own observation and feeling; the sphere in which he had moved and his friends, both young and old, exerted an influence antagonistic to his enthusiasm, but altogether ineffectual. Nor is this surprising. To a young mind, nurtured in independence, and conscious of inherent power, accustomed to examine all things thoroughly, and to estimate them only by their relative position in its own universe of thought and reason, society must necessarily present many anomalies. It will behold with astonishment prescriptive rights, and what may seem prescriptive wrongs; conventionalities will rather excite its indignation than secure its reverence; and with a consequent revulsion of feeling, it will long to launch upon the tide of time, and like another Columbus, lead the way to a new world where all its fairy visions may be realized. Nor is it till experience has shown the distance between the ideal and the actual, the desirable and the possible, the abstractedly right and the relatively practical, that the effervescence of such a spirit will subside,

and progression be sought where transformation would have been attempted. It is, however, probable that the grasping selfishness of the landowners in the vicinity of Foster's birth-place, engendered his anti-aristocratical principles. Many a youthful invective did he close by saying—"I would rather starve than receive anything at their hands." When the French Revolution came, and the jubilant notes of liberty and fraternity awoke the nations, and appeared to herald the advent of another era, his ardent imagination bounded onward to a glorious future, and he at once avowed himself a decided republican. "Royalty and all its gaudy paraphernalia" he never ceased to regard, "as a sad satire on the human race;" but as his years increased, his views on many points were modified, and his hopes less sanguine. He laid more stress on individual effort, and looked to Christianity as "the grand appointed means of reforming the world." "No form of government," he wrote, "will be practically good as long as the nations to be governed are in a controversy, by their vices and irreligion, with the Supreme Governor."

His sentiments on many religious questions never materially altered from those he entertained at this time. Were the effort incumbent, we could scarcely avoid permitting him to tell much of his story. There are no circumstances of extrinsic interest connected with him. The objective is ordinary, the subjective remarkable. It is not as an agent or as associated with the activities of life, but as a *character* that he repays contemplation; and that character, now that he is dead, is nowhere so clearly discoverable as in his correspondence and writings. In these he yet speaketh; the habits of his mind, the sensibilities of his heart, his failings, his virtues, his genius, are all enwoven there; to know them is to know the man, and to have read the man was to have read them. And this, we believe, is ample apology for all the extracts our sketch may contain. To proceed—he strongly objected to everything institutional in religion, excepting the Lord's supper and public worship. Writing to his friend Hughes, sometime after his return to England, he says:—"I extremely regret that I am not employed in preaching. But what should I do? It is vain to

wish what would exactly gratify me—the power of building a meeting of my own, and without being controlled by any man, and without even the existence of what is called a *church*, of preaching gratis to all that chose to hear." Thirty years later we find the same sentiment expanded. "I have long felt the utter loathing of what bears the general denomination of the *church*, with all its parties, contests, disgraces, or honours. My wish would be little less than the dissolution of all church institutions, of all orders and shapes; that *religion* might be set free, as a grand, moral, and spiritual element, no longer clogged, perverted, and prostituted, by corporation forms, and principles.

Mr. Foster had already renounced his belief in the doctrine of eternal punishment. To a mind constituted like his, so powerfully imaginative, the very thought was terrific; and believing in the reprobation of the greater part of mankind, he could not reconcile an eternity of woe with infinitude of mercy. The moral argument prevailed, although deduced from dubious principles, and too exclusively regarded. This fact, and other peculiarities or uncertainties of creed were probably exceptions against him; but at length, in 1797, he was invited to become the minister of a General Baptist church, at Chichester. Here he laboured for about two years and a half, and with unusual earnestness, to promote the improvement of his congregation, but met with little encouragement. Indifference, that "angel of death," had been there, and no warning voice of Foster's could effectually wake the sleepers. Soon after his departure, the society became extinct. Battersea was the next post of occupation, and there for a while he "graciously administered instruction" to some twenty sable sons of Africa, destined when they came to manhood to be transported home again for the purpose of enlightening their countrymen. From Battersea he removed to Downend, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, where he regularly officiated in the village chapel. Meanwhile his religious convictions deepened as gradually and certainly as his intellectual faculties ripened. Still there was the inward struggle, still the need of rigid discipline; but every effort strengthened his soul, and brought "the mastery" nearer.

What an affecting confession is the following, made at Chichester:—

"I know not, I wonder how I shall succeed in mental improvement, and especially in religion. Oh, it is a difficult thing to be a Christian! I feel the necessity of reform through all my soul. When I retire into thought, I find myself environed by a crowd of impressive and awful images; I fix an ardent gaze on Christianity, assuredly the last, best gift of heaven to man; on Jesus, the agent and example of infinite love; on time, as it passes away; on perfection, as it shines beauteous as heaven, and alas! as remote; on my own beloved soul which I have injured; and on the unhappy multitude of souls around me; and I ask myself, why do not my passions burn? Why does not zeal arise in mighty wrath, to dash my icy habits in pieces, to scourge me from indolence into fervid exertion, and to trample all mean sentiments in the dust? At intervals I feel devotion and benevolence, and a surpassing ardour; but when they are turned towards substantial, laborious operation, they fly and leave me spiritless amid the iron labour. Still, however, I do confide in the efficacy of persistivè prayer; and I do hope that the Spirit of the Lord will yet come mightily upon me, and carry me on through toils, and suffering, and death, to stand on Mount Zion among the followers of the Lamb?"

His correspondence with Mr. Hughes was of great value; now encouraged, now rebuked, by this faithful friend, he saw more clearly the deficiencies of his spiritual life; and many an emotion of regret did he feel when contrasting the results of his labour with the requirements of the cause and kingdom of Christ; and many a resolve did he make as the conviction flashed upon him, that he must be fatally wrong. "I see clearly," he said, "that my strain of thinking and preaching has not been pervaded and animated by the evangelic sentiment, nor, consequently, accompanied by the power of the gospel, either to myself or to others." Henceforth there was to be less of "unprofitable speculation," and more of affectionate obedience. "God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself," was the glorious, all-absorbing truth more fully realized. The innermost shrine of the temple of peace and purity, "the holy of holies," was laid open be-

fore him; and as he gazed there, he read, traced in celestial lines by the finger of mercy, the inspiring words—"brighter, and brighter unto the perfect day."

At Battersea and in the neighbourhood of Downend, Mr. Foster found cultivated and congenial society. Some of "the most delicious months" of his life were passed at the latter place. In short, there was *one* amidst his circle of acquaintance, in whose presence he "constantly felt as if he could pass an age away without ever being tired." While she and a companion "are employed in working, I sit down," he wrote, "sometimes a number of hours together, and pour forth all my imagination or knowledge can supply; and they call me enthusiastic, cynical, proud, or singular, by turns. I take a peculiar pleasure in dissecting the system of fashion, parade, ceremony, and trifles." This lady was Miss Maria Snooke, his future wife and the "dear friend" to whom the "Essays" were addressed. Foster's courtship was in keeping with the man—impassioned and intellectual—but who ever heard of such extraordinary love-letters as those he penned? What masculine thought, what bold originality and elevated sentiment, what diversity of subjects! And these, all concentrated in a single volume, published, and inscribed to "*my dear friend!*" Few ladies have been so honoured; few lovers more fortunate in their choice. He regarded rather "*what* is reciprocated," than "*the circumstance* of reciprocation." He read Newton's "Letters to his wife," and wondered at his protracted affection; they were "all mere *I and you—you and I;*" there were no excursions of imagination or thought. He held, that the intervention of some interest not *personal*, was requisite to secure or augment an attachment. It "must burn in *oxygen*, or it will go out;" and by *oxygen* he meant "a mutual admiration and pursuit of virtue, improvement, utility, the pleasures of taste or some other interesting concern, which shall be the element of their commerce, and make them love each other, not only *for* each other, but as devotees to some third object which they both adore." The "Essays," in which subjects were confessedly *revived* that had interested the social hour, probably sprung from germs of thought scattered in those times of converse above alluded

to, when love and intellect combined their charms, and, in company with Miss Snooke and the younger Mrs. C., he "luxuriated over a wide diffusion of sentiment and fancy."

It was at Downend that he ceased to continue his "Journal"—a journal, indeed, so decidedly unique as to merit even prolonged remark. It was commenced before the age of twenty, and contains in all eight hundred and ten articles, noted down through successive years, and comprising observations on nature, character, morals, mind, and all things else that came within his peculiar sphere. Whatever he deemed striking in fact or thought was noted there—a phenomenon scrutinized, a simile suggested, or a region of speculation discovered; but every line was his own, every sentence, and every sentiment. Indeed, he transplanted thither the choicest flowers that bloomed in his mind's own native soil, but admitted no exotic; wherever we look it is *Fosterland*, resembling the luxuriant, o'er-shadowed dells of some tropical clime. This manuscript he entitled, "A Chinese Garden of Flowers and Weeds." An excerpt or two will best show its nature. Here is a snatch of conversation: "(301.) *Ego*. There is a want of *continuity* in your character. You seem broken into fragments. *N*. Well, I sparkle in fragments. *Ego*. But how much better to shine *whole*, like a mirror." Again: "(313.) 'Their courtship was carried on in poetry.' Alas! many an enamoured pair have courted in poetry, and, after marriage, *lived in prose*." "(506.) —'smemory is nothing but a row of hooks to hang grudges on." "(507.) One of the strongest characteristics of Genius is—the *power of lighting its own fire*." "(625.) Some one said that women remarked characters more discriminatively than men. I said, 'They remark *manners* far more than *characters*. The mental force which might be compressed and pointed into a javelin, to pierce quite through a character, they splinter into little tiny darts to stick all over the features, complexion, attitude, drapery, &c.'" "(330.) Arguments from *miracles* for the truth of the Christian *doctrines*. Surely it is fair to believe that those who received from heaven superhuman power, received likewise superhuman wisdom. Having rung the *great bell* of the *Universe*, the sermon to follow must be extraordinary."

These entries are specimens only of a certain style of originality; but many are full of poetry and beauty, some are suggestive, and others are themselves profound thoughts. But there is something about this Journal we do not like;—to see Genius reaping its own fields, and storing their produce in its own granaries, destroys the idea of inexhaustless fertility, which we would fain associate with it. And then, too, we long for something more substantial; we have sentiments,

Like orient pearls at random strung,

but they *are* mere pearls—ornaments that would be tenfold more entrancing, if adorning some fair object; we have *acanthus*' leaves, nobly chiselled and graceful, in abundance; but we want the pillar round whose capital they should be wreathed—the portico—the pile that such a man could have raised.

Early in 1804, after residing at Downend about four years, Foster removed to Frome, and there began his literary toils. Every interval of leisure from the public duties connected with his congregation, was employed in the composition of his "Essays." "Having been idle," said he, "all my life, I am at last become diligent." He had long contemplated authorship; at Brearley he had thought of it, and from Dublin and elsewhere we have intimations that it still floated before him; but writing was with him a difficult task. The cause of this difficulty is not easily discernible. It was not an absolute deficiency in the power of expression, for in conversation he was vivacious and brilliant; it was not the concomitant of habitual reserve, for he diligently cultivated every opportunity of intercourse; it was not confusion of ideas, for his conceptions were clear; it was not vanity, which regarding effect spoils the means, for he was above that. Possibly it was the acuteness of his observation combined with the reflective disposition of his mind, the one detecting the different shades of meaning in words, the other inducing him to reconsider whatever he penned or thought. Whatever was the cause, it is well to notice this seemingly capricious distribution of the gifts of genius, by which sometimes the possessor of intellectual wealth lacks ability to employ it—capricious it is not, for these variations of capacity, these impediments to per-

fection, humble pride, and teach the noblest that they are only men. Foster, however, not only coined his own thoughts, he made his own language. We like this—the mode of enunciation should always be consistent with the thing enunciated; princely thoughts should ride in a princely vehicle, and common-place sentiment trudge its wearying way in its own beggarly guise. And here we remember a remark apropos that he himself once made with reference to a writer of the last century:—"His language is identical with his thought; the thought *lives* through every article of it. "If you cut, you wound. His diction is not the *clothing* of his sentiments—it is the *skin*; and to alter the language would be to *flay* the sentiment *alive*." He was never contented till his conception stood fairly forth with its proportions as manifest to another as himself. He carved his thoughts in *alto-relievo*; and with his fastidious taste, the process was necessarily tedious. "How often," says he, "I have spent the whole day in adjusting two or three sentences amidst a perplexity about niceties, which would be far too impalpable to be even comprehended, if one were to state them, by the greatest number of readers."

In 1805 the "Essays in a Series of Letters" appeared, and he at once gained a reputation as one of the most original and eloquent writers of the age. The autumn and winter were passed in revising, but it was arduous work. The book has "at least five-thousand faults"—so says the author—and each of these must be extirpated, however tenacious of life! Meanwhile, reviews applaud, Hughes alone circulates one-fifth of the whole edition, and Hall, the Hercules of Nonconformity, himself takes pen in hand, and eagerly does honour to his friend and rival. The emendations at last are finished, the press is again in motion; and in the summer of 1806, a *third* edition is before the world. These Essays are four in number, each thoroughly characteristic of the writer. They embody much of poetry, of lofty sarcasm, of subtle and profound observation; and have throughout the charm of novelty. One peculiarity of Foster's compositions, is the frequency with which he glides into a kind of reverie; he delights to wander in the shadowy realms of supposition, but there he employs himself solely in interpreting real-

ities. He hovers on the wing of speculation, but it is that he may pounce upon truth as his prey. Of this there are several lengthy illustrations in the Essay on "a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself." In the same Essay occurs, too, that forcible passage in which he demonstrates that an atheist, "unless he knows all things, that is, precludes all other divine existence, by being Deity himself, cannot know that the Being, whose existence he rejects, does not exist." The Essay on Decision of Character has probably benefited more individuals than anything of its kind; many a wavering soul has caught its spirit, and trampled doubt and difficulties under foot. That "on the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion" has always been our favourite. Yet in the review of literature there taken, we think it too exclusively regarded as dissociated from the age which produced it. He assumes the true standard of intrinsic and unchanging worth; but literature will always bear "the form and pressure" of the times, and if deficient in purity or truthfulness, its deficiency is the consequence of the times, and surely the cause should be arraigned before our tribunal rather than the effect. The reaction of an immoral or irreligious literature upon the age originating it, as well its operation on every after age, is terrible; and though in a critical estimate we deem it unfair to pass lightly over its historical features, we still admit the individual and tremendous responsibility of all who corrupt it.

During the two years that followed the publication of this volume, Foster occupied himself at intervals on a projected Essay upon the Improvement of Time, a subject he was well qualified to handle, but he finally abandoned it through the pressure of other literary engagements. In Midsummer, 1806, through a morbid state of the thyroid gland, which was aggravated by the exertion of public speaking, he was compelled to relinquish his pastoral charge at Frome. The next four months were spent at Battersea and Margate; but the winter found him again at home, and prosecuting vigorously the labours of his pen. In November he reviewed "Carr's Stranger in Ireland," for the Eclectic, and during the following year contributed thirteen articles. In fact he was entirely depen-

dent for his livelihood and comfort upon his literary exertion, and from this time was in consequence thus regularly employed in reviewing books—"a very laborious business but also highly improving."

This alteration in circumstances obliged him to defer that domestic union which he had long fondly anticipated. Amidst the dark shades that the pensiveness of his mind continually threw round him, this remained in the distance as a beacon whose light nothing could dim; and the result fully proved that it was not blind love which gilded his imagination. "Though sufficiently old and reflective," he said as the event drew nearer, "not to be desperately romantic, I own I do indulge anticipations of a much more elysian character than it would be philosophic to avow. In as sober a judgment as I can form, there are more points of congeniality than in any instance that I have ever seen; and some of them by being of a high and unusual order, will produce a sympathy of so much richer quality and more vivid emphasis."

At length the happy hour arrived. In "a house amidst the fields" at Frome he had been patiently tarrying and diligently toiling, till time rolling tranquilly on had gradually dissipated every hindrance to the consummation of his wishes. He removed to Bourton-on-the-water, where was the home of her about to become "the one constant companion" of his days; and in May, 1808, after an acquaintance of seven years and an avowed connection of five, John Foster and Miss Maria Snooke, the one a facsimile of the other, were united in marriage. In the enjoyment of long desired but never too sanguinely depicted felicity, he passed the years as they flew rapidly by, in the "quiet routine of reading, light criticism, and village preaching." We have nothing to record beyond the usual incidents of family life, and scarcely these. From many of the ills that obtrude themselves amidst circling joys and fond friendships, the household at Bourton seemed awhile exempt. Its peaceful hearth continually re-echoed the strains of an all-pervading harmony of affection and feeling—and these were deepened, and new chords struck, by the birth of a son in January, 1810. During his residence here five children were born, two of whom died in infancy. No noise

made by these "brats" could disturb him; he liked to join in their freaks and increase the tumult—yet his philosophy followed him then, and he noticed "the curious fact of the difference of the effect of what other people's children do and one's own."

He was mainly occupied in writing for the *Eclectic*, seizing voraciously every moment of time, and availing himself of every circumstance calculated to make his literary career more successful. Almost at its outset he had opposed the neutrality maintained by the *Review* on several important topics—and heartily did he rejoice when every barrier to free discussion was entirely broken down. He was a man of decided opinion, and his views of society and things in general were too earnest and too heart-felt to be thrust into ambiguous obscurity by the fear of offending any patron or party. In the summer of 1812, he, in company with some friends, made an excursion into North Wales, and by him it was undertaken "really and truly much more to diversify his ideas and lay in some stock in the imagination, than from any calculation of the mere pleasure of beholding." A garret was the scene of his studies, and there books and papers crowded one upon another in strange confusion, intermingled with dust that was never driven from its resting-place. Along the centre of the floor an open space was kept, and this was the promenade where he walked backward and forward for hours daily. The garret now served instead of the fields; "for I cannot make much," said he, "of thinking and composing without walking about, a habit that I learnt early in my musing life." And he added that, although books and pens were required to be more at hand than ever before, he probably walked not much less than when it was in the open air. "It would be a marvellous number of miles, if it could be computed how far I have walked on this floor. It would be a length that would reach to the other side of the globe. If all my musing walks since I was twenty years old could be computed together, it would not unlikely be a length that would go several times round the globe."

As we have already hinted, Foster had recommenced preaching. Scarcely had a year passed at Bourton, before the affection of his throat so diminished

as to allow of his again speaking in public; and throughout the period of his sojourn there, almost every Sunday saw him employed in proclaiming the message of reconciliation and truth in some one or other of the neighbouring villages. "I am become accustomed," he wrote, "to pulpits, desks, stools, blocks, and all sorts of pedestal elevations." As a preacher among the poor and ignorant, conflicting estimates were formed of him by his different hearers, but his discourses were always free from an assumption of superiority. Simplicity was one of their distinguishing characteristics; and all his taste and talents, were enlisted to secure interest, yet there can be little doubt that they would have proved more generally acceptable and more widely useful, had they been as impassioned as they were intellectual.

Mr. Foster was reminded of "the valley of the shadow of death," through which the oldest and most venerated must travel, by the death of his father in 1814, and of his mother two years later. Both of them fell like the golden corn beneath the glory of an autumnal sun; their piety was "entire and sublime," and they relinquished the honours of age only for the bliss of immortal youth. The pressure of outward circumstances had long before their departure been partially lightened by their son, and when the mother survived her husband a short space, he wrote to her more frequently in her solitude, and by every means tried with sedulous love to cheer her loneliness and alleviate her infirmities.

Eight years had passed since his happy settlement at Bourton, when in 1817 he was induced again to return to the scene of his former labours at Downend. Looking backward at this juncture, he writes:—"I cannot but feel some very solemn reflections and emotions, in which regret bears a very prominent share. Conscience admonishes me to how much more effectual purpose these years might have been expended. Gratitude to the Divine forbearance, and the Divine bounty, claims also a large part in the sentiments with which I ought to dwell on the review. Whatever time is yet to come before death shall shut up the account, may the Divine grace enable me to improve it in a far nobler manner."

Mr. Foster did not sustain the pasto-

ral office this second time at Downend for more than six months. The little sympathy his sermons elicited from the majority of his auditors, and the failure of his efforts, notwithstanding his long practice in village preaching, determined him to resign. It is not surprising that the utterances of a mind so reflective and vigorous, and cast in so uncommon a mould, should be disregarded by vapid and ordinary persons; but truth does not force, it wins its way, and with different individuals by different means, and it is clearly, therefore, the duty of those who advocate its claims to seek and use those means which, accompanied by divine energy, are most likely to operate favourably in any particular instance; and Foster perhaps should have been more willing to doff his usual habits of thought, and leave occasionally his favourite haunts. The effort would have been laborious, but the result satisfactory. Not that any should pander to popular taste and caprice; he, indeed, will never do so, whose sole aim is to elevate his audience, who strives in every way to reach the mind and heart, but strives thus to reach them *only* that he may elevate. To lift a thing it may be requisite to stoop, but the very act may display elasticity and grace before imperceptible. He at one time contemplated a volume of sermons, but has left only one in print, namely, the Discourse on Missions delivered in September, 1818, on the appearance of which he came before the public in his own name once again, after an absence of thirteen years.

In December of the same year he preached on behalf of the British and Foreign School Society, and the sermon on that occasion was afterwards enlarged into an Essay on the "Evils of Popular Ignorance." This he considered his best work; it was published in 1820, and in the autumn he began to revise it for a second edition. Experience in composition had not brought facility; from the end of October till the following April he sat closely at the task, without leisure to read a newspaper, review, or anything else. "It is a sweet luxury," he confesses, "this book-making; for I dare say I could point out scores of sentences *each* one of which has cost me *several hours* of the utmost exertion of my mind, to put it in the state in which it now stands. At Michaelmas, 1821, he removed from

Downend to Stapleton, a picturesque village within three miles of Bristol. The city he shunned, partly to enjoy the healthful breezes that came fresh from fields and groves, and partly to escape the tax on time which in large towns morning visitors are accustomed to levy most heavily where it can be least spared. Time was a thing he especially valued, and on company "assembled for its assassination," or on conversation in quest of its element amongst insignificant subjects, he was always severe. He treasured moments, as the gold-seeker his particles of dust; and condemned all who misappropriated them. For this reason he disliked fancy-work. Once when shown a piece of worsted work with a great deal of red in it, he quaintly said, "It was red with the blood of murdered time."

Another sphere of usefulness now opened before him. He had not been long at Stapleton before he was again dispensing the word of life amongst the villagers; but Bristol had its claims, and accordingly, in 1822, he yielded to solicitation, and engaged to deliver a lecture there every fortnight, in the Broadmead Chapel. A night was chosen when it could interfere little with the usual religious services of the city, and in consequence the audience, which was miscellaneous and drawn together solely by sympathy with the preacher and his aim, embraced a more than ordinary share of intelligence. Here, then, was an atmosphere congenial to his talents, and were in all probability his endeavours would be effective; but the labour of thought was considerable, and at the end of two years his physical incompetence obliged him to seek partial relief by confining himself to a monthly lecture. This, too, he relinquished when Hall settled in Bristol, deeming it, such was his appreciation of his coeval, "altogether superfluous and even bordering on impertinent." His ideas at this time, as regarded the aspect and habits of the Church, were in general, if not the same, the legitimate expansion of those, he held when young. When invited, in 1829, to take part in the ordination of a minister at Dublin, on the spot where he had long before demonstrated his character, he summed up his answer in the wish "that every notion and practice of this kind, in short everything sacerdotal and ceremonial were cleared out of our religious

economy." His refusal to speak at an anniversary meeting of the Bible Society, the object of which he approved, was characteristic but cynical. For the platform he would have been too meditative; and it would have thrust him further into the field of action than comported with his disposition. Though himself a stranger there, he was unsparing in his castigations of its abuses. Cant and affectation everywhere, and in every form, were obnoxious to him. When the Emperor Alexander's piety was a favourite theme with certain declaimers, a person receiving their statements, as Foster thought, far too easily, remarked that really the Emperor must be a very good man. "Yes, sir," he replied gravely but with a significant glance, "a very good man—very devout; no doubt he said grace before he swallowed Poland!"

Foster's next literary task was an Introduction, written for a Glasgow publisher, to "Dodridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." It is a masterly production, eloquent, and forcible; the reader's imagination is at once enlisted, and his conscience and reason continually appealed to; the whole is a sort of reverie, discursive and profound, but is fairly neither introduction nor preface. "It was almost all laboured at," wrote the author, "under a miserable feeling of contraction and sterility." This was nearly the last effort. Much is it to be regretted that so original a mind should have left so little to posterity. But who can accuse of indolence? Foster was an intellectual Samson, but bound by seven green withs; we have to congratulate ourselves on what he did, despite his bonds. When we recal the cost of a sentence, and in conjunction with his published works, remember his extended correspondence, his one hundred and eighty-four articles for the "Eclectic Review," and his ministerial engagements, it is clear, he could not have been idle. "I honestly believe," he once wrote, "I have never, at any one time written the amount of a single page (of course, not including letters) without a painfully repugnant sense of toil; such a sense of it, as *always* far more than to overbalance any sense of pleasure and such as in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, quite to annihilate any such feeling of pleasure." How Dr. Johnson, writing a book in less than a week, would have growled and laughed over

acknowledgments like these. Foster's grasp of thought, and difficulty of expression, combine to form a phenomenon worthy of record. Another thing to be noted is that he was not in any sense of the word, a *learned* man. Many a region of truth was altogether untrodden by him. With natural and mathematical science, with the intricacies and wonders of philology, he was comparatively unacquainted; and this ignorance not only limited his range of allusion, but deprived him of an infinite amount of material which would have helped him to build. Wherever he went it was with royal step; knotty problems vanished at his coming, or gave to him tribute; but he should have travelled farther, for the wider his dominion, the more abundant his wealth.

Foster had passed his fiftieth year, the sun was beginning to decline; already his frame had given proof of the injurious effects of severe mental application; but worse than this, painful forebodings were now excited by the failing health of his wife, the beloved of his heart, the twin-spirit whose sympathies were all enwoven with his own. In 1826, too, the first inroad of death was made upon his family—his eldest son fell a victim to consumption. This event was deeply felt, but when the parent looked above to that sphere where evil is unknown and joy enduring, where the soul's true welfare is attained and the bliss of being realized, and glanced again upon the world, where truth is despised and existence abused, where ten thousand snares beset the young and would destroy them, the very pensiveness of his character, that pictured the scenes of time in darkest shades, brought consolation, and enabled him patiently to sustain his mournful bereavement.

This was an eventful period in English history; new powers were ranging themselves in the pride of strength and right against the prejudices and corruptions of centuries. Foster, in his seclusion, watched the changeful contest and estimated the forces in action, now with sanguine hope and now in despondency. He was not a practical politician; his convictions had been implanted and nourished apart from society. While clouds and storms had been sweeping over it, he had looked on from the distance in the calm light of reason and religion; and his impressions were as

correct as those of the majority actually involved, his interest was as intense, and naturally therefore his mode of expression vehement. It was not till the Reform Bill had passed, and all parties again marshalled themselves in rank and file, that he wrote anything specially upon the subjects in debate. In 1834, however, he inserted two letters in the "Morning Chronicle," professedly from "A Quiet Looker-on," on the Church and the Voluntary Principle; and in 1851, five letters on the Ballot by an "Independent Elector."

Foster's own life-work was nearly finished. Not that his hand trembled or his heart quailed, but that events and circumstances demanded his solitude. From this date shadows thickened around him; but as they came, he rejoiced in the consciousness of deepening faith, that beyond them all was a quenchless sun. His friends began to die. For the "acquaintance-feeling" he never had a faculty, but his attachments, when formed, were invariably strong. His friendship was an ethereal flame, pure and unwavering. And now he was to prove that

There is no union here of hearts,
Which finds not here an end.

Adversity may despoil a man of the luxuries of life, as the winter the oak of its foliage; but the strength of the tree is never so tested as when the hurricane tears from it its branches. In 1831, Robert Hall departed; and to his memory he paid a tribute in his "Observations on Mr. Hall as a Preacher." In 1832, it became too apparent that death was about to disturb by an irrecoverable blow, the domestic felicity he had so long enjoyed. The symptoms of decline in Mrs. Foster's health became alarming. With the spring a fatal illness commenced which terminated in the autumn. She died in the house of her brother-in-law, at Bourton, in peace and hope. Her husband was at a distance; the last moment suddenly arrived, and the struggle was over before he could possibly reach her. "I have come hither," he wrote, "so considerable a time since the event, that I am dissuaded from seeing, as I wished to do, the deserted mortal relic, which will be removed early the day after to-morrow, and with the very least possible ceremony. If conventional usages did not come obstinately in the way, my infinite preference would be, that the last office

should be performed at the midnight hour, in perfect silence, and with no attendance beside the parties immediately interested. What have a number of gazing, indifferent spectators to do with my loss, or my demeanour or feeling regarding it?" The wish thus expressed became known in the village, and prompted by genuine delicacy and respect, the inhabitants, almost without exception, remained at home at the time of the funeral. This was a painful loss; but though she was his dearest and most sympathizing companion, prized above all earthly things, he submitted without complaint to the mandate of unerring wisdom. These pensive emotions were prolonged and deepened in the following year by the removal of the Rev. Mr. Anderson, with whom he was on terms of cordial intimacy; and also immediately after by that of his faithful and valued—brother, we might almost say, for brothers they were in talent and in sentiment—the Rev. Joseph Hughes. Hearing he was on the verge of eternity, he seized his pen, and addressed him "for the last time in this world," in a strain indicative of his now habitual state of mind:—"But oh, my dear friend, whither is it that you are going? Where is it that you will be a few short weeks or days hence? I have affecting cause to think and to wonder concerning that unseen world; to desire, were it permitted to mortals, one glimpse of that mysterious economy, to ask innumerable questions to which there is no answer. What is the manner of existence—of employment—of society—of remembrance—of anticipation of all the surrounding revelations to our departed friends? How striking to think that *she* so long and so recently with me here, so beloved but now so totally withdrawn and absent, that she experimentally knows all I am in vain enquiring!" His letters to the Rev. Josiah Hill in particular, show that these were the subjects he was perpetually pondering. His eye was ever fixed on the limitless expanse where eternal ages roll their solemn round, and by the dim light reflected thence on earth, he sought to satisfy his sublime curiosity. The thought of IMMORTALITY was familiar, it became to him what he had taught it should be, "the grand test of all pursuits, friendships, and speculations." These scenes of bereavement would have been re-

vived, had it been possible for them to fade in recollection, by the death of the Rajah Rammohunroy, the same year in a house adjoining. His brother and an associate of early youth were the next to leave him, and in 1840, followed another esteemed friend, the Rev. Thomas Coles.

It is not necessary to record in detail, the occurrences of the last few years of Foster's life. They are unmarked by extraordinary features, and will not tend to make more distinct the character of the man. His health had given intimations of failure. About Christmas, 1842, he began to spit blood, and in January of the succeeding year had another attack. In June he appeared for the last time in public, at the examination of the students of the Baptist College in Bristol, but his debility increased, and under such constant admonition he seriously prepared for the change awaiting him. In September, he wrote: "*Pray without ceasing*, has been the sentence repeating itself in the silent thought; and I am sure, I think, that it will, that it *must*, be my practice to the last conscious hour of life. Oh why not throughout that long, indolent, inanimate half century past! I often think mournfully at the difference it would have made now, when there remains so little time for a more genuine, effective, spiritual life. What would become of a poor sinful soul, but for that blessed, all comprehensive sacrifice, and that intercession at the right hand of the Majesty on high." The same month he was confined to his room; and as the weeks passed, almost each day gave token that he was ready for the "final journey." Many a thing he had not strength to perform, "But I can pray," said he, "and that is a glorious thing." And at another time he was heard to whisper the words of triumph: "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

It is the evening of Saturday, October 14th, and Foster is stretched upon his bed, his head throbbing, his breath oppressed. He cannot listen to the loved voice that would read from some favourite page, he cannot talk; he asks to be left alone. His desire is complied with, but ever and anon a footstep steals into the room, and then retreats. Night comes, and it is specially requested that

some one may be allowed to sit with him through its dark watches; but he steadily refuses, and all again is hushed within that chamber of sickness. Morning draws near, and the faithful servants listen at the door; all is well—he sleepeth. At six o'clock, again she stands there, anxiously hoping for a sound, however slight, that shall intimate the continuance of life. None is heard—she enters, and there he lies, with arms gently extended, and countenance placid as in slumber; his limbs still warm, but his forehead cold. O, how cold! Death's icy hand has been there, and the contemplative spirit has burst its thralldom and soared beyond the bounds of its highest aspirations.

So lived and so died John Foster, not a faultless man, but still a bright exemplar. He has been called a misanthrope; but the name is misapplied. There was too much refinement of feeling and kindness of heart in him. Take an instance or two from amidst a number. When shown small wares brought to the door for sale, on being told the price, he would say, "O, give them a few pence more; see—there's a great deal of work here; it must have taken some time to make." He has been known to go back to a shop and pay something more for what he thought had been sold him too cheaply. If he had been told of any in distress, though personally unacquainted with them, he seemed constantly to remember them, and would make evident allusions to them in his family prayers; and in rendering acts of kindness in some ingenious manner he always tried to make it appear that he was the favoured person. These traits have too much of tenderness and beauty for the character of a misanthrope; and yet there was a grievous deficiency of sympathy between him and the mass of mankind. He loved them, but he could not feel as they felt. It was as if his soul would shake off the shackles of humanity, and expatiate alone in its own ethereal element. He would have been a nobler man, could he have said

with his enthusiasm: "*Homo sum; nil humanum alienum puto.*" He is told that his birthplace is increasing in size, and remarks:—"It did not please me at all. It was just saying there were so many more *sinner*s in the locality. Unless mankind were better, an augmented number is nothing to be pleased with. On the contrary, I am always apt to be pleased at seeing vacated sites, and houses deserted and in ruins." Had he felt himself more a man with men he would never have written thus. Instead of dwelling only on the dark shades of the pictures, he would have gazed on the hues of light; instead of sitting down in melancholy, he would have bent every energy to the demolition of what he abhorred, and to the advancement of truth and right. He once called the world "an untamed and untameable animal," and on being reminded that he was a part of it, rejoined, "Yes, sir, a hair upon the tail." His sense of individuality—his perception and appreciation of the beautiful in nature and morals—his constitutional pensiveness—his habits of mind which led him to reflect rather than anticipate, and so stole from him, in part, the pleasures of hope—and especially the lofty standard by which he tested things—these combined to sever him from ordinary mortals, and to make him fail in that interest of association with them, which would have nerved him for the accomplishment of more than he did. Another fault was the predominance of the ideal over the actual; an infusion of the practical would have been advantageous. His favourite problems were, *what may be, or might be, or would have been.* What a contrast in action between him and Dr. Arnold, both though, extensively agreeing in sentiment! But if the one lives "in deeds, not years," the other does "in thoughts, not breaths." When Foster, the man, is forgotten by the circle of his friends, Foster, the writer, shall be remembered by thousands he has benefited.

FRANCIS MAXIMILIAN ROBESPIERRE.

THE life of Robespierre is the history of one of the world's epochs, and that an epoch, beyond all others, vast in its events and important in its issues. The few years during which the mighty drama of the French Revolution was played out, occupy a larger and more conspicuous page in the annals of history, than ages of the ordinary life of humanity. Those crises, decisive of the destinies of nations, those convulsions shaking society to its centre, those events world-wide in their bearings and transmitting their issues far into the future, which, like the hurricanes and earthquakes of nature, are generally interspersed at wide intervals, here occur simultaneously, or crowd closely upon one another. Those first-class men in politics and strategy, of whom the race is generally so sparing, here cluster together in constellations. Those social changes, that unchaining of thought and march of sentiment, which are generally effected by the slow and imperceptible hand of time, like the growth of plants and animals, during this memorable epoch broke out suddenly, convulsively. Within the short space of six years, dynasties hoary with antiquity were overthrown; institutions that had interwoven themselves with the lives and habits of nations, altogether disappeared; superstitions the most venerated were exposed and profaned; prejudices the most inveterate were uprooted; opinions held as the dogmata of revelation were denied and ridiculed. Within this period, a vast and terrible drama was enacted, of which France was the stage and the world the theatre; in which kings and generals, statesmen and orators, fanatics and assassins, were the actors; the downfall of thrones and tyrannies, the blood of a hundred battlefields, the massacre of a million citizens, the catastrophes and the regeneration of modern society, the *denouement*. There may have been, there doubtless were, latent and adequate causes, which had been long working under the surface of society, and of which the French Revolution was only the development; these, however, were its ostensible facts.

And with the French Revolution Robespierre has identified himself. Of this mighty movement of humanity, so

rapid and eventful in its march, so momentous in its issues, Robespierre was the incarnation. In him the revolutionary idea assumed a shape, and spoke, and acted. He advanced with it to its extreme point, never lagging behind, never seeking to stem its progress. When all other parties had been thrust aside or swallowed up, and he and his followers were left alone at the head of affairs, the Revolution had culminated, and this was at once the sign and the consequence. When he and his party fell, the Revolution had receded. Robespierre was its last idea, its ultimate point.

We have prefaced with these remarks, partly to vindicate the assertion with which we commenced, and partly to apologise for the necessary imperfection of the present sketch. It is absolutely impossible within such limits, to give a detailed biography of Robespierre; for links of connection would be found attaching him to all the events of this eventful period. We must content ourselves with presenting him to view, at the critical passages of the history, in the attitudes he assumed, and the conduct he adopted. This will suffice to display the man. These outward and visible facts will give us some insight into that inner self, of which they are but the exponents. And thus, even in the case of this enigmatical character, we may perhaps accomplish the truest ends of biography, by detecting those elementary principles, into which, after all, the strangest and most contradictory phenomena of human conduct are resolvable.

FRANCIS MAXIMILIAN ROBESPIERRE, was born at Arras, in the year 1759, so that he was just thirty years of age when the Revolution broke out. His father, who was of English extraction, had ruined his fortunes by dissipation, and was in consequence compelled to take refuge in Germany from his creditors. He afterwards escaped to America, and was never more heard of. When young Maximilian was but nine years old, his mother died, so that at that early age he was left an orphan and destitute. The Bishop of Arras befriended him, sent him to the college of Louis le Grand, at Paris, and defrayed

the expenses of his education. At college he pursued his studies with diligence, and made respectable progress. Even then he was distinguished by the austerity of his manners. The philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau, occupied much of his attention, and made a profound impression on his ardent and speculative mind. Such was his enthusiasm that we find him making a pilgrimage of thirty miles on foot, to visit this great forerunner of the Revolution. On quitting college, he established himself as an advocate in his native town, sharing his time between literature and the law. Two incidents trivial in themselves, but remarkable when considered in connection with his subsequent history, are recorded of this his early career. He resigned a situation as member of the common tribunal of Arras, to which he had been appointed by the Bishop, because his sensibility was wounded on being compelled to condemn an assassin to death. A prize was offered by the Academy of Metz, for the best essay on the inhuman law by which the whole family of a criminal condemned to the scaffold, was rendered infamous. Robespierre entered into the competition and carried off the prize. In his essay he indulges in much pathetic remonstrance, and goes the length of advocating the *total abolition of capital punishments*.

Such was Robespierre up to the time of his election into the States-general, and the incorporation of his biography with the history of France. And we have here the elements of all that he afterwards became, as indeed we should expect in so pertinacious a character. Some of these circumstances may indeed appear contradictory to the part he sustained in after life, but such contradiction exists only in appearance. Robespierre pedestriating thirty miles to see that great philanthropist, J. J. Rousseau, abdicating the tribunal because too sensitive to condemn a murderer to death, advocating with eloquence and pathos the abolition of all capital punishments; and Robespierre, the extreme democrat of the Revolution, the sanguinary despot of the Reign of Terror is perfectly consistent with himself. Nay, the same principles that, acting upon the susceptible and enthusiastic mind of youth, gave warmth and vigour to his pen when he contested for the premium of the academy of Metz, those same prin-

ciples, coming into contact with the stern and steeled heart of the fanatic, erroneously and relentlessly applied, still governed him when he consigned his hundreds of daily victims to the tender mercies of the revolutionary tribunal. And these were the principles of the philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Robespierre was consistent with himself in the same way that the dazzling and philanthropic theories of this philosopher resulted in the way of certain consequence in the commotions and outrages and blood of the worst times of the revolution.

Voltaire, Rousseau, and their disciples, were the true leaders of this great and terrible epoch. They had taught the people to examine and think. They had shown that the traditions of ages were open to question, that opinions were not necessarily true because they were universally received and had wrought themselves into the life of a people, that the dogmata of popes and priests were not infallible, that the despotism of kings and nobles was not a matter of inherent right. They had already effected a revolution in idea, which was only waiting its opportunity to develop itself in fact. Each of them had his separate department, but they were coadjutors in the same great cause. Voltaire attacked the tyranny of superstition, that tyranny that wielding the *prestige* of tradition, the anathemas of conscience and the terrors of futurity, is the most oppressive and debasing in its bondage, and the hardest to throw off. Possessed of extraordinary and multifarious powers, dexterous in the use of that most trenchant of all weapons, wit, inveterate, even malignant in his hatred, of indomitable perseverance and restless activity, living far beyond the usual term of existence, Voltaire seemed directly qualified and preserved for the purpose to which he devoted his life. Of this purpose he never lost sight. From the commencement to the close of his long career, in all his compositions, and their name is legion, in almost every department of literature, for almost every department he essayed, directly and indirectly, by sneer and sarcasm, laughter and invective, the *church* and the religion with which he unhappily confounded it, were the objects of his incessant attacks. It needed such a foe to overthrow such a colossal tyranny, and emancipate the thought and con-

science of mankind. Voltaire's great error was that he did not discriminate between what is essential and what accidental, between the truth, immutable and one, and the accretions that had gathered to it, and the perversions that had distorted it. He assailed promiscuously religion and religious systems, forgetting that the one is *human* and fallible, and the other *divine* and infallible. And of this error, France has paid the penalty. This is why unmoored from the anchor of her former faith, she has drifted over the agitated and trackless waters of infidelity. This was one reason why her revolution was deformed by such hideous excesses. In social commotions the restraints and humanities of religion are needed to allay passion and curb excess. Valour and patriotism and virtue will not supply its place. It had been renounced in France, confounded with the tyranny of superstition, and hence, her revolution instead of proclaiming liberty to the captive, and light to those that sit in darkness, spoke in accents of rage and revenge provoking to crime and blood-shed.

Rousseau attacked the evils of man's social condition. *Property* was in his eyes what *religion* was in the eyes of Voltaire, the prolific source of human misery. He had himself tasted the humiliations of poverty. He had himself struggled with its privations and difficulties. He had been near starvation in sight of the prodigality and luxury of the rich. He did not occupy that position in the social scale to which his talents entitled him. The ignorant and imbecile rioted in profusion, and wielded the power that wealth imparts, while he, one of nature's gifted children, was poor and dependent. These things, acting upon a dreamy and sensitive temperament, inspired the philosophy of Rousseau. Standing amidst the masses at the foot of the social scale, he became their voice, giving eloquent and pathetic utterance to their wrongs and miseries. His philosophy was just the warm spontaneous outpouring of an impassioned nature, affected by the circumstances of his condition. Its source was not in the intellect, but in the heart. Hence he could not, like Voltaire, employ wit as his weapon, for wit is not the outbreak of genuine indignation, nor the involuntary cry of misery. He used that truest language of the

heart, eloquent denunciation, irresistible pathos, enthusiastic hope, all steeped in hues brilliantly imaginative. He was not a practical man. He broached no scheme for the amelioration of society. This was not his province. He was but the forerunner of the New Evangel, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." He felt existing evils, and he denounced them; he dreamed of a brighter ideal, and he portrayed the glorious vision. How such a regeneration of things was to be attained, whether it were in truth attainable, it was not for him to enquire. It was imaginable, and that was enough for this philosopher and poet. And here was his great error. The extinction of toil and oppression and poverty, the lightening or removal of burdens by equalization, the union of mankind in the peace and harmony of a universal brotherhood, the merging of all selfish interests in the common good, the establishment of the reign of *liberty, equality, and fraternity*, all this, doubtless, appears an enchanting ideal; yet profound observers of human nature and society have questioned whether, even supposing it practicable, it would add to the quantum of human happiness. However this may be, one fatal objection lies against all such theories; *they can never be realized*, not, at least, while the elements of man's nature and condition remain what they now are. There is a distinction between unity and uniformity. The one is the law of nature, the other is *not*, and the one is the law of society, or ought to be, the other is *not*, nor can be. Whilst the innate qualities and capacities of mankind differ as they do, all attempts to realize such theories as the above, must be miserably abortive. And more, it is a perilous thing to attempt an impossibility, especially in conjunction with the dogma that the end sanctifies the means. In the case of individuals, it is by this straining after the unattainable, that crimes are committed and fortunes wrecked. In society too, it is thus that the most terrible convulsions and hideous excesses are occasioned. It was thus that the philanthropic theories and gorgeous visions of Jean Jacques Rousseau were in no remote way connected with the wildest and bloodiest scenes of the French Revolution.

Such doctrines, emanating from such

a soul, and arrayed in the charms of such a style, struck upon deep and ready sympathies in the hearts of thousands. All the youth and enthusiasm of France responded to the wails and aspirations of this impassioned visionary. Amongst the rest we have seen how powerfully they affected the young lawyer of Arras. Robespierre was formed by nature of the temperament out of which fanatics are made. Restlessly active, inflexible of will, capable of long and severe concentration of thought, ardent and ambitious, unscrupulous as to the means by which he attained his ends, he was one of those who, when once they meet with a great and congenial idea, surrender themselves to it with complete and lifelong devotion. It was thus that Robespierre embraced the philosophy of Rousseau. He did not merely hold these doctrines as opinions. They had not merely a cold and barren place in his creed. They impregnated his soul. They possessed him. He gave himself to them, mind and heart, strength and life. He became their incarnation. To realize Rousseau's ideal of regenerated society became henceforth his warmest aspiration, his supreme purpose. He only waited opportunity, and that was at hand, as generally to those who wait for it.

It is thus that the apparent contradictions of Robespierre's conduct are to be reconciled. When he shrank from the infliction of capital punishment, it was Rousseau's humane philosophy that wrought within him; when a few years after he steeled his heart to the massacres of the Reign of Terror, it was still as the fanatical adherent of the same doctrines. This was but the baptism of blood, through which society had to pass to its ideal renovation. These lives were obstacles in the way, and they must be removed. He thought that having but the choice of evils, he chose the least. He forgot that nothing—no end—no motive—can sanctify crime. It was a mad, mistaken, relentless, and guilty effort to realize a fascinating impossibility.

This is a long digression, but necessary; not merely to explain these inconsistencies in Robespierre's conduct, but as a key to his entire life. There are really no anomalies in humanity any more than in nature. In what we deem and call anomalies the laws are

only hidden. Either we do not look deep enough, or have not sufficient acquaintance with facts. Robespierre was an unusual phenomenon, it is true, yet he was a phase of our common nature.

In 1789, in consequence of an attack upon the superior council of Artois, which had gained for him the favour of the popular party, Robespierre was elected as deputy to the States-General. This convocation of representatives from all classes in the nation had been summoned by Louis XVI. as a last desperate measure, to quiet discontent, and rescue himself from his embarrassments. These at all events were the ostensible causes, yet in truth the real cause lay more deep and hidden. Few at that time discerned it. It was the growth of public sentiment in advance of existing institutions. Society had now reached an adult, reflective age, and was impatient of the tutelage and leading strings of its childhood. An expansion, correspondent with its own recent growth, was needed in its institutions. The revolutionary idea already on its irresistible march, had reached a stage in its progress, in which the convocation of the States-General became a matter of necessity. The alternative was between the opening of this safety valve, or some yet more violent and terrific explosion. And throughout the whole of its history, it is remarkable how, like a secret but resistless fate, the Revolution was itself the cause of all things. It was the origin of events, not the consequence of them. It was the convener of assemblies, not the offspring of their deliberations. It employed men as its instruments, but would not submit to be controlled or guided by them. The moment they attempted to moderate its advance or give it direction, their fate was sealed. The revolution passed by them, or if they persisted to stand in its way, over them. This is the true philosophy of the National Assembly. The embarrassment of the finances, the liberal character of the king, the false policy of ministers, the refractoriness of parliaments, these were but the occasions; the Revolution itself was the cause. But this the king and his ministers did not understand. Precedents had existed in the ancient history of France, and they hoped to find in the States-General at the close of the eighteenth century the tractable and

convenient assembly it had been in the middle ages. They forgot that it is a perilous thing to apply the precedents of one age to the altered sentiments and conditions of another. Or rather, they were ignorant of the changes that had taken place. They knew not what novel ideas were fermenting in the minds of the people. Hence king, ministers, and nobles were unanimous in convening an assembly which did not dissolve till it had engulphed the hierarchies of the church and the dignities of the state, profaned the sanctity of the palace, and reduced to a form and a shadow the despotism of ages.

In the National Assembly Robespierre did not at first occupy a conspicuous place. The eminent men who took the lead in its debates threw him into the shade. His insignificant figure, shrill voice, awkward gestures, and hesitating and confused speech drew but little attention. Impelled by the restlessness of his disposition, and the strong feelings that fermented within him, he frequently spoke; but so miserable were his first efforts that the Assembly hardly tolerated him.

But there were two features in Robespierre's character which carried him triumphantly through these difficulties, and converted the obscure and embarrassed deputy into an orator and the despot of the revolution. These were his indomitable perseverance and his fidelity to principle. Nothing daunted by his repeated failures, submitting with all the impossibility of his character to the taunts, and laughter, and impatience of the Assembly, he persevered, till at length he acquired that facility and force of expression so essential to the public man in times of popular commotion. He never possessed the copious and impassioned speech of those to whom eloquence is a natural gift. He seldom trusted himself to extempore effusions. His more important harangues bear the appearance of severe and careful premeditation. And this has been corroborated by the manuscripts that have been found among his papers. But in the *art* of public speaking he attained great excellence. He acquired some of the capital qualifications of the rhetorician, clearness and condensation, energy and tact.

It was not, however, the improvement of his oratory, marked and rapid as that was, which ultimately caused

the luminaries of the Assembly to wane before the obscure deputy of Arras, so much as his fidelity to principle. When Mirabeau, to cater to his pleasures and ambition, had taken bribes of the Court; and Barnave had relented at the sight of the majestic grief of fallen royalty, and the innocent fair face of the young Dauphin; when the two Lameths seeing whither things were tending would fain have retraced their steps, Robespierre felt that his convictions yet urged him onward, and he obeyed them. The revolution thrusting aside those who had betrayed it, and mocking the silly presumption of those who would moderate it, demanded a leader. Robespierre presented himself and was accepted. This was the secret of his extraordinary rise.

Overborne by the surpassing talents of his rivals in the Assembly, Robespierre sought without its walls the influence denied him within. The man of the people, to the people he appealed. The organ of the appeal was the Jacobin club. At the commencement of the sittings of the National Assembly, certain Breton deputies belonging to what was then the extreme revolutionary party, had formed a society to concoct measures and stimulate the progress of liberty. Among its founders were Barnore and the two Lameths. It accompanied the National Assembly in its removal from Versailles to Paris, and selected, as the place of its sittings, the old convent of the Jacobins, near to the Manège, where the representatives of the nation assembled. Hence it derived the appellation which became afterwards so notorious and terrible. Here, in the vast and desolate nave in the church, rudely fitted up for the purpose, an uncouth multitude, gathered chiefly from the lowest classes, assembled nightly, and listened, with furious outcries and gesticulations, to the harangues of orators who knew well how to arouse the stormiest passions; while a few straggling torches, barely sufficient to light up the gloomy hall, flung a flickering glare on the bizarre and tumultuous crowd, and bats flitting to and fro, added to the unearthly character of the scene. Revolutionary songs were sung, the most violent propositions carried by acclamation, the speakers perpetually interrupted by the freely expressed enthusiasm or disapprobation of the audience, and debates held at

times so loud and confused, that muskets fired off at intervals were necessary to restore decorum. The avowed object of the Jacobin Club was to influence the legislature by pressure from without. It was a direct appeal to popular passion. And, as the worst passions are unfortunately the strongest, to the worst passions the demagogues appealed. Hatred and envy, suspicion and revenge, were assiduously stirred up amongst all classes prone enough to indulge in them without incitement. The court, the aristocracy, the wealthy, *all above themselves*, were represented as their natural and necessary enemies, who had held them in thralldom for ages, and were now perpetually conspiring against their newly gained liberty. The Jacobin Club had affiliated societies all over the kingdom. Thus, any movement in the parent society circulated its pulsations to the remotest town and hamlet. It was an organized agitation of the masses, close by the side of the legislature, and, as a necessary consequence, soon overawed it, and ultimately overwhelmed it.

At the Jacobins, Robespierre soon acquired an influence almost unrivalled; and it was his personal character that gained for him his position. He was soiled by none of the private vices that disgraced the other leaders of the Revolution; his poverty proved him superior to a bribe, and soon won for him the honourable epithet of "the incorruptible." A selfish ambition appeared but little to adulterate his motives; he was a fanatic, but the object of his fanaticism was the public good. In his speeches there was a simple and transparent philosophy, a constant going back to primary principles, which, though exciting less immediate passion than the other fervid declamations of the tribune, raised higher the character of the speaker, and produced a more permanent effect.

On the 2nd of April, 1791, about two years after the opening of the Constituent Assembly, Mirabeau died, and left the stage clear for the display of secondary talent and the enunciation of opposing sentiments. Had he lived, indeed, the Revolution itself would probably have deposed him, and raised to its leadership those more true to its idea. Mirabeau was doubtless a man of vast genius and daring, and his authority was firmly seated; but the

Revolution would have proved more than a match for even him, had he stood in its way. And already he had begun to halt and waver. Hitherto, notwithstanding, his influence had been dominant in the Assembly. One incident may serve to illustrate this. He was combating certain measures of extreme cruelty and injustice. His eloquence was vehement and commanding. He concluded by a sarcastic allusion to the ultra-Revolutionism of his opponents. Loud murmurs arose from the Jacobin deputies. "*Silence those thirty voices!*" Mirabeau shouted in tones of thunder; and the hall was at once silent. It was the last time that imperious voice was heard in the Assembly.

After his death, Robespierre appeared more frequently and conspicuously in the debates. He had hitherto generally taken part with Barnave and the Lameths against Mirabeau, but now that they attempted to usurp the position that redoubtable orator had left vacant, he became the nucleus of an ultra-party associated with the Jacobins, and out-rivalling his opponents in revolutionary zeal. About this time we find him engaging in an animated discussion on the abolition of the punishment of death. In his speech we recognise again the philanthropical philosophy of J. J. Rousseau.

On the night of the 20th of June, 1791, the royal family, remembering still with terror the fatal days of the 5th and 6th of Oct., when a furious mob from Paris had profaned the palace, and threatened their lives—and weary of the perpetual alarms and insults of their present captivity, fled from the Tuileries.

During the confusion and consternation of these few days, and the stormy discussions that followed, Robespierre advocated the most extreme measures. The flight of the king in itself, he regarded as a matter of indifference, if not of congratulation. But he effected to discover in the whole affair a vast conspiracy, concerted between the emigrant nobility without the state and the partisans of the king within, and in which Lafayette the Commander of the National Guard, and the constitutional part of the Assembly were implicated. Thus he made use of the occurrence to foment the suspicions of the people, and strengthen his party in the legislature. "I am not one of those," he exclaimed from the tribune of the Jacobins,

"who term this event a disaster; this day would be the most glorious of the Revolution, did you but know how to turn it to your advantage. That which alone terrifies me, seems to re-assure all others. It is the fact that since this morning all our enemies affect to use the same language as ourselves. All men are united, and in appearance wear the same aspect. There are traitors then among us; there is a secret understanding between the fugitive king and these traitors, who have remained at Paris." Concluding his harangue by an artful reference to the danger in which he affected to believe himself placed, by the utterance of such sentiments, he so excited his audience, that the vast crowd rose as by a simultaneous impulse, and with enthusiastic cries and gestures took oath to defend his life.

When the royal family had been recaptured and propositions were made in the Assembly that a special commission of three should be appointed to receive the depositions of the king and queen, Robespierre opposed vehemently. "What means," said he, "this obsequious exception? Do you fear to degrade royalty by handing over the king and queen to ordinary tribunals? A citizen, a citizen, any man, any dignity, how elevated soever, can never be degraded by the law." He spoke not malignantly; but it did not accord with his *beau idéal* of regenerated society that any such privileged individuals should exist. The commission was, however, decreed.

When the reports of the seven committees, appointed to investigate the case of the fugitives, were brought before the Assembly, the king was exempted from accusation on account of his *inviolability*. This was distinctly asserted in the constitution the legislators had so recently decreed. It excited, notwithstanding, an animated debate, into which the leaders on both sides threw their energies, for they felt that important principles were at issue. Robespierre opposed the *inviolability*. He argued the question on the ground of abstract reason and justice,—quite characteristically. "To admit the *inviolability* of the king for acts which are personal to himself, is to establish a god upon earth. We can allow no fiction to consecrate impunity to crime, or give any man a right to bathe our families in blood. But you have de-

creed, it is said, this *inviolability*; so much the worse. *An authority more powerful than that of the constitution* now condemns it; the authority of reason, the conscience of the people, the duty of providing for their safety." Barnave replied; but a change had passed over the rival of Mirabeau. Commissioned by the Assembly to conduct the recaptured family in safety to Paris, the sight of so much misery and shame endured with such blended meekness and majesty, had affected his heart.

Leaving alone the abstract question, he took his stand upon the actual provisions of the constitution. He boldly asserted that now that *that* was complete, the Revolution was consummated, and that equal danger was to be apprehended from those who would push it further, as from those who would cause it to retrograde. His eloquence and the strength of the constitutional party, who feared the ultra-sentiments of the Jacobins, carried the exemption of the king.

The National Assembly had now completed its labours. By one of its last acts, it decreed that none of its members should be eligible at the forthcoming elections. This fatal measure was the motion of Robespierre. It had the appearance of disinterestedness, for he was himself involved in it; but was in reality dictated by the profoundest policy. He detected the vacillation of Barnave and the Constitutionalists, and feared lest with a large admixture of such elements in the New Assembly, the Revolution should retrograde. He foresaw on the other hand that if none but new men were elected, they would be extreme in their opinions and under the sway of the clubs. There his influence was dominant, and he was content to transmit it to the Assembly through that medium. Provided he swayed the Jacobins, and the Jacobins the populace, and the populace the legislature, it was of little consequence to him that his voice was not heard within the walls of the Manège. Thus he argued.

The Constitution was presented to the king, who accepted it, and swore to maintain it. On the 30th of September the king closed the Constitutional Assembly in a patriotic speech, and amidst universal rejoicings.

The Legislative Assembly elected by

universal suffrage, according to the provisions of the New Constitution, opened its sittings on the 1st of October. It will be necessary here to pause and take a rapid view of the character and position of parties within and without the new National Representation, marking especially how they stood related to Robespierre. Within the Assembly three great parties were distinguishable. There were the members of the right or the Constitutionalists. Their leaders—Barnave, Duport, and the Lameths, for instance—had been excluded from the New Representation by “the self-denying ordinance,” and thus their strength had been broken. They were, however, still numerous, and were supported from without by the club of the *Feuillants*, in which their ostracised chiefs retained their ascendancy. The daughter of Neckar, Madame de Staël, a woman of extraordinary beauty and genius, inspired their counsels, and M. Lafayette, the Commander of the National Guard, supported them by the prestige of his fame, and the authority of his office. The Constitutionalists were in favour of a limited monarchy. So long as the Revolution aimed only to overthrow despotism, they aided its advance; but they recoiled from its extremes. It had already gone beyond them, and like the advancing tide, was resistless. On the left of the assembly were the Jacobins. They were numerous in the new legislature, so numerous as much to weaken the clubs from which they were drawn, and with which they maintained a close alliance. By their means Robespierre, though personally excluded, retained a vast influence in the Assembly. He multiplied himself in their votes. For in the Jacobin club, from which they took their opinions, he came shortly to be omnipotent. On the extreme left, certain elevated benches were occupied by the most violent of this party, from their situation called “the Montagnards.” But the most remarkable and as yet the most influential section of the new Assembly consisted of the deputies of the Gironde and those who shared their sentiments. La Gironde was the region about Bordeaux, a district in which a republican spirit had long been cherished by the struggles of the parliaments with the monarchy. The Girondists were men of genius and eloquence,

yet orators rather than statesmen, better calculated to adorn than to wield a government. They were out of place in these stormy times when men of action were most needed, and vigour and promptitude gave the ascendancy. In peaceful days—where liberty had been consolidated—their philosophical and eloquent harangues would have raised them to the first positions; but in a revolutionary epoch crises are perpetually occurring, and the quick eye and strong arm are needed to seize them. The Girondists were from the first republican in their sentiments. Rome in her palmy days was their ideal of a state; the senate with its venerable and patriotic members, their ideal of an administration; the stern old Roman probity and love of country, their ideal of a citizen. And this ideal they hoped to realize in gay, fickle, passionate France. They forgot that constitutions to be lasting must grow up naturally out of the character and habits of a people; that all attempts to force the institutions of one age and nation upon the different condition of another, must be at best doubtful and dangerous. They were virtuous in private character, humane in disposition, and in public life incorruptible. They were ambitious, but of glory rather than power, and withal were in the main true patriots, though not over-scrupulous in the means they adopted to achieve their ends. There are lasting blots on their memory. Yet were they more scrupulous than Robespierre. In him fanaticism stifled the reproaches of humanity. In his eyes blood and crime were sanctified, so his ideal aims could be accomplished. With the Girondists it was not so. Revolutionary zeal had not robbed them of their feelings as men. This was one point of divergence between these two parties. But their main distinction was the different degree to which the revolutionary idea was developed in them. In the opinions of the Girondists the Revolution was consummated when a Republic was established, elected by the nation and fairly representing it. They would have left untouched the social distinctions which nature necessitates, and power cannot remove. In Robespierre’s idea the Revolution was consummated when the reign of universal equality was established, when the wrongs and miseries that result from the social condition of mankind were altogether ex-

tinguished. The Girondists were taken from the *Bourgeoisie*, the middle class, the activity and intelligence of the people. With it they sympathised, and with the elevation of its political status their revolutionary views terminated. Robespierre's sympathies went down lower in the social scale even to the masses that lie at its foot. These far outnumber all the classes that are above them, hence his power. When he spoke of liberty and equality, he included these. The Girondists did not. This rendered an outbreak between the two parties inevitable.

Hardly attached to either of the factions, yet playing a conspicuous part in this wonderful drama, were Danton and Marat. Danton was the demon of the storm and fury of the Revolution. He was not a philosopher. He was not a philanthropist. He had no political ideal like the Girondists to realize—no social ideal, like Robespierre. He plunged into the maddest and most tumultuous scenes of the Revolution, because in them his spirit was most at home. He loved it for the sake of its excitement, its tumult, its rage. To rear his huge shaggy head above the storm, and quiet or command it by the thunders of his voice, was his delight. He had many great qualities—popular eloquence, a statesman-like penetration and sagacity, promptitude, energy; but one thing he lacked. He had no principles. He was a man of means and action, not of aims; hence he was bribed by the Court—he oscillated between the Jacobins and Girondists—he fell before the ascendant of Robespierre. It might have been foreseen that the steady fanatical adherent of principle would, sooner or later, come into collision with the ambitious, wavering, inconsistent demagogue. Had they coalesced and formed a duumvirate, they would have been omnipotent. Their collision destroyed them both.

In Marat, the revolutionary fury became insanity. He was intoxicated with the thirst of blood. He seems to have loved it for its own sake. He was the incarnation of the hate and revenge of the people. With him the Revolution was simply a vengeance. He did not meddle in politics—he devised no constitution—he re-constructed nothing—he simply destroyed and slew. Wealth, rank, talent, every thing that raised

men above their fellows, was, in his eyes, not a crime only, but an affront, an injury to be expiated in blood. Robespierre had little in common with him. The fanatic, whose aims, if mistaken, were philanthropic, despised and hated the savage, who was satisfied with vengeance.

Such were the parties, and such their relations to Robespierre at the opening of the sittings of the Legislative Assembly.

Robespierre had been accustomed to mingle with the Girondists in their evening meetings at Madame Roland's. He had been silent and reserved, but an attentive listener and a penetrating observer. He soon found that their principles and his own did not coalesce. A *republic* had on one occasion been hinted at, "What is a republic?" asked Robespierre, sneering and biting his nails. It was a pregnant question which he suspected the Girondists and himself would not answer alike. He now began to separate himself from them, and consolidate his power at the Jacobins. There he not unfrequently came into collision with Brissot, and symptoms of hostility manifested themselves. But it was the great question of the *declaration of war* that occasioned the first open outbreak. By the intrigues of emigrant nobles and princes, armies were gathering on the frontiers of the kingdom. Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Russia, Spain—all threatened the newly-gained liberties of France. The Assembly wished to take the initiative. All parties indeed were clamorous for war. The Constitutionalists desired it, for they hoped that, according to the precedents of history war would breed a dictator, who would reinstate the monarchy and moderate the Revolution. To this end they procured the elevation of their protégé M. de Narbonne to that department of the ministry. The Girondists desired it, partly because the nation did so, partly from a patriotic thirst of glory, and partly because they were perplexed with the state of affairs and hoped, that war would bring about a *denouement* of one kind or another. It was an appeal to destiny. It was cutting the Gordian knot. The Jacobins clamoured for war, partly like the Girondists to cater to popular feeling, partly from rage against the enemies that threatened the nation, and partly because they hoped that in the shock

the monarch and constitution might be overthrown. Robespierre alone resisted. War in the abstract was opposed to his principles. It did not accord with the philanthropic philosophy of J. J. Rousseau. In the present instance he did not see what good could come of it. If unsuccessful, the Revolution would be crushed, if successful, it might give birth to a Cromwell. In the present unstable condition of liberty, he dreaded any thing that would commit power into the hands of an individual.

Influenced by these convictions, Robespierre, for an entire month, stood singly against all parties. Hot and angry words passed between him and Brissot, the leader of the Gironde. On the 13th of January, 1792, Robespierre delivered a final and eloquent speech from the tribune of the Jacobins. He denounced the intrigues of the Constitutionalists, and pathetically portrayed the dangers of war. "In the horrible position," said he, in conclusion, "in which despotism, intrigue, treason, and the general blindness have placed us, I consult alone my head and my heart. I know that some patriots blame the frankness with which I present this discouraging future of our situation. Ah! so that our slumbers be light, what matter, though we be awakened by the clash of chains?—and in the quietude of slavery let us no longer disturb the repose of these fortunate patriots. No, but let them know that we can measure with a firm eye and steady heart the depth of the abyss! Let us adopt the device of the Palatine of Posnania—'*I prefer the storms of liberty to the serenity of slavery!*'"

The next day the debate was resumed, and the contentions between the two parties became yet more violent. By the entreaties of friends Robespierre and Brissot were induced to embrace; but inflexible as ever, Robespierre immediately exclaimed, "I have embraced M. Brissot, but I persist in opposing him; let our peace repose only on the basis of patriotism and virtue."

During this protracted struggle the respect with which Robespierre was treated evinces the impression his character had made. No suspicion is thrown upon his patriotism, his popularity is unimpaired, his speeches are lauded, his very obstinacy is admired. He emerged from the contest a gainer every way; but the seeds of hate and

dissension were sown between him and the Girondists. Meanwhile events more powerful than the eloquence of the tribune decided for war.

Shortly after, the king dismissed his ministers; and selected their successors from the Girondists themselves. The strife of the rival factions waxed fiercer and fiercer. During the April sittings Brissot and Guadet violently and pointedly attacked Robespierre in the Assembly. "Be on your guard," cried the impetuous Guadet amidst universal uproar, "against empirical orators, who have incessantly in their mouths the words of liberty, tyranny, conspiracy—always mixing up their own praises with the deceit they impose upon the people. Do justice to such men." The next day Robespierre vindicated himself at length. He quoted the accusations of his enemies; he replied by an eloquent recapitulation of his philosophy and life; he avowed his devotion to the Revolution and liberty. Reconciliations ensued, but they were forced and fickle, and the breach every day became wider.

Before they had been in office many weeks, the king dismissed the Girondist ministry, thereby exciting the implacable resentment of that faction. To wreak their vengeance, and in their idea, save the state, which, from external misfortune and internal disorder, was in the most imminent danger, they coalesced with the Jacobins to overthrow the monarchy. A plot was formed. The conspirators, in a nightly meeting at Charenton, organized a monster insurrection, the issues of which were left to chance. The king might be murdered; he might be induced to abdicate; he would, at all events, be subjected to the power of the Assembly. Accordingly, on the 20th of June, a vast, tumultuous mob, composed of the dregs of the populace, issued from the faubourgs of Paris, defiled before the Assembly at the motion of the Girondists, inundated the Tuileries, broke into the state apartments, and for several hours subjected the royal family to the extremest outrages and insults their coarse natures and aroused passions could suggest. But this legalized riot did not answer its end. A reaction ensued, loyal petitions poured into the Assembly from the scandalized citizens, rebellion fermented in the provinces, the army murmured, Lafayette came

from the camp and boldly protested from the tribune, the war on the frontiers was signalized by the most disgraceful reverses. Impelled by these dangers, the Girondists again coalesced with their rivals, and a second insurrection was organized. On the 10th of August, another mob from the faubourgs, more furious, more numerous, better disciplined than the former, attacked the palace. Artillery was employed, the defenders of the monarchy were butchered, the royal family were driven to take refuge in the Assembly. Faction was victorious. The suspension of monarchical power, and a new appeal to the people by the primary assemblies, were unanimously decreed.

This brief summary of events has been necessary. During these stormy scenes Robespierre kept in the background. He was not amongst the conspirators at Charenton. He did not frequent that seat of sedition—the Commune of Paris. This was the result—partly of his character, partly of his principles, and partly of a profound policy. He was a man of ideas, not of action. His throne was the tribune, not the Commune. His weapons were oratory and reason, not force. He would have been out of his element organizing the insurrectional bands of the faubourgs. That was Danton's sphere,—with his huge body, thundering speech, audacious bearing, and tumultuous spirit. Besides, Robespierre was not sure that these things tended towards the accomplishment of his idea. He looked on them with suspicion. He had no desire to play the supreme power into the hands either of the Girondists or of Danton and the municipality of Paris. If the state must have a master, better a degraded and powerless king, than a dominant faction in the assembly or a despotic commune. He detected the selfish ambition of these men. His own aims were purer. This was only a struggle for power, he sought the universal enfranchisement of society. Besides, he loved to wrap himself up within himself. He wished not to commit himself altogether to any party. He knew the power of mystery, and he affected it. He thought, too, that his character would seem purer and more imposing to the people for not being soiled with the passions and outrages of these scenes. He would appear a being apart and above them,

a lofty abstraction, an incarnation of pure and patriotic ideas. A popularity founded on people's passions is fleeting as those passions themselves; a popularity founded on their reason and conscience is stable as truth and right.

And events proved that Robespierre argued well. After the 10th of August was over, he appeared in the Commune, and was greeted with loud applause. The men of action had had their hour; the people now fell back confidently on the man of idea. Their favourite had been for a while obscured, they hastened to re-instate him in their idolatry. He spoke as the expounder of recent events. He pointed out the tendencies of things. He denounced the half measures of the Girondists. Thus he arrogated to himself the credit of events; he threw upon others their responsibility and odium.

During the interregnum that ensued between the dethronement of the king and the assembling of the new Convention, Danton and the municipality of Paris wielded despotic power. Marat emerged from his den, and fomented the general excitement. Frantic with fear and passion, the populace urged their leaders to yet more violent measures. Danton obtained a decree by which a net of armed men was drawn round Paris to prevent escape, and every dwelling searched for suspected persons. The most trivial circumstance warranted arrest. Vast crowds were thus accumulated in the prisons of Paris. On the 2nd and 3rd of September, a general massacre took place. An untold number—some thousands—of these prisoners, innocent and guilty alike, were butchered in cold blood. Men seem maddened with hate and suspicion.

From these bloody scenes Robespierre held aloof. Nay, he lifted his voice against them. From the 2nd of September, he appeared no more in the Commune. Yet he did not exert his influence to stem the progress of crime. He allowed events to take their course, probably thinking in his secret soul that this rage and blood might after all subserve his ideas. On the fatal night of the massacres, conscious of what was about to take place, he went to the apartments of his friend Saint Just. He was greatly agitated, and paced the room to and fro all night. Saint Just slept. Waking early in the

morning and finding Robespierre still in the apartment, St. Just asked him, why he had so soon returned. "Returned!" exclaimed Robespierre in surprise. "what! have you not slept?" "Slept! Whilst hundreds of assassins murdered thousands of victims; and their pure or impure blood runs like water down the streets! No!" continued Robespierre, "I have not slept, I have watched like remorse or crime; I have had the weakness not to close my eyes, *but Danton, he has slept!*"

These massacres disturbed the conscience of Danton, and hung over him a perpetual vengeance. Robespierre reaped immense advantage from not having dabbled in this blood.

Hitherto we have seen but the more mitigated features of Robespierre's character; its darker shades have but partially and occasionally developed themselves. Its sterner elements yet slumber in the depths of his nature. They are there; but as yet dormant or nearly so. The progress of events has not driven him to choose between the sacrifice of his ends or the adoption of bloodiest means. Circumstances have not impelled his fanaticism to override his humanity. He has not yet wholly merged his feelings as a man, in relentless devotedness to an idea. Though by no means scrupulous in his choice of means, the means he has chosen as yet, have not been flagrantly criminal. Hitherto his character will bear favourable comparison with the other leaders of the Revolution, even with the Girondists themselves. The gloomy reverse is now to come.

The Convention opened its sittings on the 21st of September, within its walls the Girondists, and those who like them inclined to moderate opinions, still retained a numerical majority. The departments were devoted to them. The middle classes, the property and intelligence of the nation, in reality sided with them, but were fearful of the audacious passions the Revolution had evoked in the classes beneath them.

But it was a sinister fact, significant of the advance of revolutionary sentiment in Paris, and of the supremacy which the drags of society had there acquired, that none of this party were elected by the primary assemblies of the capital. Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and the Ultra-Revolutionists, were on the other hand chosen unanimously, and amongst

the first. In fact, during the commotions of the last few weeks, a new power had arisen without the legislature over-awing it, already and ultimately overwhelming it—the power of the populace of Paris. The Girondists had themselves evoked it to destroy the monarchy, and advance their own ambitious purposes. They did not know how much easier it is to agitate the passions of a people than to calm them again. They lacked the vigour—the audacity—the crime—to control and moderate the terrible force they had aroused. It fell into less scrupulous and timid hands who turned it against them. The people had learned their strength—that it was resistless, and were ready upon occasion to employ it against their former masters.

Of this tremendous external power the Jacobin Club was the legislature, the Commune of Paris the executive. In the former Robespierre and his co-adjutors gave it ideas, in the latter, Danton, Marat, and other yet lower and more violent demagogues, gave it direction and discipline—the one was its head, the other its hand. The Jacobin party in the Assembly were in alliance with it, and hence, though numerically inferior, in every crisis gained the ascendancy over their rivals, and ultimately crushed them.

The Girondists soon became sensible of the condition of affairs. They felt the despotism that tyrannized over the government. They saw that they must outvie their opponents in popularity, or perish. Hence when the Jacobins flung them the challenge to establish a republic without reservation, they accepted it with a feigned enthusiasm, and ostentatiously voted the measure. They sought also to undermine the popularity of Robespierre, for it was Robespierre they chiefly dreaded. Marat was below fear, they despised him, Danton wavered. His personal ambition was too great to suffer him to give the weight of his influence unreservedly to either party. But Robespierre the incorruptible—the avowed and inflexible expounder of extreme ideas—the man of principle—the idol of the people—the voice of the Jacobins—Robespierre was their most formidable rival, and against him accordingly their utmost efforts were directed.

Four days after the opening of the Convention, he was made the object of

a concerted and violent attack. He was accused of intimidating the Assembly by means of the Jacobins, and the Commune, and thus aspiring to the dictatorship. His attempt at self-defence was a failure. He lavished panegyrics on himself which the impatient Assembly interrupted with clamorous and sarcastic laughter. He never possessed, like his rivals the Girondists, the faculty of extempore oratory, and on this occasion disconcerted by the violence and ridicule that assailed him from all quarters, he became childish and tedious.

Humbled by his defeat, he for some time absented himself from the Jacobins and the Convention.

A few days after, he was again attacked. The impetuous Lauvet declaimed against him in a long set speech. He recapitulated Robespierre's political life, and sought to deduce from it evidences of personal ambition. He artfully insinuated his connivance at the massacres of the 2nd and 3rd of September, and concluded with a fierce denunciation.—“Robespierre, I accuse you of having calumniated without intermission the purest patriots. I accuse you of having spread calumny abroad in the first week of September—that is to say, in those days when calumny was the stroke of the poignard! I accuse you of having, as far as you were capable, debased and proscribed the representatives of the nation, their character, their authority! I accuse you of having constantly shown forth yourself as an object of idolatry—of having permitted yourself, before yourself, to be styled the only virtuous man in France who could save the people; and of having said so yourself. I accuse you of having clearly endeavoured to attain supreme power.”

Robespierre, warned by his former failure, deferred his reply. On the 3rd of November, he mounted the tribune, vindicated himself from the charges of Lauvet, showed their inconsistency with the whole tenor of his life and speeches, and turning upon his accusers, affected, to consider the persecutions of which he was the victim, as a new conspiracy against liberty. In spite of the denunciations of the Girondists, Robespierre was triumphant.

The question of the trial of the King came on. Robespierre took the extreme views. In his opinion, the King was by the necessity of his

condition, the inalienable foe of the constitution, and therefore he must die. He must be sacrificed to the public liberty. His personal character, even his public conduct, he maintained, did not affect the question. He must be immolated because *he had been King*. As such he was a political monster, over whom the law and even justice herself extended no protection. The establishment of the Republic was his death warrant. To *try* him was in fact, to try the Revolution—to suppose that he might be proved innocent, was to suppose that the 10th of August might be proved a crime.

Such was the position Robespierre assumed. There was no sham about it, though his reasoning was fallacious. He did not distinguish between the man and the monarch. The sole legitimate punishment of the King, as such, is deposition. This the nation has an undoubted right to inflict; but beyond this, to take away life, is not to punish, but to murder. Death is the penalty of moral turpitude only, not of a mere fault of situation and circumstances.

The death of the King was decreed. The Girondists voted for it against their convictions, and merely to strengthen their tottering popularity.

But the concession came too late, and was wrung from them too tardily. It injured them every way, as half-measures ever do. Had they resisted manfully, they would at the worst have perished nobly and with pure consciences. Had they taken the initiative in the matter, they might have outbid their rivals in the favour of the people. They did neither the one nor the other. Hence they soiled their consciences, but did not redeem their popularity. They incurred the odium of the proceeding, without reaping any advantage from it. Their popularity rapidly declined. The fear of the departments alone had hitherto prevented a demonstration against them. At last the unhappy events on the frontiers—the Treason of Dumourier, and the defeat of the armies—brought on the crisis. Hebert, Chaumette, and other leaders of the Commune, organised a popular insurrection against them. The weapon was turned against the hand that had forged it. As usual from the practical part of the sedition, Robespierre held aloof. He let events take their course, not com-

mitting himself, but standing by to seize upon circumstances. When all was ripe, and the issue of affairs was not doubtful, he attacked the Girondists violently in the Convention. This conduct displayed the hesitancy of their characters. Powerful in speech but feeble in action, they harangued when they ought to have struck. By a series of popular insurrections, on the 31st of May, their power was broken, on the 2nd of June, twenty-two of their leaders were arrested.

Robespierre's power was now rapidly culminating. A Committee of Public Safety had been decreed by the Convention, shortly before the fall of the Girondists. It had the right of originating all measures rendered necessary by the public danger, and of calling all officers of the Republic to account. Here were the germs of a vast and irresponsible despotism. The Girondists originally formed the majority of this committee, but knew not how to wield the authority thus placed in their hands. Robespierre saw here the opportunity of that revolutionary despotism which he wished to establish, and he resolved to avail himself of it. He thought that for the success of his schemes, a temporary dictatorship was necessary. *Force*—merciless—resistless. *One* was needed to effect the purification of the Republic—the regeneration of society. This force he sought to concentrate in himself. Personal ambition may have blended with his motives, but his inflexible fanaticism was the predominant one. He only wished to govern on behalf of the Revolution. *That* once fairly consummated, he would lay aside his authority and gladly retire into private life. He wished to become a despot, and establish a tyranny, that he might compel the reign of universal liberty and equality. He was but the tool of his ideas. Their realization was the consummation he sought, and he was ready to wade through seas of blood to bring it about. His aims were philanthropic, though visionary—his means merciless and criminal. If to reduce society to one universal level, it were necessary to annihilate all who rose above it, though he might lament the necessity, he would not hesitate to do it.

Robespierre succeeded in his schemes for the concentration of power. The Committee of Public Safety became

despotic, and he himself was its soul. The Convention was but its instrument, voting its measures passively and without discussion. A revolutionary tribunal was established which barely gave the forms of law to the execution of its victims; and a Revolutionary army was organized from the dregs of the faubourgs—the body-guard of the *Terror*.

Two parties, however, stood in the way of Robespierre's schemes—that of Danton and that of the Commune of Paris. Danton had for some time held aloof from public affairs. Recently wedded to a young wife, he retired to his native village to enjoy the endearments of domestic life. His heart appeared open to the feelings of humanity. He felt the blood of September on his conscience, and would fain make amendment for it by the moderation of his present conduct. Robespierre was uneasy. This very retirement was a tacit reflection upon the Revolutionary Governments. Danton yet retained great influence in the Convention, though his voice was seldom heard there. His rumoured conversations on the state of affairs were reckless and caustic. Robespierre resolved to wait his opportunity, and crush his former associate.

The Commune of Paris disgraced the Revolution. Its leaders were such men as Hébert, the editor of the "*Père Duchesne*," a violent and obscure periodical, and Chaumette who had been thrown up from the dregs of society by the storms of the Revolution, and yet retained the coarse brutality of his origin. They were avowed atheists, and desecrated the temples, and profaned the rites of religion. They fomented tumultuous assemblages of the people. They attacked Danton, and did not fear to accuse Robespierre himself of supineness. They went beyond the Revolution itself, and the Revolution disowned them.

Robespierre made a show of reconciliation with Danton, that he might crush the Commune. Accordingly after declaiming against them, frequently in the Jacobins and the Convention, and thus securing his footing, on the night of the 23rd of March, he ordered the arrest of the leaders of that faction. The next morning they were conveyed to execution, and died ignobly, and unpitied.

And now Danton's hour was come. It was evident that one or the other of the two rivals must be crushed. Several attempts at reconciliation were made, but frustrated by the mutual repugnance of the two parties. Danton shrank from this systematic reign of blood. Robespierre felt that he could not rely upon a man so void of principles as Danton. Their enmity became the more embittered. The Convention resolved to sacrifice Danton. They really liked him; but Robespierre was indispensable. Compelled to make their election between the two, they sacrificed the man of action to the man of principle. Accordingly shortly after the execution of the Hébertists, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Danton's friend, and some others of the same faction were arrested. The forms of trial were hurried through, for Danton's terrible voice was dreaded, and the people were agitated and seditious. They were of course condemned, for the Committee of Public Safety wished it, and died at the guillotine.

Meanwhile since the overthrow of the Girondists, the Reign of Terror had been established. France was undergoing a baptism of blood, that she might realize the ideal regeneration of the fanatics that governed her. The prisons were crowded. The most frivolous suspicions warranted arrest, and arrest was condemnation—death. The Committee handed daily to the Revolutionary tribunals a list of victims to be immolated, and none thus designated, escaped. The rank and wealth, the valour and talent of France were threatened with total extermination. The executions of the guillotine became a common spectacle. People grew reckless of life. The passions, the excitement, the gaiety of existence, were prolonged to the foot of the scaffold.

Robespierre became uneasy at this perpetual bloodshed. Thousands had been sacrificed, yet the consummation he so ardently longed for appeared as distant as ever. A deeper shade of melancholy settled on his countenance. With the family of the joiner, Duplay, with whom he lodged, and who sincerely loved him, he became less communicative. He often took solitary walks in the environs of Paris, consoling himself with the works of Rousseau or some kindred philosopher. He assayed to restrain the excesses of the Terror. He

resisted the avowed atheism of many of the ultra-democrats. He carried a decree by which the existence of the Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul, were avowed to be the sentiments of the French people. At a solemn and imposing fête he publicly abolished the worship of Reason, and inaugurated that of the Deity. So impressed was he with the necessity of establishing these ideas in order to give a conscience to the Revolution, that he uttered that memorable sentence—"If there were not a God, it would be necessary to invent one." But he found the continuation of the Terror was essential to his safety. In it his power consisted. He had many enemies, and the dread of the guillotine alone restrained them. The only course open to him was to usurp avowedly the dictatorship of the Revolution, extinguish every rival authority, and make use of his power to put an end to the executions and return to clemency. To this his adherents perpetually urged him. But Robespierre hesitated. He had never been a man of action. His policy had been to watch events, not to lead them. He wanted a Danton at this crisis. This hesitation was his downfall.

His colleagues in the committee had long been jealous of his popularity and influence. He treated them with an ostentation of contempt which was calculated to aggravate this feeling. Angry words occasionally passed between them, and when he was absent they complained without reserve of his *tyranny*. In the Convention, too, he had many enemies. Danton was remembered with regret. All feared him, and fear is near akin to hatred. The people, too, grew weary of all this carnage, and as Robespierre was ostensibly the head of the government, the odium attached to him. In the Jacobins alone his popularity was still undiminished. Robespierre felt the peril of his position. He meditated a grand stroke of oratory in the Convention. This was a mistake. He harangued when he should have struck. This celebrated discourse he delivered on the 8th Thermidor (August, for they had revolutionized the calendar). In the Convention it had not the effect he desired. His opponents were strong there, and the dictator was defeated. In the Jacobins the same discourse delivered immediately after excited the utmost

enthusiasm. His adherents urged him to lead them against the committees, but again Robespierre wavered, and again his hesitation was fatal. During that night a conspiracy was organized. The majority of the Convention was gained over to the party of the Committees. Robespierre was ignorant of this. He had secured the Jacobins, the Commune, the faubourgs, and he anticipated a triumph. With such expectations he entered the Convention. To his surprise he found his enemies in possession of the tribune, the assembly and the people in the galleries. His arrest and that of his companions was decreed. Their partisans at the Commune rescued them at the doors of the prisons, and carried them in triumph to the Hotel de Ville. But Robespierre would not act. In vain he was entreated to assume the dictatorship and lead his followers against the Convention. He refused to play the part of a rebel. Meanwhile the convention had acted with promptitude. Barras had organized a force, and locked up the approaches to the Hotel de Ville, and by the majesty of law gained over many of its defen-

dants. At midnight an entrance was effected, and a disorderly band penetrated to where the irresolute leaders of the faction were yet sitting. They were all arrested and bound. Robespierre's lower jaw was broken by a pistol shot. During the night he lay in agonies, and the victim of the last indignities. Early the next day he was led to the guillotine, amidst the execrations of the very people who a short time before had caressed and worshipped him as an idol, and executed with his adherents. He met his fate with his wonted impassability.

Such was the career and end of this wonderful man. His character has already been written in the preceding sketch. In estimating it we are in danger both of undue leniency, and unwarrantable severity; leniency, when we consider abstractedly his aims, severity when we contemplate only the means by which he sought to accomplish them. His is one of those characters in fine, upon which the heart-scrutiny of the Deity alone can decide: our most penetrating insight may be at fault.

NICHOLAS BREAKSPEARE.

(ADRIAN IV.)

A CRITICAL journal of the day reminds us that "the age of Adrian IV. was in some respects like our own. The church had its Mazzini in Arnaldo, and the Pope had been forced to fly from Rome." But here the parallel ceases. The fact that an Englishman of humble birth ascended the Papal throne, and that from the chair of St. Peter he could give away a kingdom to the nation of his birth, reminds us rather of the vast difference between the Rome of the middle of the twelfth century and the Rome of the middle of the nineteenth. Whatever were her merits or demerits in other respects, she had then some claim to the title of Catholic. Catholic at least she was, if not in adapting the work she accomplished to the spiritual needs of the whole of mankind, yet certainly in offering the tools—such as they were—to all who could handle

them. The bestowal of the triple crown had not yet become an affair of mere Italian intrigue. It was open to the meanest serf of remote Saxondom, who had the talent for wearing it worthily. The headship of the church was therefore an honourable and influential post, because it was the goal of something like free competition. In such a fair field of rivalry, it is not surprising that many upon whose brows nature had impressed the stamp of veritable kingship, should be found among the successful aspirants; or that having once gained the sceptre of this double royalty—of an empire, spiritual and temporal—they should be so fortunate in extending its sway. Dominion—whether political or strictly ecclesiastical—generally sets its own limits. The prestige of possession once acquired, it is not outward opposition, but inherent

weakness that puts a limit to its extent and duration. The bounds of its sovereignty are decided by the measure of generous and clear-sighted comprehensiveness with which it can assimilate or subordinate all other power to itself. In the age of Adrian IV. the Papal dominion in its double aspect had reached its culminating point. A century or two later, and we find it beginning to show signs of decrepitude; when instead of relying on itself, it becomes again the mean dependent on foreign alliances, only to be restored to something like vigour by Jesuitism—the science of intrigue and diplomacy.

That a monument to NICHOLAS BREAKSPEARE should be talked of in this late and alien age, and that the proposition to erect one should come from Romanists living in a country for the most part hostile to Romanism, is perhaps chiefly owing to his fatal gift of Ireland. But for this, Popery might possess for us merely a speculative interest, akin to ancient feudalism, with its old-world romance, or as a singular feature of *continental* states.

The doubtful morality—to say no more—of a chapter of English history in the twelfth century, has, however, been followed by a measure of punishment in almost every subsequent page. When Pope Adrian IV. bestowed the sister island on Henry II., he gave it to be held under a condition; and though times and creeds in England have changed since then, Providence has confirmed the bond. Peter's pence have been paid, in one form or other, ever since; often in the form most galling and offensive to the English government. If, in recalling the age of Nicholas Breakspeare, we are reminded of changes on the surface of things, we are no less strikingly impressed by the strong and stern reality of those eternal moral laws that underlie all, and that never change. There is no need in this case to enter on the vexed question, when sins are always visited on nations and individuals according to general laws of punishment. The connection between causes and effects is too patent here to allow of any dispute as to the mode in which the sequence has taken place. Ireland lawlessly annexed to England, has been treated as a conquered country until a comparatively recent period. We cannot wonder therefore, that the separation has been strong

and marked. Ecclesiastical and political differences have wrought with, and aggravated each other. *Neighbouring* peoples generally sympathise in intellectual and social changes, especially when the same language prevails in both. But, in order that this may be the case, they must either be mutually independent, or joined in peaceful and honourable union. Races made hostile through unjust conquest, seldom or never sympathise, unless where the close proximity and the numerical weakness of the subjugated produce veritable fusion, as is the case with the Celtic provinces of Great Britain itself. General principles and the evident decay of Irish Romanism in the United States of America, confirm our belief that Ireland is Catholic, chiefly because England is Protestant—not though by a wilful or obstinate contrariety, but in virtue of natural associations and prepossessions;—in virtue of that unresting justice which has far more to do with history than men in their wisdom are willing to suppose. We can imagine the ecclesiastical position of England and Ireland reversed. Those who know something of the state of feeling immediately north and south of Drogheda and “the Boyne Water,” will perhaps be inclined to agree with us that the general result to Ireland might not have been so diverse from the present state of things, as a superficial consideration would suggest. Alienation would have produced its necessary evils, though the balance of advantage might have been somewhat different. The moral government of the world has thus established a connection between the age of Adrian IV. and our own, still more intimate than is suggested by the historical parallel above alluded to. Only in proportion as a great wrong is repaired, are the consequences obviated. At certain seasons they become more marked and decisive; but they never completely vanish till the time of full restitution. If at certain periods in our history—as in the struggle with the expelled Stuarts—the tainted gift of the Irish crown has been scarcely less fatal than the searing coronal which Medea gave to Glauce, the penalty has not, even in most pacific times, been entirely suspended,

— nec scelestum
Deservit pede pœna claudo.

Our readers may have no intention of

inscribing their names as lavish contributors on the proposed monument to Adrian IV. at Rome. But his position among great English churchmen of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and the strength of his individual character as well as the traces he has left in the history of his country, demand the passing tribute of a few moment's recollection. Standing as his name does, in the list of European sovereigns, we almost forget it in its natural relationship to those of Anselm, Thomas à Becket, and Stephen de Langton. But that a wider field opened to his ambition, he might have troubled England with sacerdotal feuds like his famous contemporaries, or anticipated the honour of his deservedly illustrious successor in blessing it with civil freedom. The particulars of Breakspeare's life that have reached us are not numerous, but they are sufficiently vivid and characteristic to redeem him from the number of that wain and ghostly troop of historical personages, that, as in the faded colours of an antique tapestry,

— come like shadows, so depart;

and leave us incredulous of their existence—still more so of their renown. We have here the life of a clear-sighted and stalwart Englishman; of one who did not creep into high station by mean acts and subterfuges, but by the vigorous exercise of stern mental energy, not without giving offence to the indolent; of one who, of the stumbling blocks thrown in his way, had the courage and the talent to make stepping stones for an ascent by a higher path to a loftier pinnacle of ambition than he had at first contemplated. In fact, but for early discouragement, his ashes might now be reposing—with *small* distinction at any rate—among the Abbots of desolate Verulam instead of claiming new honours in "the eternal city."

It is one of the most gracious uses of biography, that for every kind and form of despondency to which generous youth can be tempted, it has provided a sanative and counter-charm. Both in the department of pure intellect and of "practical" life, it affords striking examples of early repulse followed by signal triumph. In modern times, we see one of the ablest critics in an age of able criticism, recommending the most richly endowed poetical genius of a period not scantily favoured by the muse,

to employ his acknowledged talent in a more congenial sphere; and that, without any assignable ground for prejudice or animosity. With as little apparent reason, the most successful of English ecclesiastics was repulsed from holy orders by one whom we may reasonably judge to have been wont to deem wisely of men's capacities for the cloister, with the chilling admonition, "Wait, my son, till you are better qualified." It is as rejected by Richard, Abbot of St. Albans, that Adrian IV. makes his *début* as an aspirant to church dignities.

Beginning in the lowest capacity, we find him traversing faithfully every round of the ladder of ecclesiastical preferment; for with greater truth than Wolsey, he could claim to have "sounded all the depths and shoals of honour." Robert de Camere, his father, was a servitor in the monastery of St. Albans. And at Langley, in the vicinity, about the close of the eleventh century, Nicholas Breakspeare was born. The son seems to have followed the same humble calling as the father, who, however, ultimately rose from his subordinate position to a rank among the brethren. Nicholas, in endeavouring to follow in the same path, met with the repulse just mentioned. He had probably discharged the mean offices of his station with zeal and faithfulness; but, if the abbot's judgment is rightly interpreted, clerical skill was wanting. Regarding this as the actual allegation in bar to his claim, there seems good ground for suspecting the sincerity or the discernment of the venerable Richard. An impeachment of his humility would have been more plausible, and possibly more just; for one of the testimonies against him is that "he was of a sharp wit and ready utterance; circumspect in all his words and actions; polite in his behaviour; neat and elegant; full of zeal for the glory of God, and that according to some degree of knowledge; so possessed of all the most valuable endowments of mind and body that in him the gifts of heaven exceeded nature; his piety exceeded his education; and the ripeness of his judgment and his other qualifications exceeded his age." At a later period, when the menial of St. Albans had become Pope of Rome, and a congratulatory message was sent to him from Henry II., through Abbot Richard's successor, Robert, the bearer of it, finding that

the Holy Father had not forgotten former incivilities, and that he was unwilling to accept costly presents from the community that had refused him as a member, had the wit to observe that "it was not for them to oppose the will of Providence, which had destined him for greater things."

Whether the sternness of character which must have distinguished the son was still more remarkably developed in the father, or whether the latter esteemed it part of a holy asceticism to mollify and renounce all natural affection, does not appear; but we are assured that Nicholas's failure was attributed by him to a supineness of disposition which he could not forgive. Breakspeare had to fight his way in the world as best he might; and the succeeding passage in his story is singularly in harmony with the whole tenor of his career. Stung into greater activity by the consciousness of having deserved what he suffered, or, as is more probable, stimulated by a feeling of its manifest injustice, he left the petty jealousies of St. Albans for the broader theatre of mental rivalry afforded by the intellectual metropolis of medieval Europe. Of his strivings and achievements at Paris, only a brief record remains; but could we find the autobiography of the hard-bested student, we should light upon no common-place chapter in the annals of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. He had to *live* as well as to *learn*; and in both departments of effort—one of which is occupation enough for ordinary mortals—he acquitted himself bravely. His waiting for better qualification was to some purpose; as all such waiting, in the discipline of self-culture, probably is.

As if some natural attraction drew him by degrees to the scene of his future glory, his next step was towards Avignon, in Provence, where he began life again as servitor in the monastery of St. Rufus. If want of intellectual cultivation, or of that humility which is apt to rank high among conventual virtues in the opinion of ghostly magnates, had been the cause of his failure in England, there was no such deficiency now. "His affable manners and obliging disposition, his diligence in study, and above all, the profound respect which he paid to his superiors, soon commended him to the good-will of the monks, and he was not only ad-

mitted into the brotherhood, but, upon the death of the abbot, William, in 1187, was unanimously chosen to succeed him."* But Breakspeare's Saxon energy, hardened into rigour by labours and reverses, was unpopular in the luxurious latitude of Provence. He was resolved to "magnify" the office which he had attained with so much effort, and we cannot but admire his determination that monks should be monks—that they who made a show of austerity and abstinence, should cultivate the reality. Not so the brethren of St. Rufus. They impeached their Mother Superior before the reigning Pope. But Eugenius III. better understood the interests of the Church than to condemn one of its most faithful servants. When they urged their accusations as a reason for diminishing or depriving Nicholas of his abbatial authority, "This man," said the Pope, "shall be no burden to you." If they knew not how to profit by the stern vigilance of an able superior, there were others who would or should; and nine years after his election at Avignon, Breakspeare was made cardinal-bishop of Alba—an office originally importing a papal vicariate in the immediate vicinity of Rome; the number of whose occupants has been limited to six, and who may be regarded as among the Pope's most immediate ministers. He had now a fair stage for his talents, and rapidly attained summit after summit of his ambition. Northern Europe was still to some extent Pagan. Indeed the last races of Paganism have not yet disappeared from European Russia. But at that time, the important kingdoms of Denmark and Norway were unconnected with the Catholic Church. The strict disciplinarian proved an equally successful missionary, and the natives of those kingdoms professed themselves converts, as the result of his visit in 1148. The prosperous ecclesiastic had not long to wait, in order to enjoy the dignity which he had advanced. After the brief career of Anastasius, the successor of Eugenius, the long-desired goal presented itself, and Nicholas Breakspeare, the only Englishman who ever enjoyed that dignity, attained the triple crown, assuming the appellation of Adrian IV.

We have spoken of the papal chair as the object of Breakspeare's ambition.

* *Lives of Illustrious Englishmen, Vol. I.*

It would be almost absurd to imagine it otherwise. But just at the period in question, the headship of the church was no sinecure. Eugenius III. and Anastasius had bequeathed a troubled state to their successor in office; and he that would bear St. Peter's keys must draw St. Peter's sword. History records that Adrian IV. was elected strongly against his wishes. In this case, however, he had no reason to complain of being misunderstood or undervalued. The sacred college needed a strong and stalwart man—a real ruler—and having found such a one in this well-tried Anglo-Saxon, they thrust him into the post of honour and danger.

The status which the Bishops of Rome had assumed for the past century had withstood the assaults of external foes—kings and kaisers and recusant ecclesiastics. *Outside* the States Territory of the church, the despotism of the Roman see was ever popular with the commonalty. It was pleasant to them to see haughty heads—whether of temporal or spiritual rulers—bowed beneath a power, whose aspect the chasm of distance transfigured into that of a benign and fatherly sway. “The magnates of holy church,” writes the Emperor Henry IV. to Hildebrand—“archbishops, bishops, and priests—thou hast trodden under foot as slaves, and gratified the envy of the vulgar for the sake of their applause.” But nearer home a spirit of revolt had begun to shew itself. The popes had been unblushing levellers; and the people were disposed to follow their spiritual guides after fashion of their own. The former had invoked the mighty shades of old republican and imperial dignities to justify and gild their novel assumptions; and the latter hastened to draw the parallel more closely and faithfully. While the popes “compared their legates with the proconsuls of ancient Rome,”* their Italian lieges reflected that subjection to a petticoated priest was a miserable exchange for the republic of the Catos or the empire of the first Cæsars. Like Pio Nono—but we think with less pure intentions—they had set rolling a stone whose course they found it difficult to check or to direct.

Arnaldo, a monk of Brescia, gave to these vague sentiments of discon-

tent an organised existence and a tongue. As a disciple of the half-heretical Abelard, he had been initiated in more liberal philosophical views than most of his contemporaries; and, as is often the case, a disposition to free political enquiry followed in their wake. With his assistance a republic, approaching the model of the ancient constitution, was established: the chief feature of which was a senate of fifty-six members, chosen by a body of delegates from the thirteen districts of the city. We shall not be surprised at the comparative facility with which this revolution took place, when we remember the uncertain character of the authority—as fluctuating between spiritual and temporal sway—in all quarters of the Pope's dominions. Romans might still profess themselves humble vassals of the Church, in one respect, while they resented its claims in another. But the whole of Arnaldo's public life was a time of intermittent civil war, frequently marked by fierce and savage encounters. While the Reformer, against whom no spiritual crime could be alleged, was condemned by the second Lateran Council, on a novel impeachment—viz. *for political heresy*—the vengeance of his followers lighted on adversaries in a more palpable form. In a disturbance arising from this quarrel, Lucius II. was even mortally wounded with stones. Eugenius, Breakspare's patron, was obliged to flee for refuge. Riot and pillage prevailed in the city, and the mansions of lords, spiritual and temporal, were plundered and burned. In fact, but for the bold and resolute Englishman who now came to the succour of the falling Papacy, the See of St. Peter might have been deprived of the States of the Church; and with them, perhaps, permanently mulcted of a large portion of spiritual as well as temporal sovereignty.

One of the first acts of Adrian IV., shews a decision of character which seems to contrast strongly with the vacillation of his predecessors. They had relied on the weak arm of temporal dominion. He exerted at once the irresistible force of ghostly authority. The fair vision of restored liberty vanished at once. The forms of freedom were a vain show, for the minds of the *soi-disant* freemen were still enthralled. They had contemned and rebelled against the *magistrate*, but

* Ranke's History of the Popes. Book I. Bohn's edition.

their souls bowed before the *priest*. The temporary abolition of his civil power only showed them what a far more ponderous yoke the Holy Father had riveted upon the Roman neck.

The attack of the popular party on the Cardinal Gerard of St. Pudentiana, brought affairs to a crisis. The deputies of the people had been previously dismissed by Adrian with contemptuous silence; but he now resolved upon a severer measure.

What the cessation of its gaiety would be to Paris—of its literary activity to Berlin—of its commerce to London—such must have been the effect of the sentence of Papal interdict to Rome; and this fearful ban Adrian was not slow to pronounce. The very life and soul of the consecrated city must have been paralysed by a sentence which even when executed in less sacred localities, “was calculated to strike the senses in the most impressive manner. The people were deprived of the exterior rites of religion; the altars were divested of their decorations; the instruments of sacred worship were laid on the ground; the sound of the bells ceased in the churches; no ecclesiastical ordinances were administered, but baptism and the communion of the dying; the bodies of the dead, excluded from consecrated ground, were thrown into the ditches, or buried in the fields; the use of meat, all amusements, and pleasures were forbidden; everything appeared as in darkness and distress, and as though there were danger of the immediate infliction of the Divine indignation and wrath.”* The infliction of such a penalty on a city of churches and church festivals, must have roused the gloomiest imaginations of a superstitious people. The phantom of political emancipation—however charming when it occupied the whole field of mental vision—grew wan and weak among the intrusive and threatening *eidola* of alienated patrons and avenging angels. Arnaldo was banished by the terrified republicans; and the holy Father consented to take up his abode among his repentant children. The reformer had, however, found a hiding-place among friends of noble rank in Campania; while he left his ecclesiastical foe to renew the scarcely less hazardous contest between the Papal throne and its here-

ditary rival, the imperial power of Germany.

Frederic Barbarossa (of Hohenstauffen), who ascended the throne of the empire in 1152, was travelling to Rome to receive coronation from the Pope. He was attended by a numerous train of nobles and soldiers; and the wary Adrian took care that the authority which he was about to consecrate, should be previously exerted in support of his insulted jurisdiction. The rebellious monk was demanded from his Inspector—the Viscount of Campania—in order to be tried for the alleged heresy. Frederic seems to have been nothing loth to issue his order to his vassal accordingly. Others, on the contrary, report that Arnaldo was captured by the injured Gerard. Such an arrest would, however, require the sanction of the imperial will. Of the ultimate fate of the defender of Roman freedom there is, unhappily, no doubt. He was hanged, his body burned, and his ashes scattered to the winds in the second year of Adrian's sovereignty.

But this piece of practically serviceable obedience to the papal wishes was not allowed to excuse the performance of an act of humiliation before the Father of the Church, with which the Emperor would rather have dispensed. It seemed an unnecessary degradation to be required to kiss the feet, to hold the stirrup, and to lead forth for nine paces, the palfrey of a petty despot who had but just returned from virtual exile, and who owed his permanent security to the very prince from whom he now demanded this servile recognition of superiority. It looks too much like feudal *homage* instead of a mere token of respect for a spiritual dignity; and in no point was it so essential to the safety of the Empire to be scrupulously punctilious, as with regard to a possible misunderstanding on this head. It resembled too much those pious frauds on which the Papal throne had been erected; perversions of innocent or unmeaning forms to justify the most outrageous assumptions of actual power. But Adrian would take no nay. The kiss of peace was refused till the Emperor should bring his mind to comply, at which the terrified cardinals, fearing the imperial displeasure, fled to Airta Castellana. But, finding, after a deliberation of two days, that this ceremony was nothing more than the established

* History of All Ages, p. 437.

custom, Frederic yielded the point, and the rival heads of Christendom proceeded peacefully to Rome.

The advent of the new Emperor had aroused afresh the hopes of the republicans. The senate sent their ambassadors to Frederic, offering him the crown of the empire, but stipulating for a large sum in payment of the expense of the coronation, and requiring to be confirmed in an exclusive temporal authority over the city. "I come to give, and not to receive laws," was his reply. The Emperor took up his position on the north of the Tiber, in the more modern part of Rome; and the ceremony of coronation by the Pope immediately followed. The mass of the Roman people stood aloof in sullen indifference, which was soon changed to open hostility. As if to bring out in stronger relief the reassertion of ancient freedom against the combined force of northern despotism and the new superstition, while Frederic's army surrounded the Vatican, the senate and people held counsel in the capitol. A sudden attack on the German soldiers resulted in a sanguinary but indecisive combat. The city continued in a disquieted condition, and the two sovereigns proceeded to Tivoli, which the Emperor soon afterwards quitted for the north of Italy.

Immediately on Adrian's succession, his former sovereign, Henry II., had despatched that embassy, headed by the Abbot of St. Alban's, to which we have already referred. Its mission was one of congratulation, and—*risum teneatis!*—of ghostly admonition. The royal Mentor urged that, in conferring ecclesiastical honours, he should be guided by the purest motives! that no secular advantage should have the least weight with him! and that, above all, since it had pleased God to raise him to the very summit of ecclesiastical dignity, he should be careful to glorify his office by cultivating a sublime spirituality in his own soul!

The Abbot had also to present the good wishes of his monastery to their quondam servitor; and the well-timed compliment already mentioned was not unsuccessful. St. Alban's received the distinguished honour of being freed from all ecclesiastical jurisdiction, save that of Rome.

King Henry soon found occasion to test the result of his pious counsels. The year following, he sent another

mission, complimentary of course, like the first; but instead of admonition, there was humble entreaty, couched in a spirit unmistakeably worldly. The purport of the request was, that he might have the Pope's sanction for attempting the conquest of *Ireland*. The circumstances of that country were such as to make its actual subjugation an easy matter. It was rent by hostile factions, and those factions were composed, to a large extent, of undisciplined and "naked savages." To show the nature of the contest, we may note that a force of 10 knights and 90 archers, sent by Strongbow, utterly defeated an army of 3000 men under O'Phelan, and killed 800 of them; and this is only a specimen of the usual fortune of the field during the whole struggle. But a question of *right* had to be settled, and possibly the jealousy of neighbouring monarchs to be obviated by something like a plausible pretext. Ireland was not Pagan, else it might have been safely dealt with on the principle of "No faith with Infidels." Parts of the sister isle claimed to have been even centres of religious light to the British isles in a period of general darkness. Another plea must be recorded. Fortunately for Henry's wishes, though Ireland was enrolled among "the islands enlightened by Christ"—as Adrian's bull has it—it was not yet subject and tributary to the see of Rome.

It is the grand evil of sacerdotal religionism, that it transfers the appeal, in questions of right and wrong, from the inflexible tribunal of God and conscience, to the corruptible arbitrament of one whose thoughts are as our thoughts, and his ways as our ways. There was little difficulty in bribing the court on this occasion; for the judge was to share in the plunder secured by the sentence. Adrian issued a comprehensive bull, in accordance with Henry's wishes; of which the following, cited in a work previously referred to, are some of the most characteristic sentences:—
"Adrian, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his most dear son in Christ, the illustrious King of England, sendeth greeting and apostolical benediction. . . . We are confident that, by the blessing of God, the success will answer the wisdom and direction of the undertaking. You have advertised us, dear son, of your intended expedition into Ireland, to reduce that people to the

obedience of the Christian faith. . . . We, therefore, being willing to assist you in this pious and laudable design, and consenting to your petition, do grant you full liberty to make a descent upon that island, in order to enlarge the borders of the Church, &c., &c.; for, indeed, it is certain, as your highness acknowledges, that all the islands enlightened by Christ . . . are essentially St. Peter's right, and belong to the Holy Roman Church." It was a stipulation that for every house in the newly acquired territory, Peter's pence should be duly paid; so that if England's part of the advantage were in any degree dubious, that of the Papal See was evident enough.

After such a recognition of ecclesiastical supremacy in secular matters outside his kingdom, Henry had no right to complain that he had to suffer, as well as to benefit by its assertion. Having availed himself of the dubious character of ecclesiastical rule against his neighbours, it ought not to have surprised him, that the double empire was troublesome to himself at home. When the King of France urged one of Adrian's successors "to draw St. Peter's sword against Henry, and to study some new and exemplary justice" against him on account of his share in Thomas à Becket's death, and when, consequently, the morning of a second day found that monarch faint with scourging and fasting at the tomb in Canterbury cathedral, we may hope that reason—if not conscience—reminded him of the folly of such iniquitous compacts.

But to return to Adrian. Scarcely had one controversy with Frederic been settled—at least as far as appearances went—than he hastened to involve himself in another. The pretensions of the papacy had become especially offensive to William, king of the Sicilies. The holy Father had even challenged from him feudal homage for his crown. He had insulted him by calling him merely "Lord of Sicily," in place of according to him his regal title. A war was the result, in which the papal forces were worsted. Excommunication naturally followed, and with the usual results. William submitted to vassalage and even tribute; and the Pope returned, laden with costly presents—silks, silver, and gold. He now took up his residence at Orvieto, and

probably hoped for an interval of peace. He had had enough for the present of those fierce struggles, which drew from him the exclamation—when reproved by his old friend John of Salisbury, for his tyrannous and haughty bearing—"The crown seems to have been put burning on my head."

But in propitiating his more recent foe, he had only resuscitated the hostility of his more formidable rival. Frederic impeached his good faith on account of the independent treaty he had made with the King of Sicily; and also on the ground of negotiations entered into with the Greek emperor, in which he (Frederic) had not been called upon to participate. More serious indictments were not wanting. Adrian had had the audacity to call the imperial crown "a *beneficium* or fee of the see of Rome;" and to boast that Frederic had received his crown from him as his suzerain. That this implication far transcended the usual limits of papal assumption is evident from the feeling of indignation which it aroused even among the spiritual lords of the empire. The bishops joined their protest with that of their secular neighbours; and Adrian felt compelled to retract "in a letter full of miserable subterfuges and evasions."

Complaints of grievances were also forthcoming on the Pope's side. The Emperor had been sending commissioners to Rome to supersede his administration of justice. The patrimony of St. Peter was burdened with feudal tribute to the temporal sovereign. The territory and revenues of the Countess Matilda, of the duchy of Spoleto, and of Corsica and Sardinia, were kept back in spite of reclamation on behalf of the papacy.

A temporary lull, however, in the storm of contention ensued, soon to give way to fresh outbreaks; for the quarrel between the Popes and the House of Hohenstauffen ceased only with the extinction of the latter. Adrian's turbulent career of restless ambition was soon closed. He died at Avignon in the beginning of September, 1159. A few letters and homilies survived, testifying probably to a strength and cultivation of intellect which, in his public life, had only manifested themselves in serving the purposes of an unbridled desire of power. The homilies, doubtless, enforced a doctrine

in every respect opposed to the example of the preacher.

Whatever may be thought of the career of Nicholas Breakspere by members of the Romish communion on the Continent, the subjects of British rule—whether Catholic or Protestant—have small cause to remember him with anything like grateful emotions. He sanctioned and abetted an act of tyranny, whose consequences have been disastrous to both. According to his own confession, and by the testimony of nearly all Catholic Europe in the twelfth century, his monument, if any, should be one of warning, not of admiration. The above sketch has been written rather with a desire to discover great, if not amiable qualities; but the

former, if any, were so tarnished with an excess of pride, carried even into gross folly, that the verdict which reason must pronounce on the only Englishman that ever filled St. Peter's chair is, that he did much to fill up that measure of arrogance which has reduced the papacy from what it was in the time of Adrian IV. to the condition it presents under Pius IX. The name of the subject of this article may seem to imply an hereditary pugacity accompanied by bravery and strength. These are the only qualities for which he is memorable. Should the papal chair ever be occupied by another Englishman, may he prove a wiser and a better man than Nicholas Breakspere.

GEORGE CUVIER.

FRANCE has ever occupied a high standing in the annals of science; and to prove this position we need only mention the names of Fermat, Roberval, D'Alembert, Pascal. But there is another fact no less striking, to wit, that Frenchmen have not always brought to their studies a mind devoid of prejudices and actuated by the spirit of impartiality. The whole history of the eighteenth century shows this most unquestionably; and the brilliant school of savans, who hoisted at that time the banner of materialism, whilst claiming very loudly the monopoly of candour, liberality, and independence, proved themselves, under the influence of a blighting infidelity, the greatest bigots in existence. Such were Condorcet, Destutt de Tracy, Lamarck, Cabanis, and the other members of the coterie, known by the name of the "Arcueil Society." A reaction, however, speedily set in; people found out that Christianity was not, after all, the worn-out, good-for-nothing system the "encyclopedists" reported it to be, and that neither the deductions of reason, nor the facts elicited by science, necessarily clashed with revealed truths. Amongst the illustrious men who brought about this happy result, first and foremost stands the subject of the present sketch.

GEORGE LEOPOLD CHRÉTIEN FREDERICK DAGOBERT CUVIER was born on

the 23rd August, 1769, at Montbéliard, a town then belonging to the duchy of Wirtemberg, but since annexed to France. His father, having served forty years in a Swiss regiment, and having been rewarded for his bravery and good conduct with the cross of military merit (a decoration exclusively bestowed upon Protestant officers), was now devoting his time to the education of a young family. A soldier's half-pay is at all times small enough; but in the superior talents, the affection and the energy of his wife, the veteran found the resources his pecuniary means could not command. George was afflicted with a feeble and sickly constitution. Madame Cuvier watched over him, became his first teacher, directed the moral and religious training which is the necessary substratum of all future excellence; in short, thoroughly prepared him for the severe routine of a public school.

Biographers have often noticed how much great men owe to maternal influence. The early days of young Cuvier illustrate this truth in a remarkable manner; and when his parents sent him to the gymnasium, he had not only mastered the difficulties of Latin, drawing, and history, but, what is still more important, acquired a passion for reading and a desire to understand everything—"the two liberal fountains," as

a reviewer happily expresses it, "from which his reason drew its materials, and his imagination its stores."

Long before the reform of public instruction in France, and the re-modeling of the university by Napoleon Bonaparte, some of the German princes had directed their attention to the momentous question of academical teaching. Seminaries were rising up in all quarters, and a new revival of learning seemed at hand. The Duke of Wirtemberg, following the general movement, founded at Stuttgart the Caroline Academy, an institution where a staff of more than eighty masters delivered lectures upon almost every branch of human knowledge. Law, medicine, administration, the military art, commerce, painting, sculpture, and music—such was the bill of fare. By his diligence at the gymnasium and the great success he obtained in his studies, George Cuvier attracted the notice of his sovereign. The Duke had a personal interview with the young man, and announced his intention of sending him to Stuttgart for the purpose of educating him free of expense.

"In the beginning of May, 1784," continues the reviewer, "he accordingly left his father's roof: seated between the chamberlain and secretary of the Duke, he travelled to the university, and at once took his place among the most distinguished students of the Caroline Academy." Some years before, the perusal of Gesner's history of animals, and of Buffon's great work, had already awakened in Cuvier's mind a taste for the study of Nature. He had begun to make observations for himself, to draw sketches from the books within his reach, and even to lecture to his school-fellows on points connected with his favourite pursuits. At Stuttgart that taste ripened into a passion. He visited all the accessible cabinets of natural history, and commenced an herbarium arranged according to a classification of his own, following up at the same time the regular university studies so satisfactorily, that he carried off almost all the prizes, and obtained one of the orders of academical knighthood, which the Duke granted as a reward to the five or six most distinguished pupils.

Cuvier's admission at Stuttgart was an important step forward in his journey through life. Strange to say, the same place which the naturalist found to be

an *alma mater* full of gentle counsel and wholesome instruction—that same place offered to the dreamy poet nothing but the repulsive appearance of a military prison, where discipline nipped enthusiasm in the bud. Schiller had not yet left the Caroline Academy when Cuvier matriculated there. History does not tell us what impression the two young men produced upon each other, but they stand for us as the personification, the one of the real, the other of the ideal. The "Song of the Bell" and the "Discourse on the Revolutions of the Globe" were in days to come to earn an immortal reputation for the two Stuttgart students. Cuvier made also the acquaintance of Sömmering, a person more according to his own heart, and who became in after life one of the most eminent entomologists in Europe.

Our hero could not any longer wear the uniform and "sport" the pig-tail which then distinguished the inmates of the Caroline. He had gone through the whole curriculum of studies, and was now apparently fully equipped for a struggle in quest of scientific fame. He began by accepting an engagement as tutor in a French nobleman's family, with the view both of increasing his slender means, and of improving himself. The Count de Héricy, to whom he had been recommended, gladly secured the services of so promising a young man, and took him to a château on the coast of Normandy, where Cuvier found an attentive pupil, the advantages of the best society, and the most ample field for botanical or zoological researches.

We must not forget under what circumstances Cuvier came to France. The emancipation of society which Schiller had preached by the mouth of Franz Moor seemed now to be a matter of fact. "Old things" were fast "passing away," and the Assembly of the States General would soon inaugurate through the kingdom the reign of Liberty. Everybody knows how frightful the revolutionary progress was, proceeding irresistibly on over the mangled bodies of ten thousand victims, amidst the strains of the *Marseillaise*, till Liberty died of exhaustion in the arms of a lieutenant of artillery. Cuvier was providentially spared the scenes of misery so many had to go through, and whilst he spent the years 1788—1795 in studying the anatomy of the mollusca or

examining fossil terebratulæ, Louis XVI., the Girondists, the Dantonists, and the Terrorists successively fell under the executioner's knife. It is very probable that if Cuvier had been staying in the metropolis or in some other large town, his talents would have procured for him an accusation of *uncivism*; and the fate which the illustrious Lavoisier met with, clearly tells us what he might have expected himself.

Cuvier's first journey to Paris, and his début in public life, took place in consequence of a singular event. The inhabitants of Fécamp, a town distant only one short league from Count de Héricy's château, had at last caught the *sansculotte* infection, and determined upon organizing a political society of their own. This was like springing a mine under a barrel of gunpowder. The neighbouring gentry, fortunately, had still influence enough to assume the management of the club, and they gradually substituted lectures on rural economy for dry and unprofitable discussions about the rights of man. The meetings were generally very well attended, and one of the most assiduous members was a person who filled the office of chief physician to the military hospital at Valmont. Whenever questions respecting the theory and practice of agriculture happened to be started, the military physician was always ready with an accurate and profitable answer. Cuvier wished very much to know who that stranger was, and, upon enquiring, he found out that his name was Tessier. "Tessier!" exclaimed he, "why, to be sure! he must be the *Abbé* himself—the illustrious member of the Academy of Sciences—the writer of the clever articles on rural economy in the '*Encyclopédie Méthodique*,'—how delighted I am!"

The next meeting of the club was as good and crowded as ever. Tessier took his accustomed seat, and he was very unsuspectingly going to address the chairman on some point connected with the debate, when Cuvier ran up to him, and, shaking him heartily by the hand, said, "Good morning, Monsieur l'Abbé; it gives me great pleasure to see you well."

Our readers may fancy Tessier's consternation upon hearing himself designated as "Monsieur l'Abbé," at a time when priests, monks, and nuns were considered merely as fit subjects for the guillotine.

"I am known," answered he, "and consequently lost."

"Lost!" exclaimed his friend. "No! you shall henceforth be the object of our most anxious care."

The clerical character of the physician soon ceased to be a source of danger; and the two philosophers, whom Providence had thus brought together, continued to confer on each other mutual benefits, while they united their labours in the advancement of science. The Abbé Tessier informed his Paris acquaintances that he had found a pearl in the dunghill of Normandy. He had already been the means of introducing the mathematician, Delambre, to the notice of the scientific world; and subsequent events proved that he was right when, recommending Cuvier to Professor de Jussieu, the celebrated botanist, he wrote, "in the department of Natural History my young protégé will be a Delambre also."

The formation of the Institute under the auspices and according to the ideas of Bonaparte, is one of the most important data in the annals of science. Laplace, Lagrange, Carnot, Berthollet, Chaptal, Haüy, and many others equally distinguished, brought together the rich treasures of their intellectual powers, whilst their teaching excited the emulation of those who were at a later period to render immortal the names of Biot, Cauchy, Fourier, Gay Lussac, and Arago. Cuvier was attached with Daubenton and Lacépède to the section of Zoology; he obtained speedily the professorship of Natural History in the central school of the Pantheon, and became likewise assistant to Mertrud, an old and incapable man, who, out of consideration for past services, had been appointed to the recently instituted chair of comparative anatomy.

During his residence in Normandy, Cuvier had lost his mother. But he was now in a position to realize one of his fondest wishes, and he immediately carried it into execution. He summoned to Paris his father and his brother Frederick, and, surrounded by those upon whom his affections were centered, he set to work with renewed energy. The Jardin des Plantes, where he had taken up his residence, was at that time merely a second-rate botanical garden indifferently provided for. In a lumber-room, four or five old skeletons collected by Daubenton, and which Buffon used

to call his "faggots," formed the only anatomical specimens accessible to lecturer and pupils. These were immediately brought out of obscurity once more, delivered from the layers of dust which had been allowed to accumulate upon them; and they formed the nucleus of the magnificent gallery of comparative anatomy bequeathed to the French nation by the genius and industry of Cuvier. In 1799, the young naturalist, already one of the most celebrated men of his age, succeeded Daubenton in the chair of Natural History in the College of France; and, on the death of Mertrud, in 1802, he became titular professor in the Jardin des Plantes.

Scholastic tradition has preserved the record of the first lecture delivered by Cuvier at the central school of the Pantheon. The spirit of the orator, his eloquence, his learning, and the brilliancy of his style, struck all his hearers. The following sentiment, particularly, was received with unanimous applause: "Perugino," said the professor, "was not a very great painter; his pictures attract little notice, and he has not left behind him much reputation, but he was the master of Raphael! . . . In the same way, gentlemen, it will be, perhaps, my privilege, one day to go down to posterity through the reputation obtained by some of you. This I shall consider as an ample reward for all my labours." Cuvier soon became an especial favourite amongst the Pantheon students, and he was cherished by them as Bonaparte was by his grenadiers.

Whilst the French savans who had accompanied to Egypt the unfortunate expedition of the Corsican general, were making observations in the various branches of science, Cuvier's few miles' peregrinations in the environs of Paris achieved results quite as important, and opened a new era in the history of geology. This interesting science, which is still the object of so much controversy, had attracted the attention of thinking men as early as the 16th century; and we find another Frenchman, Bernard Palissy, maintaining about that time that fossil bones, impressions of plants, and fossil shells were not mere freaks of nature, but the remains of real animals and plants. Scilla, Leibnitz, and Pallas investigated the subject more deeply; and Werner based upon the facts brought to light a system which

has obtained considerable celebrity. But we may safely say that the history of fossil deposits and their relation to geology was never completely treated till Cuvier applied his mind to the exploration of what has been aptly called the Herculaneum of Nature. He succeeded in re-establishing 168 vertebrated animals, which form 50 distinct genera, of which 15 are entirely new; and reckoning the additions which have since been made, there is reason to believe that the species of extinct animals are more numerous than the living ones. Petrifications are no longer viewed as objects of mere curiosity, as things isolated and unrelated to the rocks of which the crust of the earth is composed; on the contrary, they are now considered as one of the most important features in the strata of all the regions of the earth. By the regularity and determination of their distribution, they afford characters which assist us in discriminating not only single beds, but also whole formations of rocks: and, in this respect, they are highly interesting to the geognostical enquirer. To the geologist, this beautiful branch of Natural History opens up numerous and uncommonly curious views of Nature in the mineral kingdom: it shows him the commencement of the formation of organic beings; it points out the gradual succession in the formation of animals, from the coral, near the primitive strata, through all the wonderful variety of form and structure observed in shells, fishes, amphibious animals, and birds, to the perfect quadruped of the alluvial land; and it makes him acquainted with a geographical and physical distribution of organic beings in the strata of the globe, very different from what is observed to hold in the present state of the organic world. The zoologist views with wonder and amazement those hosts of fossil animals, sometimes so similar to the present living species, at other times so far removed from them in form and structure. He compares the fossil orders, genera, and species, with those now inhabiting the earth's surface, or living in its waters, and discovers that there is a whole system of animals, in a fossil state, differing from the present. Even the physiologist, in the various forms, connections, and relations of the parts of those animals, obtains new facts for his descriptions and reasonings.

Without entering into any further

details on this subject, we shall refer the student to Cuvier's great work on fossil bones: it is universally considered one of the most splendid contributions to Natural History ever furnished. The "Introductory Discourse"—a volume of itself—has been often separately reprinted. It gives a view of the formation of the earth's crust, and discusses the different systems proposed at various times to explain that formation. The following passage, from another publication of the same author, will sufficiently explain the interest Cuvier felt in his researches:—

"I at length found myself as if placed in a charnel-house, surrounded by mutilated fragments of many hundred skeletons of more than twenty kinds of animals, piled confusedly around me. The task assigned to me was to restore them all to their original positions. At the voice of comparative anatomy, every bone and fragment of a bone resumed its place. I cannot find words to express the pleasure I experienced in seeing, as I discovered one character, how all the consequences I predicted from it were successively confirmed; the feet were found in accordance with the characters announced by the teeth; the teeth in harmony with those indicated beforehand by the feet. The bones of the legs and thighs, and every connecting portion of the extremities, were found set together precisely as I had arranged them before my conjectures were verified by the discovery of the parts entire. In short, each species was, as it were, reconstructed from a single one of its component elements."

When the Emperor re-organized the Institute, he requested Delambre and Cuvier, who had just been appointed its two perpetual secretaries, to prepare reports of the progress made, since 1789, by the mathematical and natural sciences. These documents were presented to Napoleon in the council of state; they are still read with considerable interest, and are important additions to the history of scientific investigation. Cuvier's essay was particularly admired, and upon hearing a passage which alluded to the merits of the modern Alexander as a man of science as well as a warrior, the hero of Marengo and Arcole exclaimed, "That's praise, such as I like it."

It appeared quite evident that Cuvier was becoming a great favourite at

the new court. In 1802, he was appointed one of the six inspectors-general for establishing lyceums or grammar-schools in thirty of the principal towns of the empire. Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Nice were included within his circle of inspection, and by pursuing zoological researches on the shores of the Mediterranean, he made a purely administrative tour subservient to the interests of Natural History. Having been nominated one of the life-councillors of the university, he was entrusted with the organization of the academies in those Italian states which had been temporarily annexed to France; and the regulations which he established at Turin, Genoa, and Pisa were maintained by the sovereigns of these cities, after they returned to their dominions. From Italy, Cuvier went to Holland upon a similar mission; he accomplished it with equal success, the arrangements he made both there and in the Hanseatic Towns having survived the usurpations of the conqueror. As a reward for his exertions he was appointed master of requests in the council of state; Napoleon even intended to trust him with the education of the King of Rome, but the disasters of 1813 prevented him from carrying his plan into execution.

It is easy to account for the partiality which Napoleon always entertained for Cuvier. There was between those great men a remarkable similarity of views, tastes, and manners. The universality of genius which characterized the Emperor rendered the naturalist eminently useful on several occasions when the talents of the legist or the administrator alone were required. Whether it was in the lecture-room of the Jardin des Plantes, at the council of state, or amongst his colleagues in the university, he seemed uniformly at home and thoroughly able to grapple with any subject brought under his notice. He was a man whom Utopias could not dazzle, and who had been taught at the school of experience the value of idle theories. He unravelled with ease the most intricate difficulties, and saw at once the solution of problems, which would have puzzled others till doomsday. His style was concise and perspicuous, his language pre-eminently clear, and there was no mistaking the opinion he delivered or the verdict he pronounced.

When the allied sovereigns marched

against France, and an invasion of the country became a matter of actual fact, Cuvier was on the left bank of the Rhine endeavouring to organize resistance, and to infuse the spirit of patriotism in populations whom a long series of wars had completely wearied. But resistance was useless, the white flag of the Bourbons was hoisted once more on the Tuileries Palace, and Louis XVIII. ascended the throne with the straightforward intention of establishing his authority upon the solid basis of constitutional government. A great deal has been written lately about the restoration. Besides M. de Châteaubriand's "Memoirs," we have read the works of MM. Lamartine, Lubis, and de Vaulabelle; and the impression produced by these publications is decidedly favourable to the character of Louis XVIII. Although urged on by the ultra-royalists to a system of reaction, he had the good sense to see that a return to old institutions and old prejudices would be fatal, and he never would yield to the passions of the most violent amongst his supporters. Few of the functionaries who had been distinguished by moderation were displaced, and Cuvier was confirmed in his former dignity of councillor of state. In 1818 he became a member of the French Academy; soon after, he was appointed president of one of the sections in the council of state, and created a baron. Charles X., who succeeded Louis XVIII. in 1824, and Louis Philippe after him, showed likewise by various favours and rewards that they fully appreciated the illustrious *savant* whose unwearied exertions had secured for France such true glory.

We have referred to Cuvier's discoveries in the wide field of palæontology and geology; we must now say a few words about his other works, and more especially his system of classification. Linnæus had divided the animal kingdom into six classes, viz. quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, and worms. This distribution was exceedingly imperfect, and instead of presenting to the mind the true relations of animal bodies, it seemed a mere series of arbitrary limitations, for which no possible reasons could be given. Animals closely connected with each other were widely separated, whilst the same class often contained beings utterly unlike in point of organization. For instance, it is well known that the blood in some species of

animals is red, whilst in others it assumes a white colour. Now, according to the system of Linnæus, all the animals with white blood, which comprehended more than half of the whole number, were thrown together, without order, into the class of worms; and it was, therefore, in this department, that Cuvier began his career of reform and discovery. He laid the foundation of a new classification in a memoir published as early as 1795, and then proposed a subdivision of the white-blooded animals into three classes: 1. *Mollusca*, or animals possessing a heart, a complete system of circulation, and breathing by lungs and gills; 2. *Insects*, having no heart, but merely a simple dorsal vessel, and breathing by *tracheæ*, or air-vessels; 3. *Zoophytes*, or *animal-plants*, which possess neither a heart, nor blood-vessel, nor any distinct organ of respiration. Three other classes were added by Cuvier at a later period, namely, the *Vermes* or worms, the *Crustacea*, and the *Echinodermata*.

This short sketch will give some idea of the positive revolution Cuvier introduced in Natural History. His great merit consists in the adopting of a clear, logical, *accountable* method, based upon the accurate observation of facts, and constructed with almost mathematical exactness. The discoveries he made are too numerous to be described here, but the principal one is that of the correlation of organs, a law now considered as the fundamental axiom of comparative anatomy. The true theory of the formations of the teeth of animals we owe to Cuvier, and also the structure of the organs of voice in birds, and of the organ of hearing in the Cetacea.

As one of the secretaries of the Institute, it was Cuvier's duty to write the *éloges* of its departed members. The beauty and eloquence displayed in these compositions secured for them a lasting reputation, and for their author a seat in the Académie Française. These *éloges* have been since printed in a collected form, and deserve to be attentively perused. His sketch of the life of Daubenton, in particular, contains a few lines on Buffon, which are one of the best views given as yet of that great writer's genius.

"Buffon," says Cuvier, "fixed his choice upon Natural History, and he saw open before him that immense career which he pursued with so much glory. He at first measured it in all its extent;

he saw at a glance what he had to do, what he could himself do, and what he required the aid of others in doing . . . To give life and motion to a science then cold and inanimate; to paint nature such as it is, always young, always in action; to sketch in bold lines the admirable harmony of all its parts, and the laws which unite it into one system; to throw into the picture all the freshness and lustre of the original;—such was the difficult task of a writer who wished to restore to this fine science the grandeur which it had lost; and for such a task, the ardent imagination of Buffon, his lofty genius, and his profound feeling of the beauties of nature pre-eminently qualified him."

In this striking portrait we see only some of the features belonging to the naturalist. The most important have not been introduced, such as accuracy, perseverance, soundness of judgment, and habits of labour. Buffon had none of these; he was a man of great powers of imagination, but without merit as a philosopher; and, high as he still stands in the realms of literature, Cuvier is by far his superior. Suppose the assistance of Daubenton could not have been secured, it is doubtful whether Buffon would have accomplished even the monument which bears his name. Cuvier met through life with many a faithful associate and a zealous coadjutor, but he was never *compelled* to apply for their scalpel, their pencil, or their pen. "Buffon," says he, a little further on, "of an athletic frame, an imposing mien, and an imperious temper, desirous in everything of immediate enjoyment, seemed anxious to guess the truth rather than to observe it. His imagination was ever placing itself between himself and nature, and his eloquence seemed to exercise itself contrary to his own reason before he employed it to convince that of others."

Let the reader endeavour to realize the very reverse of all this, and he will have the true character of Cuvier.

The great naturalist's reputation extended far beyond the frontiers of his own native country. When, in 1818 and in 1830 he visited England, he was received with every mark of sincere respect. He explored the different collections in the metropolis, proceeded to Oxford, and carefully inspected the various objects of public interest which were at that time attracting the atten-

tion of foreigners. The political usages of Great Britain could not fail to engage his notice, and the sight of a Westminster election with its usual accompaniments in the way of projectiles—cabbages, mud, eggs, brick-bats—afforded him plenty of amusement. He was introduced to king George IV., and whilst conversing with him on the subject of the natural history collections scattered throughout England, he suggested the union of all the private museums into one great national dépôt, which, from the extent of the colonial possessions of this country, would, he conceived, surpass every other collection in Europe.

We have already said that, on Cuvier's appointment to a professorship in Paris, he had summoned to his side the surviving members of his family. His aged father died a few years after, in consequence of a fall, and his sister-in-law in giving birth to a son. The two brothers, George and Frederick, being left alone to lament the losses they had sustained, George married, in 1803, the widow of M. Duvaucel, one of the farmers-general, whom the Convention, in 1794, had sent to the scaffold. Four children were the offspring of this union; they were all removed from this world in the bloom of youth, and the death of Mademoiselle Clementine Cuvier in 1828, was felt in Paris as a public calamity. This young lady, then twenty-two years of age, the only surviving child of her father, was distinguished not merely by the usual accomplishments of her sex, but by the most active benevolence and the most genuine piety. A member of the Lutheran church, she took a prominent part in every work tending to the glory of God, and was indefatigable in pleading before the world the cause of the Bible and the Missionary societies. Hospitals, clothing clubs, district visiting, meetings for prayer and for the exposition of the Scriptures—with institutions such as these, the name of Clementine Cuvier was ever found associated. She was indeed a burning and a shining light. But graces and attainments of this description, when developed in such rich maturity, do not long adorn this world. On the 28th of September, 1828, a disease of the chest, the first symptoms of which had manifested themselves in 1826, removed Clementine from earthly happiness.

and inflicted on her disconsolate father a blow which he never recovered. The reeds upon which he had been seeking support were giving way; the chastening hand of God was gradually preparing him for eternity. After an absence of two months, Cuvier resumed his political duties as president of the Committee of the Interior. When it became his turn to sum up the observations which had been made by his colleagues, his first words were drowned in tears; he hid his face in his hands, and sobbed bitterly. A profound silence reigned throughout the assembly. At length Cuvier raised his head and said, "Pardon me, gentlemen, I was a father, and I have lost all." He then, as if by a violent effort, resumed his observations, and pronounced judgment.

Cuvier found relief in intellectual labour, and returned to his studies for a little while. In 1832 he had been made a peer of France, and, on the 8th of May of the same year, had opened a course of lectures on the History and Progress of Science. Five days after he was lying in his grave. On the 13th

of May, 1832, Cuvier died before he had completed his 63rd year. Although the cholera was then raging in Paris, a crowded procession accompanied to the burial ground him whose glory had become, so to say, national property. The body was carried by pupils from the different schools of science; the pall was supported by Baron Pasquier, president of the Chamber of Peers, M. Devaux, councillor of state, M. Arago, secretary to the Academy of Sciences, and M. Villemain, vice-president of the Royal Council of Public Instruction. According to custom, funeral orations were pronounced over the grave.

We have come to the conclusion of this biographical essay. In glancing thus summarily at the life of Cuvier, we have omitted to mention his defects. It is not, our readers will believe us, from any desire to invest him with an imaginary perfection; but the task of a critic is never a pleasant one, and on perusing some of the authorities we thought right to consult before assuming the character of Cuvier's historian, we found ourselves forestalled.

G. M.

ROBERT HALL.

THE REV. ROBERT HALL was born at the village of Arnsby, near Leicester, on the second of May, 1764. His father, bearing the same name, was a minister among the Baptists (what he himself afterwards became), and is represented as a man of good ability and earnest religion.

In early childhood Robert gave no particular indications of what he was to be. At two years of age he could neither walk nor speak. He was of a delicate frame, and seemed to be of slow perception. His nurse succeeded in teaching him the alphabet on the village grave-stones, and the first words he uttered were those of the inscriptions, which both she and he delighted then to ponder. No sooner, however, did he attain the power of speech than his mental activity was in a high degree awakened, and the ardour and quickness which so distinguished him in after

life became predominant. As soon as he could speak he became a *talker*, and as soon as he became, to a certain degree, possessed of the signs of thought in language, he became a steady and rapid thinker. This seems to be much to say of a child; but in Robert Hall, if we may believe his biographers—and of their veracity we have no question—this was, to a very unusual extent, realized.

Being one, and the youngest, of fourteen children, his father was compelled to seek for him an economical education. In those days dame-schools were abundant, and into one of these young Robert was introduced. Thus has Dame *Scotton's* name been embalmed for immortality. A similar fortune has happened to Mrs. *Lyley*, a teacher of the young idea, in the same village of Arnsby, who subsequently became his instructress.

At this time, while under six years of age, his unconstrained application to reading and solitary thought was remarkable. The graveyard, where he first learned to say his letters, spell, and speak, continued to be his favourite study. Hither, with pinafore stuffed with books, and with grave and moody countenance, the future intellectual Hercules would frequently retire from the din of his numerously tenanted house; and there would he remain until the shades of night, or the unscrupulous nurse, would compel him to return.

At six he was sent to a school, a little distance in the country, conducted by a Mr. Simmons. Here his intellectual vigour and power of attainment became so great, that by the time he had completed his eleventh year his master ceded his superiority, and frankly confessed his total inability any longer to keep pace with his pupil. While at this school his favourite books were of a very extraordinary class. Before he was nine years old he had "perused and reperused with intense interest" the treatises of Jonathan Edwards on the "Affections" and on the "Will," and had carefully read Bishop Butler's "Analogy." It is not necessary to suppose that works like these, which are productions of the mightiest and most matured minds, and which have supplied the acutest and profoundest metaphysical students with materials of enquiry and points hard of solution, were examined with much discrimination, much less mastered by our youthful Divine; it is sufficiently extraordinary that he should at this age have attained to such a power and scope of mental action as to be capable of perusing, and that with "intense interest," and without any apparent encouragement, works so ponderous and involved. "The child is father to the man." Robert Hall, the child-student at Wigstone, was the faithful antecedent in taste and general bent of intellectual activity of Robert Hall, the friend and equal of Mackintosh, the first preacher of his age, and of whom John Foster said that "his like or equal would come no more."

Before he was ten years of age this little enquirer had become a rather prolific writer. The knowledge he so rapidly acquired was carefully elaborated, and systematized, and thrown forth in the form of essays and sermons, which the young preacher thought good enough

to be listened to by his frequently congregated brothers and sisters. About this time he and his brother had a solemn conference on the subject of the "division of the inheritance." Anticipating that their good father would some time or other die, Robert was anxious that there should be no misunderstanding between him and his brother about the "portion," and proposed that John "should have the cows, sheep, and pigs, and leave for him the books." It would seem that in his ardour to have a claim upon the books, he forgot the poor sisters, to whom no portion was allotted.

His precocity was equally remarkable in the talent he evinced for public speaking. Soon after leaving the above school, and when his father was about taking steps towards his introduction into a theological academy, he paid a visit to a friend at Kettering. This gentleman was so struck with his power of address, that he prevailed on him on several occasions to deliver a kind of sermon to a select company, convened for the purpose, at his house. These, with the exception of the homilies he addressed to his brother and sisters, or fellow-scholars, which were not of rare occurrence, were his first efforts at public speaking. Of the wisdom of encouraging one so young to take a position so prominent, he himself after the lapse of many years said, "Mr. W—— was one whom every body loved. He belonged to a family in which probity, candour, and benevolence constituted the general likeness. But conceive, sir, if you can, the egregious impropriety of setting a boy of eleven to preach to a company of grave gentlemen, full half of whom wore wigs. I never call the circumstance to mind but with grief at the vanity it inspired; nor when I think of such mistakes of good men, am I inclined to question the correctness of Baxter's language, strong as it is, where he says, 'Nor should men turn preachers as the river Nilus breeds frogs, (saith Herodotus) when one half moveth, before the other is made, and which is yet but plain mud.'"

For a year-and-a-half Robert was placed under the care of the Rev. John Ryland of Northampton, a distinguished preacher and careful trainer of youth. Here he made great progress in Latin and Greek, and the principles and practice of Elegant Composition. At fifteen he entered the Academy at Bristol, and had there as his tutors the Rev.

Hugh Evans, Dr. Caleb Evans, and Rev. James Newton. Of his enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge at this place, and the progress he made, it is needless here to speak. He wrought diligently and rose rapidly. He bent all his energies to his improvement, aiming above all things at excellence and distinction as an intellectual thinker, writer, and preacher. He is represented by his able biographer, Dr. Gregory, as having probably "set too high an estimate on merely intellectual attainments, and valued himself, not more, perhaps, than was natural to youth, yet too much, on the extent of his mental possessions." These said possessions, however, it strikes us, are things "too much valued," but very seldom. A high appreciation of them is ever essential to that energy and patience of pursuit that will issue in making them one's own, and they are too precious an ingredient amid the complex lumber made the objects of human pursuit, and too rarely sought after to merit any slighting remark of ours on any who are their lovers. Robert Hall may have under-rated other attributes of the preacher, but that he over-rated intellectual culture and endowment we venture to question. Dr. Gregory may have been an erring judge. At the same time we must admit that young Hall's heart was not quite free from an admixture of pride—pride which perhaps went beyond the limits of the warranted. An incident occurs which in an hour of anguish extorts from him a confession to that effect. He was appointed, according to the College rules, to preach at Broadmead Chapel vestry, before the tutors and others. After proceeding for a time with facility, and much to the delight of the auditory, he "suddenly paused," covered his face with his hands, exclaimed, "Oh! I have lost all my ideas," and sat down, his hands still hiding his face. The failure, however, painful as it was to his tutors, and humiliating to himself, was such as rather augmented than diminished their persuasion of what he could accomplish if once he acquired self-possession. He was, therefore, appointed to speak again, on the same subject, at the same place, the ensuing week. This second attempt was accompanied by a second failure, still more painful to witness, and still more grievous to bear. He hastened

from the vestry, and on retiring to his room exclaimed, "If this does not humble me the devil *must* have me."

After being an alumnus at Bristol three years, in 1781 he proceeded as a student on "Dr. Ward's foundation," to King's College, Aberdeen, where he continued till 1785, when he graduated Master of Arts. To a plant so vigorous Aberdeen proved a kind and productive soil. Not only in having able professors was he fortunate, but in the companionship and friendship of one whose mind was of kindred texture, and whose name became afterwards perhaps even more celebrated than his own. This was Sir James Mackintosh, the eminent jurist, mental philosopher, and historian. At once these young men felt a strong sympathy for each other. They were of the respective ages of seventeen and eighteen, Mackintosh being the elder. Though in many things dissimilar, they had so many points of contact, and an attraction so powerful in literary taste, that they were ever in each other's company, and polishing each other's mind by the attrition of argument and interchange of idea. They read together, sat together at lecture, and took their walks together. Their tastes in the department of morals and metaphysics were identical. They maintained incessant discussions, without ever disturbing their mutual attachment. Berkeley's "Minute Philosopher," Butler's "Analogy," "Edwards on the Will," were analysed point by point, and debated with utmost warmth and energy. "From these discussions, and from reflection upon them, Sir James learnt more as to principles (so he assured Dr. Gregory), than from all the books he ever read." Classics were not neglected. The brother-students read much in Greek—Xenophon and Herodotus being their favourites in history, and Plato in philosophy. From this their habit, which was well known in the University, it was not uncommon for their fellow-students to point at them as they walked out in company, and say, "*There go Plato and Herodotus.*" Their admiration of each other was cordial and unflinching—all the more genuine and impregnable for the many stiff contests in argument which it had survived. Sir James never failed in after life, to bear the highest testimony to the unrivalled excellencies of his friend, and Mr. Hall always maintained that

Mackintosh, of all the men of modern times, possessed the intellect which most resembled that of Bacon. Twenty years after this, when the powerful mind of Hall had undergone a temporary eclipse, his friend, then the Recorder of Bombay, hearing of his affliction wrote to him a characteristic and very beautiful letter, from which our space will admit of only a few extracts:—

“Bombay, Sept. 21, 1805.

“MY DEAR HALL—I believe that in the hurry of leaving England, I did not answer the letter which you wrote to me in December, 1803. I did not, however, forget your interesting young friend, from whom I have had one letter, from Constantinople, and to whom I have twice written at Cairo, where he now is. No request of *yours* could, indeed, be lightly esteemed by me.

“It happened to me a few days ago, in drawing up (merely for my own use) a short sketch of my life, that I had occasion to give a faithful statement of my recollection of the circumstances of my first acquaintance with you. On the most impartial survey of my early life, I could see nothing which tended so much to excite and invigorate my understanding, and to direct it towards high, though, perhaps, scarcely accessible objects, as my intimacy with you. Five and twenty years are now past since we first met, yet hardly anything has occurred since which has left a deeper or more agreeable impression on my mind. I now remember the extraordinary union of bright fancy with acute intellect, which would have excited more admiration than it has done, if it had been dedicated to the amusement of the great and the learned, instead of being consecrated to the far more noble office of consoling, instructing, and reforming the poor and the forgotten.

“It was then too early for me to discover that extreme purity, which in a mind pre-occupied with the low realities of life, would have been no natural companion of so much activity and ardour, but which thoroughly detached you (alluding to Mr. Hall's mental aberration) from the world, and made you an inhabitant of regions where alone it is possible to be always active without impurity, and where the ardour of your sensibility had unbounded scope amidst the inexhaustible combinations of beauty and excellence.

“It is not given to us to preserve an exact medium. Nothing is so difficult as to decide how much ideal models ought to be combined with experience; how much of the future should be let in to the present, in the progress of the human mind. To ennoble and purify, without raising above the sphere of our usefulness; to qualify us for what we ought to seek, without unfitting us for that to which we must submit; are great and difficult problems, which can be but imperfectly solved.

“It is certain the child may be too manly, not only for his present enjoyments, but for his future prospects. Perhaps, my good friend, you have fallen into this error of superior natures. From this error has, I think, arisen that calamity with which it has pleased Providence to visit you, which, to a mind less fortified by reason and religion, I should not dare to mention, but which I really consider in you as little more than the indignant struggles of a pure mind with the low realities which surround it—the fervent aspirations after regions more congenial to it—and a momentary blindness, produced by the fixed contemplation of objects too bright for human vision. I may say, in this case, in a far grander sense than in which the words were originally spoken by our great poet,

— and yet

The light which led astray was light from Heaven.

“On your return to us, you must surely have found consolation in the only terrestrial produce which is pure and truly exquisite—in the affections and attachments you have inspired, which you were most worthy to inspire, and which no human pollution can rob of their heavenly nature. If I were to prosecute the reflections, and indulge the feelings which at this moment fill my mind, I should soon venture to doubt, whether for a calamity derived from such a source, and attended with such consolations, I should so far yield to the views and opinions of men, as to seek to condole with you. But I check myself, and exhort you, my most worthy friend, to check your best propensities, for the sake of attaining their object. You cannot live *for* men, without living *with* them. Serve God, then, by the active service of men. Contemplate more the good you *can* do, than the evil you can only lament.

“Let me hear from you soon and

often. Farewell, my dear friend. Yours ever, most faithfully,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

Long before Hall's studies had terminated at Aberdeen, he was invited to become assistant minister with Dr. Caleb Evans, over the Baptist Church, Broadmead, Bristol. He accepted their call, on condition that he should still pursue his studies during the college session. This time, Mackintosh having now quitted the University, he devoted entirely, and with utmost assiduity, to subjects more immediately congruous with the sacred office he had assumed. The Greek language, Moral Philosophy, Church History, Biblical Criticism (such as it then was), and Theology proper, were specially embraced. On his return to Bristol, he had a mind richly furnished, powerful, and intensely active, and capable with facility to marshal all its forces for combined action whenever required. His preaching at once attracted attention. Men were not long in learning that a great mind and a genial heart poured forth their treasures from that pulpit. From far and near, rich and poor poured in to listen to his eloquence. Although he was at this time only twenty-one years of age, in three months after his settlement he undertook the duties of classical tutor at the academy where formerly he had been a pupil, and these, for more than five years, he discharged with credit and success.

In 1790, Mr. Hall was invited to succeed Mr. Robinson at Cambridge. Robinson's name is well known as that of one who for many years filled the first place amongst Nonconformist evangelical preachers, and who had gradually inclined, and at last entirely conformed to, the form of Unitarian doctrine taught in those days by Dr. Priestley. It has been said that no man in that section of the church to which Mr. Hall belonged, could have been thought of as a fit successor to Mr. Robinson, and that no other congregation in the body could present an adequate field for Mr. Hall's peculiar and distinguished powers. Mr. Robinson had been a daring speculator in theology, and being a man of superior endowments, estimable character, and winning address, he had managed to lead along with him into the fields of free and doubting thought many of those who attended his ministry. These, now, required a man whose preaching

would be quite of a peculiar type. On the other hand there were many simple and satisfied Christians, whose demands were very different. Now, Mr. Hall had been accused at Bristol of *looseness* of doctrine. He had been declared a Socinian. He was, too, held to be no Baptist, because he held liberal, "latitudinarian," views on the subject of baptism and strict communion. The co-relation was, as it proved, most opportune. The doubting people of Cambridge hailed with joy their new minister's arrival. "Thinking themselves liberal and unshackled, they could not but congratulate one another that their new pastor, a man of splendid talents, was *almost* as liberal and unshackled as they were." But this apparent harmony in free-thinking led to an issue little contemplated. It is said that the *moral* condition of the Church acting upon the genuine heart and acute sensibilities of their young minister, led to the adoption of a modified creed. "Their want of devotional seriousness, by the force of contrast, heightened his estimate of the value of true piety; and this produced an augmented earnestness and fidelity, which they first learnt to tolerate, and afterwards to admire."

Mr. Hall's ministry at Cambridge embraced a period of fourteen years, during which his popularity and usefulness steadily advanced. The attraction of his genius penetrated beyond the conventional boundaries of sects. University men, from undergraduates to heads of colleges, attended his chapel. Extraordinary events gave occasion for extraordinary displays of his powers. The French Revolution called forth his "Apology for the Freedom of the Press." The excesses, again, of the irreligious democracy which subsequently had such disastrous prevalence in France, and spread itself over England, stirred his mind to write the eloquent and magnificent sermon on "Modern Infidelity." The general thanksgiving which followed on the Peace of Amiens brought forth his "Reflections on War." When that peace was again suddenly broken by Napoleon, Mr. Hall preached at Bristol his sermon on "the Sentiments proper to the present Crisis." Either of these productions would be sufficient to create a wide and lasting reputation.

The excruciating pain in the back, under which he had at intervals laboured from very boyhood, about this time

alarmingly increased. It embarrassed him in his duties, and preyed alarmingly on his spirits. Unfortunately his medical adviser urged him to reside at some few miles distance from Cambridge, and to have recourse to horse exercise. From this arrangement he derived no material benefit, while he was deprived of the refined and stimulating society he enjoyed in the town, as well as of general intercourse with his flock, both of which contributed so much to restore his mental elasticity after the dreadful paroxysms of exhaustive sufferings he endured. He sought for a substitute for these in closer application to study. Twelve hours per day he frequently spent in laborious abstraction.

The consequence of this might well be anticipated. A disordered body and an over-wrought mind gave way under the pressure, and for two months mental derangement ensued. Careful and skilful treatment in that succeeded in his restoration. But he had only resumed and pursued his labours about one year when similar causes again led to the same distressing catastrophe. He again speedily recovered, but was now advised to relinquish his charge at Cambridge, and for a time as far as possible retire from preaching and all public excitement. It was about this time that he received the letter from Sir James Mackintosh inserted above.

No more returning to Cambridge he now sojourned a while in his native neighbourhood, in Leicestershire, revisiting many a familiar spot, and recalling to recollection associations of early life. He saw Arnsby once more, with its graveyard and tombstones. On his father's grave he knelt and prayed. The "books" were now his, and the "cows and pigs" his brother's; but of his childhood's companions and of those who had gathered around the same hearthstone as himself, many, many were now reposing under those clods, and he himself was as one who had risen from the dead—from the shadowy and dismal regions created by the eclipse of the sun of reason. Having employed his mind leisurely for some year or two, partly in preparing critical notes on the New Testament (which labour he relinquished on discovering that in Macknight's translation he had been anticipated), and partly in preaching in surrounding villages and towns, he at last settled at Leicester. The con-

gregation at Harvey-lane when he became its minister, was small and sinking, and greatly inferior in point of intelligence and respectability, to the people he had left at Cambridge. The splendour of his pulpit performances, however, and his diligence as a pastor, soon produced a change. In the course of his twenty years' ministry at that place, the chapel was twice enlarged, and to the last continued to be well filled. In 1808, he married, a step which contributed materially to his comfort, regularity of habit, and general cheerfulness, and thus to the preventing a recurrence of his mental affliction. His church regularly increased. The whole county of Leicester felt the influence of his presence. He zealously promoted all the great philanthropic and religious institutions. Bible and Missionary societies, then in their infancy, met with his ready and powerful aid. Christians of all denominations were embraced in the circle of his charity, and he was claimed as the property, not of a sect, but of the church and the public at large. Through the press he still continued, although at rarer intervals, to pour forth the mellowed fruits of his fertile intellect. A sermon on the "Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes," was much admired. But his discourse on the lamented and premature death of the Princess Charlotte, was the most remarkable and powerful thing he wrote while at Leicester. No production of the press on the subject, could for a moment be compared to it. A nation was weeping, and genius poured out its strains of panegyric and lamentation in a thousand pulpits; but far in advance of all in power, grace, dignified, and Christian patriotism, purity and majesty of style, eloquence, and wide excursiveness of thought, was the sermon of Robert Hall. In reading it, one marvels at the imperial grandeur of the execution, as the mighty preacher groups together and manages with a master-hand, and with the apparent ease of a child at play, the various momentous considerations, which the event was fitted to awaken, in a mind capable of comprehensive survey. It is Christian genius weeping and uttering wisdom at the tomb of a virtuous princess. Hall was a dissenter, in many respects a reformer of the most radical sort, a friend of the people, and no worshipper of tinsel: but he at

the same time, had a reverence for rank. His strong love of the real, and his generous fellow-feeling made him a cherisher of his kind without exception: his culture, the loftiness of his ideal, his love of art, his historic associations, his philosophic insight into the structure of society, made him bow to authority and greatness. At Westminster Abbey, at Handel's Commemoration, he "saw the King, George III., stand up in one part of the performance of the Messiah, shedding tears. Nothing, he said, had ever affected him more strongly. 'It seemed like a great act of national assent to the fundamental truth of religion.'" Had George III. been a peasant, it were well to see him weep then, but Hall's affluent imagination invested him with symbolic, representative attributes—he was, to him, weeping for a *nation*—he saw in him not only the *man*, but the *King-man* doing homage to the truth. The same sentiment of reverence for greatness, was a main-spring in the production of the sermon on the death of the illustrious Princess Charlotte. She was at once of royal blood, and of gentle humble piety. Her death was the extinction of a nation's hope. Over her grave England was a mourner. The loss, who could idealize?—none but he who could idealize the elevation of her rank, her rare endowments, the influence of her illustrious example, and a nation's fond expectations, now for ever brought to an end! Robert Hall's panegyric and lament were representative; he put in the form of language what a generation *felt*, but which he only could combine into one, extract the essence of, and put forth in palpable and burning speech.

It was during his residence at Leicester that Mr. Hall took part in the controversy with members of his own denomination on the subject of "Terms of Communion." Mr. Kinghorn was his principal opponent. Mr. Hall made a bold stand against the dogmatic exclusiveness which then very generally prevailed amongst the Baptists (now rapidly disappearing), and was known as the principle of "Strict Communion." It was an ill omen for this principle when a mind so capacious and a heart so catholic as Mr. Hall's made their appearance. Strength, critical acumen, historical analysis, power of ridicule, proud scorn of artifice,

and quick dispatchfulness, successively stud his pages, as he, with equal facility, disposes of the more weighty or the more absurd and futile of the arguments of his antagonists. Nothing is more prominent and beautiful, however, than the generous charity—the enlarged catholicity of spirit which he everywhere displays. Bigotry vanishes—the petty sectarianism which feeds on ignorance evaporates before the steady light of his large-hearted and bold intelligence. With strong convictions without prejudice, and zeal to defend them without intolerance, he ever appears the honourable and dignified champion, fearless in concession, not less than in advancing to the contest, candid in judgment, and fair in the use of legitimate weapons. To his powerful defence is due, in an unwonted degree, the prevalence of more liberal views on this subject amongst the more intelligent Baptists of modern times.

Mr. Hall's views on the Church of England question were somewhat peculiar for a Baptist. They were frankly and concisely expressed by himself in the following letter (written to a friend who had occasionally communed with Episcopalians), about the mid-part of his residence at Leicester. We insert it merely to show how a well-informed and conscientious Dissenter was capable of extending a brother's hand to a Churchman.

"March 6, 1818.

"MY DEAR FRIEND— . . . Perhaps I may not be quite prepared to go with you the full extent of your moderation; though on this I have by no means made up my mind. I admire the spirit with which you are actuated, and esteem you more than ever for the part you have acted. I perfectly agree with you that the *old grounds of dissent* are the true ones, and that our recent apologists have mixed up too much of a political cast in their reasonings on this subject. Though I should deprecate the founding of *any established* Church, in the popular sense of that term, I think it very injudicious to lay that as the cornerstone of dissent. We have much stronger ground in the *specific* corruptions of the Church of England, ground which our pious ancestors occupied, and which may safely defy every attempt of the most powerful and acute minds to subvert. With respect to conformity, I by no means think it involves an abandon-

ment of dissent; and I am inclined to think that, were I in a private station (not a minister, I mean), I should, under certain circumstances, and in certain situations, be disposed to practise it; though nothing would induce me to acknowledge myself a permanent member of the Church of England.

"In regard to episcopacy, it appears to me entirely a human, though certainly a very early, invention. It was unknown, I believe, in the apostolical times; with the exception, probably, of the latter part of John's time. But as it was practised in the second and third centuries, I should have no conscientious objection to it. As it subsists at *present* among us, I am sorry to say, I can scarcely conceive of a greater abuse. It subverts equally the rights of pastors and of people, and is nothing less than one of the worst relics of the papal hierarchy. Were everything else what it ought to be in the Established Church, prelacy, as it now subsists, would make me a decided dissenter. . . .

"I remain, &c."

After a ministry of more than twenty years at Leicester, he was, in 1825, invited to return to Broadmead, Bristol, the scene of his youthful ministry. He was now in his sixty-second year, and though retaining still the leading characteristics of more immature days, in chasteness of style and sobriety of conception, as well as general aptitude for the governance of men, he was a very different man from the Robert Hall who quitted Aberdeen for Bristol in 1785. His vivacity in conversation, and his energy in the pulpit continued unimpaired, notwithstanding the agonies he endured from the unrelenting constitutional complaint already referred to. Still it was noticed that the scope of his conceptions was less expansive, and that his imagination (so Foster says of him, when in his sixty-sixth year) had "considerably abated, as compared with his earlier, and his meridian pitch." The same great man, perhaps the most discriminating of his admirers, then dejectingly adds—"His friends have now surrendered all hope of his doing anything more in the way of authorship; they have ceased to remonstrate with him on the subject, but most deeply deplore this lack of service to the Christian cause, when they consider that he might have produced half a dozen, or half a score (the more the better), of volumes

of sermons, which would have filled a lamentable chasm in that province of our literature, and would have been decidedly considered, in their *combination* of high qualities, the foremost set of sermons in our language."

After a ministry at Bristol of six years, his attacks became more frequent and violent, until at last nature was completely overpowered in a paroxysm of unspeakable agony, and his great and happy spirit departed on February 21, 1831. By post-mortem examination it was discovered that his life-long sufferings were caused by "a large, rough, *pointed calculus*, by which the kidney on the right side '*was entirely filled*.'"

Such is the very imperfect outline we can give of the public life of the Rev. Robert Hall. To analyse his mental character, and give a vivid picture of his *tout ensemble* as an author and a preacher is next to impossible. A man so distinguished, so imperial, can have his picture nowhere except in the living heart of the generation he served. Foster tried, and confessed his inadequacy. Even his own published works—a large proportion of which, by the way, is from the too scanty notes of other people, taken while he was preaching—are incapable of conveying a true idea of his performances. For forty years he, perhaps, had no rival in England. We naturally ask, Wherein did his power consist? How enchained he the minds of thousands in rapt attention, as if without an effort? Why did the greatest men of the Senate, and the greatest men of the Church and of the Bar draw nigh to the spot where he stood? Wherein lay his power? Not, certainly, in any of the factitious trappings of the mere rhetorician. It was not in graceful action, nor in majesty of mien, nor in power of voice, nor in mastery of its intonations. In all these respects he was rather defective. His action was often cumbersome; he was at the farthest remove from pomp and flourish; and his voice was weak. The power of this great preacher was most assuredly in the *man*, somewhere, not in the accidents. And equally clear is it that it was not in the marked predominance of any one special endowment or acquirement separately, for this was a thing you looked for in vain in Robert Hall. Perhaps we shall be safe if we give it as our opinion, that his power may be accounted for by the fact, that in him all

the powers, intellectual and emotional, were so equally balanced and so proportionably elaborated, as to produce a harmony and a momentum in action very rarely displayed. In natural endowment, in variety of attainment, in power of metaphysical analysis, in vigor and range of imagination, and in minute and laboured culture, he was equally eminent. And where in all these respects do we find his like? But then we have to add to this another prime fact, viz. the absolute power he exercised over all he was and had. The whole machinery and wealth of his magnificent mind seems ever to be obedient at a nod. Move in whatever region of thought he may, he is at ease. Whatever subject he dilates upon, he moulds it at once into appreciable shapes, and makes it stand out clearly and in bold relief. If it be an abstruse problem in metaphysics, he deals with it as a familiar; if a hackneyed maxim, his mere touch gives it a novel form, and an added beauty. He was doubtless ambitious of high rank as a pulpit orator; but he had no scrambling for the highest seat, nor any strutting when he had reached it. He walked up when invited, and stood at ease as one in his right place, seeming to think that nothing extraordinary had occurred. Preaching was his element. Study, too, was his delight. Although, unfortunately for after ages, he wrote but little and that little with reluctance, he thought incessantly and without effort. He was a great reader, without impairing his power of independent thought, and an enthusiast in speculation while intent as a practical worker. Modern times present no instance where so great a man and so free an enquirer bent more practically to the demands of the world, and made himself more entirely available in the circle of his profession. Foster, his admirer and friend of his latter days, was in many things his equal—in some things his superior; but Foster's mind was barred against himself—his thoughts came out of their hiding-places only after a struggle, while Hall's were spontaneous and gushing as the flowing spring. If Foster was more massive, Hall was more excursive and soaring; and while the former had the advantage in point of terseness and strength of style, the latter was incomparably superior in elegance and grandeur, while in finished scholarship and

regular philosophical culture, Hall had the field almost to himself.

Like most men of note in scientific theology, Robert Hall had his theoretical difficulties, and his deviations from the straight line of prescriptive teaching. When he returned from Aberdeen, and during his first residence at Bristol, his bold freedom of thought and phraseology gave great concern to many honest and grave people. "1784, May 7. Heard Mr. Robert Hall, jun.," says that good divine, Mr. Fuller, "from 'he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.' Felt *very solemn* in hearing some parts. The Lord keep that young man!" Dr. Ryland records, June 8, 1785, "Robert Hall, jun., preached wonderfully from Rom. viii. 18. I admire many things in this young man exceedingly, though there are others that make me *fear for him*." On a visit to Birmingham, Hall had been rather lavish of his charity towards the Socinians of the day—had said something to the effect that, "if he were the judge of all, he could not condemn Dr. Priestley;" which speech gave a "general disgust" to his friends at Birmingham. Excellent Dr. Ryland, faithful and affectionate to admonish, writes to him an exhortation to be on his guard and to examine his charity, premising, "And indeed my fears and grief were never excited to such a degree concerning you as they now are, &c."

Hall was an untrammelled thinker, had no notion whatever of prescription in faith, and was ever ready to speak forth his cogitations, suspecting nothing, fearing nothing. Hence his frequent excursions beyond the boundaries, which timid and hereditary believers will scarcely approach. In many things, unquestionably, he was at one time unsound, judged by the standard of currently received doctrines. But Hall, in his unsoundness, was sounder than many who pique themselves upon their orthodoxy. There were two circumstances which ever preserved him from dangerous and excessive aberrations—his genial heart, and his Platonic philosophy. In illustration of the former he tells us that he "buried his materialism in his father's grave"—feeling overcoming there the voice of an unsatisfying logic. The spiritualism of Plato, again, whose works he and Mackintosh so diligently pondered, carried him unharmed through the frigid regions of Scotch metaphysics.

Hall, though as capable as any of taking an independent course, tried more than once his hand at imitation. At the age of twenty-three he heard Mr. Robinson of Cambridge preach. His admiration was excited,—he thought he would copy style, manner, matter, and all. He tried, and failed. Some years subsequently, a friend alluding to the circumstance, he said, “Why, sir, I was too proud to *remain* an imitator. After my second trial, as I was walking home, I heard one of the congregation say to another, ‘Really, Mr. Hall did remind us of Mr. Robinson.’ That was a knock-down blow to my vanity, and I at once resolved that, if ever I *did* acquire reputation, it should belong to my own character, and not be that of a *likeness*. Besides, sir, if I had not been a foolish young man, I should have seen how ridiculous it was to imitate such a preacher as Mr. Robinson. He had a musical voice, and was master of all its intonations; he had wonderful self-possession, and could say *what* he pleased, *when* he pleased, and *how* he pleased; while my voice and manner were naturally bad; and far from having self-command, I never entered the pulpit without omitting to say something I wished to say, and saying something that I wished unsaid; and besides all this, I ought to have known that for me to *speak slow was ruin*. You know, sir, that force or momentum is conjointly as the body and velocity; therefore, as my voice is feeble, what is wanted in body must be made up in velocity, or there will not be, cannot be, any impression.” He tried his hand at Johnson also. “Yes, sir,* I aped Johnson and I preached Johnson, and, I am afraid, with little more of evangelical sentiment than is to be found in his essays; but it was youthful folly, and it was very great folly. I might as well have attempted to dance a hornpipe in the cumbrous costume of Gog and Magog. My puny thoughts could not sustain the load of words in which I tried to clothe them.”

Mr. Hall was a great, but very select, reader. Many valuable books he laid aside after discovering an error. Madame de Stael, on Germany, was thrown into a corner after a mere glance, because the authoress represented a certain

idealist as being of the contrary school in philosophy. He had no patience with prolix and illogical writers. “Do you think highly of Dr. Owen?” asked a friend. “No, sir, by no means. Have you read much of Owen, sir?” “I have read his Preliminary Exercitations, &c. &c.” “You astonish me, sir, by your patience. You have accomplished a Herculean undertaking. . . . To me he is intolerably heavy and prolix. . . . As a reasoner, Dr. Owen is most illogical, for he almost always takes for granted what he ought to prove, while he is always proving what he ought to take for granted; and, after a long digression, he concludes very properly with, ‘This is not our concernment,’ and returns to enter upon something still farther from the point.” Still more severe if possible was his onslaught on poor Dr. Gill. “When Mr. Christmas Evans (a celebrated preacher from the Principality) was in Bristol, he was talking to Mr. Hall about the Welsh language, which, he said, was very copious and expressive. ‘How I wish, Mr. Hall, that Dr. Gill’s works had been written in Welsh.’ ‘I wish they had, sir, I wish they had, with all my heart, for then I should never have read them. They are a continent of mud, sir.’”

It is a remarkable fact that Mr. Hall had but a languid taste for poetry. Milton’s were the only poetical works he thoroughly admired. He could not read Byron. “I tried to read Childe Harold, but could not get on, and gave it up.” “Have you read the Fourth Canto, sir, which is by far the best?” “Oh no, sir, I shall never think of trying.” “But, sir, independently of the poetry, it must be interesting to contemplate such a remarkable mind as Byron’s.” “It is well enough, sir, to have a general acquaintance with such a character, but I know not why we should take pleasure in minutely investigating deformity.”

His systematic reading was mainly limited to the great men of antiquity and to the ablest authors of modern times. During the first years of his Cambridge life he somewhat reduced his converse with books, in order more effectively to discharge his public duties. This he afterwards considered an error. He returned to his former habits, and ever after to the very verge of life kept faithful to his resolves. It was his plan at first to carry on five or six courses of study simultaneously; but this, during

* The reader will have by this time observed that Mr. Hall was unusually fond of the word “sir” in conversation.

the last dozen years of his life, he abandoned, confining himself specially to one subject at a time. His field of subjects embraced a great variety, but the principal portion was allotted to ratiocinative works. Jonathan Edwards never ceased to interest him. Reading Chillingworth's "Religion of Protestants" was "just like reading a novel." In political economy he was a great admirer of Bentham, both in regard to theory and matter; and declared that if he were compelled to legislate to the world upon "uninspired principles," he should "take Bentham and go from state to state with as firm a step as if he walked upon a pavement of adamant."

Arnold learnt German to read Niebuhr; and Hall, notwithstanding his apathy to poetry, studied Italian to read Dante. Probably his achievement was not very complete, for he confesses that he cannot say with Milton,

"Now my task is smoothly done,
I can walk or I can run:"

but still his progress in the language was so great that he perused Dante "with great relish."

Of one feature of Mr. Hall's character as a minister of religion, we must not be oblivious—we mean his wise and anxious care for the secular interests of society. Though he was not a "political dissenter," as the phrase was in those days contemptuously used, he still *was*, and that most emphatically, a religious politician. He had strength and clearness of vision sufficient to discern the interdependence of the secular and the spiritual in the affairs of men, and courage enough to set at nought the ignorant murmurs of some about his over-stepping the proper line of ministerial duty. The French revolution set his whole being on fire. The subsequent progress of a wild democratic spirit, never contemplated by the better men of the revolution, again awakened his most watchful and anxious concern. On both occasions, as we have seen, he preached to his people, and addressed the world through the press. His sympathies and survey of things were wide as the poles, and yet so minute and pervading as to be cognisant of the everyday difficulties and perils of the poorest in the land. He was as cosmopolitan as the veriest visionary, and yet as patriotic as Cincinnatus, and as local and practical as any drudging member

of St. Stephen's. He had seen so far as to apprehend the momentous truth, hidden from many wise, that to act for the benefit of man is to act religiously. His patriotism was nourished by his religion; and so also was his enthusiastic love of liberty, for he deemed liberty essential to human progress in intelligence and piety. England he loved for the same reason, for England was—then more than it even is now—the asylum into which liberty had fled for her life. His country was to him not simply the soil which had fostered his youth and sustained his manhood—it was, in respect to the war waged between liberty and despotism, the very "Thermopylæ of the universe." Listen to a few of the sentences he uttered when Napoleon threatened the invasion of England.

"To form an adequate idea of the duties of this crisis, it will be necessary to raise your minds to a level with your station, to extend your views to a distant futurity, and to consequences the most certain, though most remote. By a series of criminal enterprises, by the successes of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished: the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the Continent, has sought for an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode; but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed, in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled, in the Thermopylæ of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, the most important by far of sublunary interests, you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that

will invest it? It remains with you then to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition and invited the nations to behold their God, whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. . . . Works, vol. i. pp. 189—191.

In the society of his friends Mr. Hall was particularly frank and communicative. The impression was at once given that he was an honest and guileless man. In the company of cultivated females he delighted. Visiting the people of his charge, he would frequently, when he knew they expected him at a given hour, step in an hour earlier in order to have a chat and gambol with the children. His power of conversation was almost equal to that of Coleridge, while he was less obtrusive and dogmatic than that man of mystic wisdom. Foster said, "Hall commands words like an emperor, Coleridge like a magician,"—alluding to the habit the latter frequently indulged in, of passing the bounds of the readily intelligible. In another place he calls Coleridge "the prince of magicians, whose mind, too, is clearly more original and illimitable than Hall's. Coleridge is, indeed, sometimes less perspicuous and impressive by the *distance* at which his mental operations are carried on. Hall works his enginery *close by you*, so as to endanger your being caught and torn by the wheels, just as one has felt sometimes when environed by the noise and gigantic movements of a great mill."

Although free from dogmatism, Mr. Hall was always decided and unequivocal in rendering an opinion. His

criticisms on persons, and, as we have already seen, on authors, were often caustic and unsparing—he did nothing by halves. "Speaking of Mr. —'s composition, 'Yes, it is very eloquent but equally cold; it is the beauty of frost.'" "Poor Mr. —" (a nervously modest man) "seems to beg pardon of all flesh for being in the world." "Poor man" (speaking of Bishop Watson), "I pity him! he married public virtue in his early days, but seemed for ever afterwards to be quarreling with his wife." "Pray, sir, did you ever know any man who had that singular faculty of repetition possessed by Dr. —?" (Dr. Chalmers, we presume). "Why, sir, he often reiterates the same thing ten or twelve times in the course of a few pages. Even Burke himself had not so much of that peculiarity. His mind resembles that optical instrument lately invented; what do you call it?" "You mean, I presume, the kaleidoscope." "Yes, sir, it is just as if thrown into a kaleidoscope. Every turn presents the object in a new and beautiful form; but the object presented is still the same. His mind seems to move on hinges, not on wheels. There is incessant motion but no progress. When he was at Leicester he preached a most admirable sermon, but there were only two ideas in it, and on these his mind revolved as on a pivot."

Notwithstanding this outspoken boldness in rendering an opinion on men and things, Hall was eminently benevolent and genial in his intercourse. He spread a sunshine of delight around him wherever he moved. He was a true friend of *man*, and as such was recognised by the common instinct of all who approached him. True and ever earnest, he was no jester, no flatterer, no actor of parts: what he said he meant, and went straight on, as his clear intellect, regal judgment, and impulsive generous heart indicated, with few enquiries, if any, as to how men would think or speak. Not only was his soul instinct with goodness, but this goodness too ever emanated in beautiful forms. The imagination which garnished the colossal thoughts he uttered from the pulpit, as gold and silver clouds drape the Alpine peaks at sunset, descended also to give lovely hues to the flowerets of his quaintest and most incidental observations. Indeed the sphere in which his mind habitually

moved, the classic purity of his associations, imparted somewhat of the air of greatness and beauty to everything he did or said. As vulgar minds bemire whatever they meddle with, so Robert Hall imparted grandeur and grace—he added terribleness to the whirlwind, or delicacy and purity to the lily, by a descriptive touch. And though he was no great lover of poetry, he was a real poet—a poet not in the hammering out of metrical couplets and the laborious bundling together of similes, but in his love of man and of nature—in his absorbing sense of beauty—in his playful fancy and his soaring imagination—in his penetrating insight—in his habitual converse with the marvellous, super-earthly, and divine—as well as in an unparalleled combination of grandeur and delicacy, strength and pathos in all his performances.

No greater qualification can a preacher have than the power to make the spiritual and everlasting tangible to men. Mere power of reasoning cannot accomplish this. Man's nature, which is compound, demands a compound appeal: it has two senses of vision, and must have a varied light in which to perceive. Hall could make reason bow when he reasoned, and could make the *soul* wake up in wonder and instinctive interest,

as he stood on the borders of the spiritual, and thence spoke in marvellous strains of things he himself had handled and felt; could carry up aloft, and take down to the depths his hearers, and call forth tones from the chords of their nature such as were proper to their higher being. Is not this a sign of a great preacher? To have power with the *soul*—not with the mere understanding, not with the mere blindfolded emotions, but with the whole *man*, so as at once to make him conscious of his dignity and his duty, his present and his future, and make him impressible by the thought of the grand realities, and the illimitable possibilities of his mysterious existence; to make him stand awe-struck before the majesty of Deity, bowing and melting in the presence of his love; and to feel that earth is great only comparatively, and the present significant chiefly from its bearing upon its indissoluble union with the great To-come! This Robert Hall effected, perhaps beyond any other preacher of his own day.

The best library edition of Robert Hall's works is published in six vols. royal 8vo., London. There is also a smaller edition, more recently issued. Both by Mr. Bohn. T. N.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

HAYDON has left ample memorials of himself. His journals fill seven and twenty folio volumes; and his autobiography is completed for the first thirty-four years of his life. His actions and sufferings are fully recorded—his intentions and feelings—what he thought of himself and what he thought of the world. If contemporaries have been unjust, posterity can judge. "Every man," says he, "who has suffered for a principle and would lose his life for its success—who in his early days has been oppressed without ever giving the slightest grounds for oppression, and persecuted to ruin because his oppression was unmerited—who has incurred the hatred of his enemies exactly in proportion as they became convinced they were wrong—every man who, like

me, has eaten the bitter crust of poverty, and endured the penalties of vice and wickedness, where he merited the rewards of virtue and industry—should write his own life." Autobiographies have at least this advantage—whatever motives actuate the penman, whatever colouring he may give to facts, they cannot but be characteristic. If full of self-laudation, or written in artful duplicity, in envy, in anger, these faults are easily discoverable—and so are excellencies—by light from other sources. No man could long deceive a people by his writings respecting himself; and the very attempt with its accessories would soon be regarded as significant of character.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON was born at Plymouth, January 24th, 1786. His

father was a bookseller in the town, a lineal descendant of one of the oldest families in Devon, which had been ruined and dispersed by a chancery suit. Like his ideal partner in misfortune, Jarndyce of Bleak House, he seems to have been peculiarly concerned about the changes of the wind; and west, south, north, or east, whatever the quarter, it was recorded in his journal, where the most important and trivial notes were alike in general concluded by a "wind W.N.W.," or some similar inscription. Young Benjamin was a self-willed and passionate child; but the charms that in after-life soothed many a troubled moment, were not without power over the scarce-fledged nursling. One day, when he was raving in ungovernable rage, his mother entered the room with a book of engravings in her hand: it was a last resource and proved effectual, for the "pretty pictures" silenced him, and he became so interested as to be unwilling to part with them for the rest of the day. When six years old, he began to go daily to school. This was a period of great excitement throughout the nation and the world. All eyes were directed to France, and the fearful tragedy acting there thrilled the age with anxious interest. The king was beheaded, and strange discussions and prophesyings were heard on every hand. Even the innocence of childhood was affected. French prisoners crowded Plymouth, and guillotines made by them of their meat bones were sold at the prisons, and became the favourite plaything of the day. It was Benjamin's delight to draw this instrument of terror, with Louis taking leave of the people in his shirt-sleeves, which he copied from a print. The pencil, indeed, had become his constant companion, and he even ventured to wield it in infantine caricature. He was now sent to the grammar school, then under the guardianship of the Rev. Dr. Bidlake, a man of versatile taste, of talent a patron-in-general, kind-hearted yet eccentric, fond of country excursions, a mimic painter, a musician, a poet, but fond of the rhyming dictionary and accustomed to scan with his fingers. Observing Haydon's love of art, he invited him with a school-fellow to attend him in his painting-room; but, alas for the old gentleman! this was a fine opportunity for boyish mischievousness. As he turned round and walked to a distance to study the effect

of his touches, his observant pupils would rub out or disfigure what he had done, to his great perplexity and their infinite amusement. On one occasion Benjamin's mate was despatched with orders to cut off the skirt of an old coat to clean the palette with; but, whether he deemed it a joke or made a mistake, the skirt of the best Sunday coat was sacrificed. The next Sunday the doctor sallied forth as usual in his great coat, but on removing it in the vestry to put on the surplice, what his horror when the clerk exclaimed in surprise, "Sir, sir, somebody has cut off the skirt of your coat!"

The head man in the binding-office of his father was a Neapolitan, who used to talk to him of the wonders of Italy, of Raphael and the Vatican, and who, baring his muscular arm, would say—"Don't draw de landscape; draw *de feegoore*, master Benjamin." Most of the half-holidays were spent with him, when he went through a catechism of some hundreds of questions. By and by master Benjamin did begin to draw "*de feegoore*," to read anatomical books, to meditate in the fields, to discover that he had an intellectual head, and to fancy himself a genius and an historical painter; and then with true school-boy fickleness, he threw aside his brushes for the cricket bat, or in riding, or swimming, or some less creditable sport, gaily passed the days away. At length the measles came; and in this extremity the neglected drawing-book was welcomed as a friend that had been wronged, and with a secret resolution of future constancy. In the summer of that year he drew from nature for the first time—and from that date every leisure hour was spent in devotion to the art. Time rolled on rapidly enough; and, now watching the evolutions of volunteer corps that were swarming around, now sketching with Dr. Bidlake in some sequestered vale, Benjamin had nothing of which to complain. His habits, however, were lax, and it was evident that the discipline of a boarding-school would prove a proper corrective. He was accordingly sent to Plympton Grammar School, where Sir Joshua had been brought up; and here, instead of murdering Homer and Virgil, he was compelled to do homage to Phædrus for a while, an humiliation unwelcome but profitable, for Virgil and Homer came again in their turn, and for the

last six months he was head boy of the establishment. As he was designed for the counting-house, he was forbidden to learn drawing; but his allowance of money was spent in caricatures which he copied; and such was his skill that in play-hours the boys were found round him, sketching as he directed. One time they saw a hunt on the hills, and when they came home, his admirers and pupils furnishing him with burnt sticks, he drew it all round the hall so well, that it was permitted to remain for some weeks.

From Plympton he was sent to Exeter, to be perfected in merchants' accounts; but there he did little, save take a few lessons in crayon-drawing from his master's son, and distinguish himself by doing everything and anything rather than his duty. At the end of six months he returned to Plymouth, and was apprenticed to his father for seven years; and here began "that ceaseless opposition which he encountered through life." He *would* be a painter; the certain independence that the business eventually offered, was unworthy of regard beside the object of his ambition. Repugnance to work daily increased; the ledger and the counter, and the shop and the customer, and the town and the people, were all hated. He rose early and sat up late; he ridiculed the prints in the window; insulted purchasers; strolled by the sea, whose heaving waves and boundless freedom were in harmony with the struggles and aspirations of his own breast. His fond father pointed out to him his prospects, and the absurdity of letting so fine a property go to ruin, for he had no younger brother. "Who has put this stuff in your head?" "Nobody: I always have had it." "You will live to repent." "Never, my dear father; I would rather die in the trial." Friends were called in, aunts and uncles consulted, but still his language was the same. At this crisis he was taken ill, and in a short time was suffering from chronic inflammation of the eyes. For six weeks he was blind; at last he fancied he saw something glittering, put out his hand and struck it against a silver spoon. That was a day of joy; he had another attack, but his sight recovered, though never perfectly. "What folly! How can *you* think of being a painter? Why, you can't see," was said. "I can see enough," was the reply; "and see or not see, a painter I'll be; and if I am a

great one without seeing, I shall be the first." Health returned, and nothing daunted, Benjamin formed a plan of procedure. Searching for books on art, he met with "Reynolds' Discourses;" and reading one, was so aroused by the stress it laid on honest industry, and the conviction it expressed that all men were equal, and that application made the difference, that he eagerly bore them home as a prize, and read them all before breakfast the next morning. His destiny seemed fixed; he left his chamber and came down to table with Reynolds under his arm; at once declared his intentions, and with resistless energy demolished every objection. His mother burst into tears, his father was in a passion, and the house in an uproar. "Everybody," says he, "that called during the day was had up to bait me; but I attacked them so fiercely that they were glad to leave me to my own reflections. In the evening I told my mother my resolution calmly, and left her." He now hunted Plymouth for anatomical works, and seeing "Albinus" among the books in the catalogue of a sale, determined to go and bid for it, and as the price was beyond his reach, then to appeal to his father's mercy. It was knocked down to him for £2 10s. He went home, induced his mother to intercede for him; and at last had the happiness of hurrying off the book to his solitude, of gazing upon the plates as his own, of copying them out, and by such means acquainting himself thoroughly with the muscles of the body. His energy was indefatigable; and the thought of London as the scene of honour and independence urged him unceasingly onward over every obstacle. "My father," he wrote, "had routed me from the shop, because I was in the way with my drawings; I had been driven from the sitting-room, because the cloth had to be laid; scolded from the landing-place because the stairs must be swept; driven to my attic, which now became too small; and at last I took refuge in my bed-room. One morning as I lay awake, very early, the door slowly opened, and in crept my dear mother with a look of sleepless anxiety." She sat down on his bedside, took his hand, and affectionately expostulated with him. "I was deeply affected; but checking my tears, I told her, in a voice struggling to be calm, that it was of no use to attempt to dis-

suade me. I felt impelled by something I could not resist. 'Do not,' said I, 'my dear mother, think me cruel. I can never forget your love and affection, but yet I cannot help it—I must be a painter.' Kissing me with wet cheeks and trembling lips, she said in a broken voice, 'She did not blame me; she applauded my resolution, but she could not bear to part with me.' I then begged her to tell my father that it was useless to harass me with further opposition. She rose, sobbing as if to break her heart, and slowly left my room, borne down with affliction. The instant she was gone, I fell upon my knees and prayed God to forgive me if I was cruel, but to grant me firmness, purity, and piety, to go in the right way for success."

At length, when all remonstrances had failed, and resistance was evidently useless, it was agreed he should leave; and his friends gave him twenty pounds with which to start upon the world. His books and colours were packed, his place was taken in the mail—London and HIGH ART were the objects of his musing; but his heart throbbed alternately with feelings of duty and affection, and of ambition and hope. The evening drew near, the guard's horn rang through the streets, and the moment of farewell was come. Where was his mother? He rushed upstairs, but his call was answered only by violent sobs. She was in her bed-room, and could not speak or even see him. "God bless you, my dear child," was all he could distinguish. He slowly returned, his heart too full to find utterance for itself; the guard was impatient, he shook hands with his father, got in, the wheels again rolled round—and his career for life, come weal or woe, was fairly begun.

This was on the 14th of May, 1804; and on the following day Haydon found himself in the Strand; in the midst of that vast and ever growing city which is continually attracting to itself the genius of the land—which history has consecrated by ten thousand associations—where oratory has spoken in its most persuasive tones, and poetry penned its sublimest sentiments,—where art and science and commerce and civilization and religion have won their noblest triumphs,—where humanity has illustrated all that it has ever achieved, all that it is or can be,—where it has

collected in "most admired disorder" the mightiest and the weakest, the richest and the poorest, the man of culture and the slave of ignorance, idiocy that is scorned and intellect that a world reveres. There stood Haydon as the tide of life swept by, alone, and the experience of eighteen years his only counsellor; but resolved to be a great painter, to honour his country by rescuing his chosen art from every stigma cast upon it. Passing the new church in the Strand, he asked what building that was, and when in mistake it was answered "Somerset House," "Ah!" thought he, "there's the Exhibition, where I'll be soon." Having found his lodgings, washed, dressed, and breakfasted, away he started to see the Exhibition; and springing up the steps of the church, and mistaking the beadle with his cocked hat and laced coat for an official at the door, he offered him money for admission. The beadle laughed, and pityingly told him where to go; and in a few minutes he had mounted the stairs, and reached the great room of what in truth was Somerset House. He looked round for historical pictures, criticised and then marched off, inwardly saying, "I don't fear you." The next thing was to find a plaster shop. This was easily done; and he purchased Laocoon's head, some arms, hands and feet; and returned home to unpack Albinus, darken his room and prepare for work. Before nine the next morning, he had commenced; and for three months from that time his books, casts, and drawings were all he saw. His enthusiasm was unbounded. When he awoke he arose, at three, four, or five, and drew at anatomy until eight, in chalk from his casts from nine to one, and from half past one till five—then walked, dined, and to anatomy again from seven to ten and eleven. He was once so long without speaking that his gums became sore from the clenched tightness of his teeth.

After months passed in this way, he began to think of Prince Hoare, the companion of Kelly, Holcroft, and others of similar character, to whom he had a letter of introduction. Prince had studied in Italy and knew something of painting; and when Haydon explained to him his principles and showed him his drawings, he was pleased with his ardour and gave him letters to Northcote and Opie. Northcote was a Plymouth

man, and Haydon, accordingly, sought him first. He was shown into a dirty painting room, where stood a diminutive figure in an old blue striped dressing-gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead. "Looking keenly at me," writes Haydon, "with his little shining eyes, he opened the letter, read it, and with the broadest Devon dialect said, 'Zo, you mayne tu bee a peinter doo-ee? what zort of peinter?' 'Historical painter, sir.' 'Heestoricaul peinter! why ye'll starve with a bundle of straw under yer head!'" Northcote reprobated the study of anatomy: Opie advised perseverance in it, but recommended his becoming a pupil of some particular man. Haydon reflected, and then resolved to proceed as he had begun. On Northcote he frequently called, and by him he was introduced to Smirke. Smirke had been elected keeper of the Academy, but the king refused to sanction his appointment, when told he was a democrat. Fuseli was then chosen, and to this imaginative and successful painter, Haydon soon found easy access. He was invited to call on him with his drawings, and went, thoroughly nervous at the thought of an interview with one whom from a boy he had revered, and whom every circumstance of later days had tended to make an object of mysterious awe. He entered the house of the "terrible Fuseli." He "heard his footsteps, and saw a little bony hand slide round the edge of the door, followed by a little white-headed, lion-faced man in an old flannel dressing-gown, tied round his waist with a piece of rope, and upon his head the bottom of Mrs. Fuseli's work-basket!" All fears vanished, as he addressed him in the kindest way, and expressed his satisfaction at what he saw. Fuseli concluded with—"I am keeper of de Academy, and hope to see you dere de first nights." Haydon attended in 1805, after the Christmas vacation, and was gratified by receiving the very first evening a public token of Fuseli's approval. The second day he went at eleven, and before it was passed, had formed an acquaintance with Jackson, who became, as he was one of the earliest, so one of his warmest friends. Jackson's besetting sin was indolence, and when with March the first term ended, he was walking into the country to study landscape or clouds, or rushing to sales to see fine pictures; Haydon, however, was still intent on High Art,

he lost not a day, but worked out his twelve or fourteen hours as he felt disposed.

Just at this time came a letter from home, announcing the serious illness and probable death of his father. In two days he was at Plymouth, his father exhausted but recovering. And now came back upon him in full force the persuasions and expostulations of former times; yet the very night of his arrival, midst bones and muscles procured from the hospital, he sat down to his studies in inflexible determination; and day by day, despite interruptions, scoldings, reproaches, he pursued his task, and slowly progressed in knowledge and skill. But still he was unhappy, for with all his enthusiasm he was not insensible to those tender and dutiful emotions of the soul which are more ennobling to their possessor than refinement or delicacy of taste. That man is incomparably above all others who appreciates correctly the beautiful both in nature and in *morals*. One morning he strolled forth to muse on Mount Edgecumbe, the early sun adorning the scene with its softened glories, and here he brought his struggles to an end. He returned, told his father that if he wished it he would stay, but only on a principle of duty, as most certainly he should eventually leave him. His father was affected, and replied that his mind also was made up—to gratify his invincible passion, and support him till he could support himself. Haydon was overjoyed, wrote to Fuseli and Jackson, and in a few weeks, with the good wishes of all his family and friends, prepared to start a second time. Jackson had written—"There is a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman come, an odd fellow, but there is something in him; he is called Wilkie."

Haydon was soon in town. The term had commenced, his friends welcomed him back, and the next day he went to draw. An hour after he entered the room, Wilkie came. Was he going to be an historical painter? thought Haydon, and he grew fidgetty. They glanced over each other's drawings, but not a word passed between them. The next day Wilkie was absent, but the day following that he was there, asked Haydon a question, which was answered; they began to talk, to argue, and went out to dine together. This was the beginning of a cordial intimacy. Unlike each other in many points of character, some-

times rather rivals than friends, and often quarrelling for a while, they nevertheless maintained to the end of life a mutual regard that was too deep to be shaken by transient feeling or varying circumstances. They visited one another, took meals together, and went in company to places of resort. Barry was lying in state at the Adelphi, with his paintings for his escutcheon. Wilkie had tickets of admission, and the two students determined to go. But a black coat was of course an essential at a funeral ceremony. Wilkie had not one, so borrowed of Haydon, neither advertising to their difference of figure. The Academy was the place of meeting, whence all the artists were to go together. They waited, and at the eleventh hour Wilkie arrived; he caught Haydon's eye and held up his finger entreating silence, as if painfully conscious of his awkward position—the sleeves halfway up his arms, his broad shoulders stretching and cracking the seams, and the waist buttons most marvellously exalted above the humble station their maker designed them to occupy! Wilkie, however, had a commission—there was a good time coming—and many a hearty laugh could he afford over this misfortune. The Exhibition of 1806 arrived. "The Village Politicians" was finished, and capitably hung. On the private day people crowded about it; and folks read in the news, "A young man, by the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work." Jackson and Haydon hastened to congratulate their friend. "I roared out," writes the latter, "'Wilkie, my boy, your name's in the paper!' 'Is it rea-al-ly,' said David. I read the puff—we huzzaed, and taking hands, all three danced round the table until we were tired! By those who remember the tone of Wilkie's 'rea-al-ly' the following will be relished. Eastlake told me that Calcott said once to Wilkie, 'Do you not know that every one complains of your continual rea-al-ly?' Wilkie mused a moment, looked at Calcott, and drawled out, 'Do they rea-al-ly?' 'You must leave it off' 'I will rea-al-ly.' 'For Heaven's sake don't keep repeating it,' said Calcott; 'it annoys me.' Wilkie looked, smiled, and in the most unconscious manner said, 'Rea-al-ly.'"

One of the trio then had won distinction; his table was covered with the cards of people of all ranks; and his

companions were eager to obtain similar honours. Lord Mulgrave was Jackson's patron, and when the season ended, he and Wilkie were amongst the fashionable departures. They were invited to Mulgrave Castle to meet Sir George Beaumont, the friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a party, to paint and spend the time delightfully. Haydon, too, went out of town, to the rippling shore; but in the midst of his luxurious ramblings came a letter from Wilkie, dated Mulgrave Castle, Sept. 9, 1806. He read, and how were his spirits elated on discovering that it contained a commission for a grand historical picture, Dentatus the subject. In imagination, all trouble was for ever gone, and the Plymouth folk, when they heard, believed his fortune unmistakably made. Ere the expiration of the month he was back to town, again amidst its mighty whirl and surrounded by every variety of passion and thought—its very smoke, "the sublime canopy that shrouds the City of the World," inspiring him with energy no other spectacle could produce. The canvas was ordered for his first picture, of "Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt;" and "on Oct. 18, 1806," he says, "setting my palette, and taking brush in hand, I knelt down and prayed God to bless my career, to grant me energy to create a new era in art, and to rouse the people and patrons to a just estimate of the moral value of historical painting." Religiousness was a predominant element in Haydon's character. Night and morning he bowed the knee before the Deity; and during the day, in the fervour of conception, occasionally asked a blessing on his designs. But it was a false and fatal religion, the essence of which was selfishness—a religion which invested its victim with a deceitful glare, and where "Glory to God in the highest" should have been engraven, cherished ambition and pride. Its tendency was to beget belief in a "divinity within;" a result productive perhaps of energy and decision, but fraught with multiform dangers, and usually consummated by disasters tremendously awful. Haydon's object was glorious, his art had often borne the epithet *divine*, he perceived the sublimity of truth, his imagination supplied the place of lowly faith, and his ardent feelings bore him upward in lofty aspiration; but, whatever the form of his petitions, their aim was in reality the glory

of his art as connected with himself. The grandest principles in the universe were thus disregarded, and the will of the creature enthroned where Heaven only had the right to reign, and while He even was called to witness and to consecrate the usurpation. Haydon's religion in his better moments was a fine enthusiasm, which struck in harmony all the sweetest chords of his nature; at other times, it was a romantic superstition, fascinating yet inconsistent; but it was always a religion rather of ignorance than knowledge, of admiration than obedience.

In November, Sir George and Lady Beaumont paid the artist a visit, and invited him to dine with him a few days after. The hour arrived, and after dressing, and brushing, and shaving, and so forth, and many an anxious study before the glass, he sallied forth accompanied by Wilkie, to make his *début* in high life. The ordeal was easily passed, the conversation was enjoyed, no blunders were made, but yet all was not satisfaction—he was paid attention to as a novelty, before he had done anything to deserve it. In February, Lord Mulgrave arrived in London, and invitations of this sort soon became quite the fashion; and at dinner it was, when all of superior rank had gone off—"Historical painters first—Haydon, take so and so."

The Exhibition of 1807 brought him before the world; and his first picture was considered an extraordinary work for a student. This gave encouragement to him, and he immediately made arrangements for the commencement of *Dentatus*. Before their completion he was summoned again to Plymouth by the illness of his father, who once more recovered. He found his mother unwell, the victim of a disease in the heart. She had resolved to return with him to consult a physician in London, when death overtook her at an inn by the wayside. Oh! the pang of separation from a MOTHER. "It is," said the son, "as if a string of one's nature had been drawn out and cracked in the drawing, leaving the one half of it shrunk back, to torture you with the consciousness of having lost the rest." He saw her buried in the family vault, stole from the mourners thither, and stretching himself upon the coffin, lay long and late, musing on the dead; then on his knees by her side he prayed for a blessing on his actions, and rose prepared for the battle of life.

The following months found him in Marlborough Street, occupied upon *Dentatus*. Wilkie proved a capital companion; they shared their criticisms, their amusements, their dinners together. But now came an epoch in Haydon's life. They had obtained an order to see the Elgin Marbles, and went to Park Lane without delay. There, in a dirty pent house, lay before them relics of the most tasteful people the world ever produced. Haydon's anatomical studies rendered him able at once to appreciate; he saw the essential detail of actual life combined with the most heroic style of art, and then, *when no one would believe him*, declared that these "would prove the finest things on earth, that they would overturn the false beau-ideal, where nature was nothing, and would establish the true beau-ideal, of which nature alone is the basis." He was in a fever of excitement, went home, dreamed of the marbles, arose, talked of them everywhere, and at last secured an order to draw from them, on condition his drawings were not engraved. For three months he had uninterrupted admission, and often was he there, morn, noon, and night, ten, fourteen, or fifteen hours at a time. The study of these noble specimens of antique sculpture at this juncture was of great value. On their "everlasting principles," the picture of *Dentatus* was carefully painted; as this approached completion, people of rank thronged to see it, and were lavish in encomiums—a great historical painter had at last arisen! In March, 1809, it was finished after fifteen months of actual toil. With what exultation was it taken down! with what care was it conveyed to the Academy! Leigh Hunt was with the artist, torturing him all the way: "Wouldn't it be a delicious thing now, for a lamp-lighter to come round the corner, and put the two ends of his ladder right into *Dentatus's* eye? Or, suppose we meet a couple of dray-horses playing tricks with a barrel of beer, knocking your men down, and trampling your poor *Dentatus* to a mummy?" Haydon was so nervous that, in his anxiety, he tripped up a corner man, and as near as possible sent *Dentatus* into the gutter. However, it reached its destination, and then came the hanging. Academicians thought differently of its merits to those without; it was hung ultimately in the ante-room, where decent light was wanting for a great

work. This was a bitter disappointment; the more polite regretted (?) the picture could not be placed where it deserved to be; but this mode of condemnation was mortifying in the extreme. After so many flatteries, to find one's painting room deserted; after such brilliant anticipations of immediate success to find,

"what seemed corporal, melted
As breath into the wind"—

who could calmly bear it? Haydon sank, a curse seemed resting over him, but it was only for a moment. Lord Mulgrave, then of the Admiralty, seemed to feel for him, and procured him the benefit of a trip in a cutter from Portsmouth to Plymouth, for the sake of change. Wilkie went with him, and once more among old scenes and faces, his spirits revived, and he could forget the past in the amusements of the present. They tarried by the sea for five weeks, then visited Mr. Canning's mother at Bath, and after a few days in London, set out again for Coleorton, the seat of Sir George Beaumont, where they passed a fortnight as pleasantly as it was possible for painters to do, reveling in their art, with the productions of Claude, Rembrandt, and Rubens about them as sources of inspiration—pictures now the *élite* of our national collection.

"Macbeth" was the subject of the next sketch, for which Sir George had given a commission, but an unfortunate disagreement or misunderstanding as to the size arose between the patron and the painter. An unpleasant correspondence ensued, which the latter, relying on the justice of his own statements, had the indelicacy to show. The facts were soon generally known, and the exposure brought matters to a crisis; but if Haydon's pride was gratified, his interests were injured. He enlarged the canvas as he felt inclined, and Sir George allowed him to go on with the picture for him, on the condition that if he did not like it, he should not be obliged to take it, but be considered engaged for a smaller one. Meantime he began to feel the want of money; his father had generously supplied him hitherto, but as yet no means of return had presented themselves save portrait painting, which he despised as infringing on his time and leading him from his design—the improvement of High Art. Just at this period the directors of the British Gallery offered a prize of one hundred

guineas for the best historical picture. Lord Mulgrave's permission was obtained, and Dentatus sent to the institution. It was placed at the head of the great room, and May 17th, 1810, Haydon was declared the victor almost unanimously. He now resumed work with fresh vigour, taking casts from nature, dissecting, poring over the Elgin Marbles beside "the lantern dimly burning," and then illustrating in his own figures the principles he had learnt. His resolutions, however, were suddenly shocked by a letter from his father, saying that he could not longer maintain him. What was to be done? His expenses were necessarily many, but his habits were not extravagant. His diligence was undoubted; would that his success was equally so! But he had won the prize for Dentatus, why not with Macbeth win the three hundred guineas now offered by the same Institution? Thus reasoning he borrowed, and here began obligation and trouble. This one step involved him in perplexity the remainder of his years. He should have stooped to anything rather than have thrown himself on contingencies. We have no right to draw on the future for the debts of the present. The future supplies incentives, and to attempt the transformation of these into means is as ruinous as it would be absurd to substitute hope for experience.

Haydon this year put down his name for admission to the Academy, but had not a single vote. Nothing, however, could check his enthusiasm. Thoughts streamed through his mind day and night. He read Shakspeare and the poets to bring his fancy into play, that his whole being might be in harmony with the subject engaging his attention. This thoroughness of feeling was one characteristic of the man; when painting Dentatus he had pondered over the glowing conceptions of Homer, Virgil, and Dante, and now he was resolved that Macbeth should want neither the fire of imagination nor the chastened excellencies of judgment. This picture was completed by the end of 1811; Sir George Beaumont declined purchasing, but offered the artist £100 as a compensation for his trouble in commencing it, or to paint another picture of a different size, both which offers he refused. It was exhibited at the Institution; and he was waiting with anxiety the award of the premiums, when to his indigna-

tion he learnt that they were withdrawn to assist in the purchase of an indifferent picture which had appeared on the scene, and was voted by the jealous Academicians, and every coterie that owned their influence, to be the only historical painting England had produced! Haydon had in a measure brought upon himself this unpleasant result. Just at the time of the appearance of Macbeth before the public, he had made an attack in the "Examiner" on Payne Knight, a powerful patron and the prince of the dilettanti; and not content with exposing some of his sophisms, had the following week assailed the Academy itself. This step was decidedly impolitic; it incensed many, and made violent opponents of those who would at least have been indifferent. Had he thus thrown down the gauntlet, actuated by a pure love of art, however disastrous the consequences, his boldness must have been applauded. There are no patents of nobility in the regions of art, no *ipse dixit* can create a connoisseur or a genius, nor can circumstantialities long uphold a despotism there. But he was exasperated by neglect, tormented by debt, fearful of the future; he wrote, and "walked about the room as if *revenged* and better."

Affairs were becoming desperate. Nevertheless, the canvas came home for another picture—the Judgment of Solomon. Enthusiasm and energy, combined with a consciousness of power that inspired hope, led him onward. He commenced; but having lost 500 guineas, the price for Macbeth and 300, the expected prize, it was necessary to pause and reflect. He was £600 in debt. Should he sell all and retire into obscurity? That were apparent cowardice—No, he would never yield! People of fashion had entirely deserted him; Wilkie even had grown cool through fear of the issue; but the Hunts remained firm, and there were friends of another class at hand. The resolution was taken to make the most of his actual situation. Here let us transcribe his own graphic words:—"I went to the house where I had always dined intending to dine without paying for that day. I thought the servants did not offer me the same attention. I thought I perceived the company examine me—I thought the meat was worse. My heart sank as I said falteringly, 'I will pay you to-morrow?' The girl smiled

and seemed interested. As I was escaping with a sort of lurking horror, she said, 'Mr. Haydon, Mr. Haydon, my master wishes to see you.' Thought I, 'it is to tell me he can't trust!' In I walked like a culprit. 'Sir, I beg your pardon, but I see by the papers you have been ill-used; I hope you won't be angry—I mean no offence; but—you won't be offended—I just wish to say, as you have dined here many years and always paid, if it would be a convenience during your present work, to dine here till it is done—you know—so that you may not be obliged to spend your money here, when you may want it—I was going to say you need be under no apprehension—hem! for a dinner.' My heart really filled. I told him I would take his offer. The good man's forehead was perspiring, and he seemed quite relieved. From that hour the servants eyed me with a lustrous regret, and redoubled their attentions. The honest wife said, if I was ever ill she would send me broth or any such little luxury, and the children used to cling round my knees and ask me to draw a face." And now there was the landlord, already a creditor for £200. Haydon returned, and called him up. "I said, 'Perkins, I'll leave you if you wish it, but it will be a pity, will it not, not to finish such a beginning?' Perkins looked, and muttered, 'It's a grand thing—how long will it be before it is done, sir?' 'Two years.' 'What, two years more, and no rent?' 'Not a shilling.' He rubbed his chin and muttered, 'I should not like ye to go—it's hard for both of us; but what I say is this, you always paid me when you could, and why should you not again when you are able?' 'That's what I say.' Well, sir, here is my hand,' (and a great fat one it was); 'I'll give you two years more, and if this does not sell,' (affecting to look very severe,) 'why, then, sir, we'll consider what is to be done; so don't fret, but work.' And Haydon did work, as vigorously as though nothing had happened, till his health began to fail. This was an interruption, but a short excursion from town speedily restored him. 1812 passed away and not a person of rank came nigh him; but he found some congenial spirits, whose society was far more valuable and valued than all he had lost. Wilkie, Jackson and the Hunts had remained faithful throughout, and to these were added

Hazlitt, Lamb, Barnes of the "Times," and others. Necessities were growing meanwhile; his watch had long gone, and now he began to part with his clothes and with book after book; yet he was constant at his work; and thus passed another year. In it he lost his father: when the letter came that announced his death, he was painting a head, and so intensely occupied that the news made no impression for the time. When he had done, he saw and felt his loss. At the end of February, 1814, the Solomon was finished; and sent to the Water-Colour Society for exhibition. First came, on the private day, Payne Knight and the Princess of Wales; *they* condemned. Then came the nobility and then the mass. It had not been fairly opened to the public, without distinction, half an hour, before £500 were offered for it. This was refused, but the same party in a few hours agreed to the price, 600 guineas. The third day Sir George Beaumont and Mr. Holwell Carr came, deputed to buy it for the Gallery; but it was too late, "sold" was put up. Sir George was delighted, and shook hands with the painter before a crowded room. In walked Lord Mulgrave and General Phipps: "Haydon, you dine with us to day, *of course*." He bowed. Who has bought it? was now the question. "O, a couple of Devonshire friends," was said with a sneer. "That may be," he replied; "but, as Adrian said, is a Devonshire guinea of less value than a Middlesex one? does it smell?"

The tide of fortune seemed to have turned, and suddenly reached its full. Visitors came in shoals. The victory was complete; and what was equally gratifying, the money was in hand. £500 went easily the first week, and then not half the debts were paid—it was sufficient to establish credit.

Paris was now the most interesting place on earth. The allied armies were there, and Napoleon was on the way to Elba. Wilkie and Haydon secured passports, and alike from sincere gratulations and shallow flatteries, hurried away to the Louvre. A month or two in the capital of France passed speedily by. Everywhere there were signs of memorable struggles, everywhere were objects of excitement and interest; the whole scene was full of details worthy the artist's regard, and then there were the cartoons of Raffaele and the rich collec-

tions of art that victor armies had gathered.

Haydon, on returning to England, found that the British Institution had voted him 100 guineas as a mark of admiration for the Judgment of Solomon; and shortly after, in honour of the same, he received the freedom of his native town. Not one commission, however, followed all this éclat. Stimulated by the past and full of aspiration for the future, he commenced his Entry into Jerusalem: succeeding months found him occupied upon it in his accustomed manner. In June, the victory of Waterloo caused a slight interruption. He was greatly excited, for with all his devotion to painting, his mind was too vigilant and excursive to be uninterested by transactions around. Soldiers were amongst his models, and many a conversation did he have, and many an anecdote did he glean, respecting this famed fight. Rumours in the interim had begun to circulate in disparagement of the Elgin Marbles, in behalf of which he had always proved himself a zealous advocate. In November, he obtained permission to take casts from some of them, still ardent in admiration. The same month Canova visited both him and them, and Haydon was delighted to hear him say, "*ces statues produiront un grand changement dans les arts.*" His opinion boldly expressed and his sympathy in general were very acceptable to the still struggling artist. In December came a letter from Wordsworth, whose friendship he had won, and with it three sonnets, one specially relating to himself, and concluding—

"And oh, when nature sinks, as well she may,
From long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness,—
Great is the glory for the strife is hard."

In February of the next year the Committee met which had been appointed by Government to survey the Elgin Marbles. Haydon was not called for examination; Lord Elgin's friends were soon dismissed, and witnesses inimical to the Marbles questioned at length. Payne Knight had said that they were Roman of the time of Adrian, and then, driven from his position, declared them the work of mere journeymen. The impetuous Haydon was annoyed, he retired to his painting-room, dashed down his thoughts; and the result was a spirited article, appearing both in the

"Examiner" and "Champion,"—"On the Judgment of Connoisseurs being preferred to that of Professional Men. The Elgin Marbles, &c." There was much truth in this paper; he showed that it was the union of nature with ideal beauty that ranked these Marbles above all other works of art; but he was severe upon the patrons and nobility, upon Mr. Knight in particular. "It has saved the Marbles," said Lawrence, "but it will ruin you." The Committee proceeded, and the result everybody knows.

Notwithstanding public applause and recent success, the artist's necessities became dreadful and harassing. He had anticipated the fruit of his labour, and was treading a perilous path. He was without commissions, employment, or money; but his will was fixed: he must borrow at any per centage; nothing should prevent his devotion to art, or stay his attempts to raise the taste of the country. This was the infatuation of an earnest spirit, but it was not unmixed with pride. He had taken pupils with a desire to form a school of painting, but it was as their instructor and friend, and without the thought of gain, for he took not a shilling from them. Amongst these were the Landseers, Eastlake, Bewicke, Harvey, Chatfield, and Lance, all afterwards eminent.

About this time commenced a periodical work entitled "The Annals of Art." Of this the editor gave him full use, and quarter after quarter his favourite views were there vigorously advocated, and the Academy and all foes as vigorously assaulted by any and every weapon. He had already not a few distinguished friends. Horace Smith, Shelley, and Keats were additions to the circle. From Keats he received a sonnet, commencing,

"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning,"
and of course he was one,

"— whose steadfastness would never take
A meaner sound than Raffaele's whisperings."

There is a capital account of a dinner in the painting room at Lisson Grove, with the unfinished Jerusalem towering up as a background. Wordsworth, Keats, and Lamb were the attractions of the party. "In the morning of this delightful day," writes Haydon, "a gentleman, a perfect stranger, had called on me. He said he knew my friends, had an enthusiasm for Wordsworth, and begged

I would procure him the happiness of an introduction. He told me he was a comptroller of stamps, and often had correspondence with the poet. I thought it a liberty; but still, as he seemed a gentleman, I told him he might come. When we retired to tea we found the comptroller. In introducing him to Wordsworth, I forgot to say who he was. After a little time the comptroller looked down, looked up, and said to Wordsworth, 'Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?' Keats looked at me; Wordsworth looked at the comptroller. Lamb, who was dozing by the fire, turned round and said, 'Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?' 'No, sir, I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not?' 'Oh,' said Lamb, 'then you are a silly fellow.' 'Charles, my dear Charles,' said Wordsworth; but Lamb, perfectly innocent of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire. After an awful pause, the comptroller said, 'Don't you think Newton a great genius?' I could not stand it any longer. Keats put his head into my books. Ritchie squeezed in a laugh. Wordsworth seemed asking himself, 'Who is this?' Lamb got up, and taking a candle, said, 'Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?' He then turned his back on the poor man; and at every question of the comptroller he chaunted

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on."

The man in office, finding Wordsworth did not know who he was, said in a spasmodic and half-chucking anticipation of assured victory, 'I have had the honour of some correspondence with you, Mr. Wordsworth.' 'With me, sir?' said Wordsworth, 'Not that I remember.' 'Don't you, sir? I'm a comptroller of stamps. There was a dead silence; the comptroller evidently thinking that was enough. While we were waiting for Wordsworth's reply, Lamb sung out,

"Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle!"

'My dear Charles,' said Wordsworth —

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,"

chaunted Lamb; and then rising exclaimed, 'Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs.' Keats and I hurried Lamb into the painting room, shut the door, and gave way to inextinguishable laughter. Monkhouse followed

and tried to get Lamb away. We went back, but the comptroller was irreconcilable. We soothed and smiled, and asked him to supper. He stayed, though his dignity was sorely affected. However, being a good-natured man, we parted all in good humour, and no ill effects followed."

In 1817, when the Grand Duke Nicholas was in England, Haydon was introduced to him by a Russian artist. The place of meeting was in the British Museum, before the Elgin Marbles, at which "the distinguished historical painter" was especially delighted; and, as it happened, he had ample opportunity to explain and extol these works studied by him in a damp and dusky penthouse, but now deemed worthy of a visit by a royal personage. In the beginning of the succeeding year, perhaps partially as a consequence of this interview, he was chosen by the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg to select casts for Russia, and to appoint whom he pleased to transmit them. In the autumn of the same year he was informed, through a friend at the Foreign Office, that if he had a mind to go to Italy free of expense, he could be accommodated with a bag of dispatches for Naples, which would allow him to take his own time. He had suffered much for High Art in England; public interest was now excited; things seemed coming to a crisis; he reflected, and then determined not to leave the battlefield while the fight hung in the balance.

In 1820, after six years of painful effort, the Jerusalem was finished. The Egyptian Hall was secured for its exhibition; it was removed, put up and ready for glazing; then came a halt—there was no money to buy hangings and begin fittings. This difficulty was surmounted to be followed by another species of excitement. The first day was successful. Mrs. Siddons entered with her tragic and majestic step, and pronounced decidedly in favour; and when the people found admittance, the enthusiasm reached its height. Sir Walter Scott came to town just then; he saw the picture and approved. Haydon was invited to meet him at a dinner, and thus began their intercourse. The clear profit of this exhibition amounted to £1,298 12s., every shilling of which had been paid away. But now, when creditors knew that money was at hand, the least delay, though thoroughly

explained, was followed by a lawyer's letter.

It was proposed to purchase the painting by subscription; but the attempt ultimately failed. Haydon therefore resolved on an excursion into Scotland into the very midst of the Blackwood Tories; and away he went, sending round his picture by sea. His receipts there were about £3,000. He was thoroughly well treated, too, by Scott, Wilson, Raeburn, and such like men. They hunted, dined, and talked together, and the pseudo-cockney returned flushed with triumph. And yet withal he was *still* in debt; and, what made matters worse, he had for some time been deeply in love with a charming young widow with two children, and every month made him more eager to be married.

John Scott, the editor of the "Champion" and of the "London Magazine," and Keats were the first of his friends that died; the former was shot in a duel. About the same time he made the acquaintance of Belzoni, by whose good sense and unconquerable spirit he was much struck. There was always a deep sympathy between him and such characters: in their daring and extraordinary undertakings, their struggles and successes, he saw himself reflected, or discovered incitements to renewed exertion. Thus Nelson was almost an idol with him; and "Victory or Westminster Abbey" often his own motto; and indeed in determination, in impetuosity and frankness of nature they resembled each other. Napoleon was another whose genius excited him; all memoirs relating to him were fascinating in the extreme. Reading them, he said, "was like dram-drinking. To go to other things afterwards is like passing from brandy to water."

Through 1821, he worked at his new picture of Lazarus, as circumstances permitted; but difficulties thickened around, he frequently had not a shilling, and how to escape arrest was a problem not easily solved. At length in June, the moment long expected and often skilfully postponed, arrived, and he was arrested. The bailiff was requested to walk into the painting room while his victim prepared to go. He did so, and when Haydon came down, he found him perfectly agitated before Lazarus. "Oh, sir," said he, "I won't take you. Give me your word to meet

me at twelve at the attorney's, and I will take it." He did so, went, explained the matter, and appointed the evening finally to arrange. "But you must remain in the officer's custody," said the attorney. "Not he," said the bailiff; "let him give me his word, and I'll take it, though I am liable to pay the debt." The word was given, and this man, who had never seen him before, left him free till night, when all was settled; such was the influence of the painting upon him.

The next month, Mary, his betrothed, was in town, and Haydon all joy. They went to the coronation together, and in October their marriage took place. This change of relationship exerted a delightful influence over the artist's life. It soothed his irritations, gave buoyancy to his hopes, tempered his ambition; and now, where the enjoyment of his art had been his only refuge, he had another and unfailing one in the love of his wife. Happy would it have been for him could he have thrown off the burdens of the past; they still hung heavily about him; and if his Mary's affection could lighten, she, alas! must now share his troubles. For a while he went quietly on with his picture, but not many months were passed before it was again requisite to use every means for the satisfaction of creditors. Days were lost in battling and pleading with them, in running from lawyer to lawyer, in begging aid from one friend and another. In December, 1822, his obligations to effort were increased by the birth of a son. In the January succeeding, *Lazarus* was finished, and forthwith exhibited; its success was considerable, and receipts corresponded; but these were already engulfed, all expedients were failing, and at length, on the 13th of April, an execution was put in on the picture. On the 22nd, he begins an entry in his journal, headed, "King's Bench," thus: "Well, I am in prison. So were Bacon, Raleigh, and Cervantes. Vanity! Vanity! Here's a consolation!" He appears to have had peculiar views of his relation to creditors, to have believed that, as the champion of High Art, people were almost bound to support him; that he was a martyr to ingratitude, forgetting that no man is at liberty to tax society for his opinions, however correct or ennobling. While here he received information of his elec-

tion as a member of the Imperial Academy of Russia, an honour strangely contrasting with his present position. All attempts at arrangement failing, he had to face the insolvent court, and not one out of 150 creditors appearing against him, he was discharged on the 25th of July. Meantime friends had given tokens of substantial sympathy—Walter Scott, Miss Mitford, Sir Edward Codrington, Brougham, &c. The last named presented from him a petition to the House of Commons, praying for public encouragement to historical painting, and the employment of distinguished artists (himself, of course, included) in the decoration of national buildings. This was the first step in a long career of unsuccessful agitation. No sooner was he free, than he again urged upon Sir Charles Long this measure, and the propriety of beginning by decorating the great room of the Admiralty. He laid before him a plan, but in vain. From this date he was incessant in his application to parties in power—to Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Robinson, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Melbourne. Much of his journal is occupied with this correspondence; no sort of reply could dishearten him. He pertinaciously continued his assaults, too pertinaciously perhaps, when we reflect that his own interests and his own vanity were not unfrequently the impelling principles. He maintained that the character of a nation was elevated by the influence of art, and that never would art in England assume its true and high position till, by the public employment of artists, they were rendered independent of a capricious patronage, and of party jealousies. These doctrines he was the first to advocate, and though unpalatable then, their truth has since been recognised, and in the new Houses of Parliament his designs have been partially realized.

He now found it absolutely necessary to curb his inclination for the heroic, and paint portraits and smaller subjects. Few sitters, however, came; and when they did, the occupation was very distasteful. His great pictures had been sold to creditors for prices far below their value; and want stared him in the face. 1824 came. His journal opened with the motto—

"Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit."

But before the year was passed, there were entries that told of the inward struggle, like this:—"Alas! I have no object in life now but my wife and children, and almost wish I had not them, that I might sit still, and meditate on human ambition and human grandeur till I died. I really am heartily weary of life. I have known and tasted all the glories of fame, and distinction, and triumph; all the raptures of love and affection, all the sweet feelings of a parent. And what then? The heart sinks inwardly, and longs for a pleasure calm and eternal, majestic, unchangeable. I am not yet forty, and can tell of a destiny melancholy and rapturous, bitter beyond all bitterness, afflicting beyond all affliction, cursed, heart-burning, heart-breaking, maddening. . . . The melancholy demon has grappled my heart, and crushed its turbulent beatings in its black, bony, clammy, clenching fingers." In October, Mr. Kersey, his legal adviser yet warm friend, came to his aid, and offered him a year's peace at four per cent. and under certain conditions as to the dimensions and prices of the pictures painted in the interim. Thus in a measure freed from embarrassment, he became comparatively happy. Commissions that would once have been refused, were now welcomed, and he worked regularly on. Towards the end of 1825, another subject approached completion, Pharaoh dismissing the Israelites. But, December 18th, he records his "fits"—fits of work, fits of idleness, fits of reading, fits of walking, fits of Italian, fits of Greek, fits of Latin, fits of Napoleon, &c. &c.: "My dear Mary's lovely face is the only thing that has escaped a fit that never varies." In February, 1826, he sent another petition to the House of Commons. In April, his *Venus and Anchises* was also finished, and this, after some deliberation, he resolved to send to the Academy for exhibition. He would concede nothing, yet longed for reconciliation; and, encouraged by the gratification this first step gave to many, afterwards went round to curry favour with the principal members. In May, he received from Lord Egremont a commission to paint *Alexander taming Bucephalus*; and this was followed in November, by an invitation to his lordship's seat at Petworth, which was accepted, and the visit thoroughly enjoyed. Yet he finished the year "more harrassed than ever;"

and on the 31st of December wrote, "For want of a vent my mind feels like a steam-boiler without a valve, boiling, struggling, and suppressing, for fear of injuring the interests of five children and a lovely wife."

1827 opened with an execution in the house, and an arrest was only adverted by the prompt interference of friendship. Nevertheless, before the end of June, Haydon was again in the King's Bench prison. While there he saw the mock election, a subject of which he afterwards made good use. In July, a public meeting was called for the examination of his affairs, when it appeared that his embarrassments in part arose from anxiety to discharge those debts from which the law had exonerated him, and that he was in general entitled to sympathy. The consequence was his release. Working more expeditiously than of yore, he brought his picture of the Mock Election to a finish by the end of the year. This the king ultimately purchased. He next painted a kindred subject—the *Chairing of the Member*; and then *Eucles* was placed upon the easel, a classical and beautiful design. At the end of 1828 he was actively engaged in writing on the old topic—public patronage for art—and requested permission to dedicate a pamphlet upon it to the Duke of Wellington, but even this token of approbation he could not obtain. Punch was the subject of his next picture—he had alighted on a comic vein; and then he began *Xenophon and the Ten Thousand* at the first sight of the sea. Portraits and smaller pictures he painted whenever opportunity offered; but, notwithstanding, his wants were still pressing. Many a day was spent in running to and fro; and many an exorbitant demand was met, to prevent a third arrest. Expenses, too, by these proceedings were greatly increased. He had borrowed of the future, and now, as years rolled on, it was exacting from him compound interest at an ever growing and enormous rate. From September 1829 to May 1830 he paid as much as £93 law costs connected with the settlement of small bills. In the month last named the King's Bench prison again closed its doors behind him. Then came the trial, and then another acquittal.

It is mournful to follow the man through the details of his latter years; to see his distress which, great as it was,

could not quench his ardour as an artist; to find him craving employment of the great, and, when refused, writing letters to one and another, begging for money. In 1831 he painted Napoleon Musing, for Sir Robert Peel. Wordsworth sent him a sonnet upon it, but the exhibition was a failure, owing to political excitement at the time. In this, however, Haydon largely shared, he even wrote letters to the "Times," on the subject of Reform; whatever influence he had was given to the cause. In 1832 he was thrown into contact with the leaders of the Trades Unions at Birmingham; and made an unsuccessful attempt to raise a subscription for a picture of their meeting at Newhall Hill. This failed, but he was commissioned by Earl Grey to paint a picture of the Reform Banquet in Guildhall. This work kept him long employed, elevated his hopes, and gave him opportunities, which he did not neglect, of impressing his views of art upon many of influence and power. All the leading men of the Liberal party sat to him, and he felt not a little flattered by the access thus gained to ministers and noblemen. This period was outwardly one of the gayest of his life. Dinners, routs, charade parties, &c., enlivened the months; but while visiting at mansions, and conversing freely with fashionables, he had behind the scene the same troubles to encounter. Pecuniary matters were harassing in the extreme, executions often threatened. Sir Richard Steele turned the bailiffs in his house into footmen; Haydon sometimes made them serve as models while he painted.

In 1834, the burning of the Houses of Parliament gave him fresh room to hope that an opportunity would be given for the public employment of artists. He renewed his appeals. He was too especially gratified by the appointment of Mr. Ewart's select committee of inquiry into the means of extending a knowledge of the arts and principles of design, including an inquiry into the constitution of the Royal Academy, and the effects produced by it. There can be no doubt but that his efforts were mainly instrumental in bringing about this result; and with the day of examination came the long-coveted moment for impressing his opinions on others disposed to listen. Prospects in this direction seemed to brighten. He now commenced lecturing, and thus

another channel was opened for communication with the public on his favourite art. That things at home were still dark, this extract from his journal, referring to the night of his first effort, is evidence sufficient—"I took my dress coat out of pawn, to lecture at the Mechanics' Institution." But the fact was publicly announced by his being for the fourth time thrown into the Bench, in September, 1836. As before, however, he was liberated by the Court. Law costs are the millstones that sink a man once in a sea of debts deeper and deeper. Here is an illustration: Haydon incurred

| | | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|---|---|
| From 1820 to 1823, law costs..... | £377 | 0 | 0 |
| From 1823 to 1830, ditto | 450 | 0 | 0 |
| From 1830 to 1836, ditto | 303 | 8 | 6 |
| Altogether | £1,130 | 8 | 6 |

We have already referred to his great error of anticipation; perhaps also there was a degree of improvidence, yet his large and growing family, and the kind of provision their station seemed to require, should be in justice remembered.

Through 1837 he was principally employed in lecturing in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and other large towns. These lectures gave him the means of support, and were everywhere well received. They have since been published. His enthusiasm, his easy delivery, and picturesque expression, and the skill with which he would sketch an illustration when needed, gave him power over his audience, while his well-known name and unmerited sufferings enlisted their sympathy. These tours accomplished much towards the elevation of the general taste and feeling in matters of art; as one consequence, schools of design were proposed, and several established. The chief point in Haydon's theory was the making the figure the basis of all study.

From Liverpool he received two commissions, one of 400 guineas, for a picture of Christ blessing little Children; and the other, for a picture of Wellington revisiting Waterloo. This last subject had been once begun, but relinquished on account of the Duke refusing to lend his clothes. Some considerable delay occurred now through the pressure of public business upon his Grace, but of this Haydon made use by crossing to the Continent and visiting Waterloo for the purpose of informing and arousing his imagination. Soon after

came an invitation to Walmer, where he passed several most agreeable days in company with the hero whom he had always revered. The Duke sat to him as he pleased, but would not see the picture, which he deemed to be solely a concern of "the Liverpool gentlemen." Wordsworth wrote a sonnet on this, as he had done on Napoleon. These things cheered the buffeted painter; but nothing more than the success with which, about this date, he delivered his lectures at Oxford—"a day-dream of my youth."

In 1841, his picture of the Anti-Slavery Convention, which had introduced him to Clarkson and others, was finished. He was comparatively free from pecuniary harass; but other grievances were at hand. This year the Fine Arts Committee for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament sat and examined witnesses; but he was not summoned. He felt this severely; it gave him a presentiment of coming disappointment. Another blow was the death of Sir David Wilkie, for whom he still entertained a strong affection. Amongst the paintings completed in the following year were the Battle of Poitiers, the Maid of Saragossa, Curtius leaping into the Gulf, Alexander the Great encountering and killing a Lion, and Wordsworth on Helvellyn, on which last Miss E. B. Barrett (now Mrs. Browning) sent him a sonnet. Through 1842, the Fine Arts Commission was sitting. In April their notice was issued of the conditions for the cartoon competition, by which it was intended to test the capabilities of artists for the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament. Haydon exulted in this advance towards the achievement of the great object of all his labours; but not without painful forebodings that the victory was not for him. He ascribed the adverse tendency of things exclusively to his enemies; but to others it was evident that his obstinate self-assertion and incessant intrusion of his views upon public men and bodies were in part the cause; and that, moreover, the power of earlier days was not so visible in his paintings now, for manifold anxieties had shaken the man. He, however, at once began to exercise himself in fresco; and by the time appointed, June, 1843, he had safely lodged two cartoons in Westminster Hall, where thirty years before he had drawn a gigantic limb on the wall with the end of his um-

brella, and said to Eastlake, his companion, "This is the place for art." His subjects were—the Curse pronounced against Adam and Eve, and the Black Prince entering London in triumph with the French King prisoner. In July the prizes were declared, and Haydon's hopes as regarded himself in that quarter for ever blighted. That in the very triumph of those principles to which his energies had through life been devoted, he himself should fall disgraced,

"This was the most unkindest cut of all."

It caused a severe pang, but he recovered, and resolved to retrieve his character before an impartial public; arrests threatened, still he lectured, still he painted; and then he commenced a series of cartoons to illustrate what is the best government. These were to be six in number; the first showing the injustice of democracy—"The Banishment of Aristides with his Wife and Children;" the second showing the heartlessness of despotism—"Nero playing his lyre while Rome is burning;" the third and fourth exhibiting the consequences of Anarchy and the cruelties of Revolution; the fifth and sixth the blessings of Justice and Freedom under a limited Monarchy. This had for many years been a cherished conception; the plans had been before many a minister; and now he determined, since patronage failed, to execute it independently and prove his competence to the world. The two first of the series were completed, and on Easter Monday, 1846, the exhibition opened at the Egyptian Hall. To show the overweening confidence his habits of prayer and thought had begotten, we make an extract from his diary, dated May 25th, 1845, written when he began these pictures:—"O God! I am again without any resource; but in thy mercy enable me to bear up and vanquish, as I have done, all difficulties. Let nothing however desperate or overwhelming stop me from the completion of my six designs. *On these my country's honour rests*, and my own fame on earth. Thou knowest how for forty-one years I have struggled and resisted—enable me to do so to the last gasp of my life."

The exhibition proved a complete failure. On the private day, only Jerrold, Bowring, Fox Maule, and Hobhouse went. It rained; but twenty-six years before rain would not have prevented. On the Monday he writes:

"Receipts, 1846, £1 1s. 6d. ARISTIDES.
Receipts, 1820, £19 16s. JERUSALEM.
In God I trust. Amen."

Each day told a similar story. The exhibition closed. May 23rd, we read: "There lie Aristides and Nero, unasked for, unfelt for, rolled up. Aristides, a subject Raffaele would have praised and complimented me on!—and £111 11s. 5d. loss by showing it!" This was a fearful blow; he seemed condemned and despised at every tribunal. Embarrassments were thickening, yet he tried to proceed with the third of his series. Sir Robert Peel came generously to his assistance; but the battle was nearly over. Here are the closing entries of his journal; "June 20th.—O God, bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

"21st.—Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow and got up in agitation.

"22nd.—God forgive me. Amen.

FINIS

of

B. R. HAYDON.

'Stretch me no longer on this rough world.'—*Lear*.

End of Twenty-sixth Volume."

This last entry was made between, half-past ten and a quarter to eleven, on the morning of Monday, the 22nd of June, 1846. Before eleven, the hand that penned it was cold in death. He had been out early in the morning, and came back apparently fatigued; at ten he entered his painting room, soon after saw his wife, embraced her fervently and returned to his room. About a quarter to eleven a report of fire-arms was heard, which was supposed to proceed from the troops then reviewing in the neighbourhood. About an hour after, his daughter entered the painting room; and there, before her, lay her father—dead, in front of his unfinished picture of Alfred and the first British Jury,—his white hairs stained with

blood, a half open razor smeared with gore beside him, in his throat a fearful gash, and a bullet wound in his skull!

The coroner's jury found that the suicide was in an unsound state of mind when he committed the act. His debts amounted to £3,000; but the assets were considerable.

On his table were found these "last thoughts of B. R. Haydon, half-past ten:—"

"No man should use certain evil for probable good, however great the object. Evil is the prerogative of the Deity.

"I create good,—I create,—I, the Lord, do these things.

"Wellington never used evil if the good was not certain. Napoleon had no such scruples, and, I fear, the glitter of his genius rather dazzled me; but had I been encouraged, nothing but good would have come from me, because, when encouraged, I paid everybody. God forgive the evil for the sake of the good. Amen."

So perished Benjamin Robert Haydon, in the 61st year of his age. His story tells its own moral. As an artist, he was powerful in execution and bold in design, more successful in the diffusion of correct sentiments than in the attainment of reward. As a writer, he was clear, graphic, and vigorous; as a speaker, enthusiastic and earnest. As a man, he was conscious of genius, and therefore self-reliant; imaginative and resolute, and, therefore, sanguine. His principles were in general pure, and his objects lofty; but he knit too closely the glory of himself with the glory of his art. He was frank and generous, yet depreciated his opponents. His religion was fuel to his ambition, when it should have been the harmonizer of his passions. He lacked the sublime consolations of a holy faith, and hence his terrible and mournful end.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

IN the same month of August, 1840, when Lord Ashley moved in Parliament for a committee of inquiry concerning juvenile labourers in mills and factories, he also applied to her Majesty's Government for a commission to investigate

the condition of women and children employed in collieries and mines. The commission was readily granted.

During the progress of that investigation he continued his oversight of lunatic asylums, not only in London and it

neighbourhood, but in the provinces. It was his object to separate those unhappy persons from the poor-houses, where they were often found together with other paupers, and collect them in county asylums. As chairman of the commission of lunacy he had observed, with grief, that no sooner was a person confined in a lunatic asylum, some few cases excepted, than even his nearest relatives seemed to think themselves discharged from the solemn duty of watching over him; as if the maniac were dead and gone, the survivors of that living death appeared to have shaken off even the memory of his existence, and he was left unvisited, as in a grave, to be shut for ever out of sight. His lordship, therefore, desired to make the legal oversight of those establishments universal; satisfied that the recent law was a means of amelioration in London, he wished to extend it to the provinces; and anxious to mature plans for the improvement of the law itself, he desired that the commission, then about to expire, might be continued in action for three or four years longer, in order that he might mature a plan for comprehensive and effectual inspection. In pursuance of this design, another member of the House of Commons, Lord G. Somerset, brought in a bill in March, 1842, for the inspection of county lunatic asylums. Lord Ashley warmly supported this measure, and gave the House much information derived from private correspondence and observation, collected far beyond the circle of his operations as chairman of the original commission. That office, it must be stated, he filled gratuitously, and his research cost him no little expense, anxiety, and labour. Yet he had to tell the House that many of those provincial asylums were not known beyond the places where they existed—that many lunatics were immured beyond the knowledge of any but the persons who had conveyed them thither—that there were many wicked incarcerations of sane persons, brought about by violence or guile—that many insane and even furious persons roamed at large to the peril of the public. Aided by this powerful advocate, Lord Somerset obtained leave to bring in a bill to meet these and other evils. The subject commanded the attention of Parliament, and after the lapse of about three years more, the law of England as to this

class of sufferers attained to its present state of precision and mercy.

It is impossible to estimate the amount of toil spent by the subject of our narrative in preparing to bring the Mines and Collieries Bill into Parliament. He had to familiarize himself with a mass of wretchedness far more disgusting than that which had been disclosed by the Factory Commissions, and, in order to do so, went himself into some of those districts. On the evening of Tuesday, June 7th, he moved a bill for the relief of the degraded and oppressed women and children: the scene—if one may so call it—was out of sight, in the bowels of the earth. With that fixed and calm dignity that is characteristic of the man on great occasions, he rose to address the Speaker. His exordium was chaste, familiar, courteous, and recognisant of the attention which had often been rendered to him by the Government and by that House when he had been pleading for humanity. Pointing to the voluminous report which lay upon the table, containing the experience of the commissioners and the depositions of witnesses during a period of nearly two years, he committed it to their attention in such terms as these:—

“It is not possible for any man, whatever be his station, if he have but a heart within his bosom, to read the details of this awful document without a combined feeling of shame, terror, and indignation. But I will endeavour to dwell upon the thing itself, rather than on the parties that might be accused as, in great measure, the authors of it. An enormous mischief is discovered, and an immediate remedy is proposed; and sure I am that if those who have the power will be as ready to abate oppression as those who have suffered will be to forgive the sense of it, we may hope to see the revival of such a good understanding between master and man, between wealth and poverty, between ruler and ruled, as will, under God's good providence, conduce to the restoration of social comfort, and to the permanent security of the empire.” “Other reports will develop more amply the whole length and breadth of our perilous position; but—*ex pede Herculem*,—it has shown you the ignorance and neglect of many of those who have property, and the consequent vice and suffering of those who have

none; it has shown you many sad causes of pauperism; it has shown you the physical disorders which our system has engendered, and the inevitable deterioration of the British race. It has shown you, in part, our condition, moral, social, and religious."

The condition of suffering and of depravity now ascertained, was one of peril to the country, and the peril was no longer comparative, but absolute. Our fathers might have contended with evils that affected thousands, but millions, not thousands, were now concerned; and in a matter of such gravity he would adduce facts, even at the risk of being tedious, but would not attempt declamation.

As to the age and sex of his clients, they were women and children. Poor women and undefended children. Commonly at seven or eight years of age, very often at six, frequently at five, and even at four years of age, children, both male and female, were taken underground. At four o'clock in the morning some of them were taken out of their beds, and led or carried to the pit's mouth. In the smaller collieries, away among the hills of the Midlands and the North, more than in the larger works, under a twofold obscurity and impelled by a yet baser lust of gain, the proprietors used them in earlier infancy in greater numbers, and with a tyranny of more excessive ruthlessness.

The subterranean caverns where these victims were immolated to mammon, were often horrid. They were coal-pits, with imperfect ventilation, and yet more defective drainage. And under the hills of Derbyshire, for example, the "black-damp," a mephitic vapour, constantly accumulated; and often did gaseous exhalations, pent up, explode at the flashing of a candle, to the destruction of many lives. There was a heavy and oppressive heat, while tepid waters dripped, rained, or even poured down from the low roofs of earth. The women and the children stood in the sickening stream for fourteen or sixteen hours daily, and then, with their scanty rags clinging to them, soaked in water, found their way, shivering and exhausted, to their hovels, dwellings only less wretched than the pits. A thousand circumstances aggravated this misery. It was said that in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in very few collieries, the "road-ways" exceeded a yard in height. In some,

seams were measured by inches—twenty-eight, twenty-six, or twenty-two inches was the only height of those dismal galleries. Therefore, little boys, or little girls, only could work them, and even they, as the dimension shows, could only sit, kneel, or creep along, and work in the most constrained and hurtful postures. Children were in those crevices of the deep earth naked, crawling through mud and water, dragging sledge-tubs by chains attached to girdles passed round their bodies. So in Scotland, and so elsewhere, women were compelled to drag small carts full of coals for distances of a hundred or two hundred yards, creeping along the narrow seams; and this labour was never interrupted through the long hours allotted to them, while a candle would burn in the foul and watery air.

Young persons and tender children thus drudged under the loads. Drove of children, many and many a fathom deep under the green turf, out of sight except to the eye of God and of their drivers, went upon all fours. Around each panting body was passed a girdle. To the girdle, under the belly, hung a chain. The chain passed between the "hind legs," as they might be called. The human droves pulled loads of coal through avenues worse than common sewers, quite as wet, and often more contracted. Drivers so far as they could penetrate, followed them; and when the children, pained by the girdles that were blistering and lacerating their sides, lingered or groaned, the skin being broken, and the blood running down, the drivers quickened their speed by blows. Infants of six years were made to crawl thus all day, until they could not stand upright when brought out. Girls, from the age of seven to twenty-one, did the work of "trappers and hurriers" in common with boys, the girls being naked to the waist, and their only garment a pair of loose trowsers. The crowd of various ages and of both sexes that was mingled in one of those depths where broader seams and higher galleries allowed, but where no humane influence was known, became loathsome, filthy, and revolting in habits and conversation beneath all description. In some parts of Scotland, where the women were said to excel as beasts of burden, they carried loads of half a hundred-weight or of a hundred-weight. Carelessness and confusion had their victims. Tags broke, and

rows of women were struck off the ladders, and dashed to pieces. Children were set at the windlass, and through heedlessness, sport, or weakness, let go, or pulled too far, and men and women were precipitated down the shafts. Mothers, exhausted, injured, or deformed, gave birth to dead children; or, when their offspring had come to life, were hurried back to the pits again within a week or ten days, leaving the babes to badly paid dry-nurses, but trusted perhaps to the care of those ministering spirits whom God sends in pity to watch over the motherless. Those poor women all seemed old by the time they were thirty. "You must tell the Queen Victoria," said one of them, "that we are quiet, loyal subjects. Women-people here don't mind work, but they object to horse-work. Tell her that she would have the blessing of all the Scotch coal women if she would get them out of the pits, and send them to other labour." Lord Ashley quoted her words, and they drew tears from the eyes of many an honourable and noble member.

In the subterranean hells of Yorkshire new diseases, exotic in the world of day, such as are not known above ground, had become rife. By constant stooping the human frame lost its form. By filth and wet it became scrofulous. Stunted growth and crippled gait betrayed to passengers above-ground through the villages the horrid pressure, torture, and infection that were prevalent beneath. *Melanosis*, or "black spittle," when the blood of the patient could no longer be decarbonized, attended by an awful languor, and by emaciation, boded irrevocable death. In those poor women the spine was often curved, the pelvis contracted, the ancles twisted, the heart beat quick and high, the lungs toiled under asthma. Their children were sickly, disease and distortion became hereditary, and there were symptoms of physical degeneracy in entire colliery populations. The mind, with the body, sank lower and lower into depravation. Husbands, fathers, mothers, lost the emotions of natural affection. Their tempers were described as "hellish," and their habits as grossly intemperate, dissolute, and vile. Many proprietors longed for legal assistance in order to bring about a reformation, but others feared it. Women were more submissive—women and children were cheap and easily managed; therefore women and children were preferred,

Then there was another abomination. "Guardians of the poor" apprenticed pauper children to the colliers, who carried them to the pits, worked them and flogged them at their pleasure, and some of them committed atrocities too sickening to be recited here. Lord Ashley, therefore, proposed two comprehensive measures; a prohibition of employing women in mines and collieries, and an abolition of those pauper apprenticeships for ever. And then he closed a speech of the first order of parliamentary eloquence with the sentences following:—

"Is it not enough to announce these things to an assembly of Christian men and British gentlemen? For twenty millions of money you purchased the liberation of the negro, and it was a blessed deed. You may, this night, by a cheap and harmless vote, invigorate the hearts of thousands of your country-people, enable them to walk erect in newness of life, to enter on the enjoyment of their inherited freedom, and avail themselves, if they will accept them, of the opportunities of virtue, of morality, and religion. These, sir, are the ends that I venture to propose: *this is the barbarism that I seek to restore.** The House will, I am sure, forgive me for having detained them so long; and still more will they forgive me for venturing to conclude by imploring them, in the words of Holy Writ, 'to break off our sins by righteousness, and our iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of our tranquillity.'"

Mr. Fox Maule seconded the motion. Member after member spoke for it. A strain of eulogy on the mover ran through every speech, and Lord Ashley's bill was read a first time. No sooner were the facts made public, than indignation and pity filled the public mind; but after a third reading in the Commons without change, the opposition of interested parties prevailed so far that it suffered some amendments in the Lords, which amendments, however, Lord Ashley reluctantly accepted, hoping that the movement would eventually be carried to the full length demanded by religion and humanity. A month afterwards he failed in an effort to obtain a government bill for amending the act relating to mills and factories, but he might rejoice in having

* A member had lately charged him with wishing to restore barbarism!

achieved a new triumph over the selfishness that had brought dishonour on this country.

Great was the joy of the poor girls and boys on their deliverance from the coal-pits. The former sought a livelihood as domestic servants, or in employments more suitable to their age and sex, and the name of their deliverer became a household word. From that time began a course of social reformation in districts hitherto the most barbarous, and the way lay open for successive enactments, which have imparted a new and honourable character to British legislation. By this time, too, our philanthropist had not only become the centre of correspondence, and the parliamentary representative or leader of those who laboured for the benefit of the working classes, but he had himself explored haunts of wretchedness, and extensively visited collieries, mines, and factories, acquainting himself with modes of life and methods of manufacture, and acquiring an extensive knowledge of all interests concerned, not only of the work-people but also of the proprietors.

Provision, it is true, had been already made, by the Factories' Act, for giving schooling to the children; but the fruits of that provision were but scanty. Some millowners, gentlemen who would have promoted the welfare of their people independently of legal obligation, had schools on their property that were well conducted and efficient; but many others did no more than submit to the letter of the law, without satisfying the spirit of it. Schools, so called, were receptacles of ignorance and filth; and there were even combinations of the very opposite functions of schoolmaster and stoker in the same person. Children were taken to the engine-room, and the captain of the place alternated his efforts between feeding the fire and flinging loosely the first elements of literal instruction among his infant charge. Lord Ashley, while watching the effects of his benevolence, found that something more should be done, not only for the children in colliery, mining, and factory districts, but for the children of the poor in general; and therefore moved in the House of Commons, in February, 1843, "That a humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to take into her instant and serious consideration the best means of diffusing

the benefits and blessings of a moral and religious education among the working classes of the people."

His lordship justified the motion by an elaborate and vigorous portraiture of the ignorance and vice of those neglected classes, derived from many sources of information, both official and private. He had found that in the large manufacturing towns the statistics of education, if unaccompanied by knowledge of the details, were calculated to mislead, rather than enlighten. Many, if not most, of the schools counted in Birmingham were dame-schools; and the fitness of their teachers to form the mind and character of those abandoned to them, might be inferred from the answer of a dame to some one who asked her whether she gave the children moral instruction:—"I do not. How could I afford to do that for threepence a week?" One child, at Wolverhampton, believed that Pontius Pilate and Goliath were apostles. Another lad, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, knew not how much two and two make. An inquirer found, in the same town, five children and young persons who had never heard the name of Jesus Christ. Some youth had not heard of London, France, Scotland, Ireland, or America. They had not heard of the Queen. Such names as King George, Wellington, Nelson, and Bonaparte were utterly unknown to them. Of the most sacred names in Holy Scripture they were ignorant; but quite familiar with the lives and adventures of Dick Turpin and Jack Shepherd. They never prayed, but they could sing Jim Crow. A hundred men in Darlaston did not know their own names, but only their nick-names. In Cobridge and Burslem three-fourths of the people could neither read nor write. In North Wales not one collier in ten was able to read; and, in South Wales, not one grown male or female in fifty. One boy eleven years old gave answers that might have been returned by hundreds, if not thousands: "I never heard of Jesus Christ. I never heard of God. I have heard the men in the pit say 'God damn them.'" A girl of eighteen had not yet heard of Christ; and it was said that utter ignorance of our Saviour's name was very common among young persons in her neighbourhood. Another said, "I never go to church or chapel. I do not know who God is." "As you have expressed

surprise," said an employer to the sub-commissioner of factories who visited Halifax, "at Thomas Mitchell not having heard of God, I judge there are very few colliers hereabout that have." Vice, the universal companion of ignorance, was general. The manners of both children and adults were extremely dissolute; and the working class, separated from those above them by so broad a barrier, were envious and discontented, and regarded "magistrates, masters, pastors, and all superiors, as enemies and oppressors." Yet there *was* a kind of teaching imparted to them all. Depraved and cunning men imbued them with impiety and insubordination; and in one of those towns a working man's hall was opened on Sundays, where 300 poor children were initiated into infidel and seditious principles. Atheistical orators harangued assemblages of operatives, and infused into them a wild and Satanic spirit. After laying a mass of astounding information before the house, his lordship uttered another of his gravely impassioned perorations, and amongst other things spoke as follows:—

"In ten years from this hour—no long period in the history of a nation—all who are nine years of age will have reached the age of nineteen years; a period in which, with the few years that follow, there is the least sense of responsibility, and the power of the liveliest action, and the greatest disregard of human suffering and human life." "So long, sir, as this plague-spot is festering among our people, all our labours will be in vain; our recent triumphs will avail us nothing—to no purpose, while we are rotten at heart, shall we toil to improve our finances, to expand our commerce, and to explore the hidden sources of our difficulty and alarm. We feel that all is wrong; we grope at noon-day as though it were night; disregarding the lessons of history and the word of God, that there is neither hope, nor strength, nor comfort, nor peace, but in a virtuous, a wise, and an understanding people. But if we will retrace our steps, and do the first works—if we will apply ourselves earnestly, in faith and fear, to this necessary service, there lie before us many paths of peace, many prospects of encouragement." "We owe to the poor of this land a weighty debt. We call them improvident and immoral, and so many of them are; but that im-

providence and that immorality are the results, in a great measure, of our neglect, and, in not a little, of our example. We owe them, too, the debt of kinder language and more frequent intercourse. This is no fanciful obligation. Our people are more alive than any other to honest zeal for their cause, and sympathy with their necessities, which, fall though it may on unimpressible hearts, never fails to find some that it comforts, and many that it softens. Only let us declare, this night, that we will enter on a novel and a better course—that we will seek their temporal through their eternal welfare—and the half of our work will then have been achieved. There are many hearts to be won, many minds to be instructed, and many souls to be saved: '*Oh Patria! oh Divum domus!*'—The blessing of God will rest upon our endeavours; and the oldest among us may perhaps live to enjoy, for himself and his children, the opening day of the immortal, because the moral, glories of the British empire."

The Queen was addressed accordingly, and Sir James Graham, in consequence, brought in his famous Factory Bill, which appeared objectionable on account of clauses that would have made the education of the poor subservient to the extension of the Church of England, but prejudicial to religious liberty. That particular measure failed, but the facts and the appeals were not lost. A system of national education, comprehensive of all religious denominations, or independent of them all, has not been established; nor is it likely to be; but, in the matter of education, the Government of England has been fairly pledged to such a liberal policy as will not only tend to benefit the masses of the people by the multiplication of schools, and the intellectual elevation of teachers, but constitutes a precedent of inestimable value for the guidance of all successive administrations. This is mainly attributable, under God, to the devotedness and perseverance of the present Earl of Shaftesbury.

It might be tedious to recount, from year to year, the numerous parliamentary proceedings in which he took part. As member of the Board of Control of the East India Company he must have become cognizant of Indian affairs, but his habit of investigation made his knowledge intimate, and, ever on the alert when the claims of humanity re-

quired his interference, he pleaded for the imprisoned Ameers of Scinde, with whom he contended that England had broken faith. And he raised his voice against the French invasion of Tahiti with Romish missionaries. But for his vast constituency—if it be lawful so to speak—for the poor of his native island, he laboured on every occasion, and at every opportunity. In 1843 he brought in a bill for allotments of land for field-gardens to the poor, and for the legislation of loan-funds. The first effort did not succeed, but, eventually, success crowned his perseverance. Of course he did not escape misapprehension. Many manufacturers regarded him as their enemy. From Scotland, especially, came petitions to Parliament for exemption from the operation of his act for the relief of women and children in collieries. One of those petitions bore the signatures of two hundred *ladies*, who, as in duty bound, prayed that their humble countrywomen might be sent back again into the sides of the pit, and once more consigned to darkness, tears, depravity, and pestilence. But those petitions were not granted. Honourable members, too, laboured, although in vain, to disprove his statements, or they taunted him with ironical allusions to his “humanity.” One of them roundly charged him with introducing a system of “Jack Cade legislation.” To him he answered:

“I deplore that the right honourable gentleman should have thought it necessary to go out of his way in order to describe the present motion” (for the limitation of hours of labour in factories), “as the beginning of a course of Jack Cade legislation. However, sir, I am not ashamed of, nor will I repudiate, the title. Let me ask the House what was it gave birth to Jack Cade? Was it not that the people were writhing under oppressions which they were not able to bear?”

With indefatigable perseverance, Lord Ashley pursued his great object during the session of 1844, proposing amendments of the Factory Act, in order to reduce the labour of young persons to ten hours daily. Nothing could surpass that perseverance. His patience under the most galling imputations was heroic, his temper unruffled, and his courtesy truly noble. Not once, not even when assailed by provocation that might have overwhelmed the self-possession of any

man, did he incur a call to order from the chair, nor, as it seems, let fall a word that it became necessary to retract. Throughout all his speeches there was an affluence of illustrative evidence and a force of argument that never became attenuated or wavering, and even in the hour of defeat he sank not. On May 10th of that year, he moved a clause to the above effect, according to previous notice, in amendment of the bill then read for the third time, the forms of the House having prevented the motion for such an amendment at an earlier period, and thus was opened a most animated debate, resumed, by adjournment, three days afterwards. A few sentences only, from that speech, as personally characteristic, may be given to show the Christian and gentlemanly temper that, in circumstances the most exciting, distinguished his addresses.

“—I find myself in the condition of being summoned to refute the charge that I, who propose the scheme, am far more inhuman than they who resist it. Now I, for one, will reject the use of such epithets as these; nor will I retort any accusations that here or elsewhere have cast on me the imputation of malignity or cant. I regret but one thing in the course of these debates; I deeply regret that I should have been accused of calumniating the whole body of masters. I totally disclaim it. I should be ashamed of myself if I had used such language towards a class of men that can boast of as worthy and munificent individuals as ever supported or adorned the institutions of this country. Nor am I, because I address myself to a particular evil, to be considered as the enemy of the factory system. Remove some few imperfections, and it may become a blessing, if not absolutely, at any rate relatively, to the present state of our labouring people.” “When I first introduced this subject, I did not attempt to handle the commercial argument; I did not think it necessary for my view of the question, nor do I now; but I owe it to those whose interests I represent, to show that I have not left any part without due consideration; that I have not rushed like an enthusiast into this career, neither knowing nor caring what consequences might ensue from the attainment of my ends. I said then, that I entertained a full confidence that what was morally wrong could not be politically right. I had, and I have,

an equal confidence that what is morally right cannot be politically wrong: and everything that I can acquire by thinking, reading, and above all by communication with those are able to instruct me from their practical experience, confirms my conclusion."

So powerful was the effect of the speech from which these sentences are taken, that it drew from Sir James Graham a declaration, contrary to what had previously been understood as his intention, that he would resign his office as minister of the crown if the ten hours' amendment should pass. Sir Robert Peel also, no doubt believing that the interest of the manufacturers and of the factory population demanded it, summoned up all his eloquence in opposition to the proposed amendment. The wholeweight of ministerial influence was brought down upon the House, and the natural consequence was a defeat. It must be observed, however, that by successive votes of the House of Commons, when dealing with the details of factory labour on previous occasions, his lordship's principle as to time had been approved. They had even gone so far as to determine that young persons, that is to say, persons eight years of age and upwards until fourteen, should work *less* than twelve hours, which was the term of daily labour now to be fixed in spite of all. Against this breach of faith, this triumph of parliamentary tactic, wielded by the executive over the understanding which had for some time prevailed, nay, over decisions of the House itself, Lord Ashley inveighed with a tempered but just indignation, at the moment when he apprehended that such a triumph would be consummated in the rejection of his measure.

"Sir," said his lordship to the Speaker, "the whole question of representative governments is at stake. Votes have been rescinded before, but never such as this. You are almost declaring to those who are your ordinary friends, that they shall never exercise a vote but at the will of the minister. This is a despotism under the forms of the constitution; and all to no purpose; for your resistance will be eventually and speedily overcome, but your precedent will remain, more fatal to true liberty and independence than all the reform bills. Sir, it is possible, nay more, it is probable—for their efforts have been great—that her Majesty's ministers

will carry the day; but for how long? If they would render this victory a lasting one, they must extinguish all the sentiments that gave rise to mine. Their error is stupendous." "Could you, simultaneously with your extinction of myself, extinguish, for a while, the sense of suffering, or at least all sympathy with it, you might indeed hope for an inglorious repose; and, by the indulgence of your own ease, heap up, for your posterity, turmoil, anxiety, and woe. But things, will not end here. The question extends with numbers, strengthens with their strength, and rises with their intelligence. The feeling of the country is roused; and so long as there shall be voices to complain, and hearts to sympathize, you will have neither honour abroad nor peace at home, neither comfort for the present nor security for the future. But I dare to hope for far better things." "It may not be given me to pass over this Jordan; other and better men preceded me, and I entered into their labours; other and better men will follow me, and enter into mine; but this consolation I shall ever continue to enjoy—that, amidst much injustice, and somewhat of calumny, we have at last lighted such a candle in England, as by God's blessing, shall never be put out."

He then moved the clause; the debate followed. The issue has been stated.

In the session of 1845 he brought in a bill for the regulation of the employment of children in calico works, but although the Government did not oppose this motion at the first reading, and merely signified their dissatisfaction with some details, the opposition was real, and the bill was lost on the second reading.

In the same year he earnestly opposed the endowment of the Romish College at Maynooth, for the training of young men to the dogmatic pugilism that constitutes the staple of their theology. The arguments employed by his lordship were the same as are now familiar to every well-instructed reader, and, therefore, they need not be repeated here. Remembering, however, that he voted for what was called "Catholic Emancipation" in 1829, when a much younger man, and when older men than he were also but children in regard to a very necessary branch of knowledge, it is perhaps necessary to say that he dis-

tinguished most explicitly between the act formerly passed and the proposal then made. He said that, when asking for "emancipation," the Romanists only solicited permission to act according to their own religious persuasion, without being exposed, on that account, to any sort of disability; and their prayer was answered. But he now contended that, when asking for money to educate persons for their priesthood, they asked us, who are essentially a Protestant, and by long established policy an anti-Papal nation, to unite ourselves in their action—to act together with them—to teach, as in a national institution, what we believe to be their errors—to inculcate and propagate for them, with them, and at the cost of the nation, errors that we believe to be utterly inimical to the prosperity, and even to the safety, of every nation where they are prevalent. These were his lordship's reasons at that time, and it is well known that he retains them still.

Subsequently on another subject, the admission of Jews into Parliament, he took an equally decisive opposition. The writer of the present article entertains, of course, his own view of this question, but considering that good men, undoubtedly good men, entertain diverse opinions on it, he suppresses, for the present, every indication of that view, and merely observes that the Earl of Shaftesbury, no less conscientious than independent, deems it right to resist the admission into the British Legislature of those who cannot swear, at the table of the House of Commons, "on the faith of a Christian."

On yet another subject, having direct bearing on the morals of the country, his lordship pronounced his judgment (June 16th, 1845) in the most emphatic language. Mr. Roebuck—one of his old opponents, we may say—had made a speech which gave great umbrage to an Irish member, Mr. John Patrick Somers, a member for Sligo. The stenographers, as usual, transferred Mr Roebuck's speech to the press, and on perusing the obnoxious sentences ire boiled hot and high in the breast of Mr. Somers. Horses were put to; the carriage came. Mr. Somers had written a letter, his pen being burning hot; he folded it up, flung himself into his carriage, and drove all impatience to Mr. Roebuck's door. There he delivered, or caused to be delivered, a demand for

justice, with an intimation, in round words, of what is meant by JUSTICE when interpreted into the language of "chivalry." Mr. Roebuck understood his duty as a law-maker too well to coincide with Mr. Somers in his misinterpretation of that venerable word; and resolving to impart his own perception of justice, if that were possible, to his iracund colleague, and teach him the difference between the code of chivalry and the statutes of the realm, called him to account next time he went to the House; relating the visit, reading the letter, and commenting on the right of every member to express his views with entire freedom without being exposed to barbarian assault in consequence. Men who had no wish to shoot others were not to speak there, in the sight of God, their constituents, and the country, under the apprehension that they would themselves be shot at by any person whom their utterances might happen to offend. Much less did it become legislators, and much less again did it become legislators whose own mercurial temperament might at any moment betray them into indiscretions of language, to attempt the introduction of that barbaric chivalry that would settle questions of world-wide importance by bullet or by sword. And then Mr. Roebuck moved that "John Patrick Somers, Esq.," for the reasons given, "is guilty of contempt, and of a breach of privilege of this House." Lord Ashley was instantly on his feet, and seconded the motion, saying that he viewed "with disgust and horror the prevalent notion of what is called honour." The offending member quailed before the censure of the House, and made an apology, ample in its commencement and clear, but rather ambiguous towards the close, so ambiguous that it gave rise to a lengthened and serious conversation, and issued in a formal entry in the journal. The incident is noticed here on account of the display of sound principle on a point of social morality in the nobleman whose name surmounts this page.

Once more, in the session of 1846, he presented several petitions for a ten hours' act. They came from various parts of Scotland, and, in pursuance of leave obtained, he brought in a bill accordingly. The bill was then read the first time. Sir James Graham announced that the Government would not oppose. But it was understood that

Government would not help, but hinder. Sundry members indulged in what one of his lordship's honourable supporters fitly called "wet blanket eloquence." The bill dropped out of sight, indeed, but although a wet blanket may stifle the burning of a chimney it cannot so much as damp a conflagration. Lord Ashley's zeal was not of that languid sort that can smoulder out. His charity towards the poor and the feeble burned up too high to be smothered by a parliamentary defeat on any detail; and, whatever might happen in the House of Commons, his most fervently cherished aspirations were already speaking out through Great Britain in the imperative accents of the law. Only a concrete measure failed. His principles were substantially adopted.

In the year 1846 he resolved to support the movement for a repeal of the corn-laws; but finding that his constituents in Dorsetshire, or, at least, some considerable number of them, expressed great dissatisfaction with him on that account, he did not choose to sit for a county which he could not represent, and therefore resigned his place in Parliament early in the year following.

It was in 1848 that Viscount Ashley appeared in the House of Commons as a member for Bath. It may suffice just to note that his first act was to speak and vote contrary to the wishes of his constituents, on Lord Duncan's motion for the repeal of the window-tax. He felt convinced that such a repeal was necessary. He had avowed his conviction that no sanitary reformation could be effectual until it had taken place, and then repeated the avowal; but when he heard that the loss of that item from the revenue, no equivalent being at the moment in prospect, would embarrass the Government, and threatened injury to the State, he refrained, for that time only, from supporting the motion that otherwise he would have rejoiced to make his own.

Five or six weeks afterwards, however, he seconded Mr. Horsman's motion for a resolution, "that in the opinion of this House, the distinction between episcopal and common funds, restricting the application of the surplus revenues of the archbishops and bishops to Episcopal purposes, and permitting no part of it, in any circumstances, to be applied to the relief of parochial destitution, is inexpedient, and ought not to be con-

tinued." This proposal he did not second from any disloyalty to the Church of England, of which he is a member; nor even because he objected to a favourite scheme of some, an increase of the number of bishops, but because he desired to see an equitable and merciful appropriation of public property to public need; and, as for an increase of evangelical labourers, ministers of his own church, men who would work hard among their parishioners, not neglecting the most needy and the least esteemed of them, this he did most earnestly desire.

But now we must proceed to trace him in a new course. Not new, indeed, for it was only a continuation of his former pursuits, a renewal of his earliest labours; but yet new in the presence of the public, and in relation to some important public institutions with which he is now associated. Long had he gone into provincial districts where oppression or heedlessness, or cupidity had ground the faces of the poor. Long had he allowed the poor man free access to him, and welcomed him with a rare mingling of sympathy and condescension. Long had he gone into the cottages of the poor, known or unknown. He understood their manners, their necessities, their language; and he made their cause his own. But he always returned to his own mansion undebased by vulgar intercourse. It was not as a democrat that he courted the people. It was never in the character of a demagogue that he fell into opposition towards the Government. He presided at meetings of working men, received deputations from bodies of operatives in all parts of the kingdom, spent no small part of his time in correspondence and interviews with persons of humble station, sometimes even of the humblest, but without drooping beneath the intrinsic elevation of his nature, and without sacrificing the proprieties of his rank. Sometimes impostures cheated him; but to suffer thus is only to pay the tax that our poor humanity levels on all its benefactors; a contribution this trifling in comparison with wealth of soul, and even with the material benefits that the Father of mankind is ever pleased to shower on those who despise not one of his little ones, and who hold the cup of consolation to the lips of the wayworn and the fallen. Once, for example, a

poor fellow, maimed and deformed, came to his house to exhibit himself as a fragment of wrecked humanity—a specimen of the bodily disfigurement and wretchedness of an operative defrauded of his rights, and robbed of a limb besides. An extreme case, of course, even in those days—for that happened several years before the time to which we are now arrived. Lord Ashley questioned the man, and had no reason to disbelieve his answers. The fellow had been injured, as he stated, no doubt, and he was really an example of negligence or of cruelty, or of some other of the many vices then clinging to the system. But this notwithstanding, he was nothing the better for all that he had suffered. The loss of a hand had not in the least abated the wickedness of his heart, and after having received charity in various forms from the great philanthropist, he went back into the country, chuckling over his good luck, and in dishonest ways set himself to trade in the little notoriety with which that interview invested him. Perhaps he represented that his lordship had honoured him with a place at his table, and on this the parliamentary opponents laid hold with delightful avidity. But Lord Ashley calmly turned the bolt aside. "He certainly did not eat with *me*," said he, "but I told him that if he called at the hour when my servants were at dinner, he might have some refreshment with them, and I believe he did so." Of course he did. Of course he found refreshment where it was habitually given to the destitute, so far as prudence might seem to warrant their admission.

Now his lordship explored, with a self-denial like that of Howard, the haunts of domestic poverty. He went into the recesses, the inmost, the darkest, the most revolting retreats of human degradation in London. He entered the foul, pestiferous dens that were occupied for human habitations. He reconnoitred regions of this unfathomable metropolis which are to the eye of the delicate and the fashionable more strange, *now* far more strange than the summit of Mont Blanc; for, every summer, some rich wanderers from England seek to signalize themselves by climbing up to it, and slipping down again—the dens, the slums of their own city they condescend not to inspect. What!

they travel east of Temple Bar? His lordship had learned lessons of mercy that now guided his feet willingly into the domains of woe. Perhaps in earlier life, his apprehension of the higher truths of Christianity; of those which, when apprehended, subdue and change their subject, may not have been so vivid. But now the blessings of them that had been ready to perish were come upon him richly. Who can tell how many restored fugitives, brought home to Christ in consequence of rescue from those coal-pits, had prayed for their human deliverer? Who can tell how many lunatics, who had been protected, shielded from malicious persecution, and brought to sound mind again under his watchful supervision, had poured out prayers for him at the throne of everlasting pity? Aye! and can any mortal estimate the preciousness of that reward which God above most surely renders to the almoners of His own compassion here on earth? One thing we know. We see that the blessing did rest on him, and that, fraught with its energy, he went on to fulfil a new mission to the suffering classes of London.

Just let us take a glimpse at him while out on a midnight errand. Accompanied by a few poor men whose benevolence he could appreciate, and who served him as guides and assistants, he made his way to Victoria Street,—or to the incomplete line of ground, beginning at the foot of Holborn Hill, which bears that name in anticipation of what, perchance, it may at some future time deserve,—and entered what are known by juvenile vagrants as the Victoria Arches. A lighted candle enabled the party to thread their way from one dark corner to another in search after the outcasts whom they expected to find there. "Some," says the narrator of this incident, "were merely burrowing in the soil; others, longer accustomed to the hardships of this subterranean tenancy, possessed a scanty supply of dirty straw; a few congenial spirits were lying quietly over each other." They spoke kindly to the poor creatures, and by two o'clock in the morning had collected about thirty of them, and removed them to the Field Lane Ragged School, where means were taken to alleviate the sufferings of some, and find places of refuge for the others. "An attic in a neighbouring

court was taken, where eight were admitted. They were grateful for the bare boards; friends afterwards contributed mattresses, &c. A small house of four rooms in Fox and Knot Court was shortly after taken, and fitted up as a dormitory. Concerning *fifty* of the poor creatures collected by this single effort, "it was ascertained that *thirty-three* had lost both parents, *fourteen* had only one parent, and *three* only had both parents living. *Twenty-three* had no shirt; *sixteen* no shoes, and most of them had their clothes in a most tattered and filthy condition. Some of them had not slept in a bed for five weeks, others for five months, and a few seldom for two years." This was about the end of May 1849. "By the munificence of a benevolent lady, through the Earl, a Refuge was opened in May, 1851. It has since been enlarged, and now accommodates upwards of one hundred and sixty persons nightly." How welcome this charity is to these forlorn wanderers, may be judged of from the fact that, on the night when it was first opened some twenty youths who had been supplied with tickets of admission were standing around the door in waiting. "They presented a spectacle of extreme wretchedness, but conducted themselves with a demeanour of respectful gratitude. Before they retired to their sleeping-berths, the rules of the institution were read over to them and explained. Then a portion of Holy Scripture was read, a prayer offered, and a short and kind address delivered. Order and attention prevailed."

Both in the establishment of Ragged Schools, and in providing the poor with suitable dwellings, Lord Shaftesbury has become more eminent than any other living man. With regard to Ragged Schools it may be observed, in general, that they existed long before they were generally known. But they were few in number, extremely few, and it is probable that many had been formed from time to time, and relinquished after a very brief existence. The idea had found place in many simple minds, but it had not grown popular, and it is doubtful whether his lordship was cognisant of those isolated efforts. The great effort, so far as he was concerned, arose out of an advertisement in the "Times," of the Field Lane Ragged School, just mentioned. The statement struck him as meeting the very case of

all the miserable children that he saw daily. He threw himself freely into the work—how freely, may be judged of by his visit to the Victoria arches; he was elected president, and the Ragged School Union was formed. Under his presidency, by the Divine blessing, this great movement advances at home, and is followed in other countries. When he became president, there were in London but *seven* Ragged Schools and 717 scholars. When the schools were formed into a union there were twenty. The numbers last reported were *one hundred and sixteen* schools, and 27,673 children in London and the suburbs. It would be agreeable to follow out the narratives and the statistics even of this last report, and yet more delightful to expatiate in the broad field that the mention of Ragged Schools suggests, but we must confine attention to our present subject, and refer our readers to the reports of the Ragged School Union, to be had at the office, No. 1, Exeter Hall, or of the booksellers, through Hatchard, or Nisbet, or Partridge and Oakey.

Lord Ashley made abundant use, in Parliament, of the information obtained in the prosecution of these charities. Hence we find him representing to the House of Commons the condition of the abandoned children of the metropolis. He describes them as filthy, idle, and tattered, and states that they are not chance vagrants, beggars, pilferers, that might be extinguished or reformed, but a numerous class, having habits, feelings, pursuits, manners, customs, and interests of their own. He acknowledges the contributors of much of his information to have been London City missionaries, Sunday School and Ragged School teachers. The number of this juvenile population he confidently states to be not less than 30,000, all of them naked, filthy, roaming, lawless. And he earnestly asserts that, "while they are left in their present state, and exposed to all the detestable circumstances that surround them, the efforts of the clergyman and the missionary will be in vain. You undo with one hand what the other hand performs. It is the Penelope's web, woven in the morning, but unravelled at night." In proof of the general statement he adduces the evidence of minute examination of large numbers of these children, and discloses the habits and character of this juvenile community, with many

illustrative anecdotes gleaned by himself. Here is one:—

"Curious, indeed, is their mode of life. I recollect the case of a boy who, during the inclement season of last winter, passed the greater part of his night in the large iron roller of the Regent's Park. He climbed, every evening, over the railings and crept to his shelter, where he lay in comparative comfort. Human sympathy, however, prevails even in the poorest condition: he invited a companion less well provided than himself, promising to 'let him into a good thing.' He did so, and it proved to be a more friendly act than many a similar undertaking in railway shares;" and he winds up the whole mass of evidence by a brief account of the part he has taken in bringing the whole to light, speaking thus:—

"Now these statements are by no means exaggerations. I would not make such assertions if I could not do so on my own personal knowledge. I have gone over many parts of those districts, and have devoted a considerable portion of my time to the prosecution of investigations on this subject. When, in 1846, I lost my seat in Parliament, and finding myself *studitis florentem ignobilis offi*, I determined to explore the unknown parts of the metropolis. In company with a medical man and a city missionary, I have ventured to go over many of those places, and I am able to say that the description I have now given is below the truth. And sure I am, that if I could persuade any honourable member to visit those disgusting localities, there would be no more need for argument or description. They would join, one and all, in a general effort to wipe away a state of things so disgraceful to the kingdom, and so injurious to the peace and welfare of the whole community."

The issue of this appeal, through Parliament, to the Queen's Government was a small grant of £1,500, to assist young emigrants from ragged-schools.

In the next session of 1849, his lordship employed his diligence in promoting various important objects, such as the division of populous parishes, in order that a larger amount of clerical agency might be employed among the masses of comparatively recent populations. And he applied himself earnestly to improve the sanitary condition of London.

Few subjects occupied public atten-

tion in 1850 more fully than Mr. Fox's bill for a national system of secular education. Lord Ashley was one of the most determined opponents of that measure, and in pursuance of our intention at the outset, to borrow as largely as possible from his own recorded words, we set down the following from the report of his speech on the 17th of April:—"The honourable and learned gentleman had declared that the difficulty of the case arose from the differences of creed among those who called themselves Christians; the morality of all sects being, as he said, the same. That was an incorrect position. There were vast bodies who called themselves Christians, from whose morality the whole of that House would dissent. And, moreover, he protested against the principle which the honourable and learned member had laid down, that the morality of the Scriptures had nothing whatever to do with its mysteries and doctrines. The moral precepts and the doctrines or dogmas of Christianity were inseparably connected. He only could receive the full force of the moral precepts of Christianity who received the dogmas and mysteries with implicit belief; and in vain would they attempt to enforce upon the minds of children the binding nature of the parables of the 'Good Samaritan,' and the 'Sower,' or any of the other beautiful and moral precepts of the New Testament, if they left them under the conviction that he who delivered them was a mere man, and not the true and eternal son of the living God. It was from that great truth that the Christian precepts derived their force; and it was by that truth alone that it would be possible to regenerate mankind."

..... "In a recent visit to Paris he (Lord Ashley) found it the universal testimony from persons of all ranks and all politics, that religion alone—the religious habits of the people—had enabled England to stand erect during the time of European convulsion. Yet we were now to introduce a system of education which, if not in words, at least in act, would deny the truth and necessity of these very principles. Nothing was more true than that religion had saved this country—borne us through famine and disease, and carried us through long and perilous wars; and the civilized world had not seen a nobler spectacle than when our thousands and our millions flocked to places

of worship, to acknowledge the mercies of Almighty God on the days of humiliation and thanksgiving. It was now proposed to us, and we must decide—'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.' He (Lord Ashley) could only answer for himself—yet he believed he might give the answer in the name of millions in this country—'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'

Another event of that year was the temporary suspension of Sunday labour in the Post Office, to which his lordship contributed; and, when the subject was before the House, presented a petition in its favour from 31,000 of the inhabitants of Manchester. He also united his labours for the abolition of intra-mural interments.

In 1851 he strenuously supported the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill. And resuming a subject which had previously engaged his attention, obtained leave to bring in a bill to encourage the establishment of lodging-houses for the working classes. The common lodging-houses, whither the beggars, thieves, and other criminals resorted, were haunts of pollution, and hot-beds alike of disease and vice. Poor persons of a different class were also driven to those places for a sort of shelter, or they were beguiled into them and ruined. This was his last act in the House of Commons.

On the death of his father he became Earl of Shaftesbury, and was called to the hereditary seat in the House of Lords, where he first addressed their lordships a few words on the second reading of the same bill in its passage there. The interests of religion being no less dear to him than those of humanity, and the recent "Papal aggression" having aroused his concern in all that relates to that evangelical confession of it which we call Protestantism abroad, as well as at home, he moved an address to the Queen, "praying that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to direct that a circular shall be addressed to the several ministers of Her Majesty at foreign courts, and also to the consuls, where they discharge diplomatic functions, instructing them to report on the facilities which are offered in the several countries in which they reside for the erection of Protestant chapels, and for the formation and regulation of Protestant burial grounds; and also on the laws which prevail in the several countries

where the Roman Catholic religion is established, touching the exercise of that Protestant religion."

On the formation of the "Protestant Alliance," Lord Shaftesbury became its president; and he still discharges the duties of that office with characteristic industry, himself presiding with great frequency, both at meetings of the general and the managing committees.

And in the present year he has followed up his great object, the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, by drawing attention to the distress and mischief that have resulted from the demolition of dwellings of the poor by railway companies, and in clearing ground for new streets, without making a correspondent provision for their accommodation in the same neighbourhood. And out of Parliament, as well as in it, he takes the lead in promoting the erection of suitable buildings for lodging-houses and dwelling-houses. Under the patronage of her most gracious Majesty the Queen, there is a society "for improving the condition of the labouring classes," having this object especially in view. His Royal Highness Prince Albert is president, with a brilliant train of vice-patrons and vice-presidents, the work being done by a committee, at which the Earl of Shaftesbury sits as chairman. Already the high influence of this institution, and the model dwelling-houses raised by them and some more especially under the direction of their royal president, have done much towards establishing a better sort of human habitation, and sustaining by this material instrumentality, the moral efforts made for the improvement, for the temporal and eternal happiness of the poor of our country. His lordship also presides over the Labourers' Friend Society, and it would be difficult to enumerate the institutions to which he occupies a similar relation. The Bible Society, the Pastoral Aid Society, the Malta Protestant College, and the London Society for the conversion of the Jews, may be mentioned as among the principal.

Not without some opposition, yet successfully, his lordship has just now carried a measure for the suppression of juvenile mendicancy. There are persons unworthy of the name of parents, and a disgrace to humanity, who turn out their young children on the streets

to beg. Beggary is to be their vocation, and they are compelled to follow it, with its adjuncts of cold, nakedness, and hunger. Crime, too, is an accompaniment of beggary, and into that they are initiated. Vice rather than indigence at home, has been in almost every instance the motive to this abomination, and no kind of necessity can be pleaded in its extenuation. But it is now swept away, so far as the law can do it, from the metropolis of England, and those who observe the diminution of infant mendi-

cants in our streets will do well to recollect to whom this change is due.

And here we must close this sketch of the Earl of Shaftesbury. It does not pretend to do full justice to the subject, nor could it be expected that, even with the most ample material, that could be done within so small a space. But no labour has been spared to make sure of trustworthy information, and, which is not less necessary, to avoid the insertion of statements which would not stand the test of the most rigid inquiry.

DAVID FRIEDRICK STRAUSS.

IN the history of illustrious Destructives, the name of Strauss occupies a prominent position. He is the great modern iconoclast. With a strong hand and a cool heart, he has entered into the Christian temple, extinguished the lights of the golden candlestick, stripped the holy oracle of its grand historical signs and wonders, left no personal God to be worshipped, and substituted a figment in the room of the God-man Christ Jesus. On the battle-field of German criticism, not a few daring and well-trained captains had previously committed great spoliation. But a lull had ensued. The interest in the strife was on the wane. The ground was open for some new development in the art of strategy. A new hero was looked for, when up rose Strauss, a master-spoiler in Israel. He centered in himself all the scattered powers of scepticism. He arrayed himself in the spoils of preceding depredators, in boldness and unsparing severity outdid them, and on the rationalistic throne

“——— exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence.”

It is a leading design of this journal to exhibit the distinguished of all time “in their relation to the immutable principles of truth.” In accordance with this, we shall endeavour to present our readers with a condensed biographical and critical sketch of this celebrated neologist.

DAVID FRIEDRICK STRAUSS, who still lives, and whose name must not be confounded with that of the eloquent court preacher at Berlin, was born at Luds-

wigsburg, a handsome and well-built town in the kingdom of Würtemberg, on the 27th January, 1808. Having received the rudiments of education in his native town, he was, at the age of thirteen, placed in the theological seminary of Blaubeuren, a small town in the same state. At this primary theological school he remained for four years, going through a regular and fixed course of study, whence he was transferred to the university of Tübingen. Here he completed his preliminary studies. In 1830 he became assistant to a country clergyman, in which capacity he seems to have officiated only for a few months. The following year found him at Berlin, then and since the great centre of attraction to German students. Hegel, the celebrated philosopher, had just died; the sun of the philosopher having gone down, while with the philosophy itself it was noon-day.

“I am downcast about my philosophy,” said Hegel not long before his death; “for, of all my disciples, one only understands it; and he does not.” It has indeed been questioned whether Hegel himself understood it. Its popularity, nevertheless, was amazingly high. Multitudes, to whom it was in a great measure incomprehensible, believed it to be all true. Schleiermacher, who occupied a sort of midway position between the rationalists and the evangelical party,—inclining much more to the latter than to the former,—was then at the head of the theological department. This great man, to whom

belongs the honour of originating the modern evangelical movement in Germany, was vainly endeavouring to unite the deductions of the new philosophy with the Christian faith. In this attempt he made great concessions. "Like a man attacked by a violent storm, he sacrificed masts and sails to save the hulk of his vessel." He who has been instrumental in bringing many off from rationalism, was nevertheless urged far beyond the simplicity of Christian truth by a rationalistic philosophy.

Strauss, on entering the university of Berlin, attended the prelections of Schleiermacher, attracted more by the scientific than by the Christian interest — having a stronger zest for the liberal exercise of criticism than for the living piety, the union of which two elements constituted the broad characteristic of Schleiermacher's theological tendency. Returning shortly after this to Tübingen, fully equipped with the Hegelian armour, he began to read lectures in the university, expository of the new philosophy, with great applause. Here he endeavoured quietly for some years to sustain two incompatible characters — that of a tutor in a theological and evangelical school, and that of an assailant of evangelical truth. By his position as a teacher he was bound to unfold and defend a historical Christianity, whereas, by the very principles of the philosophy to which he had yielded himself, he was constrained to reduce Christianity to a skeleton, and deprive it of its historical basis. Strange to say, the philosophy which furnished the weapon to stab Christianity in the heart, threw a covering over the assassin which for a time concealed him. Hegelianism had a Christology which in words differed but little from the evangelical creed; it retained the Bible phraseology while it tore the heart out of the Bible itself. With that phraseology Strauss clothed himself, and thus in the Christian mask he assailed the Christian cause. Schleiermacher endeavoured to preserve the doctrine of Christ in its integrity, and philosophy unimpaired in its leading principles. Strauss not only saw the futility of the attempt, but from his Hegelian stronghold he covertly sought to dismantle the towers and bulwarks of the gospel. Still Strauss was unknown to the world. Within a limited circle he was famed as an expositor of the new

philosophy, and an occasional contributor to periodical literature. In a still narrower circle, it was not only known that the mountain was in labour, but a thing was expected to come forth that would produce great consternation in the theological world. Ominous reports had gone abroad that the young popular lecturer at Tübingen was about to spring a mine, and desolate the Christian world at a blast. But the appearance of "*Das Leben Jesu*" was more than Germany expected. It produced a prodigious sensation. It disconcerted the boldest among a people accustomed to bold things in speculation. Its author, then in his twenty-seventh year, had, by this publication, his name, for the first time, brought prominently before the public.

This famous work gave at once a new direction to the course of biblical criticism in Germany. The interest which had hitherto been centered on the Pentateuch, so long the battle-ground of German critics, was now gathered around the four gospels. Strauss subjected them to the same critical treatment that De Wette had brought to bear on the five books of Moses. The latter having been deprived of their historical basis and resolved into a system of myths, it only remained to complete the work of demolition by applying to the New Testament the principles of mythical interpretation which had been applied to the Old. The necessity of this had been avowed by De Wette himself. But it was reserved for the bold hand and the icy heart of the Tübingen lecturer to bear the evangelical histories into mythical ground, and place the top-stone on the mythical structure. Not a whit of originality is in his theory. He has only the merit, if merit it be, of having adroitly advanced on the path marked out by his predecessors, taken the weapons out of their hands, and, with a heroism worthy of a better cause, borne them to new points of assault. "This work," says Edgar Quinet in his eloquent article on the "*Leben Jesu*" "was the consequence of premises laid during half a century. The author, for the first time, put together the most contradictory doctrines, — the schools of Bolingbroke, Voltaire, Lessing, Kant, M. de Maistre, under whatever names they were transformed or disguised — materialism, spiritualism, mysticism; amateurs of symbols, of natural, or figurative, or

dogmatical explanations, of visions, of animal magnetism, of allegories, of etymologies; and interpreting them, entangling them, breaking them one against the other, by dint of an indefatigable logic, he drew from them all the same conclusion. In a word, he concentrated all doubts in one, and formed into a bundle the scattered shafts of scepticism. Add to this, that, in tearing aside the metaphysical veil which palliated these doctrines, he brought the question down to its simplest terms; and thus was openly seen, and for the first time, what a work of destruction had been accomplished. He lifted, like Antony, the robe of Cæsar, and every one could recognise in this great body the blows which he had given in secret."

This goes far to account for the extraordinary celebrity of the work. Learned Germany started and fled before it as her own; reminding us of the "formidable shape" in "*Paradise Lost*," who, at the sight of her own offspring,

"—— fled, and cried out, *Death!*

Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded, *Death!*"

The work ran speedily throughout Germany. In a few years it passed through four editions. It has been translated both into French and English. It has formed an armoury out of which our modern English sceptics have taken their furbished-up weapons, and has called forth from all quarters such a series of able replies as few controversies can boast of.

The Würtemberg council of education, immediately on the appearance of the "*Leben Jesu*," called on Strauss to reconcile, if he could, his position as a professed Christian teacher with the destructive principles embodied in his work. This hopeless task he did not shrink from undertaking. He adopted a line of defence which it is difficult to reconcile with any thing deserving the name of morality or honourable humanity. Having, by his mythical hypothesis, stripped the New Testament of its historical character, and reduced the Gospel to little more than an idea, he maintained that his conception of that as an idea which the people received as valid history, did not disqualify him for ministering at the altar, and instructing young men for the Christian ministry. His was the task, he asserted, of harmonising the ideal conception and the

historical assumption. It would require a very refined casuistry to show that this differs in any thing from attempting to reconcile sincerity and hypocrisy, truth and falsehood, from wishing to be accounted a builder up and a puller down, an infidel and a Christian, at the same time. So the Würtemberg council of education seems to have judged. Strauss was removed from his office, and henceforth became, in the estimation of many who could see principle sacrificed at the shrine of liberty, a martyr to the claims of free inquiry.

The Prussian Government was disposed, at first, to suppress the publication of the work. Hengstenberg and some of his school would have wished a ban uttered against it. But wiser counsels prevailed. Neander, than whom German theology has no more illustrious name, was consulted in the matter by the minister of public worship. He at once deprecated such a censorship as calculated to give the work a false importance, and to produce an impression injurious to the interests of Christianity. Some have the presumptuous folly to imagine that "the rock which has towered above the revolutions of centuries" can be overturned; and the suppression of Strauss' book, by authority, would have been a tacit acknowledgment that his assault was invincible. Neander, while strongly convinced that the views of the "*Leben Jesu*" were in direct conflict with historical Christianity, advised that it should be brought to the bar, not of the civil magistrate, but of searching argument. To this bar he and a host of other noble hands in rapid succession summoned it; and the consequences have been a thorough exposure of the false critical principles on which it is based, and an emphatic condemnation pronounced upon it by the scientific public in Germany.

The next event of importance in the life of Strauss was his election, in the year 1839, to the professorship of dogmatical theology and church history in the university of Zürich, in Switzerland. This took place in spite of loud protestations from various quarters, and was followed by an outburst of indignation from the whole canton. The people, whose religious feelings had been outraged by this injudicious appointment, rose almost to a man, and assumed an attitude so firm and serious as to lead ultimately to his resignation of the

chair, and his withdrawal from the country. He was compensated for the loss of office by a government pension. His name, in consequence of these commotions, became famous throughout Europe; and "Das Leben Jesu" assumed an importance and reached a circulation which it otherwise would not have acquired. The theological mind of Germany, for some years hence, was engrossed with these bulky volumes. Such veteran antagonists as Tholuck, Neander, and Müller entered the field and did effective service against the great Goliath. More recently, younger men, such as Ebrard and Wiesler, between whom the palm is said to lie, have severely battered his strongholds and exposed his foundations. Strauss has necessarily been thrown on the defensive. In his advocacy he has betrayed something of the instability of water. The preface to the third edition of his great work contained some important admissions as to the modifying influence which the writings of Neander and others had exerted upon him. These admissions he has retracted in the fourth edition. He felt himself advancing beyond his philosophical principles. A farther advance or a retreat became inevitable. Hegelianism has brought him back to his first love. He has, to use his own expression, whetted out of his good sword the notches which he himself had hacked on its edge. Hegel has driven him farther than ever from Christ; and, for aught we know to the contrary, he still rests in the cold negation, that "a life beyond the grave is the last enemy which speculative criticism has to combat, and, if possible, to overcome."

Our space permits but a very condensed view of Strauss' work, and a few brief remarks on it. The title of a book is generally an index of its contents. It is not so, however, in the case before us. The "Leben Jesu" of Neander is really, what it pretends to be, a life of Christ in its historical connection and development. The "Leben Jesu" of Strauss is a complete misnomer. It is neither a history nor a biography. In all honesty it should have been entitled, "The Life of Christ reduced to nought from a philosophic stand-point, or the Four Evangelists made unworthy of credit."

His great aim in this work is to destroy the historical credibility of our Lord's life as narrated in the four gos-

pels, and to invalidate the miracles contained in them. To this task he brings a vast amount of theological and biblical learning, a coolness and impassibility that are truly wonderful, a penetrating judgment, much precision of style, though we cannot add much candour or fairness. In the strict scrutiny to which he subjects the inspired narratives, he not only finds the difficulties and apparent discrepancies which honest criticism had previously discovered, but he contrives by a system of perversions to bring forth contradictions. One thing, moreover, Strauss always acknowledges in his exploring voyage, and that is the presence of miracles. He admits the gospels to be miraculous narratives. Miracles, as Dr. Newman remarks, "form the substance and groundwork of the narrative, and, like the figure of Phidias on Minerva's shield, cannot be erased without spoiling the entire composition." But because the gospels are miraculous, or narrate events above the ordinary laws of human experience, he argues that they cannot be true. In the introduction to his work he lays it down as a first principle, that a narrative is not historical, *i. e.* the things related did not take place in the manner in which they are set down, when the narrated events are inconsistent with the known and universal laws which regulate the procession of events. The impossibility of miracles he coolly takes for granted. His pantheistic philosophy allows not the special intervention of God. "The chain of endless causation," he says, "can never be broken." The claims of the gospels are thus prejudged before they are examined.

But who will grant him the assumption on which he proceeds to his work of demolition—the impossibility of miracles? No enlightened theist can do it; because, if we admit that God intervened in bringing the material universe into being, we cannot refuse to believe, on clear evidence, that he has subsequently intervened in the introduction of such a momentous era as the gospel dispensation. No true philosopher can do it; not only because geology furnishes evidence of distinct creative acts having all the nature of miracles, but because it is really unphilosophical—a vulgar illusion, diametrically opposed to that modesty and caution which characterise genuine wisdom.

Such, however, is the assumption of Strauss; and being immovably fixed on it, he could not but deny the idea of Christianity as a historical religion.

Having rejected as fictitious these narratives, which the church in all ages has received as the veritable records of the Christian religion, Strauss, strange to say, still pretends to hold all the great ideas of Christianity. Sceptics of a former age stabbed Christianity in the heart, and disowned it as an imposture; but our modern assailants, while letting out the life's blood, are covetous of being counted Christ's friends and true promoters of his cause. Yea, the author of the "*Leben Jesu*," after having undermined the historical foundation of Christianity, turns-round upon us, and boldly asserts that he has placed it upon a surer basis than ever. It was once asked, if the foundations be destroyed, what will the righteous do? But Strauss, having deprived the Christian of his firm footing in a historical revelation, points him with a sardonic smile to a basis floating like mist in the regions of air. His Hegelianism transmutes a Christianity of palpable facts and miraculous deeds into a land of myths and dreams and pure invention.

This leads us to notice briefly his mythic scheme in accounting for the rise of Christianity. According to this, the Old and New Testament Scriptures are viewed as containing a sort of Jewish and Christian mythology. In the myth there is a mingling of the real with the ideal. It is defined to be a religious idea clothed in a historical form. Many of the myths of heathen mythology are considered to have had a nucleus of fact, however small, around which the religious conceptions and emotions of the people gradually threw a covering of their own weaving. Myths are held not to arise from design on the part of individuals, but to have become the form in which prevailing religious ideas and emotions have unconsciously been expressed. Strauss recognises in the gospels a small historical element. He admits that there was such a person as Jesus Christ, a Jewish rabbi, as he calls him, who appeared in Judea at the period commonly assigned to him, and produced such an impression on his followers by his personal character and teaching, that they considered him to be the Messiah,—a belief which spread slowly during his lifetime, but which

waxed mightily after his death. This is the skeleton of historical truth allowed by Dr. Strauss to the life of Christ. The state of mind in the first disciples is made to account for the rest. They were anxious, it is alleged, especially after his death, to glorify Jesus whom they had hailed as Master and Lord. With this disposition they readily ascribed to him those miraculous glories and traits of character which they expected, from Old Testament predictions, to be manifested in the Messiah. Thus the name and person of Jesus became a nucleus around which gradually clustered all that was glorious in the Old Testament record, in rabbinical tradition, and in the conceptions of the early disciples. The historical character of the New Testament, in its fulness and minuteness of detail, is denied. And it is affirmed that the body of myths, said to constitute the basis of the gospel narratives, was formed during the thirty years which elapsed between the death of Christ and the destruction of Jerusalem; the composition of the entire narratives, containing according to his theory both myths and legends, being assigned to the middle of the second century. If the product is wonderful, the process of realising it is much more so.

There are some fatal objections which have been repeatedly urged against this wild and baseless theory. It has been justly maintained that such mythical inventions, as the evangelical histories are supposed to be, could not possibly have taken place in the interval which must necessarily be assigned for them. Within the space of 140 or 150 years, we have a collection of sacred stories of mythical and legendary character exalted to the position of undoubted history. This is contrary to all experience; utterly extravagant and preposterous, especially when we consider the unmythic state of society in which such inventions are said to have arisen. Mythological systems, like geological formations, are the slow growth of ages. It has been so with the Greek, the Hindoo, and all other popular mythologies. Men may write a fabulous narrative in a short time, but we have no experience of a series of myths and legends, embodying the prevailing religious ideas arising in the popular mind, and taking a consolidated historical form, in such an interval as is assigned to the formation of the evangelical history.

But in granting Strauss the middle of the second century for the composition of the gospels, we grant him too much. It has been satisfactorily shown by citations from Papias and Justin Martyr, who lived in the early part of the second century, that the gospel histories were received as apostolic, and were circulated among the Christians long before the date which Strauss would assign to them. Nor is this all. The theory, already so much damaged, has received its death-blow, in so far as historic evidence is concerned, by the appearance of the famous work of Hippolytus "On all Heresies." Hippolytus, bishop of Pontus near Rome, a man of eminence and a distinguished writer, who lived during the latter part of the second century and the earlier part of the third, introduces, in this work, Basilides, who is supposed to have written about the year 117, as giving quotations from John's gospel as a book of established authority at that period among the disciples of Christ. John himself had died only about twenty years before. The man, therefore, who can believe that the contemporaries of the apostles, or those that were nearly so, received gospels of a mythical and legendary character as if they were historical and real, is a man prepared to swallow any paradox, however extravagant and preposterous. To this pass Straussianism is now driven. The historical conditions of the mythical theory are all a-wanting. Sand lies at the foundation instead of rock; and, unless men mean to persist in an unreasoning unbelief, they must now place Straussianism in the obituary of extravagant and fantastic forms of scepticism.

The state of society in which these myths are said to have arisen is, as we have already hinted, another damning evidence against the theory. One of the canons which Strauss brings to his critical inquiry is, that "if the substance of a narrative strikingly agrees with certain ideas which prevail in the circle in which it is born, and which appears to be rather the product of preconceived opinions than the result of experience, then it is, according to circumstances, more or less likely that the narrative has a mythical origin." The myth must be an expression of the age in which it is said to have arisen. Now the substance of the gospel narratives is strikingly at variance with

the opinions and expectations prevalent among the Jews at the time of Christ's appearing. The meek, and lowly, and crucified Jesus of the gospels, with his kingdom not of this world, is *not* the development of the common views and feelings of a people who were anxiously waiting for a temporal Messiah. The image on the coin does not, in this case, correspond with the stamp that is alleged to have made it.

The age, both in its intellectual and moral characteristics, was perhaps the least favourable of all ages to the growth of a mythical religion. "This was," says M. Coquerel, "throughout antiquity, the epoch which most resembled our eighteenth century; an age of doubt, of unbelief, of continual derision and scorn, wanting in respect for all ancient faiths; an age when every thing was questioned, when novelty was desired in all things; an age, of which the true representative is Lucian, he who has been called the Greek Voltaire—Lucian, the celebrated author of 'Dialogues of the Dead,' 'Dialogues of the Gods and Goddesses,'—Lucian, who jested with Olympus, regardless of the Pantheon at Rome, which was filled with innumerable divinities. It was in unbelieving Europe that Christianity at once took root, and established itself in a decisive manner without delay. It was in the most civilised, the most corrupt, the most learned cities—Corinth, Athens, Rome,—that the gospel found its first converts and its first martyrs. Strange contradiction, that the people who believed nothing—of whose thoughts Pilate was the very echo, when he scornfully asked, 'What is truth?'—should so quickly learn to construct a new religion, by the assistance of some worn-out legends of the East. Strauss in vain combats this overwhelming reply,—that a mythology can be established only in a simple, ignorant, and credulous age, and not in one of dispute and doubt."

In short, the more the problem is investigated, the more evident will it be, that not one of the conditions in which a mythology is possible can be found in the case of Christianity. Strauss' theory fails to account for its origin. It fails also to account for its reception. Strauss admits that the belief in Christ's resurrection contributed to the reception of the gospel by multitudes. But the resurrection itself he resolves into a myth.

This is only shifting the difficulty farther back. The resurrection of Christ was no more an embodiment of the prevailing belief and feeling of the people respecting the Messiah, than was his death. Every supposition framed to account for it, except the one that Christ actually did rise from the dead, is burdened with such absurdities as no man would tolerate unless he were determined, at any cost, to get rid of Christianity as a historical and supernatural religion.

If the mythical theory fails to account for the footing which Christianity had among the Jews, its failure is not less in accounting for the success of Christianity among the Gentiles. The gospels—a compound, as is alleged, of Jewish myths and legends—to have made such wonderful triumphs among nations whose whole prepossessions and prejudices were against everything that had a Jewish origin and impress! no idea can be more extravagant and preposterous. “In truth,” as has been well remarked, “nothing less than a universal lunacy of the nations will account, under such circumstances, for its reception by them.”

If the external evidence all goes to demolish this fantastical theory, the internal contributes to the same result. The gospels have no appearance whatever of a mythology. No one can honestly read them without being impressed with their intense historical reality. It is the calm simplicity of direct narrative, not the stirring, wrought-up scenes of fable. There is such a minute fidelity of detail, and such a truthful impress of individuality in the personages, as belong to no mere compilation of ideas, as accord with no composition of a mythical and legendary character. It has often been remarked that the introduction to Luke's gospel—characterised as it is by such calmness and caution—is contrary to the way in which mythologies open, and in keeping with this is the spirit of detail that pervades the whole narrative. There are two characters in the New Testament, not to mention others, which, for their historic reality, are a direct proof against the mythic theory of Strauss. These are the character of our Lord and that of Paul the apostle. They are no mythical legendary heroes. Paul's character bears all the impress of historic truth. Jesus, the holy, harmless, and undefiled One,—the ideal of all excel-

lence, is a practical ideal. It is a character which, though divinely excellent, is still human. He does the will of his father. He goes about doing good.

But what justice could the gospels meet with at the hands of Dr. Strauss, who has come to the study of them with a preconception against them? His foregone conclusion, that miracles are impossible, has led him to refine away historical personages, and to transmute a table-land of historic facts into a region of dreams and fables. On Strauss' principles, all history may be resolved into an illusion. Instead of having a firm footing in the past, we might be left to wander among nothing but phantoms; and, in grasping at real historical personages, we might find that we had been laying our hands on fictions. Learned Germany has seen this to be the inevitable result of Straussianism. Hence the growing discredit which, in the land of its birth, has come upon this mythic theory. Men have shrunk back from it as from a horrible pit, in which could be perceived no bottom.

Good often comes out of evil. Every assault which infidelity has made on Christianity has only shown the strength and divine supremacy of the gospel. When the smoke and dust of the battle have cleared away, we have been summoned to walk about Zion, to tell the towers thereof, to mark well her bulwarks, and to consider her palaces. So has it been in the case before us. Strauss has given a blow to the frigid naturalist school of Paulus—a school which resolved the Bible miracles into merely natural occurrences—from which it can never recover. He has given a strong impulse, in Germany and elsewhere, to the study of the gospels. They have been made to pass through such an ordeal of close and severe criticism as no other book has passed; and, in coming out of the trial, they have been powerfully declared anew to have come from God. In driving the old rationalism out of the field, Strauss has brought his mythic scheme to occupy its place and to receive a no less decided overthrow. Such men as Neander and Ebrard have exploded the myths, as he himself had defeated the pure naturalism. The gospel of Christ towers above the scene, like the everlasting mountains; while Strauss, once so terrible with his “*Leben Jesu*,” now appears

“*Umbra magni nominis.*”

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

It was a time of general movement. Europe was awaking from the long night of ages; and all things portended a moral revolution. A pure and intelligent religion was slowly germinating in England. Wickliffe had assailed errors that few had seen, or, if they saw, had dared to condemn—errors venerable from their antiquity, and dreaded from their adherents, supported by all the power, rank, and wealth of the land, and the more formidable, because enthroned by superstition in the hearts of the populace; and, greatest of all his achievements, he had given the Bible to his mother tongue, thus, as his adversaries complained, making for ever common to the laity “what was before the chief gift of the clergy.” Persecution had commenced, and all classes of society had furnished victims. And now men quailed; and, concealing themselves from an infuriate priesthood, sought in seclusion to satisfy their spiritual desires.

Another influence was meanwhile developing. A new life had re-animated the intellect of the world. Literature and the arts were again objects of interest. Printing had been discovered, and, as if to intimate its lofty destiny, the first book issuing from the press was the Latin Bible. Erasmus, the champion of letters, the knight-errant of reviving intelligence, had gratified the court of Henry VIII. by his genius and learning; he had watched the storm careering round him in fury and pride till he began to fear, and then had retreated to the shelter of some less conspicuous station. But from the presses of Bâle there came a book, the fruit of his vigils, which was signally to triumph where he had failed. This was the New Testament, now first published in Greek, with a fresh translation in Latin. It crossed the Channel, and was welcomed in the colleges and halls of England.

Thus, then, was the way prepared for a Reformation. There was on the one hand a people ready to receive the truth, and on the other an instrumentality for its diffusion. There were consciences writhing under oppression ready at the first impulse from without to assert their liberty, and there were minds aspiring

after knowledge, whose researches disclosed new and living motives.

At this period WILLIAM TYNDALE appeared on the scene. He was born about 1484 at Hunt's Court near North Nibley, a village situated on a gentle slope almost at the foot of Stinchcombe Hill, and opposite the town and castle of Berkeley. Here was his boyhood passed, and often doubtless did he wander now beside the Severn and through the valleys, and then over the green hills, gazing on the extensive and picturesque scenery, where rich woodlands and fields were interspersed, and convents and churches met the eye in every direction. This spot of all others in England was most in subjection to the Pope. It was his richest garden, and had borne him goodly fruit. Four Italian bishops in succession luxuriated in it. Monks of all orders, and religious houses of every name so abounded there, that it was a common and profane proverb, “As sure as God is in Gloucestershire.” A mighty enemy was being nurtured in the nest and beneath the wing of the papal vulture.

Tyndale went early to Oxford, where he studied philosophy and grammar at St. Mary Magdalen's Hall, adjoining the college of that name. His progress was rapid, and his success in the acquisition of languages especially great. The first classical scholars of the age were his tutors; but in the regions of sublimer knowledge he had another guide—the Holy Spirit, originator and interpreter of celestial truth. The Greek Testament of Erasmus had reached the university before him. He was attracted to it by the learning it displayed, or at least as a manual well fitted by its beauties and pathos for devotional exercises. He read it, and the divine energy of the word becoming daily more apparent, transformed the youth, and led him to recognise and love it as the revelation of his Lord and Saviour. Of bold and active disposition, he did not hesitate to declare his feelings. The purity of his character and conversation, the correspondence between his tenets and his life, soon drew the younger students about him. He began to instruct them out of the Scriptures.

At length his zeal excited the enmity of the monks; he was in danger, and prudence dictated a retreat. Accordingly he fled to Cambridge. Oxford had at least borne testimony to his scholarly abilities—he had taken his degrees; and now the sister university was to make a similar acknowledgment.

The Greek Testament had already made its converts at Cambridge. Thomas Bilney, an LL.D., and Fellow of Trinity College, allured by its Latinity, had purchased it on its arrival. At the first reading he chanced upon that sentence of St. Paul's, "It is a true saying, and worthy of all men to be embraced, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief and principal." He had long been distressed from the consciousness of sin, and vainly sought relief by application to the priests; but this delightful declaration exhilarated his heart and opened his eyes. He believed; and the first promptings of his regenerate nature resulted in continued effort for the enlightenment of others. Tyndale and Bilney became constant associates; and a third ally was soon found in John Fryth, a young man of great mathematical attainments, whom the former had successfully instructed in the "science of God." The ardour of these three young scholars was not easily repressed. They proclaimed the truth with enthusiasm, and denounced error with courage. Great clamour was the consequence, but in proportion to the increase of excitement was the attention directed to the sacred book, which daily extended its circle of influence.

In 1519, Tyndale left Cambridge and returned home. About eight miles from the place of his birth stood Little Sodbury Manor House, the abode of Sir John Walsh, a gentleman of hospitality and wealth, who had distinguished himself in the tournaments of the court, and been knighted by the then young and gallant king. Here Tyndale resided as tutor for two years. On the Sundays his sweet and gentle voice was heard in the little church of St. Adeline, where the family assembled in the manorial pew; but his zeal often carried him into the neighbouring towns and parishes, much to the annoyance of the priests, who threatened to expel from the church every one who dared to listen to him. He was to be found preaching even in Bristol,

and frequently delivering his message with power on St. Austin's Green. But the scene of perhaps severer struggles and greater courage was the dining-hall of the Manor House. Here, around the richly laden table, there gathered in their varied costume, abbots, deans, archdeacons, doctors, and monks; and foremost among the many subjects of conversation was the new heresy. Tyndale well knew how to wield "the sword of the Spirit;" and never failed to speak his opinion simply and plainly, refuting their errors and confirming his sayings by reference to *the book*, which was always at hand and produced whenever occasion demanded. With his finger before them upon the verse that contradicted their assertions, there was no more argument; but malignity supplied its place. The ecclesiastics were angry; and inviting Sir John and his lady to a banquet where no restraint of this kind was imposed upon them, and with none to gainsay, talked glibly on their favourite topic, and strove to impress their guests with the propriety of their views. The effort was in part successful. Sir John and Lady Walsh, both nevertheless intelligent and worthy people, went home to reason with their tutor. He, in turn, expostulated. "Well," said the lady, "there was one doctor there worth a hundred pounds, another two hundred, and another three hundred; and what! were it reason, think you, that we should believe you before them?" Strange logic this! but it silenced Tyndale; and for some time after he said little on the subject. He was at that time busy in translating from Erasmus, the "Christian Soldier's Manual." Once finished, he presented it to Sir John and his wife; and the wisdom of this tacit rebuke was soon apparent. A silent revolution was taking place in the Manor House. The priests were not so frequently invited, and when they came, it was to receive fewer tokens of respect, and to partake of cheer that intimated a less hearty welcome. In consequence they soon discontinued their visits; and, exasperated with Tyndale as the cause of their exile from the mansion, spread through the country false and malicious reports respecting him. Mendicant friars and ignorant curates trooped together to the alehouse, which they made their preaching place, and there before the peasantry declared his sayings to be heresy, multi-

plying the evidence as it suited their imagination and anger. A tempest was gathering. The tutor quietly observed their actions. He saw that the Scripture was the great object of their hatred; that it was the most effectual exponent of their abominable doings and doctrines; that by tradition, by worldly similitudes, by sophistry, by allegorizing, by expounding it in many senses, they deluded the common people. He saw them quench whatsoever truth was taught, and perceived the impossibility of establishing correct sentiments without the Scriptures being laid open to all. These things, he afterwards confessed, induced him to translate the New Testament.

The dignitaries of the church were not idle. They complained to the chancellor of the diocese, who directly convoked a conference of the clergy. Tyndale was summoned to appear; and, suspicious of their conduct, probably anticipating violent treatment, he went, crying heartily to God on the way "to give him strength to stand fast in the truth of His word." The chancellor administered a severe rebuke; and, annoyed at Tyndale's calm reply, then burst forth into grievous threats and reviling, scorning no language that his passions suggested. Tyndale demanded his accuser, but, of all his enemies collected on the spot, not one dared witness against him. The chancellor, ashamed of and vexed by the desertion of the priests, dismissed the matter, and the heretic returned victor to Sudbury. "Take away my goods," he said one day, "take away my good name; yet so long as Christ dwelleth in my heart, so long shall I love you not a whit the less."

Not far off there dwelt an aged doctor, an ex-chancellor of a bishop, and well acquainted with the controversies of the age. With him he frequently conversed, disclosing the secret workings of his heart, and discussing the important questions that then absorbed his attention. "Do you not know," said the doctor, "that the Pope is very Antichrist, whom the Scripture speaketh of? But beware what you say; that opinion may cost you your life." This idea gave fresh energy to Tyndale.

Soon afterwards he was in company with a celebrated divine of the priestly school. The conversation waxed warm between them. The divine defended

himself, the tutor assailed; at last the former, brought into a dilemma whence there was no escape, exclaimed, "It were better to be without God's laws than the Pope's!" "I defy the Pope," said the indignant hearer, "and all his laws; and if God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do!" Noble words were these, right nobly spoken. The spring-tide of feeling had burst its banks; pure and deep was the gushing stream. "I defy the Pope and all his laws!" The words echoed through the country; they were whispered in cloisters and denounced in cathedrals; the people were astonished and the priests enraged. Under the shadow of consecrated edifices, and in the midst of innumerable devotees, a man, dwelling in a stronghold of the popedom, had been found bold enough to defy the Pope and his laws. He must reap the reward of his audacity. Of course "he is a heretic in sophistry, a heretic in logic, a heretic in divinity." Calumnies are industriously circulated; he is said to rely upon the favour of his patrons, to be proud and boastful. "Nevertheless," added many, "he shall be otherwise spoken to." "Banish me to the obscurest corner of England," replied Tyndale; "provided you will permit me to teach children and preach the gospel, and give me ten pounds a year for my support, I shall be satisfied."

His resolution was formed and expressed; he began to mature plans for its execution. The greater portion of his time was now passed in the library. There he prayed and read, and commenced his translation; but it soon became evident that it would be impossible to complete it there. Arrest and condemnation were not improbable. Therefore, dreading interruption, and fearful lest he should expose his protector to danger and trouble, he determined to remove; so gathering up his papers and taking his precious Testament, bade adieu to his friends and his pupils, and prepared to seek elsewhere the security his work required. Whither should he go? At this juncture he recollected the Bishop of London, whom Erasmus had eulogised as "the first of Englishmen in Greek and Latin literature." "Ah!" thought he, "in that man's service I were happy;" and accordingly he bent his steps towards the metropolis, little con-

scious of what was there transacting. Sir John was intimately acquainted with the court, and by his letters of introduction gained him easy access to persons of influence. Tonstall, the new bishop, was the first and only man whose patronage he ever sought. To him, through Sir Harry Guildford, the king's comptroller, he presented a translation of an oration of Isocrates, as a proof of his learning. Tonstall received it favourably, and, at Guildford's suggestion, Tyndale then addressed him a letter, which was delivered by one of the bishop's officers, an acquaintance of his own. An audience followed. "Alas!" said Tonstall, "my house is full. I have more than I can well employ. Look round the city, *where you cannot lack a service.*" The design of the interview was frustrated, but thus the Bible-burner of later years incidentally bore testimony to the ability of the translator.

Tyndale felt disheartened for a moment, then resuming his courage, resolved to trust that God who never appoints an individual to a work without giving him means for its accomplishment. He had commenced preaching almost immediately after his arrival in London, and still, from the pulpit of St. Dunstan's, he continued to proclaim the truth with plainness and sincerity. There sat beneath him as an eager and attentive listener, one Humphrie Munmouth, a rich merchant and afterwards an alderman of the city, in character generous and prudent, a patron of learning, and a consistent Christian. The mild but lucid and evangelical discourses of the Gloucestershire stranger charmed him; he inquired into his means of living, and no sooner did Tyndale find himself excluded from the bishop's palace than he was welcomed to the citizen's house. Now the coveted opportunity seemed to be his. He studied day and night; and refusing the delicacies that covered the hospitable table of his host, lived frugally on sodden meat and small-beer. In dress he carried his simplicity so far as to abstain from wearing linen. When necessitated to divert his eyes from his favourite task, he would gaze around and mark the course of the world. Now he heard preachers boasting of their high authority; and now he saw the pomp of prelates, busying themselves to establish an impossible unity in the world. Thus

a year rolled by. Ere its conclusion Fryth had joined him in his labours, but now came doubts and fears again. Longland, the king's confessor, had instigated Tonstall himself to attempt the suppression of the growing heresy. Humble Christians who met together to read portions of the Scriptures were summoned from the streets round Munmouth's residence, and flattered or frightened into silence and orthodoxy. Then at length Tyndale understood "not only that there was no room in my lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also, that there was no place to do it in *all England.*" He looked towards Germany. To forsake his country, his home, his friends, was a sacrifice; to go abroad, without resources and alone, was hazardous; but his affections were chastened by heroism, and his difficulties forgotten amidst brilliant hopes; his patriotism developed itself in lofty aspirations and earnest actions, and his faith inspired courage and determination. In the Thames lay a vessel loading for Hamburg. Munmouth gave him ten pounds towards the expenses of his journey, and other friends contributed similarly. He left half the sum with his benefactor to be remitted as his wants might require, and then sailing down the river launched upon the sea.

"The world was all before him where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide."

Meanwhile great events were engaging the kingdoms of Europe. A new era was on the eve of inauguration; and at the crisis there were not wanting men of powerful mind and indefatigable energy. In the church, in literature, in politics there were alike men of renown, but there was one who in influence, if not in talent, eclipsed the rest. This was Wolsey, whose character remains a wonderful revelation of history. Daring beyond belief in his designs, without a parallel in the craftiness of his diplomacy, forgetful of his origin, or vain of his elevation,

"He walked ambition's diamond ridge, where
stoutest hearts had failed;"

and his ruin was the consequence of his own insatiate pride. In Shakspeare's words,

"He was a scholar and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer."

About this period he gave utterance to one of his grand conceptions—his resolve to found a college, “the most glorious in the universe.” There is great reason to believe that Lord Herbert’s interpretation of this design is correct. “If men,” wrote he, ascribing the argument to Wolsey, “were once persuaded that they could make their own way to heaven, and that prayers in their *native* and customary language might pierce heaven, as well as in *Latin*, how much would the authority of the mass fall! How prejudicial might this prove to all our ecclesiastical orders! For this purpose, since printing cannot be put down, it were best to set up learning *against* learning; and by introducing able persons to dispute, to suspend the laity betwixt fears and controversies.” And so it seems the king thought also, for Cardinal College* was founded, and the choicest young men of England gathered within its walls. Amongst these was John Fryth.

Tyndale found numerous friends to the gospel in Hamburg, and, encouraged by their presence, took quiet lodgings in that olden city. He appears to have remained there a year or more, during which time the gospels of Matthew and Mark were completed and printed separately. At first he had engaged as amanuensis a man of kindred spirit: this faithful companion, however, soon left him to travel and proclaim the truth where it had never been preached. One William Roye, a friar-observant of Greenwich, took his place; he was a man alienated from Rome but not united to Christ—docile while without money, but self-willed when supplied. He remained with the reformer a considerable time, and occasioned his master much trouble, who was glad, as soon as circumstances permitted, to bid him “farewell for their two lives, and, as men say, a day longer.”

Tyndale lived with great economy at Hamburg, enduring hunger, and cold, and fatigue, without repining. He progressed in his work, but his money was exhausted; and when Munmouth’s remittance came, he determined to seek another abode. It is not unlikely that at this time he went to see Luther. Neither one had need of the other to enlighten or convince; but a meeting would have breathed fresh energy into

their spirits, and, intimating the spread of religious life and its divine origin, have been the harbinger to their faith of victories new and widely felt. Cologne was the place he ultimately sought, attracted, not by its pretended relics or its ancient churches, which were thronged with thousands of pilgrims, but by its celebrated printers—Quentel and the Byrckmans had warehouses in St. Paul’s churchyard, a circumstance that might facilitate the transport of the New Testament from the banks of the Rhine to those of the Thames. Symptoms of reform had violently manifested themselves in this cathedral city; the bishop, therefore, had forbidden all evangelical religion, so that Tyndale, for security, took obscure lodgings and kept himself closely hidden. Soon, however, he ventured to call on the printer with his manuscripts, and ordered six thousand copies, reducing the number on reflection to three thousand, for fear of seizure. This was to be a quarto volume. The press commenced its operations; and as sheet after sheet issued from beneath it, his heart was gladdened in anticipation of the result, the object of many efforts, and long desired. Just at this moment there was driven, as an exile into Cologne, Cochläus, a most virulent enemy of the Reformation. By his words and writings he maintained to the end of life an angry warfare against all its most distinguished adherents. Leaving larger volumes out of the account, he hurled from his pen more than one hundred and twenty light missives against it. Ever active, he had determined to make the most of his compulsory visit to this city. Over against it, on the right bank of the Rhine, there stood a monastery, one of whose abbots, in the twelfth century, had advocated an acquaintance with the Scriptures. The Reformers were about to publish his opinions. Cochläus had interfered and secured his works, and was determined, in printing them, to make the pious abbot bear evidence in favour of the Papacy. Thus engaged, he was thrown into frequent contact with Quentel and the Byrckmans. Their meetings often were of a convivial character—wine circulated freely—and the printers, excited, would sometimes boast that whether the King and Cardinal of England wished it or not, all England would in a short time be Lutheran.

* Now Christ Church.

His curiosity was aroused; and the more so, when he heard that there were two Englishmen in the town, skilful in languages, and retired in their habits and mode of life. He desired to see them, but could never by any chance meet them. A plan occurred to him. He invited the printers to his lodging, treated them liberally to the juice of the grape, that traitor to all secrets, and craftily seized the opportunity for eliciting the information he required. "Three thousand copies of the Lutheran New Testament," confidentially whispered one of the intoxicated men, "translated into the English language, are in the press, and advanced to the tenth sheet. The expenses are supplied by English merchants, who will clandestinely import the work, before the King and Cardinals are aware of its existence." Cochläus stared; he felt alarmed and grieved, but disguised his emotions under the appearance of admiration. He dreaded lest England should become alienated from the Pope, and the sentiments he detested make new conquests. He went privately, therefore, to the house of a patrician and councillor of Cologne, who had been on an embassy to Henry VIII., and had always shown a great attachment to him and his people. Herman Rincke listened to his story, and excited at the thought of the probable sequel, immediately sent a messenger to see if such incredible things were in reality preparing. But Cochläus had reported the truth, and Rincke, finding it so, hastened to the senate, unfolded the affair, pleaded in behalf of Wolsey and the King, and obtained from them, forgetful of the rights of liberty, an interdict, which effectually prevented the printer from proceeding farther. Tyndale heard the result; disappointment again seemed to cross his path, but there was not a moment to be spared for idle reflections. He hurried to the office, collected the sheets already printed, and packing them safely in a boat, without delay ascended the Rhine with his companion Roye. This misfortune was to prove an ultimate triumph.

Whither now should the translator go? They stemmed the tide of the rapid river. Smiling villages and mountain glens, rocks and frowning fortresses, dark forests and churches, were passed in succession. In five or six days the city of Worms was in sight. Four years

before, Luther had entered it, surrounded by a concourse of people: "I will go," he had exclaimed, "though there be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the roofs of the houses!" Now Tyndale entered it unknown, but with a purpose no less sacred and a courage as dauntless. He deliberated. The edition begun was well marked by his enemies; they would advise the Cardinal and his coadjutors of its character; there would be a scrutiny at the ports; it would be intercepted on its journey. So he argued: and to mislead his inquisitors, resolved to substitute an octavo for the quarto form. In due time, however, *both* editions were completed; and thus, by redoubling Tyndale's energies, did the wrathful interference of Cochläus recoil upon his own head. Of the three thousand quarto volumes but a single fragment now remains, a few leaves, to testify to the rage excited against them. They contained glosses, and a prologue very unacceptable to the public authorities. They were first denounced, and seem for a while to have served as a decoy that shielded from harm the small octavo New Testament, which was without note or comment. The large edition was first obliterated, and of the other there is left at the present day only one perfect copy, and that is to be seen in the museum of the Baptist College, Bristol.

It was January, 1526; and the New Testament was in England. Wolsey was engrossed in affairs of state, Tostall was ambassador in Spain, sickness prevailed, and the powers that be were scattered in confusion. Just then came some ships of the Hanseatic merchants, and concealed beneath their ordinary merchandise lay the invaluable book, whose divine spirit, infused into the nation, was to place it among the happiest and most glorious of the earth. In February an alarm was given. On the feast of Candlemas, that celebrated book, "The Supplication of Beggars," was strewn through the streets. It was dedicated to Henry himself. Bishops, abbots, priors, deacons, archdeacons, suffragans, priests, monks, canons, friars, pardoners and sumners, were all assailed in it. They were denominated idle cormorants. "Priests and doves," it said, "make foul houses; and if you will ruin a state, set up in it the pope, with his monks and clergy . . . Send these sturdy loobies abroad in the world

to get their living with their labour in the sweat of their faces." This was too much for the Cardinal; and then, too, to find the New Testament actually in the country, and, in spite of every precaution, making converts on every hand! There must be a secret search, he commanded, simultaneously in Oxford, Cambridge, and London. Another crusade was about to begin, in which the gallant weapons of chivalry, its lance and flashing helm, its courtesies and pomp, were to be exchanged for the faggot and the rack, for mean and malignant cruelty.

Foremost among the suspected was Garret, the curate of All Hallows, in Honey Lane, Cheapside. Not only had he received, he had scattered far and wide the prohibited volume. The search, therefore, began at his abode. At the time he was fortunately absent, for his holy errand had taken him to Oxford; but he was ultimately captured there. He and others in the university of like mind, amongst whom was John Fryth, were condemned to walk in procession through the street, each bearing a faggot, and being compelled to cast into a fire the book he loved. All of them were then thrown into a loathsome cell, where they languished for some months, during which four of them died. Of these young men not fewer than eleven came from Wolsey's favourite college, a greater number than from any other—from the college specially designed by the learning and genius of its inmates to uphold the dignity and influence of Rome. So true are those words, "He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise; He taketh the wise in their own craftiness; and the counsel of the froward is carried headlong." At Cambridge, Dr. Barnes, prior of a monastery, a convert of Bilney's, and a prominent advocate of the reform doctrines, was at once arrested in the hope of intimidating his party. He was taken to London and before Wolsey. The terrible words, *burnt alive*, were continually repeated in his ear. Every effort was made by the zeal of his mistaken friends to allure or frighten him into a recantation. At length, overcome by their fatal kindness, and deceived by his own fears, he resolved to confess himself wrong, pleading to his conscience with strange inconsistency that the prolongation of his

life would enable him to serve the cause of truth through succeeding years.

Tyndale's New Testament had not been six weeks in the country before its enemies determined signally to express their abhorrence of its contents. The city of London had not recovered from the excitement of Candlemas, the secret search was scarcely closed, gloomy February had not reached its prime. It was Sunday, and old St. Paul's was thronged in every part. On the top of the steps a scaffold had been erected, and there sat Wolsey, mitred and in purple. Around him were ranged six-and-thirty bishops, abbots, and priors, and all his chaplains and doctors dressed in damask and satin. In front of them stood baskets full of books; and in a pulpit newly raised was the Bishop of Rochester, despite the confused noise that filled the building, eloquently inveighing against heresies and heretics. The sermon over, the Cardinal descended, mounted his mule, and rode off beneath a magnificent canopy. Then before the crucifix at the north gate of the cathedral, they lighted a huge fire. Barnes with downcast eye was trembling there, and with him five of the Hanseatic merchants who had imported the Testament. The smoke curled upwards, and the flames flashed more brightly as the contents of each basket were thrown on the pile. The multitude gazed and murmured—the murmur of approval, half lost in the murmur of subdued indignation and of fear that dared not utter its secret wishes. In every black and shrivelled page there was an immortal truth, a vitality that nothing could destroy—and this those fearful, conscience-stricken victims knew, as each in renunciation of his belief walked thrice round the fire, and circling it the third time cast another faggot upon it. To conclude the ceremony, Fisher, who had preached, pronounced to the kneeling populace absolution and pardon for so many days as a reward for being present at his sermon. Poor Barnes! bitterly did he rue this hour. Sixteen years after he nobly redeemed his character, and went to the stake in the spirit of his sublime words: "To burn me or to destroy me cannot so greatly profit them; for when I am dead, the sun and the moon, the stars and elements, water and fire, yea, and also stones, shall defend the cause against them, rather than the verity should perish."

Tonstall now stepped forward. He enjoined a strict search throughout his diocese for the forbidden volume; then ventured to read it himself, but with impregnable prejudices. He catalogued no fewer than two thousand heresies, many of them, we should think, the most remarkable that ever troubled the Church; for every *i* that wanted a dot was enumerated amongst them, and scarcely a typographical error was left without its anathema!

Tyndale meanwhile quietly pursued his unostentatious path. We find him next at Antwerp, whence a third edition, printed by Christopher Eyndhoven, was consigned to London. Hackett, the King's envoy in the Low Countries, immediately received orders to get this man punished; but the Lords of Antwerp refused to give judgment without inquiring into the matter; they demanded that the heresies should be shown them—a task that the accusers found it awkward to undertake. Hackett therefore bought what copies he could, and tried to satisfy his master by burning them. England was being taught a lesson respecting the civil rights of the subject that she was afterwards proud to have learnt. The Hanse Towns were then almost the only refuge of liberty in Europe—an insignificant bark upon a vast and troubled sea. Events were conspiring to favour the cause of the Reformation. Rome had been sacked, and confusion and bloodshed triumphed within its walls; so great was the noise that, says a chronicler, “even thunder would have rolled unheard.” The inviolable Pontiff was imprisoned, and, on escaping with the connivance of the Emperor Charles, fled from the eternal city. The tidings spread, new difficulties encumbered the priesthood, and brighter hopes invigorated the friends of the Bible. The time, thought they, is come for the emancipation of the nations. Tyndale was well informed of all that transpired, not only on the Continent but in the island home of his fathers. The year 1527 was distinguished by the appearance of two publications—his exposition of “the Parable of the Wicked Mammon,” and his “Obedience of a Christian Man.” These were both characteristic of their author, truthful and spiritual. The latter made its converts even in the palace. Anne Boleyn pondered over its pages; and Henry

himself, having read it, exclaimed, “What excellent reading! this is truly a book for all kings to read, and for me particularly.” “Some man,” he wrote in the former, “will ask, peradventure, why I take the labour to make this work, inasmuch as they will burn it, seeing they burnt the gospel? I answer, In burning the New Testament, they did none other thing than that I looked for; *no more shall they do if they burn me also*, if it be God's will it shall be so.” Here was a fearful yet glorious anticipation. The same year an Antwerp bookseller printed a fourth edition of the New Testament, an edition more beautiful than any of its predecessors, being enriched with references and engravings on wood, and having each page bordered with red lines. How was it to cross the seas? A war with Flanders seemed imminent, and commerce between the countries had almost ceased; but it was a period of great scarcity in England, and provisions were demanded by the people, who were ready to break forth into violence. France, although an ally, could not supply the deficiency. Just then a fleet of ships appeared at the mouth of the Thames. The Flemish merchants brought an abundance of grain, and were eagerly welcomed; little did the citizens suspect that, concealed beneath other commodities, they brought the *bread of life*. In one vessel alone one man had secreted five hundred copies of the Testament!

Tyndale found it expedient for the preservation of his person to remove from place to place. About this time he was joined by his friend John Fryth, of Cardinal College, who had escaped from the dangers of his fatherland, and was desirous of aiding him in his translations. They settled at Marburg, and commenced the Pentateuch, diligently prosecuting their labour in secret. Wolsey, who amidst all his manifold and treacherous machinations remained stedfast to the Papacy, resolved to pursue those men abroad whose writings troubled him at home. Tyndale, and Roye, supposed to be confederate with him, could not be discovered; but there was one Harman, an English merchant, who had been active in importing the Scriptures, and the envoy abroad was directed to proceed immediately against him. Harman was arrested, but Hackett was again frustrated. The Privy Council of Ant-

werp would not yield to his requirements; a trial must take place before them ere the heretic can be sent out of the emperor's dominions. Delays occurred, evidence was wanting, and the envoy himself at last narrowly escaped disgrace. Wolsey then dismissed Friar John West, of Greenwich, in search of Tyndale and his companion, and gave him a letter to senator Rincke of Cologne. Rincke, however, was at Frankfurt, but the ardent West followed him thither. It was fair time in the city. Rincke read the letter, and hurried to the burgo-masters, begging them to confiscate the English translations, and seize "the heretic who was troubling England as Luther troubled Germany." "Tyndale and his friends," they replied, "have not appeared in our fairs since March, 1528, and we know not whether they are dead or alive." Rincke, not despairing, continued his inquiries, but with regard to their main object they were fruitless, and poor West returned to his monastery on Thames' bank, to find the opinions he condemned prevailing there, and to become the ridicule of his brethren. Tyndale before long gave proof of his existence and diligence by sending the books of Genesis and Deuteronomy into England. While they were crossing the water, Tonstall, Sir Thomas More, and Dr. Knight, the king's secretary, passed over to the Continent on political business. This transacted, they found time to draw up a treaty between the King and Lady Margaret in the name of the Emperor, one article of which forbade the printing or selling of any Lutheran books in either country. Might not these distinguished men be successful if they attempted to apprehend Tyndale? The Bishop of London resolved to make the effort, and accordingly repaired to Antwerp. He would at least secure and destroy the hated book. During his sojourn there he met with a merchant who professed to know where it could be purchased. "If it be your lordship's pleasure to pay for them," said the man, whose character and dissimulation are by no means worthy approval, "I can get for you every book that is printed here and unsold." "Get them by all means," answered the bishop, "and with all my heart I will pay *whatsoever* they cost you." The merchant, who secretly favoured Tyndale, went to the translator's abode, reminded him how he had endan-

gered his friends and beggared himself, and congratulated him on the means of improving his circumstances, as now offered. "Who is the *merchant*?" said Tyndale. "The Bishop of London." "O, if *he* buys my books, it must be to burn them." And then they conferred together. What if the word be burnt? the world will cry out against those who burn it. Tyndale was in distress at the time, the money would pay his debts, and help him to correct another and better edition. He consented; but scarcely had the delighted bishop deposited his prize within the walls of his palace, carefully guarding it that at some fitting opportunity he might publicly devote it to the flames, than "thick and threefold" came fresh volumes into England, printed with the very money which *he* had supplied in the moment of need! Tyndale, notwithstanding, was in great jeopardy. In every town placards announced the Emperor's intention to proceed against all heretics; and the officers of justice, so called, were on the alert for victims. He resolved to sail for Hamburg, so gathering his books and manuscripts together, embarked on the Scheldt. But now he had to encounter the perils of the sea. A tempest arose; the billows broke in saucy triumph over the vessel; every exertion of the crew was ineffectual; the winds and waves hurried it towards the coast and dashed it on the rocks. The passengers escaped with their lives only; and Tyndale, as he reached the shore, breathless and wet, the hurricanes and clouds of heaven and the depths of ocean all seeming to conspire against him, saw the fruit of many labours and all his resources engulfed by the waters. A second time he ventured to sea, and the ship bore him safely to Hamburg, where he found one to congratulate him on his personal safety, and encourage him in the midst of his losses. This was Miles Coverdale. They abode together for some months during the autumn, and conferred on the great work of translation, to both important and absorbing. The Pentateuch was soon completed, and the misfortune of the shipwreck remedied by untiring diligence and energy.

In England, the royal proclamation had gone forth, specially interdicting the New Testament and other printed books in favour of its doctrines, and commanding that all importing or pos-

sessing, or having written them, should be pursued even to death by fire. This was what the bishops had long coveted. The opportunity was seized with avidity; but persecution is like an autumnal wind, that sweeps over the plain and bends the tree and the flower — by its very roughness it scatters the seeds and multiplies the plant. Wolsey's star, meantime, had begun to wane. Sir Thomas More succeeded him as chancellor; and now this man of pure life and noble intellect was to show to the world and posterity, how fanaticism can betray genius and wisdom to its own dark purposes. He commenced by obtaining a licence from Tonstall to read Tyndale's books; and then, bringing all his wit and learning to bear on the subject, published his comments, "A Dialogue of Sir Thomas More, Knt., touching the Pestilent Sect of Luther and Tyndale, by the one begun in Saxony and by the other laboured to be brought into England." Tyndale procured the book, first finished his treatise on "The Practice of Prelates," and then wrote an "Answer" to its calumnies and sophisms. "The Practice of Prelates" was the first to appear. This was chiefly directed against the Papacy, and contains some able and fearless writing, as the following paragraph will show: "To see how our Holy Father came up, mark the ensample of an *ivy tree*. First, it springeth out of the earth, and then awhile creepeth along by the ground, till it findeth a great tree; then it joineth itself beneath alow unto the body of the tree, and creepeth up a little and a little, fair and softly. And at the beginning, while it is yet thin and small, that the burden is not perceived, it seemeth glorious to garnish the tree in winter, and to bear off the tempests of the weather. But in the mean season, it thrusteth roots into the bark of the tree to hold fast withal; and ceaseth not to climb up, till it be at the top, and above all. And then, it sendeth his branches along by the branches of the tree, and overgroweth all, and waxeth great, heavy, and thick; and sucketh the moisture so sore out of the tree and his branches, that it choketh and stifleth them. And then the foul ivy waxeth mighty in the stump of the tree, and becometh a seat and a nest for all unclean birds, and for blind owls which hawk in the dark and dare not come at the light. Even so the Bishop

of Rome, at the beginning crope along upon the earth, and every man trod upon him in this world." And then the writer prolongs the parallel, showing how the insidious pretensions of the papacy have defrauded nations of the civil power, and concluding: "And thus the *ivy tree* hath under his roots, throughout all Christendom, in every village, holes for foxes, and nests for unclean birds in all his branches — and promises unto his disciples all the promotions of the world."

In the May of 1530, there was another burning of books in St. Paul's Churchyard. Tonstall had reserved his purchase for this auspicious occasion, but the effect produced was the reverse of that intended. The people concluded that there must be a visible contrariety between the precepts of the book burned and the practice of the clergy, and their wish to read it increased. Tyndale himself was in greater danger than ever before. Henry desired to lure him into England, that like a lion he might raven on the prey in his own den. Stephen Vaughan was despatched into the Low Countries, commissioned to keep this object in view. He was a man of mild and merciful temperament, too straightforward to be successful in his mission, and yet desirous of winning approbation from his superiors. Cromwell was now rapidly taking Wolsey's place in the esteem of his majesty; and he was Vaughan's patron. The first step of the envoy was to write to Tyndale, filling his letters with persuasives, and assurances of Henry's clemency, and sending them to three different towns in hopes that one of them at least might find him. An answer came which he was not slow to forward home; and with it, anxious for the reception of his despatch, he sent a private note to Cromwell, in which his own fears were confidentially expressed. "Would God," wrote he, "he were in England!" The reformer was now engaged in answering the Dialogue of Sir Thomas More. This was reported to Vaughan, who being fortunate enough to meet with a portion of the manuscript, eagerly transcribed it for the gratification of the royal curiosity. One day while thus occupied, he was surprised by the entrance of a messenger. "A friend of yours," said he, "unknown to me, wishes very much to speak with you, and begs that you will permit me to lead you to

him." "What is he and where is he?" asked Vaughan, consenting to follow the stranger, who, leading him beyond the gates of Antwerp, brought him into a field, where stood—Tyndale! The interview was mutually welcome; the persecuted exile defended himself against the false accusations of treason current against him, and pleaded so eloquently for the justice of his cause, that the envoy himself seems to have been touched. In vain he strove to persuade him to return to England, and promised security from all danger; Tyndale retorted that whatever promises were made, they would soon be broken at the instigation of the clergy, who would affirm that promise made with heretics ought not to be kept. The next day, Vaughan's pen was busily recording the substance of the conversation; the influence of his opponent over him is evident by the terms in which he is made to speak. For instance, after representing him as proving himself possessed of "the heart of a true subject," he puts amongst others this sentence in his mouth: "If, for my pains therein taken—if for my poverty—if for mine exile out of mine natural country, and bitter absence from my friends—if for my hunger, my thirst, my cold, the great danger wherewith I am everywhere compassed; and, finally, if for innumerable other hard and sharp fightings which I endure, not yet feeling of their asperity, by reason that I hoped with my labours to do honour to God, true service to my prince, and pleasure to his Commons; how is it that his Grace, this considering, may either by himself think, or by the persuasions of others be brought to think, that, in this doing, I should not show a pure mind, a true and incorrupt zeal and affection to his Grace!" As might be expected, a despatch thus worded was not exactly to Henry's taste; and back came to Vaughan an intimation to this effect: "Ye bear much affection towards the said Tyndale, whom, in his manners and knowledge in worldly things ye undoubtedly do much allow and commend: whose works being replete with so abominable slanders and lies, imagined and only feigned to infect the people, declareth him both to lack grace, virtue, learning, discretion, and all other good qualities. Wherefore Stephen, I heartily pray you" (writes the politic Cromwell), "in all your doings, pro-

ceedings, and writing to the King's Highness, ye do justly, truly, and without dissimulation, show yourself his true, loving, and obedient subject, bearing no manner of favour, love, or affection to the said Tyndale, nor to his works, in any manner of ways, but utterly to contemn and abhor the same." Vaughan, however, was resolved to avail himself of any loophole for the exercise of mercy; so seizing on the concluding paragraph of Cromwell's letter, he sought a second interview with Tyndale, and relying on his lively sensibilities, read to him the crafty postscript of the minister, which was expressive of the joy his sovereign would feel in the conversion of the heretic, and of the forgiveness he should receive on returning into his realm. Tyndale's heart was touched, the tears rose to his eyes, for these to him were indeed gracious words, and then he gave an answer which evinces true nobility of soul even as reported by a courtier, to the King himself. "I assure you," said he, "that if it were the King's most gracious pleasure to permit *only a bare text of the Scripture to be put forth among his people*, be it the translation of what person soever shall please his Majesty, I shall immediately make faithful promise *never to write more*, nor remain two days longer in these parts; but repair into his realm, and there most humbly submit myself at the feet of his royal Majesty, offering my body to suffer what pain or torture, yea, what death his Grace will, *so that this be obtained*. And *till that time*, I will abide the asperity of all chances, whatsoever shall come, and endure my life in as many pains as it be able to bear." Tyndale was of gentle nature, an earnest patriot, yet a loyal subject. THE BIBLE FOR THE PEOPLE was the motto of his life, the single object of his actions; and, that realised, he gave to his country the elements of all national virtue, and of that prosperity and true grandeur which, as yet, every age had vainly sought to express.

In the April of 1531, he stood fairly before the world in the arena of controversy. He had dared to unsheathe his sword against the noblest intellect of England. Sir Thomas More's Dialogue ran through three hundred folio pages, where sophistry and ridicule and prejudice combined in the attack. Tyndale replied in short and pithy sentences. More had spoken of a thousand texts as

erroneous; the translator showed the alleged errors to be all reducible to the general rendering of about six words, and triumphantly appealed to his adversary's own knowledge of the Greek in testimony of their correctness. Instead of *church* he had written congregation; instead of *priest*, elder; instead of *confession*, knowledge or acknowledge; instead of *penance*, repentance; instead of *grace*, favour; and instead of *charity*, love! These controverted renderings were few and simple; but well might the Chancellor tremble, for, if vanquished here, he left a breach through which ten thousand assailants might penetrate, to shake at its centre his favourite system. Tyndale followed up this blow by publishing an "Exposition of the First Epistle of John;" and before the year was out, came the "Prophecy of Jonah," uttering its silent warnings to king and people.

"How comes it," said Tonstall in London to the Antwerp merchant who had purchased those books he had recently burned, "how comes it that there are so many New Testaments from abroad? You promised me to buy them all." "They have printed more since," was the answer; "and it will never be better so long as they have type and dies. My lord, you had better buy these too, and then you will be sure." Others, however, were angry beside Tonstall; the whole hierarchy was rising in vengeance; and statesmen, and even the patrons of learning, and the King himself, were eager for it. Persecution had its course, and victims were abundant. To possess the Testament was a crime worthy of banishment. A list of prohibited books was read at St. Paul's Cross, in which thirteen of Tyndale's publications were honoured by denunciation. Heavy fines were inflicted on numbers of individuals. Bilney, the associate of the translator when at Cambridge, led the van reanimated, and courageously endured the flames. John Tyndale was punished for sending five marks to his brother William, and for *receiving and keeping certain letters of his!* Tyndale was the grand object of hostility, and though invisible, their mightiest foe. It was determined to renew the pursuit. Vaughan had failed; Sir Thomas Elyot was now despatched. These infuriated partisans of a tottering system little thought that their violence was multiplying the dreaded sentiments

and agencies; but so it was. Attempt to dam a deep and constant stream, and its waters, overflowing former boundaries, will make a wider channel.

Tyndale proceeded with his labours, carefully avoiding unnecessary collision with his enemies. He next put forth an "Exposition of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount." The Pentateuch was previously completed. Elyot was vainly seeking to apprehend him, when the invasion of Solymán, in the East, drew off his attention in that direction. At this time Fryth, who had proved a valuable assistant to the reformer, left him a while, and went into England. He was taken for a vagabond, at Reading, and placed in the stocks; but as his opinions and name became known, the Tower of London was deemed a residence more fitting for him, and it was not long before he was incarcerated there. Tyndale wrote him letters of encouragement; they were welcome, but the young man had a brave heart and resolute will, and nothing daunted by coming dangers, exulted in the sublimities of faith. His commanding genius excited sympathy; by slightly swerving, escape was easily practicable. He disdained it on such terms, and in a few months was standing before his judges. All as yet had recanted at the first trial; his death was to be all glorious, his memory without a stain. He replied to their interrogations, and when asked if he would subscribe his answers, at once took the pen, and wrote: "I, Fryth, thus do think, and as I think, so have I said, written, defended, and avowed, and in my books have published." Before the expiration of another month he had joined the noble army of martyrs.

Meantime Sir Thomas More had published a voluminous "Confutation" of Tyndale's answer to his previous assault. The reformer again replied, and More rejoined. The latter brought his wit and intellect to bear through many a folio, but his cause betrayed him, and it was soon evident that the despised exile was again to be victorious. Events at home were slowly disclosing the influence acquired by the "new learning." The king's passions and interests needed support of some kind; he was like a veering wind, but which ever way he moved, it was with violence. It was too apparent that to repress these spreading ideas was impossible—they must there-

fore be modified in their development. So argued many; but the zealots of the "old" party were the more enraged. At the head of these was Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester. He determined at this crisis to make another effort for the capture of Tyndale, and selected for the purpose, one Henry Phillips, of Poole, in Dorset; and a monk, Gabriel Donne, of Stratford Abbey. The former played the part of a gentleman, and the latter, in disguise, of his counsellor and servant. Coming to Antwerp and mixing with the merchants there, they soon discovered Tyndale's abode. Phillips meeting with him at the table of friends, immediately sought to win his confidence, and so successful was he in his mean and villainous stratagems, that the frank and unsuspecting Tyndale told him his heart, and engaged him to lodge in the same house. Phillips having thus completed the first act, rode to Brussels, the nearest resort of the imperial ambassadors, and, by treachery to his own sovereign, gained the emperor's assistance in accomplishing his murderous intent. He brought back with him the emperor's attorney and various other officers. Then proceeding to Tyndale's house, he engaged in friendly conversation, and consented to go out to dinner with him. The way lay through a narrow passage; at its end he had planted his emissaries, and walking behind his generous victim with feigned courtesy, by raising his hand over his head, gave the signal for his capture. His person was directly seized, a few ceremonies were passed through, and he was carried off to the castle of Vilvorde. A few bold friends made an ineffectual attempt to secure his release; but his life-work was accomplished, and "the crown of righteousness" was full in view.

Time sped rapidly onward with the captive. For eighteen months and more he had endured confinement without repining. His consistent bearing had won the gaoler and his daughter, with others of the household, to the side of truth. All within the castle declared that if he were not a good Christian man, they could not tell whom to trust, and even the emperor's attorney testified favourably of his learning and piety.

It was the 6th of October, 1536. The day of trial was passed. Tyndale had fearlessly defended his own sacred cause, and the sentence was pronounced, He

came forth now to die—glorious consummation of a pure and earnest life! He blanched not at the sight of the stake. Amidst foes in a strange land, deserted, nay hated and betrayed by his own countrymen, the last utterance of his patriotic heart was a prayer for the monarch of his fatherland. With loud voice and fervent zeal he cried, "Lord! open the eyes of the King of England." He was then strangled, and his body afterwards burnt. Never were the words of Cowper more applicable—

"His blood was shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember him. He lived unknown
Till persecution dragged him into fame,
And chased him up to heaven. His ashes flew—
No marble tells us whither. With his name
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song;
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this."

So fell William Tyndale. No victor slain on the battle-field of his fame ever perished so nobly. Truth hailed from above the spirit of her champion, and welcomed him to the honours of immortal climes. Compare Tyndale's death with that of his most prominent opponents—with that of Wolsey, owning, as he ceased to breathe, "If I had served God as I have served my king, he would not have deserted me in my grey hairs;"—with that of Fisher, the preacher of the sermon at the grand Bible-burning, on whom Henry's brutal taunt was fulfilled, that they might send him a cardinal's hat from Rome, but he should not have a head to wear it on;—or even with that of More or of Cromwell;—Tyndale's death is in proportion more glorious than theirs, as his career was more honourable and sublime.

His legacy to his country was the entire English Bible, translated from the original languages. This was published in the year succeeding his martyrdom. What Wyckliffe had partially effected in manuscript, he did worthily and completely in print. The correctness of his version is evident in the fact, that the major part of that commonly used is substantially his; many a minor alteration was made for the worse. Its superiority to Coverdale's translation resulted in good part from the independence of its author. He had no patron; Coverdale could compare that monster of tyranny and wickedness, Henry VIII., to Moses, David, Jeho-

saphat, Hezekiah—he was “yea, a very Josias!” Tyndale wrote, “Repent,” Coverdale, pandering to Romish doctrines, “amende yourselves:” the former declared that there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner “that repenteth,” the latter “over one sinner that doeth pennaunce.”

Tyndale's character is apparent in his life. Long neglected, or undervalued, let him now take his true position among the great of past time. His virtues and unostentatious genius, his resolution and perseverance, the loftiness of his aims, his self-denying life and courageous death, surround his memory with fragrant recollections. To English men and English Christians, it should be peculiarly dear. He was a patriot in the highest sense of the word; and though an exile, our island's chief reformer. The glimmering rays of truth had scarcely dawned on the vacillating Cranmer, when Tyndale's sun had gloriously set. Latimer was the only man bold in denunciation of error and con-

sistent in opposition; and *he* preached—truthfully and manfully we allow; but Tyndale took the book of ages, the truth itself robed in divinity, and by its omnipotent power undermined superstition and vice. He opened to England those pages, where were written the secrets of its future greatness. In contending for spiritual, he aided the advance of civil, liberty. In proclaiming a pure Christianity, he gave that element to society which is most needed—an element progressive in its influences, stable in its consequences. Humanity has built monuments to freedom and mind, but on narrow views, on factious purposes, on self-interest and passion. Christianity raises her temple on the rock; its adornments are as imperishable as pleasing, its pillars no less firm than well-proportioned, strength and majesty combine throughout the pile. All honour then to the man—to William Tyndale, who died to secure for his country the genial sway of this regenerator of the world.

CHARLES JAMES NAPIER.

AFTER a long life passed in stormy conflicts another great warrior has been removed in peace from the world. A man whose “poor shattered body,” as his brother has described it, carried seven deep wounds; whose sword had cut his path in many and terrible strifes; whose name was associated with deeds of reckless daring and military skill; has been allowed to pass through Badajos and Corunna; Busaco and Fuentes d'Onore, Meeanee and Hydrabad, to Oaklands; from battlefields to his quiet, English country seat, that he might die there.

The Napiers have earned for their name a high place in literary, military, and scientific history. The living generation are accustomed to read their achievements on sea and shore. The history of their services gains nothing in colouring or extent, when narrated by one of themselves; yet our best military historian is a Napier. A few weeks since the country could command in any danger the services of two Sir Charles

Napiers; and both of these leaders, although belonging to different professions, could officiate in either department. They had brought the military and naval service into close and personal alliance; for Admiral Sir Charles Napier occasionally made inroads on the land service, and General Sir Charles James Napier had served, like a marine, on land and water. Now England has but one of the two; and the loss might be severely felt in any hour of danger and dismay.

It seems to memory but a little time, and in reality it is only a few years, since the Anglo-Indian empire was considered to be shaken. A battle had been lost—a great battle—or if not quite lost, it had not been gained. The public were unaccustomed to disaster; for the recollection of Afghanistan, and the gallant men who died at Cabul, had been effaced. Popular names may fade away, and be forgotten in seven years. Burnes and MacNaughten, who lived, and in the flower of manhood died by a traitor's

hand, close together, once the hope of "Young India," were not remembered then. The public dwelt on the last loss. Politicians wrote, statesmen talked, and military men were compelled to act in the new crisis of Indian affairs. The conqueror and ex-governor of Scinde had returned home in a bitter mood with Anglo-Indian administration, and his anger was not groundless. The panic of the year had even entered Apsley House, and the Commander-in-chief sent for Sir Charles Napier. The conversation was short. The Duke of Wellington offered the chief command of the Indian army. The owner of Oaklands began his usual complaints of the civil authorities of India; but his old general had no right to redress, and no wish, therefore, to hear them. He cut short every argument with the announcement, "India is probably lost, and you or I must go; if you cannot, then I can." The command was accepted. Three years have come and gone—the grave has closed over the peer and the commoner—St. Paul's has the first and Portsmouth the last, and who would now save India, for Britain's great men die fast?

The death of Sir Charles Napier leaves a vacant place in the Army List that will not be easily occupied. A soldier for sixty years, and from boyhood, he was ardently attached to his profession. His zeal for the character and efficiency of the army rendered him a radical reformer of military abuses. His education, either in, or attached to the camp, produced contempt for civil administrators, which was strengthened by his communications with corrupt officials. Bravery in battle, combativeness at his desk, and discipline of the strictest character in all circumstances and at all seasons, inherent in his family, were conspicuous in his life. These qualities secured for him that esteem in the army essential to successful operations in the field. The conqueror of Scinde has left no leader in the British forces more likely to inspire his foes with dread or his friends with courage; and yet he has gone down to the grave, in a time of peace, an untitled soldier, and until the Scinde war not a very wealthy man.

Kingdoms, or their writers, have contended regarding the descent of Sir Charles Napier, as the cities of Greece contested the honour of Homer's nativity. The arguments of different

claimants in reference to the General are strong, and the case is not clear. He belonged, as one of the Napier family, to Scotland. His father was a Scotsman. He was born in England, in London, in Whitehall; and his mother was an Englishwoman. And he was educated in Ireland, at Castletown, county of Kildare; but the period of education, in its usual meaning, was short. He had an ensign's commission in his twelfth or thirteenth year; and, like Abercromby, Harris, Moore, and other distinguished soldiers, acquired the greater part of the knowledge which he possessed in the camp.

The private biography of Sir Charles Napier, like that of all other men, might be compressed within a few lines. He was born, in London, on the 10th August, 1782, and he died at Oaklands, his country seat, near Portsmouth, on the 30th August, 1853, in his 71st year. He had, indeed, completed his 71st, and entered a few weeks upon his 72nd year. His father was a military man—the Hon. Col. George Napier; and his mother was a daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. The Hon. Col. George Napier received a military appointment in Ireland; and the removal of the family to that country formed the only connection between Sir Charles Napier and that island. He has left two brothers, an elder and a younger, both soldiers, both lieutenant-generals, both literary men and writers of high standing: the former, Lieutenant-General Sir George Thomas Napier, once governor of the Cape of Good Hope; and the latter, Lieutenant-General Sir William Francis Napier, the distinguished historian.

Sir Charles J. Napier was not married until 1827, when, in his 45th year, he married the widow of John F. Kelly, Esq., who died in 1833. He married, in 1835, the widow of Richard Alecock, Esq., R.N. The mutual attachment of the Napiers contributed to their domestic happiness, without aiding their progress in life. They have admirably served their country, without securing those rewards which are bestowed on men less gifted. The remark is equally applicable to their cousin, Admiral Sir Charles Napier. Blunt speech and plain writing do not recommend officers in the army and navy; and we must allow, that the rebukes of these distinguished officers have been less courteous

than honest; and that they have been involved in many disputes, which either more cunning, or greater prudence, would have taught them to avoid.

Although Sir Charles J. Napier entered the army at an early age, his progress in the profession was not remarkably rapid. He was a captain in 1803, nine years after he had joined the service. In 1806, he was major in the 50th regiment; in 1811, he was a lieutenant-colonel. Thirteen years afterwards he obtained the colonelcy of the 22nd regiment. After the peace of 1815, he was named governor of the Ionian Islands; and if he did not succeed in pleasing the Colonial Office and the Home Government, he gave great satisfaction to the Cephalonians, who have not yet forgotten the man whose qualities of mind gained the hearts of strangers. Twelve years after the attainment of his colonelcy, he was, in 1837, a major-general; and, in 1846, he attained the higher step of lieutenant-general. He passed some years of his life peaceably and at home, in the command of the northern district, redressing abuses and reforming evils in the discipline of the regiments which came within his circle. Although destined to perform a great part in India, yet he had reached his 59th year before the commencement of his connection with that country. He then received the command of the Bombay Army. The events that colour in brilliancy and brightness the last decennial period of his life will be more fully estimated as we recede from the passions of the time; and its history is studied by the light of its results.

The first active services in the deceased General's life occurred in the Irish rebellion of 1798; and although few honours could be gathered in a civil war, yet its duties were extremely arduous. This rebellion originated partially in ecclesiastical and partially in political motives. The northern malcontents were actuated exclusively by political feelings. They sought the establishment of an entirely independent government for Ireland; and although they did not sympathise with the demands of the Irish Roman Catholics at first, yet they were compelled by the exigencies of their position ultimately to make common cause with the men of the south and west. The hardest fighting occurred in the north; and

although Ensign Napier held an inferior position, yet his ardent mind found hard work to perform. But however necessary the measures consequent on this rebellion were deemed, they were permitted to pass without an efficient record; for still greater events followed rapidly, spreading consternation through the land; and amid the continental convulsions, forgetfulness of the Irish battles was desirable.

But even now, when more than half a century has passed, the memory of the dead survives in wearied breasts, much longing for their promised rest in those quiet graveyards that sometimes creep down to the edge of the lochs that deeply indent the northern province—rest long promised, long withheld—beside those who were laid there in a red winding-sheet, in haste and bitter sorrow, when war rent asunder the families of the land. Even yet the peasant at the twilight time passes softly by dark spots, where aged friends have told him that a gallows was erected for the brave, if also they were—as no doubt they were—the erring. Even now, in brilliant rooms, when the day is over, and the hours of night are beguiled by song or story, when mirth and music chase away many cares, deep shadows sit on old brows, beneath a fringe of silvered hair—and these are shadows that never can be lightened; for old men will tell a stranger that *her* husband, or father, or brother were out in ninety-eight, were shot upon a dark field, or, harder still, were hung upon a darker hill. Rapidly rushes the foaming tide round sharp out-jutting rocks in those deep lochs that run so far into the land, and give a charm to the scenery that nothing else can ever supply. Behind these low rocks the deep green sea wheels and whirls, not hastily, but in slow and solemn circles; like as if it were a living creature that knew its irresistible might, and was to devour its prey with leisure. Now and then, gurgling and gushing upwards from the lowest recesses of deep pits, waters greener still than those that float habitually in the sunlight, look out to see this world of light, and then sink again to their appointed place amid the long green weeds, greener than the waters themselves, that kindly fold up in their silken threads many mysteries, many secrets, many sins and sorrows connected with that dark time.

Napier was very young at the commencement of the rebellion and the French invasion of Ireland; but he had well remembered the deplorable events of that stormy period, terminated by courts-martial, by military executions, and military rule in all the provinces of that island. He had longed for a change of employment, and the scene shifts. The French foes are driven out of Ireland, or they have perished beneath bayonet and bullet, or the stormy surf of its angry seas. The Irish rebels are beaten, broken or scattered, in hopeless exile, over the Western Continent. As generally occurs in such cases villains have escaped; but the chivalrous, the enthusiastic, the thoughtless, and the young have perished in a fine burst of patriotism. Green were then the wounds caused by that rebellion; but the stricken land had peace—a few precious years of peace—during which new men were rising to be sacrificed on those altars of war that were in preparation for the offering. During these years young Napier was acquiring that general knowledge which in after life rendered him a dangerous and ready disputant. Often we may suppose he turned his thoughts to that far-off oriental land where a young Irish officer had acquired and was acquiring fame and fortune. The romance of India stirred his soul, but the strong voice of necessity said ever, “Not yet, not yet;” a time was to come, but not then—a time, but not until long afterwards—when the name of the dreamer would be enshrined upon the Indus, over battle-fields equalling Assaye, or Delhi, or Argauum, in their wonderful history.

Another schemer, meanwhile, was planning work for the Moores and the Napiers of the day. An ambitious eye was thrown from the towers of Notre Dame to those of the Escorial. The ambition that had plucked trophies from Germany and Italy sought to gather them on Spanish soil. Opportunities were easily obtained. The royal family of Spain abdicated. The House of Braganza fled. The former accepted a pension, and the latter sought independence in their colonial possessions. Kings may fly, but the people must remain. The latter have, therefore, the larger interest in peace. Napoleon had determined to appropriate Spain and Portugal; for the world itself was rather too limited to

supply the wants of his family; and the peninsular peasantry also determined to keep their own, after they had been abandoned by their princes.

These events led to the Peninsular War. Sir John Moore, in the interval between Rolica and Vimiera, and Wellesley's second descent on the peninsula, received the command of the British army. No general was ever more beloved by his army or by his countrymen, and yet he was sacrificed to jealousy at home and treachery abroad. Amid all the fast shifting scenes of his rapid advance from Portugal, and still more rapid retreat on Corunna, before Napoleon, the 50th regiment of infantry and their major often appear. They formed the rear-guard in the trying march upon Corunna. Napoleon was humbled and irritated by the defeats of his forces and his marshals at Rolica and Vimiera and still more by the convention of Cintra. He was anxious to capture or to destroy the British army under Sir John Moore. The extent of his forces, the horrible roads, blocked with snow, when they were not flooded with rain; and the utter incapacity of all their Spanish allies, except Romana, rendered the annihilation of Sir John Moore's army highly probable. Major Charles Napier was employed to cover the retreat. In that service he acquired the maxims which actuated him in his reforms of the Indian army. From the passage of the Esla to the battle before Corunna he was acquiring that antipathy to officer's baggage, which ultimately appeared in his celebrated opinion against anything more than two shirts, an extra pair of shoes, a little soap, and a tooth brush. We may often trace peculiarities of character to incidents in life. General Sir Charles J. Napier's opinions were based upon Major Charles J. Napier's experience in three weeks from the 21st December, 1808, to the 16th January, 1809. Every day was occupied in marching and skirmishing. Napoleon originally, and Soult after New-Year's-Day of 1809, left the retreating army no time for rest. Combats occurred daily, and on some days almost hourly; until Major Napier became rather too well known to his pursuers. On the 7th January, the French attacked at Lugo, and were repulsed by Sir John Moore in person with a heavy loss. On the 16th, the British army were stationed in the villages around Corunna, and the

British fleet were at anchor in the bay. Spain was to be abandoned for a time, but Napoleon's object had not been achieved, and could not be gained, unless the embarkation of the army could be prevented. Soult, therefore, determined to attack them. The result is well known. It was a victory dearer than any previously achieved by the British forces, because it secured nothing except a retreat. Sir John Moore was mortally wounded, by a cannon ball, while leading on the 42nd and 50th regiments at the village of Elvina. He was carried by soldiers of the 42nd into Corunna, and lived to know that, like Abercromby and Wolfe, he died in victory. Sir David Baird had lost an arm on the right, and Sir John Hope, on whom the command devolved, could make no further use of his success than to bury his dead and embark in peace.

One prisoner was left behind, to whom restraint was torture. In endeavouring to lead forward the 50th regiment, he had been suddenly left with four soldiers in the presence of a large body of the enemy. Three of his followers were at once shot down, and the fourth was wounded. Major Napier attempted to assist the fourth; and while doing so he was struck by a musket ball in the leg, and some of the bones were broken. Using his sword as a staff, he endeavoured to get out of the way; but a French soldier stabbed him in the back with his bayonet. The major turned, and, wounded as he was, rapidly disarmed his opponent; but he was cut in the head by a sabre, some of his ribs were broken by a cannon ball; and knocked down at last by the butt end of a musket, he was dragged out of the fight, insensible, by a benevolent French drummer. Soult treated his distinguished prisoner with much consideration. His wounds were skillfully tended; and when the Marshal left Ney in command at Corunna, Major Napier was nearly restored to health.

An English frigate ran into the bay one day with a flag of truce. The captain sought information regarding Major Napier. The request was reported to Ney by his aide-de-camp; and the "bravest of the brave" directed that officer to allow his countrymen an interview with their prisoner. The French captain looked closely on his commander. "General," said he, "Major Napier has a mother."

"Has he," was Ney's answer, "then let him go with his countrymen, and he can take twenty-five British soldiers with him." The act was generous and noble; at least equal to the erection of a monument to Moore by his adversary Soult; and it was one of those traits in the character of Ney, which cast around his own fate a deeper tinge of sorrow than might have been felt for a less worthy foe.

Few men ever acquire the experience gained by Major Napier in life. Upon his return to England, he was engaged in the transaction of unusual business at Doctors Commons. His name was returned in the list of killed at Corunna. His friends entertained no doubt of his fate, and his heirs administered to his property. The error had to be corrected, and the officer marked dead in law had to be again acknowledged among the living.

At this period he was unsuccessful in his applications for employment at the Horse Guards. No young officer deserved better of his country; but even the exigencies of the service could not always overcome the favouritism of faction; and although, as the grandson of the Duke of Richmond, Major Napier was not destitute of influence, yet three officers had to be provided for in one family; and they were not grateful, according to ministerial notions. They could fight. All their friends and foes acknowledged that they fought well; but they also talked and wrote, and their opinions were crimes.

Wearied with applications which brought no positive result, Colonel Napier returned to Spain as a volunteer. Early in 1810, he was again with the Allied army on the border land between Portugal and Spain. He was engaged with General Crawford's light division in a severe action on the Coa, near Almeida, on the 24th of May. This contest terminated in the destruction of many French soldiers in a vain effort to cross the Coa, at a ravine in front of Crawford's division, and had no result except the death of so many men. The summer of 1810 passed away without active operations; and a man of Colonel Napier's character and disposition might have been as agreeably occupied in Piccadilly as on the banks of the Mondego river; but towards the close of autumn, Massena

having completed his arrangements, and obtained reinforcements, determined to invade Portugal. He might have accomplished this object by flanking the mountains on which the British army at the time were stationed. Massena decided on forcing the shorter route, probably because he knew that Wellington would gather all the harvest before the lines of Torres Vedras within that temporary fortification.

The battle of Busaco commenced early on the morning of the 27th of September, 1810. The British and Portuguese forces were strongly posted on the Serra de Busaco, a high ridge, with, in some places, thick pine forests, on the sloping and steep ground in front. They were greatly outnumbered by the French army under Massena, assisted by Marshals Ney and Regnier. Lord Wellington might have been attacked at great disadvantage on the previous evening; but Massena was engaged with Colonel Trant and the Portuguese partisans in his rear. The morning of Busaco was shrouded in mist, and the French divisions had nearly climbed the heights before they were attacked. The battle from the nature of the ground did not admit of scientific movements, and it was short although severe. It ended with the morning. Before noon the French had retired from all points of the hill; and during the afternoon they were peaceably engaged in the removal of their wounded men. Colonel C. J. Napier was severely wounded in the conflict. He was struck in the face by a musket shot. The ball broke his jaw-bone in which it lodged. After the battle the colonel, desirous to be rid of this incumbrance, mounted his horse and rode for two days, to obtain good medical assistance. The anecdote illustrates the energy of the man. We may also add that it illustrates the incompetency of the service, at that time, in the medical department. An army which had every reason to live in daily expectation of broken bones, should have comprised an efficient surgical staff, and rendered Colonel Napier's hard ride entirely superfluous.

A cold and dreary winter followed within the lines of Torres Vedras; but while the British army possessed an abundant commissary, the French, without the lines, suffered dreadfully

from disease and want. Early in March of the following year, 1811, Massena left Santarem, and commenced his retreat into Spain. For rather more than a month the two armies had daily skirmishes, of which Colonel Napier had more than a fair share. During his long life he had a habit of falling into hard, and to himself unprofitable, fighting; and he scarcely ever escaped without some contusion or wound. Portugal was finally abandoned by the French early in April. The celebrated battle of Fuentes d'Onore was fought on the 6th of May, and although peculiarly fatal to officers, yet Colonel Napier, who was present in that conflict, reached victory without a wound, an unusual event in his case. That month of May was very fatal to the armies engaged in the Peninsula; and Albuera, nearly the most bloody battle in the war, was fought by Marshal Beresford on the 16th; but the subsequent months were not distinguished by grand operations, although skirmishing was always found for men like Colonel Napier, few in number, as they are, in all armies.

The winter of 1811 and 1812 was extremely severe; and yet in the midst of that winter Lord Wellington formed the design of storming Ciudad Rodrigo. He moved his army from cantonments on the 8th of January. On the 19th he summoned the garrison to surrender. A stern denial was his answer; but during the evening he stormed Ciudad Rodrigo, to the utter amazement of Marshal Marmont, who was approaching with a large force, to raise the siege. Colonel Napier was present during the operations, but one of the two storming parties was led by Major George Napier, his brother, who was severely wounded. The brothers were present at the siege of Badajos and its storming three months after the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo; but although Colonel Napier attracted the regard of the Duke of Wellington, who had great discrimination in the selection of his officers, yet he never attained a very prominent position in the Peninsular War; and that circumstance explains his eagerness to enter upon a more independent field of action in the war which the United States, very imprudently and ungenerously, at that moment commenced against Great Britain.

Both nations understand their position better now than they did in 1813;

and a repetition of hostilities so closely resembling a civil war, and partaking in all the peculiarly harsh features of internal contests, is, we trust, impossible; and certainly it is so improbable that we dislike a recurrence to the incidents of the last conflict, honourable as they were to the military character and experience of Colonel Napier. But peace was declared—the short peace of 1814—and in 1815 he was informed that Napoleon had escaped from Elba. He felt that the French chieftain must again involve Europe in hostilities, and hastened homewards in the hope of obtaining the position in his country's defence richly deserved by his professional talents. When he arrived in England he found Europe in the centre of a new crisis, and he hurried onwards; but steam power on land and water was then unknown, and the most active traveller, pressed for time, on errands of life or death, was compelled to wait for wind and tide. England expected a great battle, but not so soon as it occurred; and reinforcements were under preparation for the army in Belgium. Colonel Napier hastened on. When he reached Ostend the exigency appeared still greater. As he advanced, crowds of fugitives stopped the path. Alarm and dismay appeared in the villages, towns, and cities, which he passed. He hurried on, quickening his speed as if a single arm could change the destiny of the coming day. Then reports of Ligny and Quatre-Bras met him—disastrous rumours; and they urged him forward—forward, to defeat, it might be; but not to dishonour—onward, to die in the last hour of a great battle rather than that the country which he loved better than it had then loved him, should look in vain for aid from one of her sons, when his assistance was required. An impatient rider and a panting steed are met by fugitives, now abandoning their homes in sadness of heart and sorrow. A third battle has been fought and lost. The army which he loved is beaten and flying in detached fragments. The leaders whom he followed are with the dead or the dying. The foemen whom he had often met are trampling on and over his friends. Still in this dark hour courage and genius combined, daring to conceive, rapidity to execute might stop the flight of his friends or the progress of his foes; and some of the best British

regiments were behind him fresh and unbroken. The rider hastened on. Now the certain character of the rumour changes. Wounded men from Ligny and Quatre-Bras pass by, but they do not think that they are beaten; and as the day wears on, towards night these rumours become still more uncertain. That haze in the distant east, on which the setting sun has shone out for a few minutes, hangs over the distant field of strife. By and by the roar of artillery, like thunder far away, booms on the ear; or the rider thinks so, and his nervousness increases; and the delays of the road wax longer and worse. Waggon full of wounded men choke the way; but they bring better news and brighter hopes. The battle was not lost when they left, and it would not be lost. The inspirited rider struggles on. The night has fallen over the vanquished and the victorious; a night of horrors to the flying and broken squadrons who rallied in the morning around the eagles of France. Our solitary rider still strives against a thickening current of horse and vehicles; but at last he hears that the battle is won. The intelligence that even lights up the eyes of the dying around scarcely gives pleasure to him. The grand contest of Europe is over, and he had no part in the result. Hereafter men will speak respectfully of soldiers who fought at Waterloo, and he had only struggled hard to be present. A wayward fate it seemed that took him over the Atlantic to combat peasants, and left his name out of this great strife of giants. He reported himself at head-quarters on the morning of the 19th, was present at some of the combats on the way to Paris, and entered that city with the Allied armies.

The peace that followed promised to be deep and long; and although a considerable English army was left in France, yet Colonel Napier sought other employment. He obtained the governorship of the Ionian Islands. His military capabilities had been long acknowledged; his literary talents, if less conspicuous than those of his younger brother, were evidently respectable, as his works on colonies, colonization, and Ireland demonstrated; but he was now tried in a new sphere. His administrative genius shone brightly in his management of the Ionian Isles, so far as his relations with the islanders were concerned; but he

quarrelled with the Home Government. We feel that a governor of a distant dependency who gains the esteem of the governed and the antipathy of his own government, is an honest, although he may be mistaken, man. Sir Charles Napier succeeded in both particulars. He gained the love of the Cephalonians, and he did not preserve the confidence of the Colonial and War Offices. He was recalled, but his memory was not easily obliterated from the minds of the islanders, who adopted the means in their power of steadily expressing the esteem in which one of their governors was held.

The Greek revolution brought Sir Charles Napier into correspondence with the late Lord Byron, with Mr. Hume, and other English friends of Grecian independence. They did not exactly please him by their conduct, and he did not please them with his counsel; but he knew more of fighting, and probably of Greeks and Turks also, than the great poet, or the famous financier.

He passed some years at this period of his life in England, unemployed; and even when he obtained the command of the Northern Military Division of England, he could only exercise his influence for the improvement of discipline in the regiments under his control. Life was meanwhile wearing over. Peace was firmly established in Europe; and although it had been broken repeatedly on the Continent, yet Sir Charles Napier never offered his services to any foreign state, even when he approved the cause of war. He laid the foundation of many reforms in the army. He improved the position of the private soldier, so far as his influence and power went. He enforced very strict discipline in barracks, and he undoubtedly made changes in their physical and moral circumstances of a favourable nature.

He approached his sixtieth year before the Bombay command was offered to him; and he left England for the presidency in 1841. He did not agree cordially with any governor-general, during his Indian connexion, except the Earl of Ellenborough, who appreciated and fully understood his character. The reverses in Afghanistan, and the position of the Sikhs on the upper part of the Indus, caused great anxiety among the Anglo-Indians and in this country. Scinde was under the control of the Ameers; and their power at the mouth

of the Indus was likely, under any reverse, to be employed against the British empire. Suspicions existed on good grounds that they had urged the Belooches to attack our forces in the mountain passes. The situation of affairs was peculiarly embarrassing. Defeat in Scinde would have been ruinous, and yet Sir Charles Napier had scarcely an army. He had only a respectable detachment, for the conquest of a great country. He offered his terms in Scinde, as an invader, with 3,000 men, Europeans and natives behind, and 25,000 men before him. The disparity of the armies caused no distrust to his dauntless mind. The Ameers did not attack him, he did not attack them, but endeavoured in some long, weary marches through the deserts to communicate with Generals Nott and Pollock, then engaged in an Affghanistan campaign; and he seized the fortresses on which the Ameers relied in these marches, thus compelling them to fight on the open plain. He took the strong fortress of Emaum Ghur with only 300 men of his Irish regiment, the 22nd, and two pieces of artillery. Mahommed Khan, who had accumulated stores and treasures in the fort, fled before this small European force; for a very salutary dread of Sir Charles Napier depressed the courage of the Ameers. This fear of their enemy was to be increased.

The small army under his command was surrounded by opponents. He seemed to be cut off and in extreme danger. Therefore he resolved to attack 16,000 Belooches, strongly posted at Meanee, before they could be reinforced by other divisions. He had 2,600 men. The resolution, therefore, resembled despair, but his calculations were disappointed. The Belooches succeeded in joining their forces, and brought into the field 25,000 infantry, and 10,000 irregular cavalry. Sir Charles Napier had 1,800 infantry, and 800 cavalry, opposed to this great army. In addition to numbers, the Belooches had the advantage of two positions, which they had selected and strengthened. They endeavoured to draw forward the small band of their opponents within the range of these mud walls, in order that they might attack them on the flank and rear. Sir Charles observed the opening in the wall, through which their ambuscade was to sally, and he ordered the grenadier company of the 22nd to

seize this portal. They obeyed his order, and although their captain was killed in the gate, yet this company of eighty men cooped up six thousand in their own snare, and virtually gained the battle. The resistance in front was tremendous. The Belooches were brave and desperate men. They charged the 22nd with vehemence, although the superior practice of the Irish muskets thinned their ranks rapidly, or laid them down regularly where they had stood. The English artillery men swept the flank of the opposing army with continuous showers of grape; but they had to be protected from the fury of their wild opponents, who absolutely tore at the guns, and endeavoured to overturn them, while they were being blown from the cannon's mouth in companies. The carnage was appalling—the courage that sustained it unbending—but the Belooches were crowded in struggling masses, among whom a musket never missed, and the artillery tore up bloody lanes at every discharge. The physical endurance of men is, however, limited, and after his little army had been engaged for more than three hours in this dreadful butchery, Sir Charles Napier saw that a decisive effort was necessary. He ordered his cavalry to charge. The fatal artillery played upon the thick masses of flesh and blood opposed to them within a few yards. The bayonets and the bullets of the 22nd pressed desperately on the compact ranks around them. It was the last struggle for victory, and the alternative was death. Victory was obtained. The army of the Ameers fled, and six of these chieftains surrendered after the battle. The slaughter of the Belooches had been dreadful. An equal number of men had never been slain in a modern battle by an army so few as that commanded by Sir Charles Napier. Six thousand men were left by the Ameers on the field, and nearly all of them perished. The battle continued for four hours, and in that time less than two thousand men had slain more than three times their own number. The loss of the British forces was comparatively small, but it was great to them. Sixty officers and two hundred and fifty sergeants and privates were disabled—nearly one-fifth of their army; and of these, six officers and sixty men were dead upon the field. One-sixth of both armies were down. Their relative proportions stood as at the

commencement at the close. The victory was, therefore, narrowly won; and if the battle had lasted longer, it would have ended in the defeat and extirpation of this small band. The odds were fifteen to one against them in the morning, and a limit exists even in the contests of disciplined and fully armed soldiers with masses of brave men; and the Belooches were brave.

This battle of Meanee, fought on the 17th of February, 1844, was not surpassed by any former contest in India, full as the history of British India is with the romance of war, either in the vast results produced by slender means, the courage of the general and his men, the intensity of the struggle, or its decisive termination.

Wellington gained Assaye with *nine* men to one hundred of his enemies; and he lost one-third of his force in killed and wounded, amounting to nearly two thousand, in inflicting a loss on the Mahrattas not greater in numbers than the Belooches suffered at Meanee. The succeeding victory of Wellington at Argaum was decisive, but not greater in reference to the proportionate means by which the end was achieved than Assaye, and not equal to Meanee.

These facts should not be forgotten now by those who value military services and reward them; for we feel, and all men feel, that they were rather overlooked during Sir Charles Napier's life.

The conqueror of Scinde was a brave, daring, skilful soldier, but he was not a reckless officer. He felt the embarrassing nature of his position when Hyderabad was opened to his little army. He applied to Lord Ellenborough for reinforcements, and the governor-general ordered all the men whom he could spare from other emergencies to join the army of Scinde. Shere Mahomed, the greatest of the Ameers, known in his own country as "the Lion," had another army ready, or the remains of the old army re-organised, in little more than a month after Meanee. He refused to surrender, and Sir Charles Napier met him at Dubba, near Hyderabad, on the 24th of March. The British army was now 5,000 strong, and the Belooches numbered nearly 25,000 men. The disparity was great, but not so hopeless as at Meanee. Still three hours' hard fighting and a terrible slaughter were needed before Shere Mahomed was driven from his strong position at

Dubba, and Scinde was finally won. The battle was brilliantly fought and victory bravely achieved; yet the result proved the necessity for those re-inforcements which Sir Charles Napier prudently demanded and Lord Ellenborough promptly supplied.

That governor-general at once made the conqueror of Scinde its governor; and the resolution was amply vindicated by the result. Sir Charles Napier applied his administrative talents incessantly to the organisation of the resources of Scinde. He planned bridges, canals, and roads. He provided means for the protection of life and property. He promoted agriculture and commerce. Within a few months he had repressed disorder, secured industry in its rights, suppressed the banditti formed from the broken ranks of a desperate army, and turned the lawless and wild borderers into peaceable men of work. Covered with wounds, constitutionally weak, somewhat bent by years and fatigue, but mentally active, energetic, and strong, he moved incessantly over the vast land which he had added to the empire, corrected abuses, repaired injuries, and supplied incentives to industry. He was a strict disciplinarian, and much sentimental writing was employed to depict and denounce his conduct to the Ameer; but he never had promised to respect the claims, further than they were well founded, of the idle, the weak, and worthless. He had never offered encouragement to a feudal system of life. His practice always vindicated the maxim, that those who live by, should also live for, mankind. The Ameer, therefore, had no reason to anticipate any exaggerated regard from a man who lived for the people rather than their rulers. In Scinde he was a despot, but one of a beneficent character; illustrating the opinion of some, that in certain stages of society a despotic government would be suitable if any security could be afforded for its quality. A good and wise despot, however, is of very rare occurrence.

We recur to the battle of Dubba only to contrast it with the brilliant victories of Lord Lake at Delhi, Agra, and Laswaree. The achievements of General Lake were most decisive, and they were accomplished with limited means; but neither of them excelled the victory of Dubba, or approached the tremendous fight of Measee; yet they gained for

General Lake a place in the peerage. No student of Indian history says that honours were ill-bestowed on that brave man. Few remember without regret that he who should have borne, and could have well sustained them, died early in the olive grove, and sleeps among the crags and rocks of Rolicca. But without referring to the deeds performed by living men, and the honours awarded to them, it is scarcely possible to recal the names of great Indian leaders, without feeling that a sad omission has occurred in this case—one also that cannot now be fully rectified.

The defeat of regular armies in the field was an easier matter probably than the effectual discomfiture of the desert chiefs on the borders, who had lived and prospered by plunder, and knew no better means of replenishing their larders. This object was, notwithstanding its difficulty, not only completed by Sir Charles Napier, but effected in a spirit that won the hearts of the vanquished Sirdars, who first named their conqueror the brother of the Evil One, for his success in war; and then gave him their allegiance, for the lessons he taught them in the arts of peace. Two swords were carried upon his coffin at Portsmouth. One of them was notched and worn, for it was his father's; and the blade had suffered no disgrace in the keeping of the son. The second was the "Sword of Peace," presented to Sir Charles Napier when he left Scinde, by those robber-chieftains whom he had turned into honest men.

The great Sikh war broke out when the hostilities in Scinde were quelled. The activity of the governor of Scinde was shown by the magnitude of the army which he collected and held ready to march upwards to the Sutlej. Lord Ellenborough had then resigned the governor-generalship, and an old soldier occupied that high position. His plans did not include the employment of the Scinde army in the Sutlej, although a movement up the Indus was, we think, proposed by Sir Charles Napier, and would have been effective. Following the instructions of Sir Henry Hardinge, he occupied Bewalpoore, and thus missed the great battles of Ferozepore, Aliwal, and Sobraon; but some persons believed that if Sir Charles Napier's corps, then numbering 12,000 to 15,000 effective men, had been drawn up the Indus, in sufficient time, under their gallant chief,

Ferozepore, or its substitute, would have been more decisive, and no Sobraon would have been required. The first Sikh campaign was more near a defeat than those who fought at Sobraon willingly admit; and the assistance offered from Scinde would have greatly reduced, if it had not entirely removed, any doubt of its issue ever entertained.

Sir Charles Napier resigned the governorship of Scinde and returned to England in 1847. He found his country suffering under great calamities, and meditating grand political changes; but the ardour with which he was welcomed by the army extended also to the citizenship of the land; and his countrymen instinctively recognised in him a great hero and a great man—a man who was never idle, and whose engagements were invariably directed against abuses and corruption.

The conquest and annexation of Scinde present Sir Charles Napier's character in three distinct departments: as a soldier, performing prodigies of valour, unrivalled in the disproportion between his means and the results, by any preceding achievements in India: as an administrator, who, succeeding to the guidance of a kingdom in a state of anarchy, repelled with an equitable, although a strong hand, the crimes of an armed banditti; created confidence in his government; established peace, law, and order; elicited the forgotten resources of the land, and increased the means of the population, and the revenue of the state, with almost inconceivable and incredible rapidity: and as a writer, defending his proceedings, on all points, against corrupted and unprincipled adversaries. The military, when contrasted with the civil service of India, is poor and pure. Charges originating in the disappointment of those camp followers who expect an enlargement of pay and place from each extension of the Indian empire, were directed at Sir Charles Napier's conduct in India. They made no gain, and therefore they asserted that the country suffered loss. The native Ameers were not dethroned to make room for English agents; and therefore, in the opinion of Bombay writers, the former chiefs of Scinde should not have been displaced. Their conqueror organised a cheap and just, which, according to his critics, could not be a good and profitable, government, for it secured no advance-

ment to them or their friends. He established public works, planned canals, embankments and roads; proposed irrigation on an extensive scale, and sought to restore in Scinde the palmy days of Egyptian agriculture. These views were not shared by men who searched for pleasure and riches in the East; and who longed for the hunting parties of the expelled Ameers; who were great in game-preserving, at any cost to their subjects—a science of which their practical successor could not comprehend the profit. We admit that the brave soldier was not also a patient exponent of his own policy. He met censure by rebuke; but if his answers were sharp, like his sword, the attacks in which they originated were often dastardly and vindictive.

The discussion of the Indian bill in the present year has furnished convincing evidence that his plans for the government of Scinde comprised all that is deemed essential for an enlightened administration of Indian resources, and also superabundant proof that the civil service of the older presidencies has been grievously neglected. A very short time has passed since his death, but during that interval accounts have been received of the business transacted at the fair of Kurrachee. Those statements of "Manchester men," from the spot, develop a new explanation of the jealousy of Bombay interests at the annexation and settlement of Scinde. Sir Charles Napier expected that the Indus would be turned to commercial advantage when he completed the conquest of the country forming in some measure its delta. This great river almost meets the Ganges at its springs; has the Sutlej, comprising the five rivers of the Punjab, for its tributary; extends in its course from the frozen regions high on the Himalaya mountains, to the tropical verdure of the Indian plains; and must command ultimately the goods traffic of central Asia and the north-western provinces of the Anglo-Indian empire. The experience of past years, and especially that of the present season, vindicates the accuracy of the opinion entertained by Sir Charles Napier. His opinion has been shared by all parties who have studied the subject; but that circumstance could not disarm the local enmity, or enlarge the narrow views of Bombay merchants, who infused their fears into

the Bombay press, not candidly and openly, but in strictures on the war in Scinde, which they could not or would not understand; and homilies on economy, to which, in the management of public affairs, they were entirely unaccustomed. The governor of Scinde never possessed the gift of patience under wrong, in an eminent degree. An ardent disposition was so ingrained into a generous nature, that the conqueror of Hyderabad could not so far conquer himself as to remain quietly under injustice, until time should redress the wrong. He thus involved himself in anxieties and cares which calmer, if less valuable, men would have escaped. But that fact forms no apology for the unjust criticisms to which he was exposed, or the erroneous statements employed to support them.

After the return of Sir Charles Napier from India, his time was occupied in promoting changes in the system of government pursued there, in correspondence and pamphlets on Indian affairs, and in his military reforms. Reference has been already made in this sketch to the second Sikh war. Disasters seemed again impending over north-western India. Lord Gough had not been successful, and confidence was not felt in his policy. The ideas entertained regarding his military skill were perhaps unjust; but the stake was great, and the risk imminent. The government of the day required the late Duke of Wellington to supply a list of three names from whom a successor could be appointed. It is said that he wrote Sir Charles Napier's name thrice upon a sheet of paper, and enclosed it. The precaution was not unnecessary. The Duke of Wellington had a practical end in view; and in the discharge of a great trust he determined that no mistake should occur. A second time, and when approaching his seventieth year, Sir Charles Napier crossed to India. Before his arrival the exigency had passed, and Lord Gough had defeated the Sikhs; but his successor was thus enabled to carry out reforms which he had planned, in the Indian army. These changes were all favourable to the material efficiency and the moral improvement of the forces. Extravagance and gambling were suppressed. Economy and simplicity were recommended in the service. Young men were taught, by example and precept, the means of

acquiring independence; and no man could lecture better on that subject than the officer of whom it has been said, that when the messenger from the India House, bearing the despatch which announced his appointment to the chief command of the Indian army, called at his residence in Berkeley-street, he was admitted by a female servant, and found the general at dinner, who quietly expressed his regret that he should trouble him to call again—but added, that he had no second apartment in which he could invite him to wait.

A warm welcome to India was followed soon by a final farewell; and Sir Charles Napier left its shores to return no more; yet his heart was in that land. More than many British statesmen, he felt its importance; more than many Anglo-Indians, who had acquired fame and fortune on its plains, he planned and studied for its people's advantage. Death found him still in harness and at work. His last pamphlet on Indian affairs is, and now will ever be, an unfinished essay—a fragment, suspended and stopped by disease. He left London as the end of his days approached, by his physicians' orders, in the hope that the peace of Oaklands might tend to restore his broken health; but all the battles of that courageous spirit, except one, were passed; and he went home, only to die.

The character of this man is not easily drawn. He has done much in various departments and always well. He finished whatever he commenced, and no enterprise appeared too great for his mind. We must remember that his active life began early. Sixty years of military service out of seventy-one years of life left little time for the systematic acquisition of knowledge; yet he knew much, and was not often caught in error. He held enlarged views on our colonial empire at an early period of life. He had studied social politics carefully, and could expound them advantageously. He loved his country well, and never, even when neglected, did his patriotism suffer any diminution. He was warmly attached to his profession, and the common soldiers followed and regarded him as a friend. He was severe and simple in his habits of life; and yet the natives of India, fond of display and ostentation, were soon and strongly attached to his character. He was eminently brave, and a great military commander; but it

may be doubted whether he was not equally great as an administrator and organiser of civil government. His life was remarkably active, his labours peculiarly abundant; and he escaped the snares and temptations of idleness. His frame was never robust; and instead of his death now causing astonishment, it is surprising that he lived so long. He conquered and pacified Scinde, while labouring under disease that would have confined ordinary men to a bedchamber, and enriched their physicians. His ardent and energetic mind might long before 1853 have worn out the frail and shattered body, in which, lacerated as it was by steel, torn by lead, and broken and bruised by all kinds of weapons, he was nevertheless, consistent with the family motto, "Ready, aye ready!" to think and to act, to bleed and suffer, to do or die for his country's honour, peace, and welfare.

He was buried at Portsmouth, and it little matters where that sadly cut and torn body was laid; but Britain has no dust stored in grand and national edifices, that in life laboured more, or laboured better in her defence, or for her prosperity. He was carried to his grave by soldiers; and strong-minded men wept as they lowered his coffin to its place; as well they might, for in all that pomp of death and funereal splendour, England was poorer by a brave spirit—a noble heart lost to the land—

a reformer in peace—and a leader in war whose name was strength to her friends and terror to her foes. The lion-hearted chief, of whom it might be truly said, he never feared the face of man, sleeps where in danger's hour he would have lived or died—not in the centre of his country—not in the midst of her millions, but in the outpost, the foreground, the vanguard of all the land. His friends have buried him where he would have stood, if England ever had been threatened by foreign foes; and while men long and look, and pray for peace on earth, they need not forget that often peace is threatened by evil passions; and if soon again this nation has to encounter the shock of battle for existence, or for great principles, the eye is closed that would have directed her armies; the hand is cold and crumbling, that would have grasped a stainless but a well-worn sword in her defence; and that chivalrous spirit has passed from us for ever, who in prosperity was often neglected by courtiers and politicians, because he was too honest to be diplomatic; but on whom, in adverse days, all trusted once; and all again, in darker hours and greater dangers, would have followed eagerly and trusted well.

When it was said that Sir Charles J. Napier was dead, all men felt that England could not often mourn for an equal loss.

JOHN MILTON.

IN securing for JOHN MILTON a niche among the "Lives of the Illustrious," our purpose is not to present to our readers, either a minute narrative of the events of his life, or a critical analysis of his character; but merely to seize upon the most prominent feature of his character, and bring it out into bold relief. Few know anything about the MAN MILTON. Most persons think of him only as the Artist. Our wish is to place the MAN before our readers. There are, indeed, two aspects in which he may be regarded, even as a worker. He was a Citizen as well as an Artist. He accomplished two great works in his

lifetime—one for his own country and his own age, and the other for all countries and all ages. The latter, more glorious and more congenial work, he had proposed to himself from his very childhood, as the thing to which his whole life was to be consecrated; but, as we shall presently see, at the urgent call of what he considered present duty, he gave up for a time the nobler calling of the Artist, and set himself to work practically as a Citizen for the immediate welfare of his fatherland.

It is difficult to speak of Milton without thinking of his writings. He himself lives in them: his character peeps

out of them; he is identified with every one of them. In looking at his works, we cannot help seeing the Man Milton standing there at the back ground. All poets exhibit their real character more or less in their writings. The Poem is but the expression of the inner spirit of the Poet. But this general rule must be applied with great discrimination. Some poets have the faculty of going out of themselves, as it were—of throwing themselves into their subjects, and thus losing themselves in their works. And surely we must acknowledge that these are the greatest poets. They are “many-sided,” as our German friends would say. They understand everything; they sympathize with everything; by turns, they seem to be everything. Sometimes it is as hard for us to know what their own real, personal, private views and feelings are, as it is to know the colour of the chameleon. The world has seen but few specimens of this highest type of genius. It will suffice to mention the two acknowledged masters of the type—Shakspeare and Goethe. The men do not appear in their works. They identify themselves so little with what they say, that we are sometimes tempted to look on them as mere channels, through which streams of thought flowed from a higher source.

Milton's genius was of another kind. We see the Man in all that he did. His poetry is but the counterpart of his life. In all his poems he embodies his own personal views and feelings. If this is true of his poetry, it is still more remarkably true of his prose works. They were the simple, natural, unforced outpourings of his mind—of his daily thoughts, and feelings, and wishes. They contain his private contemplations on the passing events of the time. He did not write them for the sake of writing. He wrote for the purpose of telling his countrymen what he, John Milton, thought of the state of affairs, and offering his advice as to what ought to be done under the circumstances.

These remarks furnish us with a clue by which we may find out the leading feature of Milton's character. To do this, we have just to ask, “What is the leading feature of his writings?” We need not go far for an answer. By universal consent they are called sublime. Indeed the very name of Milton has become a synonym for all that is grand and majestic. When we wish to say

that any work is sublime, in conception or style, we say, “It is Miltonic.” Sublimity or majesty, then, is the leading feature of his genius, as displayed in his works. It is also the leading feature of his character. In all his effusions, the Man Milton bewrayeth himself. They were but the outward expression of the inner man—which was great, strong, manly. Indeed, we should not be far wrong, if we presented him as one of the best models, which the world has ever seen, of the GREAT AND MANLY CHARACTER. His character corresponded with his writings.

And, in saying this, we mean not to set him up as a specimen of perfection. Faults there were in him; though, in judging of the alleged failings of Milton and all his compatriots of the Commonwealth, we must never forget that the generation which succeeded them, and which has transmitted to us the stories of those “failings,” was restrained by no scruples of delicacy, or honour, or truthfulness, from misrepresenting and maligning their character. But, even in the alleged faults of Milton, we can see nothing little or mean. They were but the darker shades of a rich colour. Even they partook of the grandeur of his nature. Even as portrayed by his enemies, his image stands out before us, a large heroic figure. It appears, in its grand outlines, just as we may fancy the gods appeared to the ancient Greeks—not faultless, but great. We may apply to him the description which Carlyle has given of another majestic man; and call him “the colossal and adamantine spirit, standing erect and clear, like Cato Major among degenerate men—fit to have been the teacher of the Stoa, and to have discoursed of beauty and virtue, in the groves of Academe. . . . The man rises before us, amid contradiction and debate, like a granite mountain amid clouds and wind. Ridicule, of the best that could be commanded, has been already tried against him; but it could not avail. What was the wit of a thousand wits to him? The cry of a thousand coughs, assailing that old cliff of granite? Seen from the summit, these, as they winged the midway air, showed scarce so large as beetles, and their cry was seldom even audible.”

Milton considered it impossible to be a great poet and a bad man. And so it is. Lord Byron has been mentioned as an instance to the contrary. But

Byron is not what we should call a great poet. Call him brilliant; call him fascinating; call him what you will besides; but do not call him great. Raving insanely, with bursts of heavenly music between whiles—exalting licentiousness into the queenly throne of poesy—infusing morbid passions and unholy desires into thousands of bosoms, which but for him, might have heaved only with the stirrings of virtue, and vibrated only to the melodies of heaven,—this fallen archangel, though he might have been one of the brightest stars in the poetic firmament, deliberately doffed his bright diadem of genius, and trampled it underfoot, and prostituted it to the basest of his passions. By all that is true and holy, let us not call that great. It is what all high and holy beings would call essentially little. No! he who wishes to be a great Poet, must be a great Man. It is refreshing to be able to set up Milton against Byron. Let us hear what our great poet has to say on this point. "He, who would aspire to write well hereafter, ought himself to be a true poem—that is, a composition and a pattern of the best and honourablest things—not presuming to sing high praises of high men and famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that is praiseworthy." Such was Milton's ideal of the Poet. A great Poet must be a great Poem. And such is the aspect under which his life presents itself to us. It seems to us as sublime as his great poem. Nay, it was in itself a grand poem—a poem which it would be well for us to read and study as attentively as his "Paradise Lost."

Milton's ancestors belonged to the landed gentry; but his father was disinherited by his grandfather, for becoming a Protestant, and adopted the profession of a scrivener. By his talents and diligence in his profession, he soon amassed wealth, and retired to live on an estate which he had purchased, at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. He seems to have been a talented and accomplished man. He was eminent for his skill in music; and some of his compositions, which are still extant—such as the common Psalm-tune, "York"—indicate a strong grand mind, not unworthy of his greater son. That he was a scholar, may be conjectured from the training which his son received; and from the fact that

that son addressed him in one of his most elaborate Latin poems.

His son, the poet, was born on the 9th of December, 1608, in his father's house, at the Spread Eagle, Breadstreet. His father seems to have been very anxious to give him the best education that the country afforded. He was first placed under the care of a private tutor (the Rev. Thomas Young); then sent to St. Paul's School; and at length removed, in his sixteenth year (1624), to Christ's College, Cambridge. On leaving College, he spent five years at his father's house, at Horton, during which time he is said to have read most of the Greek and Latin writers. So well had he profited by the opportunities of culture, which had been offered to him, that he was at this time known as one of the most learned and accomplished men in England.

Fortunately, we have ample materials for drawing a picture of his outer and inner man, at this period of his life. Perfections of body and of mind are attributed to him, which, in the present day, seem almost mythical. He was eminently handsome and beautiful—so that he was called the lady of his college. Aubrey says,—“This harmonical and ingenious soul dwelt in a beautiful and well-proportioned body.” Anthony Wood, his political opponent, says—“His deportment was affable—his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness.” His hair, which was of a light brown, was parted at the top, and hung down in rich and luxuriant clusters on his shoulders. He was vigorous and active, and delighted in the exercise of the sword. “His eye was quick, and he was accounted an excellent master of his weapon.” His ear for music was acute and delicate; and he was not only an enthusiastic lover and a skilful performer of music, but was endowed with a “delicately sweet and harmonious” voice.

Nor was he less accomplished in mind than in person. He was intimately acquainted with the older English literature. In theological lore he was a master. He was familiar with all the languages which were considered learned or polite—Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French. In Latin, his skill was such as to place him in the first rank of writers and critics. A great classical scholar has pronounced that he was the

first Englishman, who, after the revival of letters, wrote Latin verses with classical elegance. In addition to all this acquired mental garniture, he had the original fount of genius—the poetic spring of inspiration—which had already flowed forth in works, which, even now, the world “will not willingly let die.” When he was a boy, he had written poems, of which many a full-blown poet might be proud. At the age of eighteen, he had composed many of his Latin Elegies. When he was twenty, he had produced his noble piece “On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity,” which, after two hundred years, has still power to stir the soul and arouse the enthusiasm of old and grey-haired veterans. We can never forget the effect it produced on us at the age of twenty. It seemed to us then to correspond with his own description, in the piece itself, of the effect produced on the shepherds of Bethlehem, by the angelic choir, “on the morning of Christ’s nativity;” and we shall quote that description as a specimen of his powers at that age:—

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely warbled voice,
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasures loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-faced night
arrayed:
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes to Heaven’s new-born Heir.

Such music, as ‘tis said)
Before was never made
But when of old the sons of morning sung;
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channels keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres—
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven’s deep organ blow,
And with your nine-fold harmony,
Make up full concert to th’ angelic symphony.

In 1634, “Comus, a Mask,” was “presented at Ludlow Castle, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then Lord President of Wales.” In 1636, he composed the “Arcades,” and the “Lycidas, an Elegy.”

Now, what was to be the vocation in life of this man—so richly endowed by nature, so rarely cultured by art? Surely nothing but the Artist—the Poet-Life. This had been his ambition from his boyhood. It was the occupation most congenial to his natural tastes and inclinations, and the one in which he felt that he would be most happy and contented. And, accordingly, he resolved to spend some years in foreign travel, to put the finishing touch to the culture he had received. In 1638, he left England and proceeded to France and Italy. Everywhere he seems to have been received with enthusiasm by the most learned, refined, and accomplished men in Europe. The applause, which his poems elicited, confirmed him in his determination to devote his life to poetry; and thus realize the highest and fondest ambition of his boyhood and his youth.

But he had not been more than a year abroad, when he received news from England, which were calculated to put his manliness to the test—to show what stuff there was in him, and whether he was prepared to sacrifice inclination to duty. The civil disturbances of England had commenced; and, however pleasant it might be to spend his time in foreign travel and artistic culture, Milton could not help feeling, that, at such a crisis, it was his duty to return to his country, and take part in that great battle of freedom and humanity which was then being fought on British ground. Few, perhaps, can understand how severe the mental struggle must have been. He was called upon to give up the dream of his boyhood—the cherished ambition of maturer years. All his natural tastes and inclinations were certainly opposed to political strife. But he knew that he had great controversial powers; and, feeling that it was his duty to employ them at that crisis, he struggled with his natural tastes, and mastered them. It was his initiation into a life of self-control and self-sacrifice. He showed that he was a real man. As he himself says, “I thought it base to be travelling for amusement abroad, while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home . . . I perceived, that, if ever I wished to be of use, I ought at least not to be wanting to my country, to the church, and to so many of my fellow-citizens, in a crisis of so much danger: I therefore determined to relin-

quish the other pursuits in which I was engaged, and to transfer the whole force of my talents and my industry to this one important subject."

In coming to this resolution, he made perhaps the greatest sacrifice which a poet and a contemplative man could make. He gave up the calm and holy solitude of communion with God, with nature, with his own self, for the troubled sea of politics. But there was something which he placed before happiness; and that was *DUTY*. He felt that his country required his services; and he cheerfully resigned his own dreams of selfish gratification. Indeed, England required the help of every patriotic head, and every patriotic heart, and every patriotic hand. Certainly it could not afford to lose a Milton then. He knew that he had the power to help his country;—that God had given him a great genius, and was calling upon him to use that genius in his country's cause;—that God had inspired into his mind certain great thoughts and great principles, suited to the existing state of affairs, and that his first duty then was to publish them abroad with as much eloquence and power as he had in him. This was the work given him to do *then*—inferior as it was to what he had originally proposed to himself; and he gave up all his more ambitious literary projects, and, for years, devoted himself entirely to these inferior controversial labours. He voluntarily resigned the career of the *Artist*, and became the *Citizen*. He, who, in youth, had designed the "*Paradise Lost*," spent his best, most vigorous, most productive years, in writing Latin despatches and occasional pamphlets. He firmly tore himself from his beloved and fondly-cherished pursuits, and set himself to work for the immediate good of his fatherland, with a heroism and devotedness which no difficulties could appal—which no opposition could bend—which not even the prospect of blindness, as the consequence, could cool down; and it was not till he had *finished* his inferior work—it was not till he had *done* something great for his country and his age—it was not till he had survived his contemporaries and fellow-workers—it saw not till he had lost his precious sight,—that the noble man, then old and worn, calmly sat down to resume the abandoned project of his youth, and work for the world and the ages.

But we should not be doing justice to the subject, if we did not extract his own noble and touching account of it (long as it is), which he gives in the "*Reason of Church Government*," published in 1641. After apologizing for choosing such a controversial and comparatively ephemeral subject for his publication, when so many high and noble and universal themes invited him to themselves, he goes on to offer a sort of apology for descending from the dignity of poetry to the lowliness of prose. He says:—

"I should not choose this manner of writing, wherein, knowing myself inferior to myself—led by the genial power of nature to *ANOTHER TASK*—I have the use, as I may account, but of my left hand. And, though I shall be foolish in saying more to this purpose, yet, since it will be such a folly as wisest men go about to commit—having only confessed, and so committed, I may trust with more reason, because with more folly, to have courteous pardon. For, although a poet, soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him, might, without apology, speak more of himself than I mean to do,—yet, for me, sitting here below in the cool element of prose—a mortal thing among many readers of no empyreal conceit—to venture and divulge unusual things of myself, I shall petition to the gentler sort that it may not be envy to me. I must say, therefore, that after I had from my first years, by the ceaseless care and diligence of my father (whom God recompense!), been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools,—it was found, that, whether ought was imposed upon me by them who had the overlooking, or betaken to of my own choice—in English or other tongue—prosing or versing (but chiefly the *latter*),—the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabouts (for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there), met with acceptance above what was looked for; and that other things, which I had shifted, in scarcity of

books and conveniences, to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps; I began thus far to assent, both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that, by labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these others—that, if I were certain to write, as men buy leases, for three lives and downwards, there ought no regard to be sooner had, than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country. . . .

"Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting." Here he goes on to speak of the various modes of utterance in which the divine gift of poesy may express itself; and, after alluding to various ancient poems, he speaks of "the Apocalypse of St. John" as "the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harpingsymphonies." "These abilities," he says—these poetic powers,—“are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, yet to some in every nation, and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns, the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought, with high Providence in his Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly, through faith, against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship; lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave—whatsoever hath passion or

admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties or refluxes of man's thoughts from within—all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe; teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed—that, whereas the paths of honesty and good life now appear rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed."

Having given this glowing description of the functions of the poet, and informed the reader of the high and cherished ambition of his youth to fulfil those functions himself, Milton goes on to allude to the sacrifice he had made in resigning this ambition. "The thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me, ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse that urgent reason hath plucked from me by an abortive and foredated discovery. And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but, that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend, and that the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of prelacy, under whose inquisitorial and tyrannical duncery, no free and splendid wit can flourish." Here he proceeds to give a promise of the "Paradise Lost," twenty years before he actually wrote it. "Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that, for some few years yet, I may go on trust with him, toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine—like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amouirist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her syren daughters; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim,

with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases; to which must be added, industrious and select reading—steady observation—insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs—till which, in some measure, be compassed, at my own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation, from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them.

“Although it nothing content me to have disclosed this much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest, *with what small willingness* I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thought, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes; put from beholding the bright countenance of truth, in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities, cold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings—who, when they have, like good sumpters, laid ye down their horse-loads of citations and fathers at your door, with a rhapsody of who and who were bishops here or there, ye may take off their packsaddles, their day's work is done, and episcopacy, as they think, stoutly vindicated. Let any gentle apprehension, that can distinguish learned pains from unlearned drudgery, imagine what pleasure or profoundness can be in this, or what honour to deal against such adversaries. *But, were it the MEANEST UNDERSERVICE, if God, by his Secretary, Conscience, enjoin it, it were sad for me if I should draw back.*”

On his return to England, at the commencement of 1640, Milton set about this “underservice” in right earnest. Dr. Johnson, in his “Life” of the Poet, has thought fit to indulge in a fit of “merriment” at his expense, and to taunt him with “great promise and small performance,” because he returned from Italy to help his country in her danger, and then opened a private school. The poet was wiser than the critic. He saw no absurdity in assuming an honest and useful employment, by which he served his country daily, and at the same time supported himself in writing those political and ecclesias-

tical pamphlets which exerted so great an influence on the destinies of England at that crisis. Some of the apologists of Milton, even, seem to be ashamed of his pedagogueship. His nephew, Philips, is evidently anxious to explain away the fact that he kept a school; as if that circumstance was a degradation to the poet. He says, “Possibly, his having proceeded so far in the education of youth, may have been the occasion of his adversaries calling him ‘pedagogue,’ and ‘schoolmaster:’ whereas it is well known that he never set up for a public school, to teach all the young fry of a parish; but only was willing to impart his learning and knowledge to his relations, and the sons of gentlemen who were his intimate friends; and that neither his writings nor his way of teaching ever savoured in the least of pedantry.” And then, evidently impatient of viewing him in this state of imagined degradation, Philips goes on to tell us that it was not long continued; and, anxious to dignify his position by investing him with military splendour, he adds, “I am much mistaken if there was not, about this time, a design of making him an Adjutant General in Sir William Waller’s army.” It is evident that Philips would have been prouder of his uncle, and would have thought him a greater and a manlier man, if that uncle had been an Adjutant General instead of an instructor of youth.

We scarcely need assure our readers that we do not sympathize with this opinion. To us, Milton looks grander among his pupils than he would have done in a regiment of red-coats. To us, it seems a harder, and therefore, a *manlier* thing to conquer oneself, than to conquer another man. In a moment of strong excitement, it requires little courage to stick one’s sword, or fire one’s ball into the heart of another man; but calmly and deliberately to sit down to wound and lacerate one’s own heart—to plunge a sword into some favourite passion that is dear to us as our soul, and send a bullet through some darling indulgence, the blasting of which is like the cutting off of a right hand, or the plucking out of a right eye—this is a higher flight of fortitude, and requires a moral courage and MANLINESS which few soldiers have possessed. The great poet, taming down his proud ambitious heart—quietly resigning the artist life, and spending his best years

in writing political pamphlets—seems to us a mightier conqueror than Wellington at Waterloo.

From his return to England in 1640, up to 1648, Milton worked on quietly and noiselessly at the uncongenial task which the sense of duty had prescribed to him. During that time, he published his "Reformation in England," "Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty," "Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymmus," "Apology for Smectymmus," "Areopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," "Tetrachordon," "Collasterion," "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," and various other minor pamphlets. But his genius wholly altered the character of his task. He infused the creative power of the poet into the effusion of the pamphleteer. These works contain some of the most splendid passages that are to be found in the English language. They are full of wisdom and eloquence. Qualities the most various, and even opposite, are to be discerned in them, lying side by side. The deepest philosophy, and the highest poetry—the coolest logic, and the most burning eloquence—the most playful wit and humour, and the most intense earnestness—following each other in rapid succession,—combine to make these works the most wonderful productions of the kind in the English language. But, perhaps, the most striking peculiarity about them,—that which distinguishes them from most other political pamphlets,—is the deep spirit of piety, of honest unaffected devoutness, which breathes through them all: as a specimen of which, we shall quote the conclusion of his first pamphlet, "Of the Reformation in England," merely omitting the denunciation of the enemies of the true faith, which forms the last sentence. After rising to a pitch of glowing eloquence, he suddenly bursts out into a sublime prayer:

"O, Sir, I do now feel myself enwrapped, on the sudden, into those mazes and labyrinths of dreadful and hideous thoughts, that, which way to get out, or which way to end, I know not, unless I turn mine eyes, and, with your help, lift up mine hands, to that Eternal and propitious Throne, where nothing is readier than grace and refuge to the distresses of mortal suppliants.

"Thou, therefore, that sittest in light and glory unapproachable—Parent of angels and men! next thee, I implore, Omnipotent King—Redeemer of that lost remnant whose nature thou didst assume—Ineffable and Everlasting Love! and thou, the third subsistence of Divine Infinitude, Illuming Spirit, the Joy and Solace of created things!—One Tripersonal Godhead! Look upon this thy poor and almost spent and expiring Church: leave her not thus a prey to these importunate wolves, that wait and think long till they devour thy tender flock—these wild boars that have broke into thy vineyard, and left the print of their polluting hoofs on the souls of thy servants. O let them not bring about their damned designs, that stand now at the entrance of the bottomless pit, expecting the watchword to open and let out those dreadful locusts and scorpions; to re-involve us in that pitchy cloud of infernal darkness, where we shall never more see the sun of thy truth again—never hope for the cheerful dawn—never more hear the bird of morning sing. Be moved at the afflicted state of this our shaken monarchy, that now lies labouring under her throes, and struggling against the grudges of more dreaded calamities.

"O thou, that, after the impetuous rage of five bloody inundations, and the succeeding sword of intestine war, soaking the land in her own gore, didst pity the sad and ceaseless revolution of our swift and thick-coming sorrows—when we were quite breathless, of thy own free grace didst motion peace and terms of covenant with us—and, having first well-nigh freed us from Anti-Christian thralldom, didst build up this Britannie Empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter-islands about her,—stay her in this felicity. Let not the obstinacy of our half obedience and will-worship bring forth that viper of sedition, that, for these threescore years, hath been breeding to eat through the entrails of our peace; but let her cast her abortive spawn without the danger of this travingailing and throbbing kingdom, that we may still remember in our solemn thanksgivings, how, for us, the northern ocean, even to the frozen Thule, was scattered with the proud shipwrecks of the Spanish Armada, and made to give up her concealed destruction, ere she

could vent it in that horrible and damned blast.

"O how much more glorious will those former deliverances appear, when we shall know them, not only to have saved us from greatest miseries past, but to have reserved us for greatest happiness to come! Hitherto thou hast but freed us, and that not fully, from the unjust and tyrannous claim of thy foes. Now unite us entirely, and appropriate us to thyself; tie us everlastingly, in willing homage to the prerogative of thy eternal throne.

"And now we know, O thou our most certain hope and defence, that thine enemies have been consulting all the sorceries of the great whore, and have joined their plots with that sad intelligencing tyrant, that mischiefs the world with his mines of Ophir, and lies thirsting to revenge his naval ruins that have larded our seas. 'But let them all take counsel together; and let it come to nought. Let them decree; and do thou cancel it. Let them gather themselves, and be scattered. Let them embattle themselves, and be broken: let them embattle, and be broken; for thou art with us.'

"Then, amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may, perhaps, be heard offering at high strains, in new and lofty measures, to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies, and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages—whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her old vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people, at that day when thou, the Eternal and shortly-expected King, shalt open the clouds, to judge the several kingdoms of the world; and, distributing national honours and rewards to religious and just commonwealths, shalt put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming thy universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth—where they, undoubtedly, that, by their labours, counsels, and prayers, have been earnest for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive, above the inferior orders of the blessed, the regal addition of principalities, legions, and thrones, into their glorious titles, and, in supereminence of beatific vision, progressing

the dateless and irrevocable circle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss, in over-measure for ever."

In the year 1643, at Whitsuntide, Milton was married to Mary Powell, the daughter of a Justice of the Peace in Oxfordshire. The marriage was a most imprudent one, and proved most unhappy. There was no congeniality between man and wife. Milton was a staunch supporter of the Parliament; his wife was a Royalist. His manner of life was severe, abstemious, retiring; her tastes were all for show, gaiety, and frivolity. She deserted him only one month after their marriage, on the plea of revisiting her friends. As Philips relates, "Having for a month led a philosophic life, after having been used at home to a great house, and much company and joviality,—her friends, possibly by her own desire, made earnest suit to have her company the remaining part of the summer—which was granted, upon the promise of her return at Michaelmas." Michaelmas came; but she still stayed away. Milton sent her a letter, but received no answer. He wrote others with the same result. At last he dispatched a messenger: his messenger was sent back with contempt. Soon after this, however, the Royalist cause began to lose ground in England, and probably the family of the Powells were placed in distress; for, in the course of the following year, his wife earnestly prayed for a reconciliation. Milton was in the habit of visiting a relation of his, named Blackborough, at St. Martin-le-Grand; and, at one of his visits, his wife suddenly entered from another room—fell on her knees before him—and with tears implored his forgiveness. However much he might have been wronged, and however strongly he had felt the injury, Milton's was not an implacable nature. He was just and stern, but not revengeful. He forgave his wife, and received her back to his home. It is but just to him to add, that, shortly afterwards, when her father and brothers, and other Royalists of their acquaintance, were in distress, and applied to him for shelter,—he received them all into his house.

But there is not the slightest doubt, that this wanton outrage on the part of his wife grieved him deeply, and led him to form those opinions on the subject

of Divorce, which he published about this time in his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce" (1644)—"Tetrachordon" (1644)—and "Colasterion" (1645). Milton's position was this—that uncongeniality or unfitness of mind was a better ground for Divorce, than infirmity of body, which is yet good ground in law; and he attempted to prove that his opinion was sanctioned by the Word of God. But, in justice to him we ought to observe, that his doctrine on this point was but a part of one grand idea of perfect and universal liberty—inward and outward—personal and social—civil and religious. Toland tells us, "As he looked upon true and absolute freedom to be the greatest happiness of this life, whether to societies or single persons,—so he thought constraint of any sort to be the utmost misery; for which reason, he used to tell those about him the great satisfaction of his mind, that he had constantly employed his strength and faculties in the defence of liberty, and in direct opposition to slavery." He himself tells us that he turned his thoughts, "to the promotion of real and substantial liberty, which is rather to be sought from within than from without, and whose existence depends, not so much on the terror of the sword, as on sobriety of conduct and integrity of life. When, therefore, I perceived that there were three species of liberty, which are essential to the happiness of social life—religious, domestic, and civil; and, as I had already written concerning the first" (in his "Reformation in England," "Prelatical Episcopacy," "Reason of Church Government," &c. &c.), "and the magistrates were strenuously active concerning the third,—I determined to turn my attention to the second, or the domestic species. As this seemed to involve three material questions—the condition of the conjugal tie—the education of children—and the free publication of thought,—I made them objects of distinct consideration"—in his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," "Of Education," and "Areopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." We may add that the question of "Civil Liberty" is discussed in his "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," and his two "Defences of the People of England."

Such works, as Milton had written between the years 1641 and 1648, could

not have been published without producing a deep impression on the country. He was already known as a man of note and mark—a man of wisdom and power. The people had already fallen into the habit of looking upon him as the literary defender of the Commonwealth, as Cromwell was its military defender. The public opinion needed but official confirmation. It soon received it. We are informed that in the month of March, 1648, some gentlemen, of the highest authority, were deputed by the Council of State, "to repair to the lodging of one Mr. Milton—a small house in Holborn, which opens backward into Lincoln's-Inn Fields." The following entry yet stands legible in the "Order book of the Council of State:" "Die Martis, 13th of March, 1648, That it is referred to the same committee"—that is, Whitlocke, Sir Harry Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Denbigh, Mr. Marten, Mr. Lisle,—“or any two of them, to speak with Mr. Milton, to know, whether he will be employed as Secretary for the Foreign Languages.” Milton accepted the offer. It was a high and honourable office; and Milton discharged its duties well. The monuments of his political sagacity and industry, in this office, which still remain—the "State Letters," written in Latin, in the name of the Parliament and of the two Protectors, to various kings and governments of Europe—the "Manifesto of the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, against Spain"—and various other official papers—would of themselves be enough to stamp him as a man of extraordinary power. Milton was a man of universal genius; and it would be difficult to conceive of his failing in any undertaking, in which learning or sagacity—wisdom or common sense—could ensure success.

His official career completely and triumphantly refutes the notion, which is but too common, that the man of genius is unfit for any practical work, and must never meddle with the government of his country. It is certainly a most extraordinary notion. It is as much as to say: "Leave your country to be governed by your fools and your idiots." The idea, if logically carried out, would really lead to the conclusion—that, the more foolish and stupid a man is, the better fitted he is to govern the country. The less he is able to govern himself, the more fitted he is to govern others.

Why, we had better at once choose our statesmen out of the choicest inmates of our private asylums. We are not so foolish as to advocate such opinions when we want to have our pigs governed. If we had our choice, other things being equal, we would rather have a wise man than a fool to look after our swine. The wiser a man is, the more likely he is to keep them out of harm's way. We should be sorry to trust them to a simpleton, lest they should prove too wise for him. Even pigs will be more orderly, more obedient, and, on the whole, better governed, when they have a wise man, than when they have a fool, for their ruler. And are we to believe that it is easier to govern men than to govern pigs?

This radical error has been believed and acted on, in all ages and in all countries—that the MEN of the time are not to be the RULERS of the time. Alas, is there not ample reason for the remark which the wise Swedish Chancellor made to his son, "See with what little wit the world is governed!" The problem, which comes up for solution to every country and to every age, is, "To find the real governor;" and the past history of our world tells us how that problem has been solved in most ages. How few men of genius we can single out, who have, in any country or in any age, had anything to do with the government of their country! A few there have been,—such as Pericles and Demosthenes among the Greeks—Cicero and Cæsar among the Romans—Mirabeau and Buonaparte among the French—Cromwell and Chatham among the English. But what are these names compared with the greater names which do not appear on the list? What becomes of the Homers, the Platos, and the Shakespeares? Can we conceive of any one better qualified to govern men than our own William Shakespeare? With his intuitive knowledge of human nature—with his largeness and comprehensiveness of mind, which could grasp at once the largest masses and the smallest minutiae—with his many-sidedness and universality, which could see into every thing and assign to it its proper place in the world—with his power of going out of himself, as it were, and placing himself in the situation of every other man—with his deep political insight, so profound and true, that no one has yet been able to point out any error

in his principles of government, as enunciated in his Dramas,—can we conceive of any man better qualified than William Shakespeare to govern a great nation?

One thing we know. His great, though lesser, compeer, Milton, was entrusted with the management of a high department of state; and fulfilled his office with admirable wisdom and success. If we had nothing to judge by but his "State Letters,"—we should consider them as proofs of his great capacity for business. With all his poetic genius, he had a large share of plain common sense—raised by his genius into a nobler power. No mere mechanical drudge could have written those letters. Everything, that the most consummate diplomatist could have done, is accomplished by them; and a great deal more, which no mere diplomatist, however consummate, could ever have achieved.

We have seen that Milton took office under the Parliament and the Protector; but he preserved his independence and manliness of character amidst all the restraints of his position. On every point—even on the smallest trifles—he acted out the convictions of his own conscience. It was impossible for such a man to be what is called a party-man. Indeed, strictly speaking, he did not belong to any of the great parties of the day. He did not identify himself with any of them. So far as he agreed with them, he worked with them; but, on every point in which he differed from them, he pursued his own course alone. His was a mind too large and majestic to be narrowed down within the limited range of any sect, and too tough and strong to be stretched on the Procrustes' bed of any party. It is impossible to classify him with others. He did not belong to any special class, just because he formed a class of his own. He was simply, a "Milton." He was an independent Thinker, and an independent Speaker of his thoughts. He was not to be shackled by any man or set of men. He was too deeply impressed with the majesty and the sacredness of truth, to compromise it for any one; and not all the tyrants on earth, nor all the devils in hell, could have compelled him to renounce it. This is what we call true MANLINESS. If we believe that what we think and profess is true and right and noble,—

what matters it to us that our neighbours think otherwise? They have liberty to think as they will; only let them not dare to touch us in our liberty. We are not accountable to them. We are accountable to our God alone; and let not our neighbour dare take us to task for our thoughts.

These were Milton's principles throughout life. He had his own opinions on all the great events of the day, as well as the great principles involved in those events; and he gave a bold, manly, and fearless utterance to those opinions, without stopping to ask whether they would please friend or foe. Whenever and wherever he found what was wrong, he unflinchingly attacked it, whether that wrong was to be found in his own party or in the opposite. He would have made what is called a troublesome member of the House of Commons—troublesome both to friend and foe, whenever they are guilty of a trick, or perpetrate a job. And, no doubt, many of his own party found him troublesome enough. They could not gag him on any point. He would speak out. He did not hesitate to oppose and desert his friends, as soon as they deserted and opposed acknowledged principles. Indeed, to a great extent, he stood alone. His gigantic form was seen towering far above the heads of his countrymen. With a few exceptions, he lived in a crowd of inferior beings; and so he separated himself from them, and retired into the depths of his own majestic soul. Indeed, there was nothing in Milton more remarkable than this grand individuality. From his very childhood he lived apart. The actual world was too low for his soaring spirit; so he lived in an IDEAL WORLD of his own. He could find none to sympathize with him; so he retired into his own soul, and there held communion with himself and with his God. It might be said of him, that, while he faithfully and conscientiously discharged all his duties on earth, "his conversation was in heaven." Truly does Wordsworth say, in his "Sonnet to Milton,"

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was as the sea—
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.

Even when he was most popular, his contemporaries did not thoroughly understand or appreciate him. They unbewoed his more popular opinions;

but his sublimer and more spiritual ideas—his lofty aspirations after absolute and universal liberty—they did not and they could not understand. The Puritans themselves, with a very few exceptions, did not understand what liberty meant. They could not see how it could be right for their opponents to think for themselves. It was right for *them* to think and profess what they chose, because they believed and professed the *truth*; but their opponents were in *error*, and they must be compelled to receive the truth. Milton had joined the Presbyterians, because he hoped that they would carry out his grand principle; but, as soon as he discovered that they had fought, not that all men might be equal, but merely that *they* might get the upper-hand—not that all might be free to think for themselves, but that *they* might be able to compel all others to think as *they* thought, he turned away from them with disgust, and joined the Independents. The Independents were a little more liberal—but very little. He acted in the same way repeatedly, though he knew that thus he was alienating friends and creating powerful foes; but friends, and foes, and worldly interest, and everything else on earth, he was ready to give up for what he believed to be the cause of truth and justice and humanity.

Would that this right of private judgment, which Milton carried out to its fullest extent, were better understood among ourselves! We talk much about it in the present day; but it is evident that we have not yet reached the point which the poet of the seventeenth century attained. We feel that we cannot be too earnest on this point. We ought to think no man the better for agreeing with us—no man the worse for differing with us. Differences of opinion will exist among the sincerest, the noblest, the godliest. It would be as impossible to produce uniformity of opinion, as it would be to produce uniformity of stature. We cannot prevent diversity. Nay, we would not, if we could. God loves variety in nature; and we believe that He loves it in the human soul. But these differences of opinion need not divide us. They ought not to break the unity of Christ's Church. Though we cannot see eye to eye, we may still honour and love one another, and rejoice in one another's spiritual progress.

In the year 1649, Milton lost his sight; and the circumstances, under which the loss was incurred, supply one of the most striking evidences of his magnanimity. During that year, Salmasius, the most renowned scholar of the age, had published his "Royal Defence of Charles I." This book was a bold attack on the English Commonwealth. Written by a man of unrivalled eminence in literature, it attracted universal attention, both at home and abroad; and it seemed to require refutation. Moreover, the juncture was a very critical one for the Commonwealth. The Council of State, as usual, voted "that Mr. John Milton be requested to write an answer." Milton had already lost one of his eyes; and his physicians told him plainly, that, if he attempted to write a reply to Salmasius, he would lose the other. Milton was not to be daunted by that. The noble man said that the liberty of his countrymen was more precious than his eyes. So he sat down to write the work, and—**LOST HIS SIGHT.** We can never listen unmoved to his own noble account of the deed. His opponents crowded over his calamity in an unmanly manner, and represented it as a judgment from God for his "wicked writings." In the preface to his "Second Defence of the People of England" he answers one of them thus:—

"With respect to myself, though I have accurately examined my conduct, and scrutinised my soul, I call Thee, O God, the searcher of hearts, to witness, that I am not conscious, either in the more early or in the later periods of my life, of having committed any enormity which might deservedly have marked me out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation. But, since my enemies boast that this affliction is only a retribution for the transgressions of my pen, I again invoke the Almighty to witness that I never, at any time, wrote any thing which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. This was my persuasion then, and I feel the same persuasion now. Nor was I ever prompted to such exertions by the influence of ambition—by the lust of lucre or of praise: it was only by the conviction of duty and the feeling of patriotism—a disinterested passion for the extension of civil and religious liberty. Thus, therefore, when I was publicly solicited to write a reply to the

Defence of the Royal Cause—when I had to contend with the pressure of sickness, and with the apprehension of soon losing the sight of my remaining eye—and, when my medical attendants clearly announced, that, if I did engage in the work, it would be irreparably lost,—their premonitions caused no hesitation, and inspired no dismay. I would not have listened to the voice even of Esculapius himself, from the shrine of Epidauris, in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast. My resolution was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight, or the desertion of my duty. I considered that many had purchased a less good by a greater evil—the meed of glory by the loss of life; but that I might procure great good by little suffering—that, though I am blind, I might still discharge the most honourable duties, the performance of which, as it is something more durable than glory, ought to be an object of superior admiration and esteem. I resolved, therefore, to make the short interval of sight which was left me to enjoy, as beneficial as possible to the public interest.

"Thus it is clear by what motives I was governed, in the measures which I took, and the losses which I sustained. Let then the calumniators of the Divine goodness cease to revile, or to make me the object of their superstitious imaginations. Let them consider that my situation, such as it is, is neither an object of my shame nor of my regret—that my resolutions are too firm to be shaken—that I am not depressed by any sense of the divine displeasure—that, on the other hand, in the most momentous periods, I have had full experience of the divine favour and protection—that, in the solace and strength, which have been infused into me from above, I have been enabled to do the will of God—that I may oftener think on what he has bestowed, than on what he has withheld—that, in short, I am unwilling to exchange my consciousness of rectitude with that of any other person—and that I feel the recollection of a treasured store of tranquillity and delight.

"But, if the choice were necessary, sir, I would prefer my blindness to yours. Yours is a cloud spread over the mind, which darkens both the light of reason and of conscience; mine keeps

from my view only the coloured surfaces of things, while it leaves me at liberty to contemplate the beauty and stability of virtue and of truth. How many things are there, besides, which I would not willingly see—how many which I must see against my will—and how few which I feel any anxiety to see! There is, as the Apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit—as long as, in that obscurity in which I am enveloped, the light of the divine presence more clearly shines—then, in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong; and, in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. O that I may thus be perfected by feebleness, and irradiated by obscurity! And, indeed, in my blindness I enjoy, in no inconsiderable degree, the favour of the Deity; who regards me with more tenderness and compassion, in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but himself. Alas! for him who insults me—who maligns and merits public execration. For the divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack; not indeed so much from the privation of my sight, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings, which seem to have occasioned this obscurity, and which, when occasioned, he is wont to illuminate with an interior light, more precious and more pure.”

Milton's activity was not impaired by the loss of his sight. Though blind, the vigour of his mind was such that he continued to discharge the duties of his office as Foreign Secretary, and still carried on his controversies on behalf of liberty. When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, in 1653, just two hundred years ago, he did not resign his office. Dr. Johnson has thought fit to sneer at him for his adhesion to Cromwell. He says, “Milton, having now tasted the money of public employment, would not return to hunger and philosophy, but, continuing to exercise his office under a manifest usurpation, betrayed to his power that liberty which he had defended.” But it is evident that Milton and Johnson took different views of Cromwell's character and deeds. And, indeed, what subject is there on which they could have thoroughly agreed? In-

tellectually and artistically, as well as politically, they stand at the very antipodes of each other. Milton's opinion was, that Cromwell had preserved TRUE LIBERTY;—that he was the only man who *could* preserve it—the only man who could save the country from anarchy and destruction. It is deeply interesting, in the present day, to read the tribute which the GREAT POET has rendered to the GREAT RULER of the seventeenth century, in his “Second Defence of the People of England.” After giving a graphic description of the dissensions which distracted and tore the country at the time of Cromwell's assumption of the Protectorate, he addresses the Protector in these words:—

“In this state of desolation, to which we were reduced, you, O Cromwell, alone remained to conduct the government, and to save the country. We all willingly yield the palm of sovereignty to your unrivalled ability and virtue;—except the few among us, who, either ambitious of the honours which they have not the capacity to sustain—or who envy those which are conferred on one more worthy than themselves—or else who do not know that nothing in the world is more pleasing to God, more agreeable to reason, more politically just, or more generally useful, than that the supreme power should be vested in the best and wisest man. Such, O Cromwell, all acknowledge you to be: such are the services which you have rendered as the leader of our councils—the general of our army—and the father of your country. For this is the tender appellation by which all the good among us salute you from the very soul. Other names you neither have, nor could endure; and you deservedly reject that pomp of title which attracts the gaze and admiration of the multitude. . . .

For, if you had been captivated by a name, over which, as a private citizen, you had so completely triumphed and crumbled into dust, you would have been doing the same thing as if, after having subdued some idolatrous nation by the help of the true God, you should afterward fall down and worship the gods which you had vanquished.

“Do you then, sir, continue your course with the same unrivalled magnanimity. It sits well upon you. To you our country owes its liberties; nor can you sustain a character at once more momentous and more august than that

of the author, the guardian, and the preserver, of our liberties. And hence you have not only eclipsed the achievements of all our kings, but even those which have been fabled of our heroes. Often reflect what a dear pledge the beloved land of your nativity had entrusted to your care; and that liberty, which she once expected only from the chosen flower of her talents and her virtues, she now expects from you only, and by you only hopes to obtain. Revere the fond expectations which we cherish—the solicitudes of your anxious country. Revere the looks and the wounds of your brave companions in arms, who, under your banner, have so strenuously fought for liberty. Revere the shades of those who perished in the contest. Revere also the opinions and hopes which foreign states entertain concerning us, who promise to themselves so many advantages from that liberty which we have so bravely acquired—from the establishment of that new government which has begun to shed its splendour on the world, which, if it be suffered to vanish like a dream, would involve us in the deepest abyss of shame. And, lastly, revere yourself; and, after having endured so many sufferings, and encountered so many perils, for the sake of liberty,—do not suffer it, now it is obtained, either to be violated by yourself, or in any one instance impaired by others. You cannot be truly free, unless we are free too; for such is the nature of things, that he who intrenches on the liberty of others, is the first to lose his own, and become a slave.”

Milton's activity was not confined to the duties of his public office. Blind as he was, he undertook three great literary works, each of which, we might have supposed, expressly required the use of sight, namely, “an Epic Poem, the History of England, and a Dictionary of the Latin Tongue.” It seems almost incredible that a blind man should be able to compile a dictionary; because, according to the acknowledgment of Dr. Johnson, who himself had ample experience of the difficulties of the undertaking, it is a work which “depends upon a perpetual and minute inspection and collation.” And yet Milton continued at this work “almost to his dying day.” “To compile a history from various authors, when they can only be consulted by other eyes,” would seem to be almost as difficult; but probably

some modern instances will at once occur to our readers as rivalling Milton's.

As to the epic,—since it is a work which the world “will not willingly let die,” we shall be justified in giving a more minute account of its history. We have already seen, that, as early as the year 1641, Milton had “covenanted with the knowing reader” for the production of this great work. In his verses to Mansus, he hints that King Arthur was to be the hero of his song. But he changed his purpose; and, at length, after much deliberation—“long choosing and beginning late,”—he fixed upon “Paradise Lost” as the subject of his poem. It is deeply interesting to notice the progress of this poem—how gradually his plans were matured—and after what changes the poem took its present shape. It seems that, at one time, Milton thought of casting his thoughts into the shape of a “Drama” or “Mystery.” Phillips tells us that he had seen what he calls part of a tragedy, beginning with the first ten lines of Satan's address to the Sun. In a library at Cambridge there are “some sketches of poetical projects left in manuscript;” and, among other things, there are two plans of the “Mystery” or “Tragedy” of “Paradise Lost.” As a specimen of the work, as it shaped itself first in Milton's mind, we shall present one of these plans from Johnson's Life.

“THE PERSONS.

| | | |
|-------------------|-------------|----------|
| “Moses. | Labour. | } Mutes. |
| Divine Justice, | Sickness. | |
| Wisdom, Heaven- | Discontent. | |
| ly Love. | Ignorance. | |
| The Evening Star, | Fear. | |
| Hesperus. | Death. | |
| Chorus of Angels. | Faith. | |
| Lucifer. | Hope. | |
| Adam. | Charity. | |
| Eve. | | |
| Conscience. | | |

ACT I.

“Moses *προλογίζει* (loquiter), recounting how he assumed his true body—that it corrupts not, because it is with God in the mount;—declares the like of Enoch and Elijah;—besides the purity of the place, that certain pure winds, dews, and clouds preserve it from corruption;—whence exhorts to the sight of God;—tells they cannot see Adam in the state of innocence, by reason of their sin.

| | |
|----------|-------------------------------|
| Justice, | } Debating what should become |
| Mercy, | |
| Wisdom, | |

Chorus of Angels singing a Hymn of the Creation.

ACT II.

“Heavenly Love.
Evening Star.

Chorus sing the Marriage Song, and describe Paradise.

ACT III.

"Lucifer contriving Adam's ruin.
Chorus fears for Adam, and relates Lucifer's
rebellion and fall.

ACT IV.

"Adam, } Fallen.
Eve, }
Conscience cites them to God's examination.
Chorus bewails, and tells the good Adam has
lost.

ACT V.

"Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise.
Adam and Eve presented by angels with—

| | | | |
|---------|----------|-------------|----------|
| Labour, | } Mutes. | Pestilence, | } Mutes. |
| Grief, | | Sickness, | |
| Hatred, | | Discontent, | |
| Envy, | | Ignorance, | |
| War, | | Fear, | |
| Famine, | | Death, | |

To whom he gives their names. Likewise
Winter, Heat, Tempest, &c.

Faith,
Hope,
Charity, } Comfort him, and instruct him.

Chorus briefly concludes."

Such is the rough outline of the idea as it first entered Milton's mind. We have only slightly to glance at the foregoing rude sketch, to feel thankful that the "Paradise Lost," as we have it, is indeed "not a work raised from the heat of youth," nor "obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge,"—and that, "to this," the author *did* "add industrious and select reading—steady observation—insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs,"—before he ventured to carry out, and complete, and give to the world, the work which had at first suggested itself to him in such a rude shape. But we are enabled to have a glimpse of the work at a higher stage of maturity. We have another sketch of the poem among Milton's unpublished papers, which is as follows:

"ADAM UNPARADISED.

"The Angel Gabriel either descending or entering—showing, since this globe was created, his frequency as much on earth as in heaven—describes Paradise. Next, the chorus, showing the reason of his coming to keep his watch in Paradise, after Lucifer's rebellion, by command from God; and withal expressing his desire to see and know more concerning this excellent new creature, man. The Angel Gabriel, as by his name signifying a prince of power, tracing Paradise with a more free office, passes by the station of the chorus, and, desired by

them, relates what he knows of man—as the creation of Eve, with their love and marriage. After this, Lucifer appears—after his overthrow, bemoans himself—seeks revenge on man. The chorus prepares resistance at his first approach. At last, after discourse of enmity on either side, he departs—whereat the chorus sings of the battle and victory in heaven against him and his accomplices. As before, after the first act, was sung a hymn of the creation. Here again may appear Lucifer, relating and exulting in what he had done and the destruction of man. Man next, and Eve having by this time been seduced by the Serpent, appears confusedly covered with leaves. Conscience in a shape accuses him. Justice calls him to the place whither Jehovah called for him. In the meantime, the chorus entertains the stage, and is informed by some angel the manner of the fall. Here the chorus bewails Adam's fall. Adam then and Eve return—accuse one another; but especially Adam lays the blame to his wife—is stubborn in his offence. Justice appears—reasons with him—convinces him. The chorus admonisheth Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer's example of impenitence. The angel is sent to banish them out of Paradise; but, before, causes to pass before his eyes, in shapes, a mask of all the evils of this life and world. He is humbled—relents—despairs. At last appears Mercy—comforts him—promises the Messiah—then calls in Faith, Hope, and Charity—instructs him. He repents—gives God the glory—submits to his penalty. The chorus briefly concludes."

Such are the first rude sketches of a work which has taken its place by the side of Homer's *Iliad* and Dante's *Vision*. It is deeply interesting and instructive to see great works in their germ—to watch their growth and expansion—to trace their progress from the first rude conception to the last artistic touch.

While Milton was engaged upon the "Paradise Lost," an event occurred which altered all his prospects. This was the Restoration, in 1660. He was, of course, deprived of his office and had more leisure to devote to his literary occupations. But, at the same time, he was denounced and prosecuted. The cause, with which he had identified himself, had failed. Most of his friends

were killed or scattered. Liberty was trodden under foot. His name was a bye-word among the Royalists. An order was issued to seize some of his works, and burn them by the common hangman. He had indeed, as he says, "fallen on evil days and evil tongues, with darkness and with danger compassed round." Few would have had the heart to do anything at such a time. But at such a time it was that our great poet devoted himself to the maturing and completion of the great work which he had undertaken in youth. It seems to us as noble a spectacle as any in history, to see this grand old man, having *done* his work for his own age, and being now blind, and poor, and neglected, calmly and confidently sitting down to write for future ages. He could do no more for his beloved country. On all political questions his mouth was gagged. The oracles of the great man were prized no more by his degenerate countrymen. But he heeded it not. Silently and steadily he worked on at that book which he dedicated to posterity.

The "*Paradise Lost*" was published in 1667. Milton sold the copyright to Samuel Simmons "for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation to receive five pounds more, when thirteen hundred copies of the first edition should be sold; and, again, five pounds after the sale of the same number of the second edition; and another five pounds after the same sale of the third. None of the three editions were to be extended beyond fifteen hundred copies." In two years, thirteen hundred copies of the first edition were sold; and Milton became entitled to the second payment of five pounds, for which the receipt was signed, April 26, 1669. The second edition was not published till 1674. Several improvements were made in that edition. The work was originally in ten books. In that edition the seventh and tenth books were divided into two; and the work, as it now stands, appeared in twelve books. The third edition was published in 1678.

When Elwood, Milton's Quaker friend, had read the "*Paradise Lost*," he remarked to the author, "Thou hast said a great deal upon *paradise lost*; what hast thou to say upon *paradise found*?" Milton took the hint; and this seems to have been the germ of the "*Paradise Regained*," which was published in

1670. Milton presented a copy to Elwood, and said, "This is owing to you; for you put it in my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which otherwise I had not thought of." In the same year appeared the "*History of England*," and "*Samson Agonistes*."

In closing this account of the poet's literary labours, we are sorely tempted to pause and criticise them. But we are reluctantly compelled to abandon the attempt. A superficial criticism would be worse than none; and, as this article has already reached an unreasonable length, and we have a good deal still to say of a biographical and historical character, any critical remarks which we might make cannot but be superficial.

This seems to be an appropriate place for gathering up the scattered threads of the poet's domestic life. His first wife died in 1653, and left him three daughters. It was not long before he married again. His second wife was Catherine Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Woodcock of Hackney. She seems to have been worthy of Milton, and, had she lived, would doubtless have made his home happy. But she died within a year, of childbirth. Several years after, he married Elizabeth Minshul, of a gentleman's family in Cheshire; and, according to Phillips, she oppressed his children in his lifetime, and cheated them at his death. His last days seem to have been embittered by her.

Happily we have several particulars handed down to us of the last years of his life. He took a small house in Bunhill Fields; and there he was seen sitting "at the old organ, beneath the faded green curtains." There his friend Elwood would go every afternoon, except on Sundays, to read Latin to him, and listen to his conversation. There he taught his daughters to read to him (by rote) in Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French. There he has been found by Richardson, sitting "before his door in a grey coat of coarse cloth, in warm, sultry weather, to enjoy the fresh air." There, according to another account, he was seen "neatly enough dressed in black clothes, sitting in a room hung with rusty green—pale, but not cadaverous—with chalk-stones in his hands. He said, that, if it were not for the gout, his blindness would be tolerable." Richardson tells us, that, in composing his poem, "he would sometimes lie awake whole nights,

but not a verse could he make; and, on a sudden, his poetical faculty would rush upon him with an *impetus* or *æstrum*, and his daughter was immediately called to secure what came. At other times he would dictate perhaps forty lines in a breath, and then reduce them to half the number."

To the passing spectator he seemed fallen and forsaken. His blindness, as we have seen, was represented as a judgment from God. And, doubtless, there were moments when he felt his position keenly. He was poor. We have seen that he was paid just ten pounds (in all) for his "*Paradise Lost*," and proportionately for his other works. He had no private property. He would not stoop for money. It is said, that, shortly after his last marriage, he was offered the continuance of his employment, as secretary, by Charles the Second's government. As the story runs, his wife pressed him to accept the offer; but he answered, "You, like other women, want to ride in your coach; my wish is to live and die an honest man." His difficulty in composing was great. He was too poor to employ a regular amanuensis to take down his words. He was obliged to beg any one that came in his way, to copy down the majestic thoughts of the "*Paradise Lost*." And, then, he could not read. The joy of beautiful sights was no longer his; and to a mind like his, naturally so artistic, and so admirably fitted to enjoy the wonders of the physical universe, it must have been hard indeed to be shut out of the palace of the visible creation. He could no longer roam about, at his own will, amid the woods and green fields. He sat, of a sunny morning, in the porch of his house, enjoying the fresh air; but this was in a confined garden, in the suburb of the great city. He was at the mercy of others. All was blank. We can imagine that it was during one of these moments of depression, that he composed that touching line in "*Sampson Agonistes*"—full of the concentrated essence of sadness:—

"Oh, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon!"

or that affecting, yet majestic, burst of sadness, which is to be found at the commencement of the third book of his "*Paradise Lost*;" addressing the light, he says:

"Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn.

So quick a drop serene bath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd.

Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of eve or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.
But cloud, instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off; and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom, at one entrance, quite shut out."

This is certainly a sad picture. Aye, but what is the poet's own sublime conclusion?

"So much the rather, thou, celestial light,
Shine inward; and the mind, through all her
powers,
Irradiate. There plant eyes: all mist from
thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell,
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

We cannot refrain from quoting also his two exquisite sonnets on his blindness:

"When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;—
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask: but patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not
need
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best:—
His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait."

The second sonnet is inscribed to Cyriac Skinner.

"Cyriac, this three years' day these eyes, though
clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of life, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou
ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them over-
ple'd
In Liberty's defence—my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the
world's vain mask,
Content, though blind—had I no better guide."

He had a "better guide." Though blind, he lived in light. His outward blindness did but strengthen his inward sight. As physical objects faded from his view, spiritual objects opened on him. As his material eye closed in everlasting night, his spiritual eye saw God and eternal realities all the more distinctly. His own noble prayer was fulfilled. The "celestial light" "shone inward, and the mind, through all her powers,

irradiated," and he lived to "see and tell of things invisible to mortal sight." Surely this was a sublime recompense for his loss. He had indeed learnt the way to power through weakness—to wealth through poverty. Aye, lowly and poor as was that "small lodging" in Bunhill Fields, it was then the holiest shrine in England. Over it hovered guardian angels to protect it from insult and injury; and within it lived the grandest old man which our country, so rich in worthies, had seen for many a long day. We might have searched the whole country, from John O'Groat's to Land's End—from the throne to the dunghill—a long, long time, without alighting on one specimen of a genuine MAN. We might have ransacked the royal palace; and, from the shallow-hearted libertine who sat upon the throne, to the lowest courtier who fawned at his footstool, probably we should not have found one large intellect or one noble heart. That was indeed, as Macaulay says, an age "of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love—of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices—the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds." But, in one of the meaner suburbs of the great city, there stood a small poverty-stricken house; and in that house lived the greatest man in England—in grand contrast with his generation. The frivolous lords and false-hearted ladies rolled in splendour and in luxury about him, scarcely conscious of his existence; and, all that time, that great man lived alone—almost out of the world—struggling with blindness and with poverty—receiving from his bookseller just ten pounds for that book which has brought

in tens of thousands into the coffers of other booksellers. And at length, wearied and worn—tost and buffeted—he sank into his grave on the 10th of November, 1674.

Such is the world! What, then! Is there no justice in this world of ours? Ah, no! Believe it not!

"Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge
That no tyrant can corrupt."

"Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil;" but, as sure as there is a God in heaven, that sentence will be executed one day. Aye, though "a sinner do evil a hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God; but it shall *not* be well with the wicked." That poor, blind, old man, proscribed and neglected as he was, lived a happier as well as nobler life, surrounded with cherubim and seraphim and the spirits of the great departed, than that triumphant monarch, with all his pleasures and all his luxuries. That "small lodging" in Bunhill Fields, with its frugal fare and its temperate tone, was as the palace of the most high God, compared with that "palace" at Whitehall, with its hellish orgies and its heartless revellings; and, long after the Charles and the Rochesters—the Buckingham and the Lauderdale—are forgotten, except to have the brand of infamy stamped upon them,—the name of Milton will be honoured and loved. Each succeeding age will add an additional wreath to that unfading crown which already encircles his brows—recognising him not only as the POET, but as the PATRIOT and the MAN.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said and written about Goethe, our interest in the great German is as rife as ever; at least our *curiosity* scarcely flags. The English version of Eckermann's "Conversations" was received with almost as warm a welcome by many British readers a year or two ago, as may have hailed the first appearance of Boswell's "Johnson" sixty years since. On the other hand, Goethe's merits have been

as severely handled (in one of our most able political journals) within the last half-year, as when "Wilhelm Meister" confounded the critics, or "Werther" led young men to commit suicide. The chief reason for this perpetuation of interest and curiosity is, we suspect, that to most of us Goethe continues an unsolved enigma. We find, or think we find—both in the man himself and in his writings—the most palpable con

traditions; "a great perturbation in nature," whether monstrous or superhuman we are at a loss to decide. His admirers see in him an example of intellectual and moral manhood, nearly perfect. To them he is "totus teres atque rotundus." *Gainsayers* so far subscribe to the predicate of "many-sidedness," as to make it part of the indictment against him, that "he is every man—in no man;" that we have here an acknowledged poet, who can *prose* interminably; a moralist, who traverses with no hesitating step the most doubtful ground; a man of science who thinks he has outwitted Newton by aid of the felicitous discovery, that geometry had been overestimated as an organon of physical research! He has written plays for us which might elbow out the "Stranger," or "The Bleeding Nun," on the boards of a penny theatre; ballads that might be sung in the streets—even in translation; a novel unequalled in world-wide popularity, save by "Robinson Crusoe," or "Uncle Tom." On the other hand, he has indited whole volumes of dramatic and poetic riddles, which perplex the brains of those to whom Æschylus and Pindar are child's play; and which leave the most friendly and sympathising as well as acute expositors in some degree of unpleasant dubiety.

The critics have treated him accordingly. Edinburgh Reviewers allow him to be a man of some genius; a connoisseur of no mean order. Nor can they deny that he occasionally expresses dignified sentiments in a style which is not common-place. But they find his master-work, for the most part, a low affair, with an unctuous kitchen odour about it. Had it not come from such a belauded quarter, they would not have touched it with the longest Ithuriel-spear ever invented to serve the dainty purposes of fastidious criticism. Whether it is, that having been directed to a palace of art and beauty, they have (not without fault of their own) missed their way, stumbled upon the back offices instead of entering at the portal, and so turned back in disgust, we cannot now inquire. All we observe is the manifest paradox.

As finale to this catalogue of contraries, we may add, that, in the opinion of no mean judge—Mr. De Quincy—"sunny prosperity was essential to his nature, . . . and happily that was his

fate;" whereas a French diplomatic personage, contemplating Goethe's physiognomy, is said to have observed, "*Voilà un homme qui a eu beaucoup de chagrins*;"* while we have his oft-quoted and certainly unaffected lines,—

"Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours,
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers,"—

and the pregnant Greek motto in his Autobiography, "He that is not scourged is not schooled."

Such an anomalous personal and literary existence is, indeed, an excellent basis for posthumous renown. Were we compelled to adopt Mr. De Quincy's general estimate of Goethe,† we should infer with him that there was malice aforethought in the case,

"With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit."

For when the age shall find its prophet to speak out boldly one other of its strivings in a treatise on "Fame, how to win it," as it has already in that on "Money, how to get it," this receipt of premeditated obscurity may fairly take precedence of all others. "*Hæc itur ad astra*." Disguise, voluntary or involuntary, has gained for the *masqueraders* in the Dance of Life, a prominence to which, as unhooded revellers, they could never have aspired. Had but one credible witness lifted the "Iron Mask," that redoubtable domino might not have been mentioned except in the *Chronicles of State Imprisonment*. Sir Philip Francis would hardly be a subject of warm literary interest in this year 1853—at nearly a century's distance—had he been "*Junius*" confessed. Mystery—well devised and carried through—attaches an infinite charm to the object it encircles; chiefly for the simple reason, that it confers a double boon: it flatters him that gives and him that takes; the mystifier who cunningly conceals himself, and the mystified who cunningly pretends to defeat his purpose.

We hope, however, to show that there is better ground for perpetuated interest in this case, than the cravings of unsatisfied curiosity; that we have not yet done with Goethe, because we have not fathomed his depth; because to many of us it is an all-important, but still unanswered question, how we may acquire that talisman by whose help he reached

* Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. i.
† Art. "Goethe," *Ency. Brit.*

so fair a balance of intellect and feeling after such disquiet of mind and soul; and which, to the end of a long life, sustained him in higher and ever higher aspirations after all mental excellence, and in vigorous and successful efforts to realise them:

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE was born (as his Autobiography tells us), exactly at midday, on the 28th of August, 1749. His birthplace was the imperial city of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, —situated nearly on the edge of that severed half of the Frankish sovereignty which survived as the representative of the imperial dynasties of the Cæsars and of Charlemagne. It was the borderland of quaint, grave Germany and of France, always enthusiastic, and just beginning to be revolutionary. The critical aspect of the *age*, tallied well with the position and historical associations of the *place*. As yet Old Europe stood, tottering in decrepitude, but wearing the same fantastic garb which the use of a thousand years had consecrated. It was Goethe's privilege to see the end of this elder world, and to be able to carry over what was worth preserving — what alone *could* be preserved — its *poetry*, into the new.

Other circumstances of his birth were no less contrasted. Goethe's father (like Sir Walter Scott's) was a formal, high-spirited man; educated for the law, but hampered in the free exercise of his civic talents, and soured in temper by a self-induced political isolation from his fellow-burgers. His wife, —daughter of the first magistrate of Frankfort, and to whom he was married when she was only seventeen—presented, as nearly as might be, the exact reverse of her husband's disposition. She was a child with her children; amiable and yielding to a fault; romantic, even to the length of cherishing life-long souvenirs of the Emperor Charles VII., with whose melancholy graces she had been smitten when a girl. Her first-born, Wolfgang, would listen at her knee, with breathless and tearful attention, to long-spun improvisations of fays, giants, dwarfs, hard-bested knights, and distressed fair ladies. While she fed his imagination, his father undertook—and with really laudable perseverance—to keep it within bounds. Yet he, too, could be enthusiastic on one subject—Italy; and by the ample store of natural curiosities

and Roman views which a zealous and travelled dilettantism had gathered, contributed something to the rapid development of the poetical genius of his son. The official dignity of Goethe's maternal grandfather and namesake, Johann Wolfgang Textor, early facilitated his acquaintance with the historical mysteries of the German Rheims. Nor was it without awe as well as pride that the youth saw his august relative throned beneath the imperial canopy, and receiving symbolic homage as the viceroy of the Kaiser. Moreover, grandfather Textor enjoyed unique personal distinction as well as civic honours. He was gifted with a strange prophetic endowment, or power of "second-sight," which, the poet tells us, was not inherited; but of which we find some remarkable traces in Goethe himself, according to Eckermann's account. The ancient house in the Hirsch-Graben (Stag-Ditch) in which Goethe was born, was itself a charmed place. Sombre rooms, dark corridors and recesses occasioned not only interest but fear. The young Goethes were even afraid to sleep alone; a terror which the father vainly endeavoured to suppress—on the principle of "*similia similibus curantur*"—by appearing to fugitives from their bed-rooms, in a night-dress made doubly frightful by being turned inside out. These trepidations yielded only to palatable bribes from their mother; and spectral shadows were reduced to native nothingness, when weighed against the substantial forms of fruit and sweetmeats.

In quiet, but roomy seclusion in the same house, dwelt the paternal grandmother, a mild, though venerable figure, giving such protection to the young folks as an old lady in such a position only can. She too performed no unimportant part in developing the soul of the child; for, on a certain Christmas-eve, she "crowned her other benefactions (chiefly of a less intellectual order), by the exhibition of a puppet-show." This appears to have been a seed sown for life. Our immortal "Faust," and "Götz," and "Egmont," with their progeny in other lands—and the race is not extinct in England, America, or elsewhere—may trace their lineage to this wooden ancestry.

These influences, acting on a precocious imagination—unparalleled perhaps except in the case of our own Hartley

Coleridge—were favoured and strengthened by an isolation from boy-companions, and by household circumstances otherwise tending to foster musing and melancholy. It was owing to this conjunction, that reflection developed itself as strongly as imagination. The boy early learned to see himself as others saw him; a power that renders his mental history unique. The following, translated from one of his early exercises in Latin, gives proof of the existence of this phenomenon, and suggests some of the causes of its occurrence. It is a conversation with his father; probably a transcript from life.

Father. "What are you doing there, my boy?"

Son. "Making things in wax."

F. "I thought so: Oh! when *will* you give up nuts!" *

S. "I am not playing with *nuts*, but with *wax*."

F. "Ignorant boy: don't you know what I mean by nuts?"

S. "Oh! now I remember: but just see, what a splendid wax-modeller I am become already."

F. "Yes, a *wax-spoiler*!"

S. "Oh no, papa! just look what pretty things I have made."

F. "Well, show me, then, what these monsters mean."

S. "Among other beasts, I have made a cat with a long beard,—next a city-mouse and a country-mouse, such as Horace talks of in one of his biting epistles—the story that Drollinger has translated into capital German doggrel."

F. "Your memory pleases me better than your animals. But have you made nothing else; no more brilliant specimens of your talents?"

S. "Oh, yes! here is a whale, opening his jaws as if he were going to swallow us up; and two chamois, which the Emperor Maximilian was so fond of hunting, that he wandered out to such a dangerous place in the rocks, that an angel, in the shape of an old man, was obliged to show him the way back again."

F. "You bring in your droll remarks so cleverly, that we must pardon your monstrosities. And is that *all*?"

S. "By no means: of all the beasts constructed by my skill, the most admirable are,—the false-weeping crocodile,—the huge elephant (which the an-

cients used in war),—the friendly, philanthropic lizard,—the croaking frog that foretels the spring; and they are all done to the life."

F. "Oh! what a long speech! But who could find out the names I wonder, unless they were marked!"

S. "Alas! alas! But is not every one the best explainer of his own works?"

F. "That is certainly a true principle generally; but it by no means suits the present case."

S. "Pardon my stupidity, and do be so kind as to look at this sledge-team. There are exactly a dozen animals, part creeping, part flying. I think the swan, the stag, the sea-horse, and the dragon are the best."

F. "Well, I hope you will continue to be as well satisfied; but it is pretty clear that you know nothing yet about the difference between beautiful and ugly."

S. "Will you be so good as to teach me, dear father?"

F. "Certainly I shall, in due time. But your eyes must grow a little older and more experienced first."

S. "Oh, no! why should we put it off? Do tell me to-day. I shall prick up my little ears to listen, you may be sure."

F. "Not to-day; another time. Now, put away your playthings and attend to your lessons."

S. "Yes, father." *

The Latin makes this juvenile dialectic rather stiff; but it is as near the genuine style of childhood as modern Latin could well be, and in "Göts of Berlichingen" we find to what use a poet could turn such exercises. The tone of this one is singular; in one respect, misleading. Of the philosophical distinction between beauty and its opposite, Goethe knew, perhaps, quite as little as most of his seniors; but he had an instinctive and even excessive æsthetic sensibility in regard to objects around him. An ugly face in the room would excite in him a very passion of disgust; nothing would satisfy him but the expulsion of the unfortunate possessor. It is worth remarking, too, that such exercises go far to acquit of pedantry or harshness, the father who could so considerably foster youthful genius, by allowing it to develop itself in its own peculiar direction.

* "Linques istas puces;" that is, "Give up childish trifling."

* Viehoff's "Life of Goethe."

Goethe belonged to a numerous family, but all died in early childhood except Wolfgang and his sister Cornelia. He remembered a brother, three years younger than himself, "of delicate constitution and reserved disposition," and a fairy girl, "who also soon vanished." We are told much of Cornelia's plainness of person and vigour of mind. She seems at any rate to have entered heartily into all the literary occupations of her brother's boyhood, and they shared the occasionally severe labours imposed by their father. The feeding of a host of silk worms, and the bleaching of those Italian prints, seem to have been intolerable grievances.

Klopstock's "Messias" was at that time "the rage" in Germany. The elder Goethe would not tolerate it, because it was blank verse. Nevertheless, Rath Schneider, a friend of the family, contrived to smuggle it into the house, for the benefit of the Frau and her children. The latter were especially delighted with the infernal dialogues, which form a striking portion of the poem. These they learned by heart, and recited them diligently with due division of the parts; but generally with the profoundest caution. At one of these rehearsals, a most important domestic ceremony was proceeding; none other than their father's Saturday night shave. The children were behind the stove, muttering "hellish mysteries" as usual. Cornelia, who sustained the part of Adramelech, had been gradually increasing the vehemence of elocution, with the heightening fury of an invective against Satan; till, at the dolorous interjection, "Oh! how am I crushed!" her voice rose considerably above a whisper. The thunderstruck barber—who was fortunately wielding no more dangerous implements than the shaving-brush and soap-bowl—bestowed the contents of the latter pretty liberally on the good father's person. Klopstock was once more prohibited, and this time, it should seem, to better purpose.

Changes at home and catastrophes abroad had wrought joyfully and painfully on the growing mind of the youth. The old house had been renovated, from the top story downwards, to evade civic restrictions; and the young Goethes had been delighted to find themselves roosting, like birds, on props rising from the ground floor; to say nothing of rides on loose boards, and the other infinite diversions which a domestic bouleverse-

ment is sure to afford to the younger branches of the family.

The earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, though Wolfgang was only six years old at the time, had given a terrible shock to his youthful trust in Providence. Indeed he scarcely recovered it for years after. A writer already quoted, thinks *never*. Small-pox had diminished the cherubic beauty of his infancy; and, with other maladies of childhood, had turned his thoughts within. Ever since the days when Cox and his fellow-Protestant exiles in Frankfort began the great battle between Puritanism and Episcopacy, which was afterwards transferred to England, that city had been the scene of warm religious controversy. "Pietism" had contended against the colder orthodoxy of the time, and Goethe's mother inclined in that direction. From such a mind, serious reflections of any kind were not likely to be absent; and her son became intent on theological enquiries. The spirit of religious separatism around him wrought upon his singular temperament in a truly peculiar manner. His mother's friends rejoiced in an ecclesiastical independence; and the youthful theologian was so determined to better the example, that he presumed to found a doctrine and ritual of his own. *Burnt sacrifices* seemed to the child to promise a more direct approach to the Supreme Being than any other form of worship. A red-lacquered quartett-stand, shaped like a pyramid, presented a most appropriate altar. This the young *hieruus* adorned with such natural curiosities as were within his reach, by way of symbolical offerings. Pastilles lighted by the sun's rays through a burning-glass, sent up fragrant incense from the summit, and for some days the solemnity was repeated without harm. But, on one unfortunate occasion, the intervening saucer was missing, the pastilles burned into the polished surface of the lectern, and the youth was fain to lay aside his novel cultus, not without serious misgivings as to its spiritual worth.

A new and strange life had opened. The seven years' war brought the miseries of a campaign into the city, and even into the house itself. The French, as allies of Austria, occupied Frankfort, and the king's lieutenant, Count Thorane, was billeted on Goethe's father. As the latter was a vehement

partisan of the Great Frederick, such a quartering was highly distasteful, and many unpleasant rencontres followed, though the Count made himself as agreeable as it is possible for such an intruder to be. At first the new order of things in the city occasioned the stricter retention of the children within bounds. The puppet-show was once more produced to supply the lack of out-door amusement, but the wooden performers soon made way for living actors. Wolfgang arranged the pieces and furnished the green-room for his playmates, little dreaming, perhaps, how much of his future life would be occupied with similar duties.

But the long-protracted stay of the Count almost broke the spirit of his unwilling entertainer; the studies of the children were less strictly regulated, and freedom was allowed to Wolfgang—it would seem—to range at will. He had improved his acquaintance with French by sundry conversations with sentinels and servants; but the greatest inducement to the study was the French *theatre*. A lad belonging to the company, whom he calls Derones, a youth possessed of a large share of that precocious assurance which is not uncommon in such a condition, became his intimate friend. As one of the initiated, young Derones was not slow to give instruction in the mysteries of the histrionic art; talked even of Aristotle and the Unities, (if Goethe's memory has not played him false), and ventured to criticise and metamorphose most unmercifully the first dramatic performance of his parvenu friend. This essay was in the French pastoral style; but all that was remembered of it in late years was, that "the scene was laid in the country, and that there was no lack of Princesses, Princes, and Gods," among whom Mercury played a most important part. The caduceus and golden pinions of this latter divinity made so deep an impression on the boy's fancy, that he deemed himself favoured with an actual Epiphany. Indeed, connecting this with the above-mentioned oblations, we may judge him to have been at this time a very tolerable little Pagan.

Performances at the theatre, and the critical decisions of his friend were, however, not the sole channels of Goethe's acquaintance with the French drama. Corneille, Racine, and Moliere were read at home, and with zest. Though

his elders disapproved his early passion for the stage, they were in some measure appeased by his linguistic progress; and his attention to the language was of value in forming his style. The clearest and most brilliant language in Europe helped to produce that sparkling lucidity through which Goethe excels—*far excels*—all other German prose writers. Enthusiasm for Gallic studies passed away towards the close of his abode at Strasburg, but not until it had performed an invaluable office.

It was during this vacation period that painting first engaged much of his attention. The Count was a zealous patron of living talent. Young Goethe was well content to perform some of the menial offices in the æsthetic temple which had been established in the Hirsch-Graben; and the painters saw something of the future connoisseur in the lively boy who brought their coffee, and made pert remarks upon their performances.

The dramatic work just mentioned was by no means a first effort of invention. Wolfgang had long been distinguished as the bard and fabulist of a little circle of admirers. Like Sir Walter Scott, his creations began in boyhood; and like Hartley Coleridge, when publishing a fresh budget of news from Ejuxria, he gained a quasi belief in their reality. Goethe boldly laid the scene of some of his fictions in his native city; and, as he himself was their hero, they lost nothing of the vivacity of actual experiences. Frankfort abounded more than most old towns in mysterious passages, high walls, and masses of antique architecture; but Goethe taxed the belief of his juvenile public to the full; and well-known localities were forced, like the fairy tent, to expand and collapse at his will. "The New Paris" is a memorable relic of these early romances. It is luxuriantly rich in fancy and invention. Every word adds a brilliant colour, and every paragraph is a graceful picture. As recorded in the "*Wahrheit und Dichtung*," it is doubtless an amended version; redundancies are filed away and beauties are heightened. But the groundwork is childlike; ever excepting the strange precocity which presents the passions and reflections of later years among the light-hearted sallies of very early youth. As in all Goethe's works, we are in a region of pure poetry; no trace of childish vul-

garity or limitation can be found, even in what is manifestly the genuine basis of the tale.

Poems, too, had been written in competition with juvenile companions; and, to Wolfgang's astonishment, each and every one of the competitors deemed his own production the best. Elders were referred to, and they decided in his favour.

Overwhelmed by an unheard-of multiplicity of studies, he endeavoured to lighten the load by calling in the aid of fiction. Seven different languages (including "Jew-German") were in hand at once. Such a philological constellation, like the Pleiades to the naked eye, must, one would think, have been hopelessly bewildering; and the pupil was not content till he had given them distinctness by impersonation. Instead of the ordinary jog-trot of exercises, whose object—fair enough in its way—is to isolate speech from sense, and to refine upon the abstractions of grammar, nothing would satisfy the youthful realist but a *rehabilitation de la chair*, a restoration to actual, sentient life. A correspondence between seven members of a family, each writing a different language or dialect, was his self-chosen discipline: *e.g.* The collegian of the house writes Latin and quotes Greek; a second brother makes his debut in the musical world, and by way of cultivating his ear indites Italian; business men in Marseilles and Hamburg transact business in French and English respectively; while we may fairly presume that the ingenuity of the matter surpassed the elegance of the style. Our curiosity would be much gratified by the file of the Hamburg correspondence, but among much that is preserved of Goethe's early essays, this seems to be lost.

To perfect his "Jew-German," and for more substantial reasons, the boy must needs learn Hebrew. Theology and poetry united gave him a deep interest in the narrations of the Pentateuch; and here again he was not content with a merely receptive attitude. It was his nature to create. Whatever is thrown into the seething waters of his imagination, whether stiff, rigid, and alien to art, or vital and glowing with a beauty of its own,—grammars and lexicons, or the living forms and scenes of Hebrew poetry,—there is

"Nothing of it that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

"Joseph," a prose-epic, was an undertaking of this period, which does not seem to have come to anything important. Another attempt was more permanently productive. A poem on "The Descent into Hell," is dated 1766, and was published in a Frankfurt magazine. Those who list may read it in the collection of his works, and will find Klopstock's vein distinctly traceable. Fräulein von Klettenberg, a religious lady of his mother's acquaintance, urged him to this and similar labours.

Like the Wizard of the North, Goethe was destined by his father to be given over, bound hand and foot, to the intolérant rival of literature—Jurisprudence. But this is by no means the first time that Themis has had reason to complain that her noblest vassals have been seduced from their allegiance by the Muses; and though the subject of our sketch learned as much law as a poet can in anywise be expected to know—and rather more—his name must be added to the list of revolters. A popular epitome of law he had, indeed, at his fingers' ends; so that while he early formed the resolve not to be buried alive among parchments, red tape, and drab leather folios, his father had not very much reason for complaint. In such a capacious mind—if the profanity may be pardoned—there was a *corner* for law.

All these things seemed to come to him—as the German phrases it—"fliegend." Dancing, which his father taught him, fencing, and music, were not forgotten. The last was not a very successful study. Strange to tell, throughout life Goethe professed a deficiency of taste in respect of music, though certainly not of love for it. It is hardly given to any man to behold the glory of the One Good and Fair through every possible medium; or, at least, so to behold it as to be able to give a clear revelation of it to others. Of that more comprehensive Music—*ἡ μουσική*, as Plato understands it—that divine harmony without whose presence life is but a succession of stupid or violent discords—none was ever a more potent master. Through the vast diapason of that celestial instrument of which all others are but imitations, he has touched every string; from the thin brief treble for which the heart of childhood might be frame and setting wide enough, down to the deep sonorous chords that span and thrill the universe.

Gervinus and others regret that, in his early development, Goethe seldom or never mingled freely with his equals in age; and that hence he was debarred from the opportunity of cultivating sympathy with the masses. Yet it is certain that no inconsiderable amount of youthful radicalism breathes through his earlier works—as in “Götz” and “Werther.” Still Goethe may himself have regretted that a part of his education—of that moral “flying,” which he regards as indispensable to an effective training—should have been postponed till a later period, on account of his not having to “rough it” among the democratic asperities of a public school.

Hitherto old men and children had formed the bulk of endurable companions. His occasional school-fellows had, for the most part (not without requital), kicked, pinched, and cuffed him beyond endurance. But as boyhood advanced, his circle of acquaintance enlarged. His rhyming faculty introduced him to a society of young people of inferior rank and indifferent character, who constituted among themselves a kind of juvenile free-masonry. Their mysteries and mystifications were unhappily not confined to the masonic lodge, and the neophyte was induced to aid in “hoaxing” their victims, and in replenishing their treasury. But the charm of mystery and the evening banquets of the initiated would scarcely have been sufficient to detain him among them, had not a more powerful enchantment been present. A coy maiden, the sister of Derones, had formerly attracted a kind of reverential affection; but Margaret—known as “the beautiful Gretchen,” (so Bettine tells us,)—was the object of his *first*, we might say, his *only*, *entire* devotion. She inspired his pen in the service of the fraternity; in her presence he was eloquent; and for her sake he tolerated the less pleasant contingencies of his new acquaintanceship. Emerson tells us that

“’Tis written on the iron leaf,
Who drinks of Cupid’s nectar cup
Loveth downcard and not up;
Therefore who loves, by gods or men,
Shall not by the same be loved again;
His sweetheart’s idolatry
Falls in term a new degree.”

Some might add this one true love of Goethe’s to the evidence for progressive degradation. But we shall see that the

application of the rule in this case is doubtful.

A most important civic and national transaction took place at this time; the coronation of the emperor, Joseph II. Wolfgang’s father obliged him to write a full and accurate record of the events of each day; and a more rhetorical and genial description of the same was given to Gretchen afterwards. Excitement and pleasure were at their height. But a terrible catastrophe was impending. Goethe’s friends, Margaret included, were accused of high crimes and misdemeanours—impositions and forgery. Poor Wolfgang himself was suspected; and though, in any case, he might probably have been shielded, the danger of his companions, and especially of his lady-love, left him in torturous suspense. He gave himself up to the unaffected violence of the most tragical despair; and it was not till he learned that all the innocent were safe, that he was in any degree pacified. Fortunately—but not to his thinking at the time—this assurance was accompanied by a piece of information far from gratifying to his self-esteem. The fair lady had conducted herself admirably during the judicial examination, and her evidence quite exculpated her adorer; but she had stated in her declaration the unpleasant truth, that she had always looked upon him as a *child*, and treated him accordingly; warned him against engaging in practical jokes, and given him the best of counsel; in short, watched over him like a mother. He had, in fact, experienced the tenderness of a guardian angel—not of a *chère amie*. The sentimental thermometer cooled down to zero rapidly; the despairing Corydon washed, dressed, and behaved himself; and a cure of love was effected, such as neither Ovid, nor Avicenna, nor Burton of “Melancholy” fame ever imagined or recorded. This adventure, like most others, passed into the alembic of poetry some time afterwards, and re-appeared in the form of a comedy—“Die Mitschuldigen”—“The Accomplices.”

Frankfort now became intolerable. The youth had been dragged into unpleasant publicity; he fancied that suspicion dogged him in the streets; and the charm of love had vanished from its disenchanted precincts. We hear of little else but stoicism and Epictetus—moody wanderings in woods and fields,

and unsatisfactory attempts to sketch from nature, till we find him in September, 1765, setting out for Leipsic,—ostensibly, to study law; really, to devote himself to literature.

From this time forwards Goethe's mental history becomes more or less involved with the intellectual strivings and tendencies of his age; and, as such, we must chiefly regard it.

Leipsic proved a very Dian's Altar of intellectual and moral "scourging," in more respects than one. Academic life was, and still is, less free there than in most university towns. "Philisterism" triumphs; a refined Philisterism, it is true, but Philisterism still. In plain English, the "town" overbears the "gown." "Academic freedom" is compelled to succumb to the stiffness and polish of city life; on which account the "Shepherds of the Pleiss" (the soubriquet of the Leipsic Burschen) are looked upon with some degree of pity by their neighbours of Halle and Jena, who boast themselves "Hunters of the Saale." The freshman of Frankfurt was consequently subjected to a social ordeal, against which feeling, and even taste rebelled. The ladies found fault with his *dress*; his fellow collegians and others quarrelled with his *provincialisms*. The former was indefensible; it had been made by a tailor-servant at home, and was naturally enough a quaint product of the old-fashioned tastes of the father, and of the indifferent abilities of the workman. At first, however, the young man stood out, as the material was rich and the stock was large; but when a well-known comedian had appeared on the stage in that identical costume, and drawn more grins by his garments than by his jokes, Goethe was glad to exchange his wardrobe for a smaller outfit of blameless appearance. His *dialect* had more to say in its defence. It was the rich, bold, figurative speech of the Upper Rhine; and we may congratulate ourselves that his censors could not permanently bring it down to the dull level of the sleepy Pleiss.

Literary flagellation, too, was to be had at Leipsic in abundance. He had to run the gauntlet through a file of criticism, extending from a censure of his most cherished ideals, down to the correction of his handwriting. Gellert and Clodius, from high-places in the university, castigated his essays and

poems with unsparing hand; and even friend Behrisch, who wasted the young man's time sadly with his incessant fooling—interspersed, however, with that utter and genial nonsense that requires no ordinary powers of abstraction to produce it, and which immeasurably surpasses *wit*—even Behrisch, whose very name, with German readers, is a synonyme for systematic bizarrerie, was vigorously helpful to Goethe in graving upon his mind the Horatian precepts of slow and cautious authorship: "poetarum limæ labor et mora." The artist Oeser, in the Pleissenburg, introduced him to the calm purity of classic art; and though an interval of enthusiastic admiration for the Minster of Strasburg and for mediæval architecture intervened, he became ultimately the stern and stalwart defender of the elder creations, and lived to wonder at his temporary defection.

For the nonce, however, his various studies confused and perplexed him. The unhappy scholar who asks advice of Mephistopheles in Faust is not more bewildered than was Goethe during a portion of his Leipsic history. Art, Literature, and Law were yoked together in his soul's chariot, and were drawing, not harmoniously, and with small apparent progress. The first was taken up practically as well as theoretically, for the youth was engaged with essays in copper-plate engraving. His studies in Lessing and Winckelmann,—the latter of whom he was expecting to see, just as the news of his assassination filled educated Europe with horror,—a visit to Dresden, where he lodged with a wandering Jew of a shoemaker, whose quaint philosophy he purposed to immortalise in a poem of that name, and where the glories of its picture gallery, with its unique Raffælle and rich collection of other *chef d'œuvres* of Italy and the Low Countries, occupied him day and night,—and the impulse given by Kleist to all young poetic geniuses to go out into the meadows and villages "image-hunting"—all these æsthetic influences were more adapted to foster an enthusiasm than to impart a clear and wholesome insight. A love affair that had no agreeable issue, and which he afterwards dramatized as "The Lover's Caprice," may have been both effect and cause of a disordered temperament; and physical ailments, partly arising from his copper-plate employment, combining with mental depres-

sion, sent him home from the university; bankrupt in health, spirits, and resolution, as well as in regard to the original purpose of his abode there.

Yet with all these seeming drawbacks, one step had been taken in permanent advance. "Poetry had become for him a school of life-wisdom, and of a beneficent equanimity. Whatever delighted or tormented him, or occasioned any excitement of mind, he felt compelled to turn into an image, a poem." French pastorals and imitations of Klopstock had been dismissed for ever. He had learned to distinguish mere affectation—second-hand sentimentality—from that true life-blood of poetry,—that bright, arterial current, quick with his living pulse,—with which alone, like the fabled bird of the wilderness, the poet can cherish his intellectual offspring. "Beauty born of suffering, oftener, perhaps, than of calm or joyous activity," was revealed to him as the true definition of the art to which—and not to *law*—nature had elected him; a definition for which critics and mere metaphysicians might have sought in vain. The words of his consecration ran as in the fervent litany of Barrett Browning :

"I ask no wages—seek no fame;
Sew me, for shroud round face and name,
God's banner of the oriflamme.

"I only would have leave to loose,
(In tears and blood, if so he choose)
Mine inward music out to use.

"I only would be spent—in pain
And loss, perchance—but not in vain,
Upon the sweetness of that strain,—

"Only project, beyond the bound
Of mine own life, so lost and found,
My voice, and live on in its sound.

"Only embrace and be embraced
By fiery ends,—whereby to waste,
And light God's future with my past!"

In a reflective and self-conscious age, the noblest poet will be he who can thus exalt and dignify the actual experience of life; who, while by moral energy he transcends its failures, is also able to throw the charm of the healthful peace he has attained, over the perplexities and difficulties he has conquered. There is indeed a kind of poetry, to which the name may not be denied, but whose cause and effect are the very opposite of this *inward* harmony; which raves and curses to melodious music with the extravaganzas of Byron, or tries to "knit up the ravelled sleeve" of days of vanity and worldliness with the "Night Thoughts" of Young. Goethe passed this stage, but only to rise above it.

He lingered upon the giddy footing of its broken and perilous steps just long enough to record a memorial of his passage in "Werther" and "Faust," but no longer. The curse which fetters—Manfred has no power to bind him:—

"Thou art wrapt as in a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud;
And for ever shalt thou dwell,
In the spirit of this spell!"

For better or for worse, in fact, Goethe had renounced the "crambe repetita," the wretched hash of imitation, and had begun to draw from life. And not only had his former idols and models been stripped of their glory by zealous iconoclasts; a *real divinity* had taken their place, before whose stalwart royalty the feeble forms that flitted up and down the German Parnassus fled away and were no more seen. Dodd's "Beauties of Shakspeare" showed him a genuine poet, whose very originality rebuked the folly of *external* imitations, and compelled him to hope for success only from undeveloped resources within himself.

But for the critical, stiff, negative discipline which he passed through at Leipsic, the greatest poetic genius of modern times might have flowered itself out in epithalamia for Frankfort burghers, or other platitudes of the "occasional" sort: and the motto of the third book of his autobiography might be well enough prefixed to the second, importing how Providence "takes care that trees shall not grow up uselessly and fruitlessly into the clouds."

Illness having sent him home, the once gay "Studiosus legum" is transformed into the home-keeping convalescent, shut up with alembics and phials, and giving his whole soul to alchemy and theosophy. Cool reason denounces such pursuits as puerile and even childish. But, deducting the largest "caput mortuum" we choose, it cannot be denied that the ultimate result of these fanciful processes, will endure and be valued as long as literature shall last. For

"There is no great nor small
To the Soul, that maketh all;
For where it cometh all things are,
And it cometh everywhere."

Goethe's fame might rest simply and solely on the perfection with which, in "Faust," he has blended the natural and the supernatural,—the broad daylight of a critical philosophy with the wild

and troubled dreams of men's half-awakened souls, in the period that immediately preceded its dawn:—that time of gorgeous visions, part of whose antitypes are left us finished or unfinished, in the substantial forms of shrines, abbeys, minsters, pictures, rites, and customs; part of which, however, survives only in poetry and romance,—the wondrous, but (happily) irrevocable *Middle Age*. All attempts of the supernatural order in modern times have been more or less clumsy and repulsive. They offend our taste because they cannot silence our judgment. Their supernal and infernal machinery consists of pompous improbabilities; wherein the grossest products of carnality, its shortsighted desires, and hates, and fears, are fathered upon a spirituality, for which we have only the bare dictum of the author; for he evidently *does not believe in it himself*. If he knows anything of spiritual agencies, we feel quite assured that his idea of them is nothing of the sort; and we cannot vouchsafe to a grown man, the complaisance we show to *children*, in being frightened at their "ghosts." The supernatural in Faust is not of the white sheet and phosphorus order. A more wretched caricature of Goethe's drama is not to be found than Byron's "*Manfred*." Its Air Demons and other spirits "smell vilely of the lamp,"—to wit, that of the paltry magic lantern which produces them. The spirits in "*Faust*" do not trouble us with their paltry personalities; they do their bidding and depart; or if, like Mephistopheles, they tarry with us, it is in a form that will abide criticism. The Arch-demon is a little more, and a little less, than a *man*. To all but *spiritual* discernment he is none other; moreover, he might pass muster as a highly respectable example of the species. If we met him in the street, his look perhaps would chill us; and the salute from his gloved, cold, (nay, the English proverb says, "warm,") hand would be only from the wrist or elbow downwards; not from the heart, as when good men shake hands. His talk would differ only in degree of brilliance, and in a certain penchant, from that of "good society;" and if, most courteous reader, you and he were "introduced" together, *he*, rather than *you*, would be sure to be "asked again." As the pure spirit of denial, he is not so in-

consistent as to have a history; much less, like a vulgar demon, to carry about "a grievance;" except of that exalted and general order which we have in the Prologue. He is scarcely even a hypocrite. He can afford to be the same absent as present. He has but *one* trick,—that grand one of defacing the image of God wherever his victim finds it; and this needs no vulgar plotting or pre-contrivance; no Domdaniel caverns, or closed council-chambers of Eblis. He shows less personal malice towards "*Faust*," than our English gaolers towards their prisoners. We should never catch him incautiously gesticulating, like Milton's *Satan* in the Fourth Book. In short, Mephistopheles is only the embodied thought of "*Faust*;" and there is nothing so coarsely substantial in the presence of the tempter as to hide from us the fact, that he is for a time the soul's twin of the tempted. Of the other "spirits" it can scarcely be said that they transcend our bolder metaphors. The "*Spirit of the Age*," or "*The Genius of the Constitution*,"—the principal "names to conjure with," left to our modern wizards,—are hardly less revolting.

But we have wandered away from the cell of our convalescent, whose quaint furniture promises to throw a special light on Goethe's power of blending the supernatural with the natural, quite apart from the aspect in which we have just regarded it. We believe that no modern writer has brought the supernatural so near to the reason as well as the fancy; and Goethe could not have wrought so potent a spell, had he not himself been partly subject to the incantation. Other poets have had to affect a sympathy; he possessed the advantage of recalling a conviction. Shakespeare is a master here, as in every other department of his art; but, leaving out the mysterious power that unlocked for him all spheres, he seems to have had an advantage in regard to supernatural creation, similar to that enjoyed by Goethe, and which only an extraordinary combination of circumstances could bring within the reach of the highest genius of modern times. The latter once actually possessed a sort of belief in the occult sciences. Shakespeare was in frequent contact with multitudes who retained it all their lives. Yet it cannot be denied that

Macbeth and *Prospero* stand much farther off from our sympathies; they belong to a much more alien world than *Faust*. He is flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. We should as soon think of incorporating the miserable daubs which the traveller sees on the walls at "Auerbach's Cellar" in Leipsic, with our idea of Goethe's tragedy, as of assigning it a date and a locality. Those who can coolly and critically place the action of the drama in the 15th century, might fairly be expected to remind themselves at the commencement of his first soliloquy, that *Hamlet* "is fat and scant of breath;" or, when reading Euripides or Sophocles, punctiliously to recollect that the maidenly self-communings of *Iphigenia* and the dignified pathos of *Antigone*, were written to be shouted by *men*, through painted pasteboard! We are not much in love with such headings as we find in "Festus,"—"Scene, anywhere;" or, the analogous superscription,—"Time, *ad libitum*;" but the noblest parts of the "*Faust*" bear their own stamp of universality, needing no bush. Had its mysteries been more foreign to the poet himself, he could not have so impressed his readers with their validity. As it is, nothing is wanted to make this tragedy a life-drama that cannot become obsolete, and which no special latitude or longitude constrains. The gloomy study in which the drama opens, is the type of all such sublunary cells, where intellect does deadly battle with itself, or listens, in the intervals of the combat, to the fatal serenade of sensuous allurements. And the rest of the piece is rehearsed, in spirit, if not in detail, once in a lifetime at least, in the experience of all who are strong in mind, and strong in passion also.

There has been no lack of competitors in the field of the supernatural. "Monk" Lewis stumbled on a rich vein of imagination; but the skill of the refiner was wanting. In our own time, Nathaniel Hawthorne, in some of his fugitive pieces, has given remarkable proof of a power to bridge over the chasm between the two worlds; and his "*Scarlet Letter*" has the atmosphere and lurid light of the neutral territory, though the machinery is scrupulously human. Bulwer has a noble mark in "*Zanoni*;" but he disappoints us when our expectations are at the highest. His "*Dweller on the Threshold*" thrills us with a pre-

sent awe; but it has no power to satisfy and enchant our *reason*, like the spirits in "*Faust*;" and the author does wisely in abjuring this "rough magic," before we have fully tested its weakness, and changing the scene to the real horrors of the Reign of Terror. We have no such firm philosophical basis to rest on, as in the song of the "*Erdgeist*," which leaves us in doubt whether the understanding or the fancy is more appealed to, so nicely does it stand on the confines of both:—

"In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath.
Work and weave, in endless motion!
Birth and Death,
An infinite ocean;
A seizing and giving
The fire of the living:
'Tis thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the garment on seest
him by."

After several months' relaxation at home, Goethe went to Strasburg, with a view to health, learning, and honour. He was to enjoy the cheerful scenery of Alsace, and the liveliness of the partly Gallicized society of its chief town; to continue his law studies, and to take his diploma. A brilliant variety of experiences, æsthetic, literary, and social, awaited him there. The cathedral, towering with its glorious spire above all other human edifices, kindled in him an intense enthusiasm for "Gothic" art. Every aspect of the building from below was treasured up for future contemplation with the mind's eye; and he conquered an habitual vertigo, that he might view the surrounding landscape and drink rimmers to the setting sun from the top. In a treatise on "German Architecture," he enlarged, like a true mediævalist, on the majesty of long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults, to the glory of its unmonumented builder, Erwin of Steinbach.

Among other incitements to the study of the representative arts, were the pictures painted for the reception-room of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Here she met the ministers of her destined husband, and passed the fatal boundary of France. Some of the decorations were beautiful as well as effective; but the dreadful nuptials of Jason and Medea were the fearfully ominous subject of those in the interior apartment; and though he had no presentiment of the issue, Goethe was, at the time, duly shocked by the miserable *mal à propos* of the design.

Romance, practical as well as ideal, accompanied the young poet as naturally as shadow does substance. A binding spell, uttered by the daughter of a French dancing master, seemed fulfilled in the unsatisfactory results of his connection with Frederika Brion, the daughter of a country clergyman at Sessenheim; an episode which fills some bright and sunny, and other less pleasing pages of the "Wahrheit und Dichtung," and which he is pleased to compare with the English "Vicar of Wakefield."

Here Herder crossed his path. A surgical operation — the object of his visit — though it was endured right manfully, was by no means conducive to the softening of a rather harsh and capricious temper. Goethe came in for many hard hits, — merited and unmerited. Herder was continually rallying and provoking him, going even the length of punning upon his name in odiously personal doggerel. But the spiritual coin that fell to the lot of the young man amid these rude calcitrations, was ample compensation. Of all German writers of established reputation, Herder was by far the most genial. His intellect was richly productive in bold and generous speculation, backed by vast stores of knowledge. He was learned to a proverb; but the weight of erudition could not crush out his soul, as it did that of so many of his contemporaries.

Another notable man, Heinrich Jung Stilling, a pious and enthusiastic person, with whom his autobiography has made many of us really and personally intimate, became Goethe's friend. They differed widely in points of theology, but a deeper unity bound their souls together. It speaks well for the large liberality of the poet's mind, and for the high moral endeavour of his soul during these early years — notwithstanding many temptations and some errors — that such men as Stilling and Lavater so warmly cherished his acquaintance.

"In 1771," says Mr. Carlyle, "he obtained his degree; but if the form of his outward life might now seem clear and determined, his inward world was still in a state of uproar and disorder. The ambition of wealth and official celebrity would not seize him with due force; a thousand vague purposes and vehement wishes, and brightest and blackest forecastings were conflicting within him; for a strong spirit was here,

struggling to body itself forth from the most discordant elements, and what was at last to rise as a fair universe of thought, still rolled as a dim and wasteful chaos." But from this chaos certain forms, dimly seen as yet, like the phantom-kings in Macbeth, were beginning to embody themselves in definite intention — "Götz of Berlichingen," "Faust," and "Julius Cæsar." A fragment of the last contains worthy and vigorous passages. Of the second we have spoken, and may have to speak again. The idea of the first seems to have been the product of two most diverse factors, old German Law, with its historical belongings, and the romantic ruins near the tributaries of the Rhine. Jaxthausen, where Götz lived, is a veritable castle; and the poet who has dramatized the life of its chivalrous occupant vastly increased its interest to tourists, as did the British translator of this drama — Sir Walter Scott — that of our English Kenilworth. Götz of Berlichingen," or "Götz with the Iron Fist," is a dramatic representation of a stalwart self-helper, a more dignified Robin Hood of Germany in the sixteenth century; defending the oppressed, punishing the oppressor, and keeping his heritage together, after a right noble code of his own, for whose sanction he sometimes looked no farther than his individual conscience. Of his doings and sufferings he has left a most quaint and note-worthy memorial, which lies at the basis of Goethe's drama. In "Götz," Shakspeare's influence is patent to all, as far as an incontestable originality admits. Rather, perhaps, both have held an undistorting mirror up to Nature, while the historical groundwork of so many of Shakspeare's plays occasions the further analogy of form. The drama in question has this in common with Shakspeare, that its characters are not mere histrionic performers — rendering the office of the actor by profession a *double deception* — the shadow of a shade; they are not a company of hired assassins, knights, ladies, and mourners, got together to perpetrate some dreadful deed of tragedy, to hinder it, and talk about it, or bewail it; nor mere mouthpieces for excellent sermons, profound reasonings, and sublime aspirations, as the most of our *dramatis personæ* are. They are true flesh and blood. They can *act* as well as *talk*, and they can *be*, as well as *act*, a virtue deemed superfluous by

most dramatists. They are not conjured up, like that "faire-forged sprite" of the false Archimage, with "seeming body of the subtle aire;" lasting only through the five acts, and going out with the footlights. In no wise do they so act or speak, in order to melt, or terrify, or please us, the spectators, but of their own proper motion. *We* are the obliged party, who are allowed to witness a scene or two out of a homogeneous and consistent life; not *they*, by the permission so to display themselves. Full, complete existences move before us, instead of cheating masks, or those hollow elvish embossments, which, according to one of the fairy mythologies, simulate humanity in front, but will not bear turning round.

In Goethe's drama, for truth and freedom we could almost fancy that we had lighted upon a new play of Shakspeare in a German disguise. Not to dwell on the verisimilitude of *Götz* himself, whose every utterance is honour and straightforwardness; the very rhythm of whose expressions is the direct opposite of a creeping, sinuous rhetoric; the life-like portraiture of the fearfully beautiful and ambitious *Adelheid*, the weak and wretched *Weislingen*, the true-hearted *Sickingen* and *Lerse*, there is one other voucher for dramatic truthfulness which, though on a small scale, is as genuine a proof as we could desire. It is little *Carl*, *Götz's* son. We can see him as a fair pale boy, learning and reflecting more than his practical father could wish; obtruding his erudition just at the wrong time, as children will do; in short, a very mother's child, acting and prating with such living reality as only Shakspeare surpasses.

Like some of the historical plays of his greater master, this piece may easily be stripped of any pretension to be a compact and self-contained whole. Such dramas deal with that most unmanageable of quantities—that ever unfinished fractional quotient, of which character and circumstances are the large divisor and small dividend,—human life; and which, take it how we will, cannot be made to come out neat and full. It is urged by critics, that "*Götz*" is not always in the front rank; that other personages become the heroes (or heroines), while he sinks into the background. Probably enough; but is not the life of the best and the bravest thus lived,—calmly and peaceably, when there is nothing

worth doing to be accomplished; giving time to his *foils* around him to display their tedious littlenesses and meannesses, that at last he may come forth truly and boldly with his greatness? The truly great man never was, and never will be, always upon the stage; and if to dramatise his life be a legitimate employment of the poet, he must be represented accordingly.

Granting several obvious defects, this play is luxuriantly rich in invention—studded from beginning to end with costly jewels of a hearty and generous wisdom. The high and noble purpose of knighthood shines out gloriously in this its last German representative; while the whole tallies well with the citations of the priceless autobiography of *Götz* himself. There is many a passage of such chivalrous yet touching pathos as might force us, "out of its honest truth, to play the woman;" and when the good knight comes to leave a world of chicane and treachery to worse men, we could fain die with him.

It would be an ungrateful task to pursue the contrast between this Teutonic Bayard, "sans peine et sans reproche," and the "belted knight" of one of the heroes sung by the renowned British translator of "*Götz*;"* but we cannot refrain from noticing how widely different is its genuine heroism from the romantic hollowness of

"—the golden-crested, haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight;
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace,
A mighty mixture of the great and base."

This work first appeared in 1773, but sustained more than one revision. It earned the author both fame and censure. Next year, the still more noted "*Werter*" made its appearance; and if "*Götz*" was the expression of high and generous sentiment, "*Werter*" is the uplifting of all the floodgates of poetry and passion. Its substance is indeed nothing else but a foolish, mawkish despair; but it is set forth with the glowing earnestness of an enthusiastic soul, the splendid treasures of an exuberant imagination; and, strange to say, with much of the insight of an acute philosopher. The most illiberal gloom is clothed in beauty, and aimed at all vulnerable points with the vigorous logic of a mind

* This was Sir W. Scott's first literary production.

that can refute all fallacies, save its own darling self-deception.

The circumstances of the piece are as true to the life as the emotions that heave and throb amid them. They are, in fact, a slightly overwrought transcript of Goethe's own feelings, mingled up and completed with the actual fate of a youth whose suicide was a topic of recent interest. It is the record of his own imminent peril, by one life-mariner, ending with the actual shipwreck of another, on the self-same rocks, in that very storm. Sixty years since it would have been almost an insult to "reading people," to suppose them unfamiliar with a work of so European a reputation as "Werter." Now it may not be superfluous to say, that its hero is a young man of intense susceptibilities for beauty and poetry of all kinds; and equally sensitive to coarseness, misapprehension, or affront. He is hopelessly in love with a betrothed lady, and while enduring the miseries of despairing affection, he undergoes an insult from a vulgar-minded social superior. Months of torture are recorded by himself in a series of letters, whose beguiling charm bears some similarity to that of the "Nouvelle Heloise;" and he quits the scene by blowing out his brains with a pistol, received from the unwitting hand of Charlotte, the object of his adoration.*

The introduction to "Werter" is masterly. The scene opens in a lovely valley, where the sentimental youth luxuriates as in a paradise. His unruffled happiness seems shared by all around him; and not the slightest agitation of outward or inward discomfort is permitted to disturb the impression of perfect repose. One fatal serpent only lurks in the grass, ready to hiss and sting on occasion. Indolence and absolute relaxation are secretly preparing the way for a wild fury of affection. Peace is exchanged for the hopes and fears of love, and the landscape gradually darkens. Surrounding objects and secondary characters sympathise with the chief actor, as in the symbolism of the best painters and dramatists—in Shakespeare always. In this *last* part the natural winter seems to rule the larger half of the year; just as that pleasant season, "half pranked with spring, with summer half-embrowned,"

had prevailed in the *first*. The happy peasant family which helped to fill up the pleasant picture at the commencement, is reduced to utter misery. A rustic lover, whose raptures had been portrayed to us by the congenial pen of Werter himself, murders his rival in a paroxysm of jealousy, and is hurried off to death. Circumstances without, and the weary, hopeless grief within, combine to render the pathway to despair more precipitous and inextricable; every twig and fibre of support to which the hand might cling—every coigne of vantage that might stay the giddy foot, gradually disappears. We watch with agonizing anticipation for the inevitable catastrophe, but long ere the unhappy traveller takes the last, deep plunge down the slippery sides of the rock, he has become enamoured of his fate; *all* proffered help is refused, or warily evaded with the stubborn guile of desperation.

And whereas each throb of the sufferer's heart is revealed, no efficient means of alleviation is allowed to make itself visible. No counteraction of sound reason permits our emotion towards him to assume the degrading form of mere pity. Werter pleads his own cause, or rather that of despair; and we hear the other side only through his own lips. The arguments of friends and relatives are weakened and perverted before they meet the eye of the reader; and reason itself seems suborned to aggravate a blind and wilful sorrow. A just appreciation of its insanity is only possible when the eloquent victim has ceased to be his own advocate, and then the sad catastrophe itself is ready to take up the fallen brief, and to urge a more forcible argument in arrest of judgment, through the open ear of pity. The poet's art is regal in this, that he delays the very opportunity of objective contemplation till the end, and finishes the book in a few words of designedly bare and simple narration, not extending through half a page. We are hurried away from the scene as from Beaufort's death-bed:—

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all,
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close!"

Such is a rude analysis of a romance which captivated the hearts and imaginations of Europe, and, we might almost add, the world. Its charm lay in its

* Napoleon found fault with one point in the plot of "Werter." Eckermann seems to think the delivery of the pistol may have been the passage.

being an untrammelled representation of those feelings which have overpowered the minds of thousands, but which they have been ashamed to confess. The times, perhaps, favoured it. A miserably false philosophy exhibited man's capacity and claims of happiness—were he but allowed free scope by God and by his fellows—at a maximum: his duties and responsibilities at a minimum. Since the said "free scope" could not, can not, and will not be allowed, the next best thing was to rant and curse about the limitation: reverently or irreverently—after Young or Byron,—as taste or education suggested.

"Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel;
And bow! the round nave down the hill of
heaven,
As low as to the fiends!"

But Goethe says rightly, that "Werter" would have formed an epoch at any time. It was a page from the book of human life, not a creditable one, perhaps—not, in itself, a very instructive one, but truly and incorruptly rendered; unspoiled by petty additions and glossings, and free from the affectation of that maturer philosophy of which experience is the only teacher. The young, therefore, caught it up as pregnant with a sympathy for which their souls were yearning; the middle-aged could not but look with interest on so vivid a representation of the perils they had escaped; the old would not refuse to be interested in reminiscences of earlier passions depicted with such lively colours as to supply the weakness of failing memory.*

Like Schiller's "Robbers," both "Götz" and "Werter" produced temporary extravagances of a practical kind, and Goethe was in some danger of being ranked as a revolutionist of the most ardent school. Yet his reputation furthered him among the great, for as early as 1776 he was introduced to the heir-apparent of Weimar, who was passing through Frankfort; and his destination

was not long after fixed as a minister of state and "ennobled" man of letters, at a German court. Of external changes, therefore, we have none farther to record having any decisive bearing on his position; but so much the more diligently did he strive for inward progress. Circumstances and inclination resembles his career to that of

"— the star
That maketh not haste
That taketh not rest."

Journey, to Italy and to the French confine, whither he accompanied the Duke of Weimar in his early campaigns—part of which he has related with much vivacity—were the only grave interruptions to a very protracted life of literary, æsthetic, and scientific diligence. The management of the theatre at Weimar was entrusted to him; and few, if any, ever combined high intellectual pursuits with so much business tact, and an open eye for the affairs of the world. With the presence and aid of Schiller an éclat was given to the theatricals of that pleasant little town such as none other in so narrow a sphere ever obtained. The larger portion of the genius of Germany was to be found in Weimar and the neighbouring Jena; Goethe, Schiller, Fichte, Wieland, Herder. The traveller who now wanders through its quiet streets, or even visits its lone garden-like Friedhof, where in stately repose lie two coffins plainly inscribed with the names of the two great German dramatists,—can scarcely believe that an intellectual life so rich and varied had once not only an existence, but a vigorous manifestation there. Goethe's genial temper attracted numberless admirers and visitors of all classes. Emperors and kings of old and new dynasties, did homage to a sovereignty whose rivalry with their own they were not unwilling to acknowledge. Not a few English tourists diverged from the *grandes routes* to find their way to a place which had risen from obscurity to become the Teutonic Athens. Among British visitors was Goethe's best expounder—in some respects we might call him disciple,—Mr. Carlyle. Besides casual notices of our countryman, a most interesting correspondence occurs in the collected works of the great German. There is a letter, dated Craigenputtock, September 25, 1828, inserted in the Introduction to a German translation of Carlyle's life of Schiller, which

* The fame of "Werter" reached down into the regions of the grossest misapprehension. As a proof of this we may mention, that to our certain knowledge, at the time, when "Charlotte at the Tomb of Werter" had become a favourite subject for the embroidery of those days, country-school-girls were wont actually to quote it in pure innocent ignorance—"Credite posteri!"—as "*Charlotte at the Tomb of Werter!*" Truly has the poet said of fame, "Ingreditur solo."

throws a very pleasant light on their relation to each other.

Goethe's domestic circumstances have sometimes been represented in an unfavourable light. His marriage with a woman of very limited intellectual capacity is spoken of as a thing to be much regretted. Judged of by its reflex influence on the poet himself, we see no special cause for censure or regret.—A son, who died almost suddenly on a journey to Italy, seems to have inherited nothing of his father's powers.

The intellectual results of this long period of peace, lasting till his death, *i.e.* some five-and-fifty years, or more, are rich and manifold. For Greek art, Goethe cherished an enthusiasm to which his "Iphigenie," among innumerable other works, bears testimony. His comments on Winckelmann's character and works distinctly show his own admiration for the calm, sublime productions of Hellas, in preference to the works of the great mediæval period. On this question—one of the most concerning controversies of our days—we could wish to adduce Goethe's own remarks at length; but space forbids. The Minster of Strasburg, ever pointing to the extramundane, the plus ultra, and the Parthenon, with its long range of columns, gracing, rather than spurning, the fair misprised earth on which it stands, are the fittest symbols for these rival schools of expression. Which of them is really more fitted to the promise of a time when a Divine glory shall overspread the world, and God's tabernacle shall be with men, is a more pertinent question than is generally taken for granted. Goethe's leanings may have more to say for themselves on the grounds which this question suggests, than we have time to examine. It may not be inappropriate here to mention his severe strictures on a pre-Raphaelite school of modern German painters in remarks which Eckermann has recorded in his "Conversations."

To science, Goethe gave a proportion of time and labour which may seem as marvellous as Wordsworth's occupation with politics. It is true that he cultivated it rather æsthetically than otherwise, and to the extent of this mode of viewing it, not unsuccessfully. His principles of Morphology, in regard to animals at least, have been partly adopted by schools of physiologists who once treated them with contempt. The

metamorphosis of the vertebra, as exhibited in the skull, is not, we believe, the only instance of success that might be quoted. Of his Theory of Light, Goethe was unwisely proud. In objecting to Newton's optical system, he accompanied the great majority of modern inquirers; and it may not be altogether fanciful to recognise something of an analogous principle to that suggested by Goethe, in the undulatory theory now so largely acknowledged. But, like many other great men, he was much mistaken in the ground on which he based his expectancy of permanent renown.

But the *literary* results of his labours from the time of his settling at Weimar, are far the most important; and they show the advantage gained by outward repose, in his having leisure to adjourn their completion. A more and more fixed and elevated tone exhibits itself with advancing years; and there are marked ethical differences in different parts of some of his works,—"Wilhelm Meister,"—for instance, which stretches over so considerable a period that the conventional standard of morality in society at large, must have undergone some change during its composition. When we compare the ethical tone of fiction, even towards the close of the last century, with what it is at present, we shall scarcely wonder that undesirable passages and sections are to be found in parts of Goethe's works. Though he could, and did frequently, produce with astonishing rapidity, some of his best works were very slowly perfected. The first part of "Faust," which commonly appropriates to itself the whole title, was taken up at intervals during a quarter of a century, or nearly so—from 1773 to 1797. "Wilhelm Meister" covers a good portion of the author's whole lifetime. The autobiography, or "Wahrheit und Dichtung," was of like tedious growth.

"Faust" is distinctly a composite work. The tragedy of Margaret was its real commencement, under the title of "The Infanticide;" and though its parts are one living whole—if ever *play* was so—the metaphysical sublimity of the earlier scenes excites a diverse interest from those touches of nature which in the other half "make the whole world kin" in admiring it. The former are chiefly for the studious few; the latter for the feeling many. We dare scarcely

commit ourselves to pronounce on the scope of this manifold life-drama. Mr. Carlyle places in juxtaposition Goethe's tragedy of *Torquato Tasso* and the play of *Faust*. "The first paints, in simple gracefulness, the poetic temperament in conflict with the ordinances of vulgar life, a pure and touching picture, full of wisdom, calm depth, and unostentatious pathos: the second, of a still deeper character, images forth, in the superstitious tradition of *Faust*, the contest of the good principle in human nature with the bad; the struggle of man's soul against ignorance, sin, and suffering; the indirect subject of many, perhaps of all true poems; but here treated directly with a wild, mysterious impressiveness, which distinguishes this play from every other."

The Second Part of Faust, published only two-and-twenty years ago, seems rather designed to continue the legend, than to form a strict continuity with the first part. The popular myth makes *Faust* demand from the demon, *Helen of Sparta* as his bride. The idea of bringing Greece and the Middle Age together, may have had its peculiar charms for a poet who had entered so deeply into the genius of both. Certain it is, that many beautiful scenes are the result. The chivalrous homage with which *Helen* is so unexpectedly and un-hellenically overwhelmed in *Faust's* castle, on her escape from the fearful omens that seemed to announce a cruel death in the palace of Menelaus—is a happy thought; and the blending of times and fashions is a difficulty triumphantly conquered. There are single passages of extreme finish, and replete with terse proverbial wisdom, satirically and otherwise didactic; while the tone of the whole is that of a new world, such as only a master-spirit can evoke from the formless abyss of imagination. A high moral aim is also distinctly apparent. The idle and foolish kind of consolation with which *Faust* had been deceived in the first part, is exchanged for that wholesome activity with which Goethe himself destroyed doubts, vapours, and life-weariness; and which he strenuously recommends to others. *Mephistopheles* finds ways, indeed, to pervert many of the results of his toils to others; but their healthful invigorating reaction on *Faust* himself, is manifest throughout. Practical and far-sighted philanthropy engages

him to the very close of life; even the physical blindness of age only renders more brilliant "the clear light within;" and when the Lemures are digging his grave, the sound of their spades seems, to his still ardent mind, the noise of his labourers' work, in prosecuting his beneficent designs. He leaves the world at the moment when his expectations are on the point of being fully realised; and the approach of dissolution does not prevent his joy. The legend is followed out in the last scene; only that *Faust* is pardoned and saved. It may be added that there is scarcely a line of this singular performance which is not richly suggestive, even though the connection of the parts is not always clear.

"*Egmont*" is a historical tragedy. Its composition was begun about a year after the first design for "*Faust*." Its catastrophe is depressing, even more so than that of "*Götz*;" and its argument and manner remind one not a little of Schiller's best plays. We have, besides them, several other dramas, each with peculiar beauties.

A rather unfriendly critic, describing Goethe's "*Hermann and Dorothea*" as "a narrative poem, in hexameter verse," says that "it has given more pleasure to readers not critical, than any other work of its author;" and adds: "It is remarkable that it travels humble ground, as respects both its subject, its characters, and its scenery. From this, and other indications of the same kind, we are disposed to infer that Goethe mistook his destination; that his aspiring nature misled him; and that his success would have been greater, had he confined himself to the *real* in domestic life, without raising his eyes to the *ideal*."

The "*Wahlverwandschaften*" (Elective Affinities) is a romance, partly didactic, which has been strongly condemned on the charge of undervaluing the sanctity of the marriage tie, and looking favourably upon divorce. That such is *not* its intention, none who have fairly read it will assert; rather, it contains the most forcible protest against that neglecting of the first warnings of reason and conscience, which leads to such misunderstandings as issue in the frequent divorces of the Continent, and similar evils in other lands. That such *could not have been* its intention, we may

fairly infer, from the *strictness* of Goethe's expressed opinions on the subject; a strictness maintained in opposition to not a few of his friends.

A like objection to "Wilhelm Meister" has been already indicated. Taste seems to be sacrificed to truth. But the spirit of the whole work must impress every understanding reader, as dignified and earnest, incomparably beyond the mass of didactic romances. Both its parts—"Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," and his "Travels," are replete with wisdom,—grave and deep, though not sad or needlessly severe. They deal with the most serious of all subjects—the conduct of life. The form of "Wilhelm Meister" is partly allegorical; at least, much of it can scarcely be otherwise denominated. The topography of its scenes is as little definable by longitude and latitude, as that of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" but it has the charm of minutely and vividly depicting ordinary life. To attempt a particular analysis of its contents would be a vain task. As little real idea of it would be conveyed thereby, as in the description of a great painting. Suffice it to say, that the lesson of the whole appears to be, the necessity of slow deliberation, in choosing an external position in life, and the oft-repeated lesson conveyed in the stanza, as occurring at the end of the "Wanderjahre," thus translated by Mr. Carlyle:—

"Keep not standing fix'd and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam!
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout hearts are still at home."

Its analyses of individual character and of systems of belief and action, are such as we have found nowhere else. We feel a strange thrill when the spring of our most secret purposes, which, as we thought, were concealed from all others, is suddenly touched by another, and the results of the movement objectively set before us with calm, clear, unerring delineation. Every possible experience, however alien apparently to the poet's own character, seems to be at his service. The "Bekannt nisse einer schöner Seele," in the "Wilhelm Meister," follows out minutely the steps of a religious conversion, and with indescribable warmth and truth; nor can such a record be the work of a mere spectator. And so of other states of mind and soul. In fact, the author *sees* everything so

clearly, that we cannot stifle the conviction that he must *oversee* all.

Goethe's occasional and shorter poems would of themselves confer on him the mastership in his art. He has extracted its beauty from almost every situation and relation in life; and that under the most diverse conditions of humanity, geographical and social.

Space compels us to hasten away from a notice of his shorter prose essays to his well-known autobiography, entitled *Wahrheit und Dichtung*,—"Truth and Poetry,"—and which seems to us emphatically a *chef d'œuvre* of genius. Of few other great men, even among those who have attracted most attention as literary sovereigns, have we so many personal details; and of none should we reasonably desire more. His career stretches over the most interesting period of modern history, and offers singular analogies and differences, as compared with other literary potentates. The establishment of an intellectual dominion is always a work of time. Apart from this condition, no brilliance of genius or talent, nor even force of character, can secure it. Of the triumph of literary sovereigns in modern Europe, Voltaire reached his 85th year, Johnson his 76th, Goethe his 82nd. Between the two latter there are other remarkable features of similarity. The recognition of their greatness arose in large measure from impressions derived through personal intercourse, and from the impulse they gave to the literature of the day. Their works, with one or two obvious exceptions, have been talked of *en masse*, far more than read and appreciated in detail. Hence, while the dominion of both was absolute over a large circle of worshippers during their lifetime, to the next generation it has become all but unintelligible. We should be still more removed from sympathy, but for a circumstance which is connected with the nature of their influence,—that of both we have an abundance of personal records. If Johnson had his Piozzi and Boswell; Goethe had his Bettina, Eckermann, and Falk. With this analogy, there is a characteristic difference. Of Dr. Johnson's early years our information is of the scantiest. Goethe's childhood, on the contrary, stands before us as vividly as our own. This contrast is, we say, not trivial or accidental. None can understand the *child* but himself. The mother o

the nurse may admire and even worship; but the tenderest devotee cannot comprehend. "Childish things" require the spirit of the child to know them. His little world is formed chiefly from within; for the most determined idealist has no such power of subjective creation. There can, then, be no complete "Life" which does not begin with an Autobiography. Now the constant aim of the great German was self-development. He noted every stage of the process with scientific impartiality. His writings abound in personal reminiscences, meeting us in professed "Annals" and "Journals," and they re-appearing in philosophical novels and dramas.

On the other hand, the great Englishman *cannot* write an autobiography, — scarcely a part of one. We turn for a specimen of such an endeavour to his "Journey to the Western Islands." But so far from discoursing of *himself*, it is almost impossible for him to keep within any reasonable distance even of his path of *travel*. Amid disquisitions on man in general, and savage or half savage life in particular, it requires an effort to remember that our pilgrimage is among the mists and rocks of the Hebrides; the vast solitudes of Highland glens are peopled with classic forms; a Scotch mountain is used as vantage ground for glances at "the Alps and Apennines, the Pyrenean, and the River Po;" and we are compelled to traverse "the plain of Marathon," in being introduced to "the ruins of Iona."

It is Goethe's peculiar merit that the present, the actual, even the trivial, is presented in his writings as a symbol of high truth. He can make the outside of life *perfectly transparent* for the revelation of its profoundest depths. His parable seldom needs an interpretation, never a lengthened commentary; or, if it does, we must be content to leave it hopelessly obscure. Trebly important in his estimation and teaching is every event or circumstance that has an influence on the rest of life. Especially therefore, in the commencement, he can regard nothing as common-place. Higher up in the edifice, a brickbat, or a tile, may be a non-essential; it may fall out or remain in, without exciting notice or causing damage. But if it be part of the foundation it must be regarded as essential to the stability of the whole.

Other poets besides Goethe have written of their early days. In all cases "the child is father to the man." In the life of the bard, "the natural piety" resulting from this connection is peculiarly binding. The vision of earth's brightest colours, its choicest fragrance, and most jubilant music, is granted only to children. Once lost or misprized, it is caught up into heaven, not again to be vouchsafed. The poet is he who remembers most of it, and can describe it most clearly. From Horace, recalling the early inspiration breathed on the

"Non sine Dis animosus infans,"

down to the sadly pleasing story of our own Hartley Coleridge, Wordsworth's dictum has received special confirmation in the biography of poetry. He himself has given us bright glimpses of his youth in the "Prelude," a poem far too lightly estimated. But here the splendour from within, like the dazzling haze in some of Turner's landscapes, obscures the outline, and blends the colours. We are in a land of lakes and mountains — "meet nurse for a poetic child" — but "clouds of glory," borne thither from the antenatal element, overshadow us and them. We "breathe empyreal air;" but we are only half conscious of the environment. Goethe's pictures are clear as the summer landscapes of the continent; bright and sunny as his own Frankfort in the finest days of June. Not only eye and ear, but every sense sympathises with the utterly child-like pleasures which he summons before us. We feel that in Goethe, reflection is perfectly counter-balanced by a clear, decided outlook on the world around him. His portrait says so. That of Wordsworth bespeaks exactly the contrary. Instead of the bright eagle-glance of the German, we have the introverted look of one who *listens* rather than *sees*, or who gazes — not upon the veritable picture of outward things — but upon a scene built up from within, conjured up by the harmonies of Nature, and bearing little other relation to it, — rising

"— like an exhalation with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet;"

a world for spiritual habitation only, not shared in common, as the noblest "real scenery is, by the tax-gatherer, the land-owner, the tenants, *and* the

poet, but the exclusive freehold of the last." All Wordsworth's descriptions of Nature relapse into this intuition. He even tells us that, on the actual sight of Mont Blanc, he

" — *grieved*
To have a *soulless image* on the eye
That had usurped upon a living thought
That never more could be."

The "Confessions of an English Opium-eater" now happily re-appearing in a supplemented form, more closely approach the "Dichtung und Wahrheit" in a vivid but deeply reflective sketch of childhood. With De Quincey's strangely hostile paper on Goethe, in a well known encyclopedia open before us, we fear this may be regarded by him as no compliment. The "Confessions" are unapproachable in their order; but their object requires no such fullness or minuteness of description as Goethe's.

In fact, thus to have idealized his life is an achievement peculiar to the subject of this sketch; and it points to one of his excellencies on which the reader's patience must excuse one or two further remarks.

Of all his intellectual works, that on which Goethe set most store was—*Himself*. Time had been when men's whole souls went forth in massive architecture which should be to their descendants "a possession for ever." But with all this striving, they had only reared "desolate places for themselves" and for humanity; pyramids and palaces of Nimroud, built in the proportion of one or two grand thoughts, to an infinity of toil, and a vast monotony of surface. But in these late times, the building up and garnishing of a more cunningly built Living Temple, has come to be regarded as the true and worthy work of men. None in modern times has set this more directly before him than Goethe. He cast off his earlier productions as the slough or chrysalis that held in his growing expanding nature; and he thought no present sacrifice too great to promote the well-being of that. His various occupations — his taking up science, art, and letters, simultaneously — were thus justified in his own view; and the result justifies it to those who see what he achieved. He looked not to the rearing of any outward work;

but to the building up of a Man; a soul complete in all its proportions. Doubtless he failed in many points; we might point out defects to be avoided; but his object was clearly before him; for this he worked, and in this work he is admirable and worthy of the imitation of all men.

Additional personal characteristics we will only glance at. Schiller describes him as of the middle height, stiff, and by no means, at first, attractive in manner, but with a bright overpowering eye. His converse was fluent and easy, and the more he was known, the deeper was the interest felt in him; but though his features, especially in youth, were so noble and attractive, he laboured under those disadvantages in society which the deeply serious man can scarcely fail to encounter. In large assemblies, he tells us, "his heart was shut." Age mellowed and beautified his character. All his faculties stayed with him to the last; and his 83rd year, in which he died, found him in his "work-room" still. We have lively pictures of this generous old age in Eckermann's book of Conversations

"Quo fit ut omnis
Votivâ penat veluti descripta tabellâ
Vita senis.

In conclusion we would observe that, with some important drawbacks, Goethe has done good service in rebuking that negative view of things which virtually excludes The Supreme Life from a portion of His universe; that he has given ample and positive testimony to the fact that for art and for all other living products of human intellect, there is not, there cannot be, any true *renaissance* without the abiding belief of a Present and Living God. The men of old had this, in a form not pure indeed, but maintained with the calm, steady conviction of Men. Towards a resuscitation of this conviction, with all its fair and joyous accompaniments, a *reunion* of beauty and noble intellectual strivings, with the highest sanctions, and the regarding them anew as truly pertaining to the highest life, one man of modern times has laboured with some degree of faithfulness,—JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE.

DOMINIQUE FRANÇOIS ARAGO.

THE death of M. Arago leaves in the ranks of the French Institute a vacuum which will not easily be filled. Astronomy, meteorology, the different branches of natural philosophy were never elucidated by a *savant* better qualified for his task; his name had become associated, more especially, with all the mysteries of cosmography, and he was accordingly considered as the grand authority respecting aerolites, shooting stars, and comets either with or without tails. *Arago dixit* served as a sanction for every popular theory on atmospheric influences; nay, if he had determined to draw up a scheme of nativity, it is extremely probable that he would have dethroned both old Moore and Zadkiel himself. To speak seriously, M. Arago's reputation was principally grounded upon his talent as a lecturer for the masses; leaving others to discuss abstruse problems and to pore over books bristling with equations, he aimed chiefly at the glory of bringing down the results of those truths Laplace, Newton, or Ampère had discovered, to the level of an everyday audience; he sought and obtained the useful laurels which deck the brows of practical educators. Many will say that this position and course of studies should have secured to M. Arago general approbation and the thankful acknowledgment of all men really interested in the progress of science. But such has not been the case. The director of the Paris observatory, the secretary of the Institute, the friend of Humboldt and Brougham, has been the subject of controversies so violent that they cast into the shade the celebrated feuds of the *romantiques* and the *classiques*.

"Tant de fiel entre-t-il dans l'âme des savans!"

We have only altered the last word of the above line to apply it on the present occasion, and, certainly, those who hitherto may have supposed that x and y binomials and logarithms are incompatible with heated passions, need only read M. Arago's life to find themselves woefully mistaken. He has been called a quack, a dunce, a humbug, by people who think that Chambers's educational course is the profanation of learning, and that philosophy is all the better for being *deep*, i. e.

unintelligible. Some folks, to this day, support the contemptuous expressions they employ when speaking about M. Arago, by the extraordinary statement that he was fourteen years old before he knew how to read! The fact, if it were true, seems to us by no means conclusive; but it is not true, and the illustrious man whose loss France cannot mourn over too much, had shown evidences of his brilliant gifts at an age when his detractors were still groping for their way amidst the mazes of abstraction.

DOMINIQUE FRANÇOIS ARAGO was born on the 26th of February, 1786, at Estagel, near Perpignan, in the south of France. His father, who held some situation under government, gave him an excellent education, and did all his limited means allowed, to push on an intelligent young man upon whom was to devolve in after-life, according to all probability, the care of providing for a numerous family. From the college of Perpignan, Dominique proceeded to that of Montpellier, where the course of instruction delivered was on a larger scale, and conducted by superior teachers. It may be proper to notice here that the analytic character of French metaphysics during the eighteenth century resulted at any rate in one good effort,—it drove multitudes to the culture of the exact sciences, and formed a school of men pre-eminently distinguished in that respect. Condorcet, Laplace, Euler, D'Alembert, Lagrange, almost revolutionized the higher branches of mathematics; the wars of the revolution, calling forth to the frontiers a body of artillery-officers and engineers, added another stimulus; and the foundation of the Polytechnic School opened a wide field of activity both for pupils and masters. Young Arago was admitted into that celebrated establishment at the early age of eighteen. The accuracy of his knowledge and his general proficiency secured for him the first place amongst his competitors, and he reached from the very beginning the position he has kept ever since. It is said that when he presented himself as a candidate for pupilage, his answer to the first question so astonished the examiner that he declined putting a second, and

sent him to the Institution with high compliments.

The pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique are supposed to be fully qualified in the course of two years for efficient service in either military or civil engineering. M. Arago's first appointment was that of secretary to the Board of Longitudes, and as such the Emperor ordered him to join the scientific expedition organized under the direction of M. Biot, for the purpose of measuring the arc of the meridian. As early as 1670, a Frenchman, named Picard, had begun a series of calculations on the radius of the earth, so as to obtain its diameter; after him, journeys had been accomplished with the same object in view by Cassini, La Condamine, Maupertius, and Clairault. But the mathematical instruments used at that time did not possess the necessary delicacy; and *savans* had often either to give up the idea of prosecuting their investigations, or to remain satisfied with merely approximative results. Borda's *corde répétiteur*, a most ingenious piece of mechanism, at last raised every obstacle, and MM. Mechain and Delambre were enabled to measure with the utmost exactness the arc of the meridian comprised between Dunkirk and Barcelona. The object of the journey undertaken by M. Arago at Bonaparte's command, and in society with M. Biot, was to follow up Delambre's calculations for the arc included between Barcelona and the Balearic Islands. Although the whole of Europe was then in arms, the claims of science readily obtained the notice which civilized nations will award to them under all circumstances. The Spanish government appointed two eminent mathematicians, Chaise and Rodriguez, to join the French deputation, and England granted a safe conduct, which political events rendered absolutely indispensable.

An imaginary triangle was constructed, destined to join Iviça to Spain. The base of that triangle was 142,000 metres in length, about 35 leagues; one of its sides measured nearly 160,000 metres, or 41 leagues. MM. Biot and Arago took their position at the apex of the triangle, on one of the highest mountains in Catalonia, the Spaniards established themselves at Campney in the island of Iviça. In 1807, after many months' arduous toil, the operations were happily finished. M. Biot returned to Paris that he

might quietly proceed with such calculations as could be done in the retirement of the study; M. Arago joined M. Rodriguez at Iviça. Here begins one of the most romantic incidents on record, in the annals of scientific inquiry. The interesting travels of Humboldt himself contains nothing to match, in point of adventure, the details of the next period in M. Arago's life. He was still busily engaged upon his work, when war broke out afresh. His position at Galatz, in Iviça, the instruments which he constantly used, and to which the people were not accustomed, everything looked suspicious about him; he was immediately set down as a spy. The fanaticism of the Spaniards easily caught flame, his residence was mobbed, he had the greatest difficulty in escaping with his life, and all that the entreaties and intercessions of M. Rodriguez could obtain for the unfortunate Arago, was leave to embark on a ship bound for Algiers. He had managed, though with no small trouble, to save his instruments and papers; the Dey received him very courteously, and allowed him to take his passage for France, in a vessel belonging to his own government. The crew put off to sea under the most favourable auspices; they were almost in sight of the French coast, when a Spanish privateer attacked them and Arago found himself a prisoner. He was first conveyed to the fort of Rosas, then to the pontoons of Talamos, where he had to undergo the most cruel treatment, and to expiate the mishap of belonging to *la grande nation*. In seizing, however, upon the Algerine frigate, the Spaniards had violated the treaty which still existed between the two countries, and the Dey remonstrated in so spirited a manner, that the crew, the passengers, and the cargo were released. Set free once more, Arago thought that this time he had done with perils both of sea and of robbers; the ship was actually in the Marseilles road, when a violent squall arose and drove the ill-fated expedition into the neighbourhood of Sardinia. It so happened that, at that time, considerations of a political nature rendered it impossible for the Algerines to think of seeking hospitality on the coast of the island: they therefore resolved to make for Africa as fast as they could, and when they discovered that the ship had sprung a leak.

they felt that every moment's delay was bringing them into imminent jeopardy. In the meanwhile, a change had taken place in the government of Algiers; the new Dey, instead of continuing to M. Arago the protection which his predecessor had so kindly granted, resolved upon securing his services as a slave, and he appointed him to the post of interpreter on board one of the cruisers which still infested the Mediterranean. The French consul had to exert all his influence, for the purpose of averting the danger which now threatened M. Arago from the quarter, where he had before found so much courtesy, and such ready assistance. At length the secretary of the Board of Longitudes finally left Africa, and after very narrowly escaping capture by an English vessel, he landed at Marseilles.

So much labour, such perseverance, such devotedness to the interests of science, demanded and obtained an acknowledgment: the Institute for once infringed upon its own regulations, and elected M. Arago, although he was not yet twenty-three years old. He was also named to a professorship in the Ecole Polytechnique, and he delivered there a course of lectures upon geometry and analysis, which he continued till his *début* in the political career, during the parliamentary session of 1831. M. Arago attracted the notice of the Emperor, who was always more partial to scientific men than to *littérateurs*, or as he called them *idéologues*. It is very well known that when, after the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon thought of retiring to the United States, and there devoting his time exclusively to the pursuits of science, he intended to take with him Arago as his companion. This was no slight honour; a distinction of such a character must say much for the person upon whom it is conferred.

We must now direct attention to the principal discoveries made by M. Arago in natural philosophy, and, in doing so, shall endeavour to be as concise, and at the same time as clear, as the subject will allow. The axioms or the deductions of electricity, for instance, cannot be made to read like a fashionable novel; and even whilst avoiding formulæ and equations, we are conscious that a summary of scientific facts must seem comparatively dull. We shall do our best, however.

One of the most interesting phenomena in connection with physical science is what is called the polarization of light. "If," says Sir D. Brewster, "we transmit a beam of the sun's light through a circular aperture into a dark room, and if we reflect it from any crystallized or uncrystallized body, or transmit it through a thin plate of either of them, it will be reflected and transmitted in the very same manner, and with the same intensity, whether the surface of the body is held above or below the beam, or on the right side or on the left, or on any other side of it, provided that in all these cases it falls upon the surface in the same manner—or what amounts to the same thing, the beam of solar light has the same properties on all its sides; and this is true of light emitted from candles or any luminous bodies, and all such light is common light." If light be made to fall upon a piece of glass placed at the angle of incidence of $56\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, it then becomes separated into two rays, the one part transmitted and the other reflected. If the glass be made to revolve round in a circle on its axis, the reflected ray, passing off in equal angles with the original ray, will at some positions be transmitted, in others reflected, again transmitted, and so on, which proves that a ray of light possesses different sides, two having the property of transmission, and two of reflecting; more especially is the case established, when, the intensity being the same, there is a marked difference in the brightness of the transmitted and reflected ray. Philosophers thinking, therefore, that light had *poles* as a magnet, termed a ray thus conditioned *polarized*. When a prism is used in different positions the two rays will vary in extent, sometimes be doubly refracted, and, in fact, present such variations as corroborates the truth of light having sides. In an instrument contrived to demonstrate the polarization of light, when turned 90 degrees from the starting point, it undergoes a total change from reflection to transmission, and regularly changes from one to the other at each 90 degrees or quadrature of the circle.

It is found that in all bodies where there seems to be a regularity of structure, as salts, crystallized minerals, all animal and vegetable bodies, on light passing through them, it is divided into

two distinct pencils. Now, M. Arago observed, that when a polarized ray was made to traverse at right angles, a plate of rock crystal (quartz) cut perpendicularly to the axis of double refraction, on analyzing the emergent ray by a doubly refracting prism, the two images had complementary colours, and that these colours changed when the doubly refracting prism was made to revolve; so that, in the course of a half-revolution, the extraordinary image (for example) which at first was red, became in succession orange, yellow, yellow-green, and violet, after which the same series of tints would of course recur. It is evident that this is just what would take place, supposing the several coloured rays at this convergence from the rock crystal to be polarized in different planes; and to this conclusion M. Arago came. He wrote a couple of extremely interesting papers on what has since been called the phenomena of circular polarization, and read them before the Institute, in the year 1811.

New facts are constantly being added to the accumulated data of natural philosophy. M. Arago's discovery has consequently followed the general law, and been applied more extensively than it was at first; some of the most beautiful experiments that can be exhibited in the course of a scientific *conversazione*, are based upon the labours of the French philosopher, and very useful results have been deduced from what may appear at first glance a merely idle investigation. If with a plate of tourmaline we examine a polarized ray of white light, as it passes through a crystalized substance, having a single axis, there are seen rings of various prismatic colours, which change as the position of the tourmaline is altered. On the axis of the tourmaline being brought into the plane of polarization, a rich black cross is seen crossing the coloured rings; gradually, as the tourmaline is turned, the black cross fades away; and when in the opposite direction, the white one supplies its place, and the second image is complementary to the previous one.

M. Biot resumed and investigated more thoroughly still the subject of rotatory or circular polarization, as introduced by his learned colleague. He observed the phenomena not only in solids but in liquids, such as oil of turpentine, alcohol, oil of laurel; and he ascertained

the law of rotation of simple-coloured rays. His researches on that subject will be found in the *Mémoires de l'Institut* for 1812 and 1818.

Circular polarization has discovered differences in the composition of substances that the utmost art of the analytical chemist could not detect; for, by this light, it is not the mere structure but the nature of the particles that is elucidated. Hence the construction of an instrument called the *polariscope*, which is used by the sugar manufacturer to ascertain the quantity of saccharine matter in the juice of the beet-root; by the brewer, to learn the amount of sugar in the wort; and by the medical professor, the extent of sugar in the secretions of the diabetic patient.

We turn now to another subdivision of natural philosophy, and will endeavour to say a few words concerning M. Arago's investigations in the comparatively new science of electro-magnetism. We find his name here associated with those of Ampère and Biot in the development of a series of theories and experiments singularly interesting. Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, was the first who described the analogies between magnetism and electricity. In 1819, by bringing a magnetic needle in the direction of a voltaic current, he ascertained that the conducting wire is itself magnetic. He found also that the nature of the conducting medium is immaterial to the result, and that whether the voltaic circuit be compelled through metals or through a fluid, the magnetic needle is equally affected; being deflected in one direction when placed over the conductor, and in the opposite direction when under it.

The discovery was no sooner made known than all those who were engaged in scientific researches throughout Europe pursued the inquiry with diligence, and continually elicited additional facts, which bestowed increased importance on this branch of electric science. M. Arago's experiment is as follows. He strewed a quantity of iron filings on a table; then, after having connected by a wire the ends of a galvanic battery, he brought that connecting wire near the filings; they were immediately affected by the action of the battery, some few flying towards the wire and adhering to it as to a magnet; and if the wire was brought into actual contact with

them, a very considerable quantity could be taken up by it, exactly the same as the extremity of a bar magnet; but the moment the contact was broken, the filings fell. This fact proved, not only that the wire had the power of acting on bodies already magnetized, but that it was itself capable of developing magnetism in iron that did not previously possess this power. The same attraction took place with wires of brass, silver, platina, etc., and was so strong as to act on the filings when the wire was brought near them without actual contact. It was shown not to belong to any permanent magnetism in the wire or filings, by the inactivity of both when the connection was not made with the battery; and it was proved not to be electrical attraction, by the connecting wire having no power over filings of copper, or brass, or over saw dust. When soft iron was used, the magnetism given was only momentary; but on repeating the experiment with some modification, M. Arago succeeded completely in magnetizing a sewing needle permanently.

Without going farther into the subject, we may just notice that in the process of the various investigations undertaken by M. Arago he had the benefit of the directions and advice of the celebrated M. Ampère, whose labours as a natural philosopher have ensured to him a European reputation. A spirit of rivalry was aroused between the *savans* of various nations, and whilst the members of the French Institute pursued their researches with strenuous ardour, Sir Humphry Davy, Professor Faraday, and others in England endeavoured likewise to expand the facts discovered by Oersted.

It will appear evident to all those who consider the subject with the slightest care, that the invention of the electric telegraph follows as the natural consequence upon a knowledge of the laws which regulate electro-magnetism. No wonder, therefore, if M. Arago felt interested in the general application of a communicating medium which is likely to be so useful for the purposes of geography and physical science. He organized with Professor Airy, the Astronomer Royal, a plan for corresponding by means of electricity between Greenwich and Paris, and it may safely be affirmed that the method he introduced for obtaining a powerful magnetizing

current is the only one which has secured for the electric telegraph all its efficiency.

M. Arago's discoveries in the science of magnetism were rewarded in England by the gift of a gold medal presented to him in the year 1829. He was one of the most eminent members of the Académie des Sciences, and besides a variety of memoirs, reports, notices, *éloges*, etc., he had established, together with Gay-Lussac, a periodical well known under the title, *Annales de Physique et Chimie*. But upon his appointment to the Paris observatory as director and manager in chief, he struck into quite a new path, and evinced in his duties as an astronomical lecturer powers equal, if not superior, to those he had hitherto displayed. For M. Arago's writings on magnetism, on light, on electricity, though remarkably suggestive and full of interest for those who have already mastered thoroughly the points discussed, are comparatively of little value to the great generality of readers. You must come to them prepared by a knowledge of algebraic processes, and it is impossible to understand the complete bearing of any theory introduced, if you cannot follow it through all the expressions of the mathematical language. As a teacher of astronomy, on the contrary, M. Arago is pre-eminently a man for the masses. With him the reader should take for granted all the calculations of Newton and Laplace. He should admit theorems which others have settled for his benefit, and assent to the laws of the solar system with the most childlike confidence. The great object of a lecturer who treats astronomy as M. Arago treated it, is clearness in his exposition, and simplicity in his statements. He must not dazzle, he must not be afraid of repetitions, he must not think that homely illustrations and an un-scientific terminology are below his dignity. In that respect the only writer we would compare to M. Arago is the veteran Humboldt. Without for a moment wishing to disparage what we designate as scientific astronomy, we must allow that descriptive cosmography is at all events the only way of conveying to the minds of the majority truths which are still useful, still interesting, if even it cannot be seen how they have been elicited. After a long life devoted to the study of the heavens, when Ptolemy wrote on the walls of the temple

of Serapis at Canopus, the principal results of his labours, he enunciated *descriptively* the elements of the solar system.

M. Arago gathered his hearers from all classes of society; — clerks, commercial men, mechanics, ladies even crowded around him; those who could not venture as far as the Observatoire, read his works and studied the year-book published under his superintendence by the Board of Longitudes. He thoroughly convinced all that a sufficient knowledge of astronomy is within the reach of the humblest individual; and that every one who *does* direct his attention to that science can contribute even by the most simple observations to its progress.

Speaking of M. Arago brings naturally to our recollection the name of another writer well known in France as a popular writer on the same science; we allude to Fontenelle. His *Entretiens sur le Pluralité des Mondes*, published in 1686, was nothing else but a work destined to introduce the primary truths of astronomy in an attractive form before the inmates of drawing-rooms and the votaries of fashion. The lady who said one day that M. de Cassini would be kind enough to begin the eclipse over again if she was too late, was the type of Fontenelle's admirers. Our dandies now-a-days are not quite so ignorant, it must be confessed; they require a teacher a little more accurate than the affected predecessor of M. Arago in the secretaryship of the Académie des Sciences. Fontenelle, so to speak, dressed up Copernicus in the costume of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, in order to render him acceptable; M. Arago has only brought him within our reach.

We have elsewhere remarked when speaking of Cuvier, the harmonious blending of the various elements which constitute the scientific investigator and the man of letters. M. Arago is another instance of the same fact. He does not, perhaps, write with the same power as the great naturalist; but his style is clear, and his imagination singularly brilliant. The life of Carnot, published not very long ago, is a masterly production: the writer found there a capital opportunity, not only for expounding scientific principles, but also for holding up for public admiration the great political doctrines applied by the French Revolution. But, if M. Arago is always interesting as a writer, we cannot say

that he is uniformly accurate. We have noticed amongst other blunders a most extraordinary one which disfigures the éloge of Condorcet prefixed, in 1847, to a magnificent reprint of that philosopher's complete works. Condorcet, it is well known, published an edition of Pascal's thoughts, for the express purpose of proving that he was tainted with incurable scepticism. Comparing this edition with that given a short time after Pascal's death by the Messieurs de Port-Royal, M. Arago designates the latter as *d'Arnaud's* edition. Now, this cannot be a misprint, for the name *d'Arnaud* is twice repeated, and no erratum points it out as a blunder. We must conclude, therefore, that M. Arago, with all his learning, managed to mistake the great divine, *Antonio Arnaud*, for a third-rate scribbler, *Baculard d'Arnaud*, who died in the year 1805! This, unfortunately, is not all. We are sorry to add that M. Arago felt it necessary to defend Condorcet on the most objectionable grounds. Condorcet was an infidel; we might pity him deeply for that, and still respect, to a great extent, a conscientious man struggling for spiritual life amidst the wrecks of his belief. But Condorcet may be described as an irreligious fanatic, who never scrupled to employ the vilest means in his attacks against Christianity. Condorcet was a Voltairian monomaniac, and that is the only excuse we can give for him. On the subject of religion he was *non compos mentis*. How can M. Arago have had the courage to stand by him in this indefensible position? How did he not perceive, that, whilst pronouncing a panegyric upon the mathematician and the writer, he was in no way compelled to carry his apology farther?

In 1831, M. Arago took his seat in the chamber, of deputies, and distinguished himself throughout his parliamentary career as one of the leaders on the opposition benches. Some of the speeches he delivered are masterpieces, and we would particularly allude to that pronounced when the bill for the construction of the forts round Paris was under discussion. The following passage from M. de Cormenin's *Livre des Orateurs* contains, we believe, a very fair appreciation of M. Arago's oratorical powers:—

Whenever Arago ascends the tribune, the chamber, attentive and anxious, becomes still, and listens eagerly. The spectators hang over the galleries to see

him. His stature is lofty, his hair is naturally curled and flowing, and his fine southern head rises over the assembly. In the muscular contractions of his temples there is a power of will and of thought which reveals a noble spirit. Unlike those speakers who address the house on every occasion, and who, nine times out of ten, are ignorant of what they talk about, Arago does not speak except on questions already prepared, and which combine the interest of the circumstance with the attractions of science. His speeches are, therefore, quite to the purpose as well as general, and appeal at once to the reason and the passions of his auditory. In this manner he soon comes to master them. The very moment he enters on his subject, he concentrates on himself the eyes and the attention of all. He takes science, as it were, between his hands; he strips it of asperities and its technical forms, and he renders it so clear that the most ignorant are astonished, as they are charmed at the ease with which they understand its mysteries. There is something perfectly lucid in his demonstrations. His manner is so expressive that light seems to issue from his eyes, from his lips, from his very fingers. He interweaves in his discourse the most caustic appeals to ministers—appeals which defy all answer; the most piquant anecdotes, which seem to belong naturally to the subject, and which adorn without overloading it. When he confines himself to the narration of facts, his elocution has all the graces of simplicity. But, when he is, as it were, face to face with science, he looks into its very depths, draws forth its inmost secrets, and displays all its wonders; he invests his admiration of it with the most magnificent language, his expressions become more and more ardent, his style more coloured, and his eloquence is equal to the grandeur of his subject.

When the events of 1848 once more brought to a crisis the destinies of France, M. Arago joined heartily in the republican movement. He became a member of the Provisional Government, and subsequently minister of marine. But he never entertained the least sympathy for the Red party, and when he saw that the opinions of Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc were likely to prevail, he began to despair of republican institutions, in so far, at least, as they were applicable to his own country. During the terrible days of June, he took an active part against the insurgents, at the head of the national guard.

After December, 1852, M. Arago felt that he could not hold any post under a ruler for whom he had no respect; he sent in his resignation. Louis Napoleon very generously refused it, and dispensed with the veteran astronomer's taking the oath of obedience to the new imperialist dynasty. M. Arago then devoted himself exclusively to science, and determined to wear out the remaining portion of his life in the pursuit of those studies which had procured for him his greatest reputation. But disease was already hard at work upon his constitution, and every throe of the moral agony under which France was writhing found a corresponding echo in his patriotic mind. He gradually sank without any hope of recovery, and, after a journey to the South, from which he only derived a temporary benefit, breathed his last on Sunday, the 2nd of October, 1853.

It is melancholy to notice that, of the men who rose into political notoriety with the revolution of 1848, two already have carried to the grave their blighted hopes and bitter disappointments. Armand Marrast and Arago have paid dearly for their political experience.

G. M.

JOSEPH SMITH.

"THE Mormon Prophet an illustrious man!" We can fancy the exclamation as the eye glances on his name, and will not attempt to parry its force by elaborate quibbling. If ignorance, raising

itself from obscurity to promulgate its opinions throughout the world—if perseverance in the face of severe persecution—and zeal, despite numerous obstacles, that issues in success and stamps its

possessor as the founder of a new and spreading superstition or political system—if these do not make an illustrious, they make a remarkable, man. Whatever combination of circumstances favoured the individual whose assumptions have startled the pride and excited the scorn of the nineteenth century, there is yet a degree of interest associated with his life; and if his errors are still infecting any section of society, to point out their origin may weaken their influence. We have therefore ventured to chronicle his story.

JOSEPH SMITH was born December 23, 1805, in the town of Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont. Many marvellous events had occurred in connection with his immediate ancestors. So, at least, we are taught to believe in a work* just published "for the candid perusal of all nations," though amongst the uninitiated and "profane" they were far more notable for their bad character. When ten years old, he removed with his parents to Palmyra, New York, in the neighbourhood of which he remained till the boy became a man. An attack of severe sickness, borne with exemplary fortitude, was the only thing which disturbed the tranquillity of his early childhood. As soon as he was able, he began to assist his father on his farm. His advantages were few, and his education exceedingly defective. He could read, but not well; his best essays in penmanship were imperfect; and even the elementary rules of arithmetic were mysteries not easily fathomed, if at all. The golden treasures of knowledge might make rich and powerful, but they were scattered in regions by him untrodden and undiscovered; yet his mind was active—it observed and reflected. Religious feelings, it is said, were early developed. When about fourteen years of age, his favourite subjects of contemplation were the future state of being and his own possible relation to it. How could he best prepare himself for that eternity which stretched in boundless view before him? This was the grand question of his youth. He looked abroad, but there diversities of opinion prevailed, and his ignorance incapacitated him for judging between them. Excited yet perplexed, he turned to his Bible, and there read, "If any of you

lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth unto all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." The promise was sufficient; it excited hope, and as he realised its depth of meaning, aspirations began to glow, and he resolved to test its truth.

It is evident that in writing thus, his own asseverations and those of his friends can be our only authority till we have launched him fairly on his public career. In his autobiography he has described at length the circumstances that affected him at this period. The reader will not be long in judging whether his statements are the transcript of an enthusiast who unconsciously invested facts with the colouring of his imagination, or the cunningly-concocted after-thoughts of a knave, endeavouring to impress mankind with the divinity of the mission he professed.

The account runs, that, having determined "to ask of God," he retired to a wood to make the attempt. It was the morning of a clear and beautiful day in 1820, and the spring had just clothed the surrounding scenery with its refreshing hues. Joseph had never yet, amidst all his anxieties, given utterance to his feelings in prayer; and now he knelt down, alone with his Maker, the blue sky peering through the canopying forest boughs. Scarcely had his lips begun to move, when the power of expression appeared entirely lost. Darkness gathered about him, and sudden destruction threatened to be his doom. Was it that conscience, whispering of eternal justice, had quenched the light of mercy by its sin-portraying revelations? He believed in the presence and power of some actual being from the unseen world, and, rousing every energy, called aloud to Heaven for deliverance from his foe. Immediately he saw exactly over his head a pillar of light, surpassing the sun in brilliance. It descended gradually upon him, not in fiery wrath but in heavenly glory. The fetters that had bound his soul fell off; his enemy was gone. Like the apostles on the mount of transfiguration, he stood wrapped in unearthly splendour. Above him, in the air, he beheld two personages clad with ineffable effulgence. One of them, calling him by name, pointed to the other and said, "This is my beloved Son, hear him." Joseph, thus encouraged, as soon as he regained his self-possession, recollected

* Joseph Smith the Prophet, and his Progenitors. By Lucy Smith, Mother of the Prophet.

his especial design in coming to pray, and enquired of his celestial visitants, which of all religious sects was right, and which he should join. The answer was, that he should join none, for they were all wrong, that their creeds were an abomination and their professors corrupt. Many other things were communicated; and when the dazzling vision passed away, the youthful seer found himself stretched on his back, looking up into heaven.

It was not long before Joseph mentioned these things to some who were interested in the excitement then generally prevailing respecting divine truth. As might have been expected, he met with ridicule and opposition.

Nothing of importance occurred from this time till the 21st of September, 1823, on the evening of which day he relates, that, in answer to prayer, he beheld another manifestation of supernatural glory. His room was filled with more than noon-day radiance. Beside his bed there stood a personage, whose countenance was as lightning, and his garment exquisitely white and without seam. He seems to have minutely observed the peculiarities of his dress:—"His hands were naked, and his arms also, a little above the wrist; so also were his feet naked, as were his legs a little above the ancles. His head and neck were also bare. I could discover that he had no other clothing on but this robe, as it was open, so that I could see into his bosom." This angelic messenger, whose name was Nephi, informed him that he was an instrument of God, chosen for the accomplishment of great purposes; that the covenant with ancient Israel concerning their posterity, was about to be fulfilled; that the work preparatory to Christ's second coming and millennial reign was now to commence; that there were many hidden revelations and prophecies, which should be made known for the furtherance of these designs; and that he should be permitted to place the sacred records containing them before the world. The American Indians, he was told, were a remnant of Israel; and that their history was fully detailed in a book deposited beneath the ground, and written on gold plates; that with it there were two stones in silver bows, which, fastened to a breast-plate, formed what was called the Urim and Thummim; that the possession

and use of these stones constituted seers in ancient times; and that God had prepared them for his assistance in translating the book. After giving him many instructions concerning things past and to come, the angel withdrew; but while his auditor lay musing on the singularity of the scene he had witnessed, and the words he had heard, he again appeared, and without the least variation repeated his former message, adding in conclusion, a description of judgments which were hanging over the earth, and of desolations by famine, sword, and pestilence, that that generation should see. Again the brilliance of heaven was succeeded by the darkness of night; but a third time was the gloom dispersed by the sudden descent of Nephi, who once more recapitulated his instructions, and then ended with additional cautions to prudence and watchfulness. The next day, while Joseph was in the fields, the same messenger re-appeared, and commanded him to inform his father of all that had passed. He complied with the injunction, found encouragement in his views, and soon after repaired to the spot where the plates were deposited. It was on the west side of a lofty hill, near the village of Manchester, in the county of Ontario, and not far from the top. Here in a stone box, the upper portion of which was just apparent above the soil, he saw the records, and the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. While gazing with eager wonder, Nephi again stood in his presence, and the opened heavens poured their glory around him. Then there passed before him in terrible vision the prince of darkness and his associates; the good and the evil, the holy and the impure were revealed, that he might be confirmed in love of the one, and hatred of the other. But the plates were not yet to be committed to his care: before he could become their guardian, he must not only be willing, but able to keep the commandments of the Lord. Every year at the same time he was to visit the place where they were buried.

From this day forth he continued to receive supernatural instructions. These he communicated to his relatives. "I presume," says his mother, "our family presented an aspect as singular as any

that ever lived upon the face of the earth; all seated in a circle—father, mother, sons, and daughters—and giving the most profound attention to a boy, eighteen years of age, *who had never read the Bible through in his life.* Strange that the prophet of a new dispensation should not be familiar with the revealed will of his omniscient Master!—that he whose mission was to usher in the most momentous age of time—an age when all events and agencies were to be concentrated in their results, the transactions of which were to be but the consummation of eternal purposes—strange that he should be ignorant of that book, itself the chief instrument of truth, as well as its mirror, given specially, with its wondrous harmonies of grace and justice, for the enlightenment of *all* mankind! On the 22nd of September, in the following year, Joseph hurried to the appointed spot in full expectation of carrying the golden plates away with him; but he was not yet proof against temptation. A covetous thought flashed across his mind; the angel was not slow to exhibit his anger; and he had to go home weeping for disappointment. It was not till 1827 that he was honoured by the fulfilment of his desires; and then, having feasted his joyous eyes upon the sacred letters, his first anxiety was to find for them a secure place of concealment.

Meantime, his father's fortune fluctuating, he had left him for a while to work at a silver mine; but his absence was of short duration. The opinion which his neighbours were forming of him (and their judgment was founded on his actions) was in painful contrast with the professions he now began to make. They accused him of having cheated a man by promising him a share of silver ore which he said he had discovered on the banks of the Susquehanna, but which could never be found. On returning from the mines, he gave further token of his immaculate disposition by clandestinely marrying a young lady whom he had persuaded to elope with him.

However, as soon as the plates were obtained, we are told, he commenced the work of translation by the aid of the Urim and Thummim. In the neighbourhood there lived a farmer, named Martin Harris, possessed of some money and more credulity. Every "wind of

doctrine" affected him. He had been in turn a Quaker, a Wesleyan, a Baptist, a Presbyterian. His heterogeneous and unsettled views admirably qualified him for discipleship where novelty was paramount and concrete things were invested with the enchantment of mystery. He was enraptured with the young prophet, and offered him fifty dollars to aid in the publication of his new Bible, and rendered assistance scarcely less valuable by transcribing for him, since he could not write himself, the translation as it proceeded. Poor Martin was unfortunately gifted with a troublesome wife; her inquisitive and domineering nature made him dread unpleasant results from his present engagement. His manuscript had reached one hundred and sixteen pages, and he therefore begged permission to read it to her, "with the hope that it might have a salutary effect upon her feelings." His request was at length granted; but, through carelessness or perfidy, while in his house, the precious document was irrecoverably lost. Joseph suffered greatly in consequence of this hindrance, but more from the anger of heaven which was manifested against him. As soon as possible, he resumed his task, having secured the services of another scribe, Oliver Cowdery, a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood.

Martin Harris, earnest as he was, despite his misfortune in the cause of the Prophet, had never yet been favoured with a sight of the golden plates. He had not attained to sufficient purity of mind; but a copy of a small portion of their contents was placed in his hands, and this he was told he might show to any scholar in the world, if he wished to be satisfied. Accordingly, he started for New York, sought Professor Anthon, and requested his opinion. Fortunately we have authentic information respecting this interview in a letter by the Professor himself, written some time after, when the subject was exciting considerable attention. From it we may gather with tolerable certainty and clearness, what was the real state of the case at this time. He writes—

"Some years ago, a plain, apparently simple-hearted farmer, called on me with a note from Dr. Mitchell, of our city, now dead, requesting me to decipher, if possible, a paper which the farmer would hand me. Upon examining the paper in question, I soon came

to the conclusion that it was all a trick, perhaps a hoax. When I asked the person who brought it how he obtained the writing, he gave me the following account:—A 'gold book,' consisting of a number of plates fastened together by wires of the same material, had been dug up in the northern part of the state of New York, and along with it an enormous pair of 'spectacles!' These spectacles were so large, that if any person attempted to look through them, his two eyes would look through one glass only, the spectacles in question being altogether too large for the human face. Whoever, he said, examined the plates through the glasses, was enabled not only to read them, but fully to understand their meaning. All this knowledge, however, was confined to a young man, who had the trunk containing the book and spectacles in his sole possession. This young man was placed behind a curtain, in a garret, in a farmhouse; and being thus concealed from view, he put on the spectacles occasionally, or rather looked through one of the glasses, deciphered the characters in the book; and having committed some of them to paper, handed copies from behind the curtain to those who stood outside. Not a word was said about their having been deciphered by the 'gift of God.' Everything in this way was effected by the large pair of spectacles. The farmer added, that he had been requested to contribute a sum of money towards the publication of the 'golden book,' the contents of which would, as he was told, produce an entire change in the world, and save it from ruin. So urgent had been these solicitations, that he intended selling his farm and giving the amount to those who wished to publish the plates. As a last precautionary step, he had resolved to come to New York, and obtain the opinion of the learned about the meaning of the paper which he had brought with him, and which had been given as part of the contents of the book, although no translation had at that time been made by the young man with the spectacles. On hearing this odd story, I changed my opinion about the paper; and instead of viewing it any longer as a hoax, I began to regard it as part of a scheme to cheat the farmer of his money, and I communicated my suspicions to him, warning him to beware of rogues."

This clear statement of Professor

Anthon, written without reference to the controversy, throws unwelcome light upon the subject. The confession of Martin Harris, himself a sincere and unsuspecting believer, is highly prejudicial to the character and pretensions of the Prophet. In the story of the spectacles, and the trunk and curtain in the garret, there is nothing of enthusiasm or excited intellect, no self-deception, but the most vulgar fraud that even stupidity itself could well devise. Most strikingly novel is the idea of a giant—beside whom Goliath would have been a baby—striding over the mountains, rushing to the battle, or stemming with ease the mightiest torrent, his nose surmounted by a pair of spectacles; and not less original would be that of an angel wandering and gazing through all space, similarly caparisoned. The fabulous expansion of mental ability imparted to Joseph by these telescopic appliances was quite in accordance with the experience of his family. "They used," says Gunnison in his account of the Mormons, "what are called in Scotland 'seer stones,' through which persons born under peculiar circumstances, it is imagined, can see things at a distance, or future things passing before their eyes, or things buried in the earth. Such a stone, dug from a well, was loaned to the Prophet, and retained by him, and with it some of his family declared he read in the Golden Bible."

There is sufficient evidence of an impartial nature to confirm the opinion that Smith's object was worldly gain—that his early schemes were based on knavery, and carried out by the cunning of ignorance—that his pretensions grew with his success—that his revelations, roughly or barely expressed at first, were afterwards garnished and multiplied to suit the times—and that, if the religious element did really at any time predominate in his character, it was abused to selfish purposes; still, perhaps, in some degenerate form of fanaticism occasionally nerving him for action and endurance. It was not probable that any man assuming his position would long remain unnoticed. Opposition, from whatever cause it resulted, was soon apparent; but its first assault remains on record to the confusion of his partisans. The wife of Martin Harris instituted a lawsuit against him, and stated in her affidavit that she believed the chief object he had in view, was to defraud her husband

of all his property. The trial took place at New York, and the facts, as related even by the mother of the Prophet, are strongly condemnatory of his conduct. She will, of course, give us liberty to interpret them with common sense and reason. Of three witnesses who were sworn, one, she says, testified that Joseph Smith had told him the box which he had contained nothing but sand, and that he said it was gold to deceive the people; another declared that he told him it was nothing but a box of lead which he was determined to use as he saw fit; and the third that, once enquiring what was in it, he was answered nothing—that Smith himself confessed he had made fools of the whole of them, and that all he wanted was to get Martin Harris's money—and that he, the witness, knew himself that he had by his persuasion already obtained two or three hundred dollars. Against this triple testimony Mrs. Smith fearlessly sets that of Martin Harris alone, who denied in solemn terms that her son had ever, in any manner, attempted to get possession of his money, and ended by assuring the gentlemen of the court that, if they did not believe in the existence of the plates, and continued to resist the truth, it would one day be the means of damning their souls. After his deposition, the magistrates dismissed the case, and requested the parties to trouble them no more with such ridiculous folly; but the evidence adduced, viewed in the most favourable light, is adverse to the claims and character of Smith.

The translation of the "Book of Mormon" was now rapidly progressing. Soon after the trial it was completed, and at this juncture the plates are said to have been seen by the witnesses, whose names are appended to the two declarations prefixed to every published volume. One of them is signed, "the testimony of three," by Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, Martin Harris; the other, "the testimony of eight," by Christian Whitmer, Peter Whitmer, jun., John Whitmer, Hiram Page, Joseph Smith, sen., Hyrum Smith, Samuel H. Smith. Who the Whitmers were is uncertain; little or nothing is known respecting them beyond Mormon circles. The Smiths, to whose ill fame among their neighbours we have already adverted, gave further token of their audacity in fixing their signatures as pledges for the authenticity of a new

and startling communication from the Deity. Martin Harris would seem to have been an infatuated simpleton. Though his name is attached as a witness, in conversation with Professor Anthon he spoke, after the publication of the book, as if the mysteries of the trunk were still unexplored, and the plates unseen. The Professor concludes the letter, from which we have already quoted, thus:—"Some time after, the same farmer paid me a second visit. He brought with him the 'gold book' in print, and offered it to me for sale. I declined purchasing. He then asked permission to leave the book with me for examination. I declined receiving it, although his manner was strangely urgent. I adverted once more to the roguery which, in my opinion, had been practised upon him, and asked him what had become of the gold plates. He informed me that they were in a trunk, with the spectacles. I advised him to go to a magistrate and have the trunk examined. He said, 'the curse of God' would come upon him if he did. On my pressing him, however, to go to a magistrate, he told me he would open the trunk if I would take the 'curse of God' upon myself. I replied I would do so with the greatest willingness, and would incur every risk of that nature, provided I could only extricate him from the grasp of rogues. He then left me."

The "Book of Mormon" professes to be an abridgment of the history, prophecies, and doctrines of the ancient inhabitants of America, who were a branch of the house of Israel, of the tribe of Joseph, of which the Indians are still a remnant. Mormon was himself a prophet, and wrote at a time when their principal nation was slain in battle. He committed the records to the care of his son Moroni, who, being pursued by his enemies, deposited them where they were found, about the year 420. Were the "Book of Mormon" authentic, its value would arise from its restoring a fragment of lost history. Beyond this it could have no claim for regard. It might gratify a laudable curiosity, and form the basis of interesting, and, perhaps, profitable speculation; but neither science nor art could be advanced by its disclosures; it neither reveals forgotten or neglected agencies for the regeneration and civilization of the world, nor does it reflect

the light of a religion radiating through man's "dark estate," free and full, in promise of a day before whose splendour "the ills that flesh is heir to" shall vanish as mists upon the mountains. Its want of purpose as a divine revelation condemns its pretensions; all that is grand in language or sentiment is borrowed from the Bible, all that is new is trifling, where not inconsistent with those earlier and undoubted communications which it professes to supplement. If there be any one object looming through its pages, it is not one of beneficence and purity bursting forth in fresh fountains to bless and renovate a barren earth. The Jewish history, with its mysterious foreshadowings and sublime consummation, is essential to a comprehension of the Christian scheme; the idle records of Mormon are necessary only to an appreciation of the dignity and mission of Joseph Smith. The Bible is

"on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedew'd with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry,
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last."

The "Book of Mormon" imitates its style, but never approaches its poetry and force of expression. It is a compound of fanciful and ingenious details, with wholesale plagiarisms from Scripture. Its violations of grammar are multiform and constant; would that its perversions of doctrine were as innocent!

Joseph Smith, annoyed at the profane wit which could derive the word Mormon from the Greek, *mormo*, a bugbear, wrote an epistle on the subject, concluding with an elaborate display of his philological talent, such as he was accustomed to make on every possible occasion. "The word Mormon," he says, "stands independent of the learning and wisdom of this generation. Before I give a definition, however, to the word, let me say that the Bible, in its widest sense, means good; for the Saviour says, according to the Gospel of St. John, 'I am the good shepherd;' and it will not be beyond the common use of terms to say, that good is among the most important in use, and though known by various names in different languages, still its meaning is the same, and is ever in opposition to bad. We say from the Saxon, *good*; the Dane,

god; the Goth, *goda*; the German, *gut*; the Dutch, *goed*; the Latin, *bonus*; the Greek, *kalos*; the Hebrew, *tob*; and the Egyptian, *mon*. Hence, with the addition of more, or the contraction *mor*, we have the word mormon, which means, literally, more good."

Any examination of the ingenious reasonings by which its partisans have defended the "Book of Mormon" would lead us from our subject; and a confutation of its pretended divinity would be superfluous. But the question occurs, Who was its author? Can Joseph Smith claim originality in its conception or execution? The idea would seem to have been suggested to him; for a tale was current that a golden bible had been dug up in Canada, when he first announced his discovery of the plates. As regards authorship, the evidence is next to decisive. For some time it had been a subject of popular discussion, whether the American Indians were descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel. It occurred to Mr. Solomon Spaulding, a man of literary taste, fond of history and romance, and once a clergyman, that a religious novel might be easily founded on the notion. Pleased with the thought, he employed his leisure hours in writing, and in three years completed a work, which he entitled, "The Manuscript Found." As an air of antiquity was requisite for its verisimilitude, the style of the Bible was imitated, that being the most ancient of books. Mormon and Moroni, so prominent in Joseph Smith's volume, were its principal characters. Mr. Spaulding died; but, after the appearance of the "Book of Mormon," Mr. John Spaulding publicly declared on oath that it contained "nearly the same historical matter and names as his brother Solomon's writings; and that, to the best of his recollection and belief, it was the same that he wrote, with the exception of the religious matter." The widow of Mr. Spaulding made a similar statement, which was corroborated by many resident in the neighbourhood where the work was composed, to whom her husband had occasionally read portions for amusement.

In 1812, the manuscript was entrusted to a bookseller of Pennsylvania, who was also editor of a newspaper and an intimate acquaintance of Spaulding's. He proposed to publish it, but his offer was refused. However it remained in

his possession a long time, and became matter of notoriety and interest in the printing establishment. Before returned to its author, it was lent to Sidney Rigdon, a compositor in the place, who went so far as to take a copy of it. This man afterwards became second in influence to Joseph Smith amongst the Mormons. How the two became connected is not known; but the fact of their connection in conjunction with the circumstances related above, points to the origin of the "Book of Mormon," and takes from Smith whatever credit any might be disposed to give him for invention and skill discoverable in its pages.

The Prophet records, that while he and Cowdery were proceeding with the translation, John the Baptist appeared, and by the imposition of hands conferred on them the priesthood of Aaron, "which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion, for the remission of sins, which shall never be taken again from the earth until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness." On the 15th May, 1829, these two, Joseph and his scribe, baptized and ordained each other. Early in the following year the "Book of Mormon" was published; and, on the 6th of April, the church was organized. The Smith family, however, constituted the major part of its members; all the sons were ordained to the ministry, "even Don Carlos," says the mother, "who was but fourteen years of age." Joseph rapidly advanced in influence and honour. The credulous heard with awe, and obeyed with zeal; and the more knowing of his followers connived in silence, that they might profit by the boldness of his designs. His "revelations," under these circumstances, were admirably adapted to gladden his heart, if worldly power and ease were objects of desire. Thus in July, 1830, says a "revelation," "In temporal labours thou shalt not have strength, for that is not thy calling. Attend to thy calling, and thou shalt have wherewith to magnify thine office, and to expound all scriptures." And in February of 1831, the voice of the sybil was more distinct:—"It is meet that my servant, Joseph Smith, jun., should have a house built, in which to live and translate." And again:—"If ye desire the mysteries of my kingdom, provide

for him food and raiment, and whatsoever thing he needeth." In all revelations that were given, *junior* was appended to his name, to distinguish him from his father.

As success advanced him in influence, it became more difficult to sustain a reputation. The higher the position attained by the deceiver, the greater the danger of discovery to the deception. Tact and discrimination and talent were requisite. Now the natural ability of the man began rapidly to develop. He knew the weakness of human nature, and touching the chords of passion with a skilful hand, drew forth strains of self-laudation. He breathed into his friends an ardent spirit: he flattered the cupidity of some, and calmed the superstition or aroused the pride of others. If he was the prophet, they were the saints; if he inaugurated a new dispensation, they and their descendants were to be its princes. If a handful of sordid gain was the original object of pursuit, the range of his desires was widened. Ambition started into life. The same ambition that had called forth, and caused, some of the strongest efforts of daring souls, while it could not cover his deficiencies in education and habit, gave stability of purpose, and energy in action. But its chief instruments were audacity and cunning—the demon did not invest itself with any of the elements of the noble and heroic; none of the higher intellectual or moral faculties honoured it by submission, for they were not conspicuous in its victim—but all that the man had, he laid it on its altar. His talent found scope in an ignoble sphere. He cleverly executed little and contemptible things. His conceptions were multifarious, but they never approached to true greatness, because dictated by the mean spirit of selfishness: his courage and enterprise never dazzled, because maintained by the same principle. Between his promises and deeds, there was an infinite disparity; yet the former awaking the fanaticism of the populace, made them forgetful of the latter. He spoke to his Latter Day Saints of universal dominion and coming glory; and if between the agencies in operation, and the issue expected there was a marked incongruity, his ready tongue destroyed suspicion in its birth—"the weak things of the world, the unlearned and

despised are called to thresh the nations by the power of the Almighty's spirit: their arm is His arm, and He will be their shield and buckler."

Scarcely had the sect held their first conference, when opposition began. A dam had been thrown across a stream of water, and a sort of primitive baptistery thus constructed for the initiation of disciples. A mob assembled and broke it down. Joseph was accused of robbery and swindling. Arguments were scattered thick and fast to prove the falsity of his professions; and as excitement increased, the logic of physical force was brought to bear on the luckless Mormon who stumbled at the *quod erat demonstrandum*. The family of the Smiths soon found it expedient to remove from the scene. So, packing together their goods and chattels, they started for Kirtland in Ohio, where their claims were more favourably received. At the outset of his career, his private character was very freely discussed. Can *such* a man be a prophet? was triumphantly asked by his opponents in every direction. The evidence against him could not be controverted; he confessed its truth but denied the sequence. His sins, his ignorance, his unworthiness, he allowed; but the Lord had chosen him, his offences were forgiven, his very weakness should redound to the glory of his omnipotent Guide. The fishermen of Galilee had confounded the malignity of Rome and the wisdom of Athens; what they had done, might be done again. Saul had been suddenly called from a life of blasphemy and proud rebellion to a life of purity and zeal as ambassador of his God through the wide world; why should not another Paul arise, "less than the least of all saints," to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ with new power to a degenerate age? Fair sounding words of this kind destroyed the point of many a calumny and fascinated the ears of the unwary; but they could not prevent the thoughtful from detecting and exposing the sophistry they veiled. There was no comparison between the self-renunciation of a Peter and the arrogance of a Smith; between the contrite and adoring love of a Paul that gloried only in the cross, and the self-satisfied Seer, arbitrarily pardoned in violation of the harmony of the divine attributes, by mercy forgetful of the atonement that satisfies justice.

The Mormons had not been long in Kirtland before they sent one of their number on an exploratory expedition to the Far West. It had been amongst their earliest projects to select some spot as their home in a region thinly populated and still wild and untilled, where they would be free to promulgate their doctrines and carry out their political views. Oliver Cowdery was selected to investigate the possibility of a speedy settlement. His reports respecting Jackson county, Missouri, where the land was both fertile and cheap, induced Joseph Smith to depart with Sidney Rigdon and some others to make a more minute inspection. The first part of the journey was performed in waggons, these were exchanged for the swifter transport of steamers, but when St. Louis was reached, three hundred miles still lay before them to be traversed on foot. Weary and wayworn were they when they entered the country that Cowdery had described; but their fatigue was forgotten in the rapture of the moment. Vast prairies, bright with gorgeous flowers, stretched themselves around; rivers and streams shone with the sunlight, and on their banks and in the islets that floated on their bosom stood trees of majestic growth and varied kind. The soil and its produce -- the beasts, birds, and even bees -- were noticed and applauded. Joseph at once declared it "the land of Zion," -- here was to be the site of the "New Jerusalem," the city of Christ, where he should reign as temporal king in power and glory. In less than three weeks from the time of his arrival a temple was laid out and solemnly dedicated. A bishop also was appointed, and every arrangement made to secure order and success. From the first he exercised authority of the most absolute character, without fear or hesitation. His revelations had all the force of law, and, strange to say, his followers obeyed them without reluctance, perhaps confounded by his self-reliant bearing, or dazzled by the novelty and comprehensiveness of his promises. Before leaving Missouri, it was revealed to him who should be treasurer and agent of the church, who should divide "the inheritance," who establish a store, who be their printer. The document enunciating these appointments, in language of a pseudo-scriptural sort, begins:

"Hearken, O ye elders of my church:

saith the Lord your God, who have assembled yourselves together, according to my commandments, in this land which I have appointed and consecrated for the gathering of the saints; wherefore this is the land of promise and the place for the city of Zion. And thus saith the Lord your God, if you will receive wisdom, here is wisdom. Behold, the place which is now called Independence, is the centre place, and a spot for the temple is lying westward, upon a lot which is not far from the court-house; wherefore it is wisdom that the land should be purchased by the saints. . . .” We have already had occasion to remark the agreeable aspect these revelations assumed in reference to Joseph; they were not equally convenient to all. Poor Martin Harris! He had already given of his money for the translation of a book, he would fain have seen but could not; and now that lands were to be purchased, he was told it was the divine will that he should “be an example to the church in laying his money before the bishops!”

As soon as he had organized affairs, the Prophet returned to Kirtland. Some internal dissensions threatened for a while to check the prosperity of the community; but his firmness prevented their spread, and ultimately restored the spirit of unity. His family had, by this time, risen from poverty to opulence. A large mercantile house was started with success; and, in 1837, a bank was opened, of which he was president, and Sidney Rigdon cashier. He also chose a locality for the erection of a meeting-house; and for the first time gave tokens of architectural skill by drawing the plans himself. Here it is said that rites were actually held. Gunnison informs us that “for some days wine flowed freely, wine that had been consecrated and declared by the Prophet to be harmless and not intoxicating.” This, with mental excitement, fostered by divers means, produced astonishing effects, and kindled in the Mormons the most fantastic fanaticism. For five years they purposed remaining in Kirtland “to make money,” preparatory to removing to “Zion.” Joseph travelled far and wide preaching with earnestness to multitudes of listeners. The number of his followers increased, and fresh settlements were formed. But enemies multiplied faster than friends; and they soon

manifested their existence by the most unjustifiable and dastardly acts. In March, 1832, the mob gathered at midnight about his door, and he was suddenly aroused from sleep by the screams of his wife. Ere he could move, a dozen men had seized his person; some wreathed their hands in his hair, others dragged him by his clothes. He was stripped, and tarred, and feathered; and then left beneath the cold sky to find his way home as best he could. Others of his partisans fared similarly at the hands of these unceremonious visitors.

Joseph, glad on any pretext to escape from the hazard attending the repetition of such an ordeal, left the following month for “Zion”—“to fulfil the revelation,” and probably also to await the return of the populace to a calmer mood. In Missouri he was enthusiastically received, and found a compensation for recent trials in his being solemnly acknowledged as seer and president of the high priesthood of the church. This was no mean dignity. The Mormons recognise two orders of priesthood, the Aaronic and the Melchisedeck. Their bishops, deacons, elders, and teachers are numerous; and they have their “seventies” and their twelve apostles; but, above all these, sits the Prophet with almost despotie power. Their creed we have not space to examine. In tendency it is materialistic. “The Book of Doctrines and Covenants” is in keeping with the other compositions of its author. He gained influence by continually asserting that the end of the world was at hand. On this dogma, in fact, most of his pretensions were rested. It had the semblance of truth, and the ever-recurring phenomena of nature, as well as the stirring incidents of modern times, afforded him the means for seemingly corroborating the statement. His miracles swayed only the most ignorant and superstitious; many of those recorded are clearly capable of interpretation by natural causes; others we must suppose exaggerated, and more to be mere fabrications or the results of cunningly concocted schemes.*

After a short sojourn among the Saints of Missouri, the Prophet ventured

* English Mormonites can work miracles with ease, it is to profess it to possess ability. A friend of ours asking once of a bold declaimer who urged the propriety of believing on him, on the ground of his ability to work them, was solemnly answered, “A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, but there shall no sign be given it.”

back to Kirtland; but terrible disasters broke on those he left behind. The mob rose in fury against them. Their assumed superiority, their boast that the whole country was their destined inheritance, irritated the people. Insults were returned tenfold upon them, they were seized and beaten in the streets, no individual was safe. At length, in April 1833, a meeting of three hundred men assembled and declared their intention to expel them from the state. Alarmed at the tide of Mormon emigration that threatened eventually to give them dominance, they forwarded a string of very decided resolution to their leading men, sarcastically referring them in conclusion to those possessed of gifts of divination if they wished to know their fate, should they refuse to comply with what was required. Three days were given them for deliberation, at the end of which, they agreed quietly to retire, provided time was allowed for the proper removal of their goods. A pledge to that effect was given in return; but, the Governor of Missouri stating that this attack was illegal and advising the Mormons to apply for redress to the tribunals of the country, violent measures were again taken by the mob. Skirmishes ensued and blood was shed. The militia were called out, but only to the greater discomfiture of the Mormons, who saw, then, no alternative but in flight. The beginning of November found them crossing the Missouri river, exiles and spoiled.

These outrages excited sympathy in influential quarters. The Attorney-general of the State advised them to organize themselves into a body of militia, and promised to supply them with public arms, as also to reinstate any who wished it, in their possessions. Joseph also wrote encouragingly, assured the Saints that "Zion" should still be their inheritance, and commanded them to appeal for justice through all gradations, if unsuccessful, even to the President of the United States, and if he "did not give heed, then the Lord God Himself would arise and come forth out of His hiding-place, and in His fury vex the nation." The Saints, however, never returned, their efforts to obtain satisfaction were abortive, and for four years they remained in Clay county awaiting the opening of events. In May, 1834, the Prophet determined to visit them. At the head of a

hundred young men, chiefly Mormon officials, he started for Missouri. They carried provisions and relief to their destitute brethren; and in two days their number was increased by a band of fifty joining them in their mission. They were all armed; and arranged in companies of twelve by their leader, consisting of two cooks, two watermen, two firemen, two tent-makers, two waggoners, one commissary and one scout. Morning and evening they bowed the knee at the sound of the trumpet. Their pilgrimage lay through portions of a hostile region, but who they were or what was their object was unknown, and they saw, or thought they saw, angels round them as their defence. Encamping one day on some ancient burial-place of the Indians, they opened one of the mounds and found a human skeleton, almost entire, with an arrow between the ribs. The surrounding scenery had wrought upon their feelings; and the Prophet seized on the time and circumstance, as suitable for his purpose. "The visions of the past being opened to his understanding by the Spirit of the Almighty," he informed them the skeleton was that of a Lamanite, a warrior and chieftain named Lelph, who was slain in battle during the last great struggle of the Lamanites and Nephites, as related in the "Book of Mormon." The discovery was thus made to confirm the authenticity of that book; and his followers grew in courage. It was not always so easy to sustain the lofty character of a wonder-working seer. By and by the cholera broke out in his camp, and he attempted to cure it by "laying on of his hands and prayer." He failed, and accounted for his failure, saying that "he quickly learnt by painful experience, that when the great Jehovah decrees destruction, man must not attempt to stay His hand."

The long and difficult journey was safely concluded, and, in seven days, Smith was on his way home again. Some of his travelling companions had accused him of "prophesying lies," and also of embezzlement. His first step on reaching Kirtland was to make the offender retract his words in public, when, with an affectation of generosity, he was forgiven. In 1837, the bank stopped payment, its worthless money flooded the district, and the managers were prosecuted for swindling. Creditors were crying out, the sheriff and his writs were

at hand. Fortunately for Joseph at this juncture, "he was warned by the Spirit to make his escape." He, therefore, "at the dead hour of night," taking his family and his clothing and what else he could get, left Kirtland for ever. The next day a summons was served, but the bird had flown.

Once again he bent his steps towards Missouri, resolved now, in obedience to a "revelation," to make it his resting-place. He found the affairs of the church in considerable confusion — confusion which his presence could not immediately rectify. A schism broke out which threatened to inflict great injury; and he found it necessary to denounce Cowdery and Harris, two of the witnesses to the "Book of Mormon," and even Sidney Rigdon, who, however, was too important a personage to remain long unforgiven. But a tempest was gathering more violent than any that had yet burst upon them. A series of quarrels, commencing at an election, where the mob refused the Mormons the privilege of voting, ended in October, 1838, by a terrible massacre. The troops fell on the inhabitants of Haun's Mill; some twenty were slain, and others wounded; fields of corn were laid waste, and hogs, sheep, and cattle shot down for sport. The Mormons retaliated. At the recommendation of the governor of Missouri they prepared to defend themselves, and organized a body of soldiery under the name of the "Danite Band," or "the Destroying Angels." This step, if rendered necessary by the lawless state of the country, was nevertheless fraught with danger. Their reprisals were severe and unjustifiable; they burnt the houses of their opponents, put them to death, or drove them into the woods. While these things were transacting, Joseph was betrayed to his enemies, and with his brother Hyrum and others of his friends thrown into prison. He was charged with treason in making war against the state of Missouri; with murder, on account of the death of two men killed in the first affray; and with felony, for the destruction of property through the Danite Band.

The Prophet made an effort to escape, and effected a considerable breach in the wall of his prison, but his auger breaking, he applied to a friend for assistance, whose want of caution frustrated the design. While in confinement the brothers penned a letter of encou-

agement to the Saints who were scattered abroad. It breathes a spirit of dauntless courage; and, if written by Joseph, is a testimony to his talent and the growing skill with which he wielded the powers of language and of reasoning. We quote the following as a specimen of the rude and vehement eloquence that occurs in passages:—

"Ignorance, bigotry, and superstition are frequently in the way of the prosperity of the church, and are like the torrents of rain rushing down from the mountains, which floods the clear stream with mire and dirt; but when the storm is over, and the rain has ceased, the mire and dirt are washed away, and the stream again is pure and clear as the fountain: so shall the church appear, when ignorance, superstition, and bigotry are washed away. What power can stay the heavens?" As well might man stretch forth his puny arm to stop the mighty Missouri river in its course, as to hinder the Almighty from pouring down knowledge from heaven upon the hearts of the Latter-Day Saints! What are the governor and his murderous party, but willows on the shore to stop the waters in their progress? As well might we argue that water is not water, because the mountain-torrent sends down mire and riles the crystal stream; or that fire is not fire, because it is quenchable; as to say that our cause is down, because renegadoes, liars, priests, and murderers, who are alike tenacious of their crafts and creeds, have poured down upon us a flood of dirt and mire from their strongholds. No, they may rage with all the powers of hell, and pour forth their wrath, indignation, and cruelty, like the burning lava of Mount Vesuvius, yet shall Mormonism stand."

Early in the spring of 1839, the Prophet made a second and successful attempt to escape from prison. Appearing unexpectedly among his followers, his presence restored confidence and inspired hope. The mass of Mormon fugitives collected about the Village of Commerce, on the Mississippi river and in the State of Illinois. The days of storm and cloud seemed passing away, and a career of unexampled success to be opening before them. Converts from all parts of the Union, and even from England, flocked together to rally round the cause that persecution had so fiercely assailed. Co-operating with vigour, their industry and prudence

soon produced a change in the aspect of affairs. Finding themselves so numerous around the village, they determined first to make it a town and then a city. In the course of a year and a half, they erected about 2,000 houses, besides schools and other public buildings. "Nauvoo," or "the Beautiful," a name from the "Book of Mormon," was that by which they called it. Afterwards it was designated "the Holy City." Situated on a beautiful sweep of the river, amidst rich woodlands, and beneath a bold and a prominent hill, it became one of the loveliest spots in the whole region. Smith was active in directing the improvements. In December, 1840, they received a city charter with extensive privileges; and in the February following, charters were received for the Nauvoo Legion, a well-disciplined militia; and for the University also, for art, and science, and manufactures, and all that could elevate a people were to be taught within its precincts. The same month, or thereabouts, Smith had a revelation of great length, calling upon all the Saints to erect a temple, and detailing the mode of procedure for raising the funds and governing the church. On the 6th of April, 1841, a ceremony, conducted in truly imposing style, announced that the foundation-stone was laid. Joseph, who was mayor of the town, as well as president and prophet, was also General of the Legion. This he reviewed before the stone was deposited; afterwards an oration was delivered and a hymn was sung. The site selected was good, commanding magnificent views in every direction; and the building when finished was of a polished white limestone, hard like marble. It was surmounted by a pyramidal tower, and the internal decorations were very costly. The Mormons who, two years and a half before, had been banished from Missouri, expended nearly a million of dollars upon it.

This was the golden time of Joseph's life. His talents were fully occupied in devising fresh schemes to promote the welfare of his people. They marked him as a man of superior stamp. But if he seemed now less grasping, it was only because he had obtained the object of his ambition. His selfishness was gratified. He was the monarch of Nauvoo—its ruler, supreme and absolute in both spiritual and temporal opinion. The corporation over which

he presided assumed a jurisdiction independent of that of the State of Illinois. The documents of the State were deemed illegal unless countersigned by the Prophet, and a law was passed to punish any stranger using disrespectful language towards him. In 1844 he was put forward by the Saints as a candidate for the presidency of the United States, and according to custom, therefore, published his views of the government and policy of the times. This he would appear to have done rather to please his fanatical adherents, than from any hope of success entertained by himself, for he had previously written both Mr. Calhorne and Mr. Clay to know what would be their rule of action towards the Mormons, if elected. However, he was by no means satisfied with their answers, and sent to each a lengthy and clever epistle, strongly condemnatory of their conduct. But his prosperity was of comparatively short duration, for it was of a nature to generate its own destruction. His power excited envy within, and the arrogance of the sect, flourishing despite all resistance, increased hatred without. The first decisive blow which he felt came in the shape of an arrest. While visiting with his family away from the city he was seized by treachery, to be brought for trial before the Missouri courts, on the charge of having injured the property of certain people in Jackson county. He was detained by his ruffianly guards for several weeks, and then released on a writ of *habeas corpus*. He in turn commenced an action against them for false imprisonment and using unnecessary violence; but though the case was proved, the damages obtained were only forty dollars, while his legal expenses had been more than three thousand five hundred. Shortly after he was vindictively accused of having sought the assassination of the ex-Governor of Missouri. He fled, and for some time avoided capture; but was ultimately again arrested, tried, and triumphantly acquitted. More serious dangers now lowered at home. He was sued before the Municipal Court of Nauvoo by one Higbee, for defamation and slander. Higbee laid his damages at five thousand dollars, but, the aldermen being all Mormons, he had little chance of gaining them. Whatever might be the justice of his cause, Smith was discharged from arrest, and Higbee declared not entitled to his costs. Foiled

here, the disaffected accused him of immorality and vice, tried to palm on him "the spiritual wife" doctrine of Rigdon, and, by every means in their power, to undermine his influence. They went so far as to establish a newspaper within the city with this express design. Their calumnies were bitter in the extreme; but their mode of action was too daring to pass unnoticed. Joseph summoned a council to consider the publication, and it was unanimously declared a public nuisance, while the city marshal was ordered "to abate it forthwith." A large body of his adherents rushed to the office, razed it to the ground, and made a bonfire of the papers and furniture. The owners fled to the neighbouring town of Carthage, where they obtained a warrant against Smith and others involved in the transaction. The constable who served it was marched out of Nauvoo with contempt. The county authorities called out the militia to support their officer in the discharge of his duty. The Mormons fortified their city, determined not to surrender their chief. The whole of Illinois seemed to divide itself into two camps, and the Governor hastened in the emergency to take the field in person. In his proclamation he stated that nothing but the entire destruction of the city of Nauvoo would satisfy the people and the troops if once hostilities commenced, and besought the two Smiths—Hyrum and Joseph, both implicated—to surrender peaceably, giving his word that they should be protected. They complied. A guard was set over the gaol to preserve them from violence; but it began to be rumoured amongst the mob that the governor wished their escape. About six o'clock on the evening of the 27th of June, 1844, there was a noise around the prison, confused and boisterous. Two hundred men with blackened faces and eyes flashing with anger rushed upon the guard, beat them down and gained the room where the Prophet and his friends were confined. They fired—Hyrum fell. Joseph was shot as he tried to leap from the window, and also fell, exclaiming, "O Lord, my God!"

One of the gang on the outside raised him up and leaned him against a well—four others advanced with loaded muskets; and the infuriated crowd exulted over the bleeding corpse of the Mormon Prophet.

We pursue the story no farther. The destruction of Nauvoo—the migration of the sect across the Rocky Mountain to the Salt Lake Valley—its present prosperity and future prospects, are subjects unconnected with its founder's history.

In person Joseph Smith was of commanding appearance, tall and well proportioned. His talents were debased by the meanness of his purposes. They were elicited and improved by the circumstances of his life. No impartial man can deny that they were of no common order. The skill with which he carried out his imposture and eluded detection from the masses—his eloquence, rude but powerful—his letters, clever and sarcastic—the manifold character and boldness of his designs—his courage in enterprise—his perseverance despite great obstacles—his conception and partial execution of the temple of Nauvoo—these and other things mark him as a man of more than ordinary calibre. We do not claim for him the praise of intellectual *greatness*, much less of moral consistency. Enthusiastic he might have been; but his enthusiasm was based on fraud, and gloried in fraud. He was not a Mahomet; but a man of his age. He caught much of its spirit. He held out promises of freedom, of independence; he pointed to the rewards of industry, to the comforts of peace and plenty; he bowed in feigned submission to the truth, appealed to prevailing notions, and then misled by vaunting promises. He was an impostor—a successful impostor, with 100,000 followers scattered through the world at the time of his death. That he was a religious enthusiast we cannot grant—his deeds were inconsistent with such a character. One principle, dominant in some form or other, actuated him through life, and that was—selfishness.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH's is a name which Englishmen have always regarded with peculiar interest and veneration. His courtly qualities, his reputation as a founder of colonies, his enterprising disposition, and the tyrannical and unjust sentence which brought his life and activity to a close, have combined, as it were, to canonise his character in the memory of the nation. Filling various functions of public life, naval, military, and civil, he had the fortune to be illustrious in all, and to gain for himself in addition a literary renown, which has placed him in association with the loftiest minds of his generation. The more than ordinary interest accorded to his story is evinced by the multitude of his biographers; most of whom have aimed, in different ways, to do him honour, and whose researches, upon the whole, have supplied all or most of the materials required for a fair appreciation of his personal powers and characteristics, as well as of his varied services and projects.

His father was a gentleman of ancient lineage, but small fortune, settled in Devonshire; in which county, at a place called Hayes Farm, in the parish of Budley, Walter himself was born in the year 1552. He was the second son of a third marriage, his father being then apparently considerably advanced in life. From his earliest youth, it is said, he was characterised by great intellectual acuteness, and likewise by a restless and adventurous spirit. There is no account of the way in which his early education was conducted; but it is recorded that he passed two or three years as a commoner of Oriel College, Oxford, and was distinguished as "a worthy proficient in oratory and philosophy."

On quitting the university—which he did on the earliest opportunity that was presented for his engaging in active life—he became a soldier; being one of a company of a hundred gentlemen volunteers, which Queen Elizabeth had authorised to be formed for aiding the Huguenots in their memorable struggle for religious liberty. In this capacity he served in France for five years, and was engaged in some of the most noted

battles of the period. Subsequently he served for a short time in the Netherlands; and then, returning home, accompanied his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on a voyage to Newfoundland. The expedition, which was one of discovery and projected colonization, proved unfortunate; but it was so far useful as to familiarise young Raleigh with a sea-faring life, and probably had no inconsiderable influence in leading him to undertake those later expeditions by which he was afterwards rendered famous.

After his return to England, he went to Ireland to assist in suppressing the rebellion raised there, in 1580, by the Earl of Desmond. On this occasion he commanded a company of royal troops, and at once became distinguished both for valour and his surpassing skill in effecting those sudden and rapid movements and surprises which were required by the nature of the service. His exploits were so conspicuous as to be particularly recited by the historians of the period. The country continuing in a turbulent condition, he remained in this employment for several years; solely, it is said, for the purpose of recommending himself to the notice of the Court at home. He seems to have been patronised by the Queen's favourite, the Earl of Leicester, to whom he once writes, that, were it not for his hopes that way, he would disdain the present service as much as he would to "keep sheep." It must be remembered that this contest was marked throughout by the most ruthless and revolting cruelty; and one of Raleigh's biographers, Mr. Tytler, would fain have us believe that the gallant young soldier was disgusted with it on this account. The crowning atrocity, perhaps, was the massacre of some hundreds of Spaniards, who had fought in aid of the rebels, and surrendered at discretion; and it is extremely mortifying to learn that Raleigh was one of the officers to whom the execution of this outrageous deed was intrusted. To be sure, he was under military command, and had necessarily to undertake the work that might be given him; still, it casts a stain upon that chivalrous and noble character

which has always been the "ideal" of Sir Walter, and tends rather to diminish him in our accustomed admiration.

Some differences at length arising between Raleigh and the Lord Deputy, they, on their return to England, brought up the matter for discussion at the council-board, in the presence of her Majesty; Sir Walter maintaining his cause, whatever it was, "with consummate ability as well as grace," and thereby, to use the words of Sir Robert Naunton, gaining "the Queen's ear in a trice." This was one of the most important and decisive moments of Raleigh's life. His future fortunes were owing chiefly to the feelings with which he was thenceforth regarded by his sovereign. It is well known that personal recommendations went a long way with Elizabeth; and for these he was not less remarkable than for those intellectual accomplishments that so instantly gained her ear. The romantic incident, related by Fuller, as to the immediate cause of Raleigh's introduction to the Queen and to her favour, is familiar to all readers of history; how the gallant and handsome gentleman, being one of her Majesty's train, when she suddenly came to a miry part of the road, and hesitated to proceed, pulled off his rich plush cloak, and, spreading it before her feet, enabled her to pass on unsoiled—a mark of attention which so delighted the Queen that, as it was facetiously observed, it gained for him thereafter many a handsome *suit*. The incident is so pretty, and harmonizes so well with the characters of both, that one would not willingly question its reality; and, indeed, there seems no reason either to doubt about the fact, or of its having produced sentiments highly favourable to Raleigh; yet, as respects his rapid progress in Elizabeth's esteem, it is more properly to be ascribed to the opportunity afforded for the display of his commanding talents in the discussion in the council chamber referred to by Naunton. To whatever cause, or combination of causes, his good fortune was really owing, the effects were alike speedy and decided; for within two or three years from the period when he was first noticed at court, he was knighted, made a captain of the guard, seneschal of the county of Cornwall, and lord warden of the Stanneries; these honours being furthermore enhanced by the substantial grant of 12,000 acres of the forfeited princi-

pality of the Earls of Desmond, whose rebellions he had assisted to suppress, and also a lucrative patent for licensing the vendors of wine throughout the kingdom.

Not long after the commencement of Raleigh's successes at court, Sir Humphrey Gilbert resolved to try his fortunes a second time in a colonizing expedition to America; and his prosperous half-brother, who was now in a situation to furnish useful aid, came forward handsomely in support of his views. In a letter written from court, in May, 1583, it is stated that "Mr. Raleigh, the new favourite, had made an adventure of £2,000 in a ship and furniture thereof," to form part of the fleet collected by Gilbert. Raleigh himself remained at court to prosecute his own particular objects, but the Queen sent, through the new favourite's hands, a golden anchor to Sir Humphrey, to be worn at his breast by way of ornament; her only contribution to an expedition designed to transplant the arts and industry of England to the waste regions of the newly-discovered Continent. The ship, built and named by Raleigh, called after his name, joined Sir Humphrey at Plymouth, whence he sailed in June, 1583; but a few days after sailing, she left him, and returned to port; the sickness of her crew, it was said, obliging her to do so. Gilbert does not appear to have credited the necessity of the separation, and wrote, after his arrival at Newfoundland, to Sir George Peckham in these terms:—"I departed from Plymouth on the 11th of June with five sail, and on the 13th, the bark *Raleigh* ran from me in fair and clear weather, having a large wind. I pray you solicit my brother to *make an example of them to all knaves*." This expedition was also unsuccessful, and its brave leader perished in a storm by which he was overtaken on his return.

The fate of his kinsman, however, had no effect in diverting Raleigh's thoughts from those colonial undertakings to which the former fell a victim. Availing himself of the Queen's favour, he solicited and obtained a patent, investing him with full power to appropriate, plant, and govern any territory he might acquire in the unoccupied parts of North America. This patent was granted in 1584. His first step for carrying it into effect was to fit out an expedition of observation and inquiry.

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to ascertain the particular spot where it would be most advantageous to plant; and receiving good accounts from the commanders of the vessels, it was determined to take possession of the tract of country which was afterwards called "Virginia." In 1585, a body of adventurous colonists sailed from England, and were safely planted in that region, under the government of Mr. Lane. He was accompanied by Harriot, one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the time, who was commissioned to make a survey of the country, and to draw up a report of its resources. That survey, and the importation for the first time of the tobacco-plant, were the only fruits of the undertaking; inasmuch as the misconduct of the colonists, and the hostility of the natives, rendered it necessary to re-embark the whole body within twelve months from the time of landing. Raleigh, nowise daunted by the unhappy issue, took active measures to collect and send out a second body, which sailed and took possession in 1587. But again his praiseworthy designs were defeated, chiefly, as we learn, through the misconduct of the colonists themselves. The Governor was obliged to return to England for additional supplies, and new instructions; suited to the circumstances that had arisen; the settlers being left in a precarious condition during the period of his absence.

On his arrival, he found Raleigh, like all the other leading men of the kingdom, busied with preparations to meet the Spanish Armada, then threatening the shores and independence of the nation. The pressing wants of the colonists, however, were not overlooked in that emergency. Two small vessels were speedily equipt and dispatched to their assistance; though, being unfortunately rifled on the ocean, they were obliged to put back to England. Soon after this, namely in 1589, Raleigh made an assignment of his patent to a company of merchants; and thus, after much loss to the projector, a great and favourite scheme was ended, and the unfortunate adventurers, as it might seem, left to an inevitable destruction. In the hands of the new patentees, the plan of colonizing Virginia was suffered to languish during the rest of the queen's reign; and as many as twenty years elapsed before any permanent settlement could be said to have been effected.

Raleigh has been greatly blamed for the abandonment of this design; seeing that it had induced many of his countrymen to quit their native land, and all, as it happened, perished for the want of timely help. But, on investigation, it appears that he gave it up, simply because his own means were inadequate to the accomplishment of his intentions. It was observed by Hackluyt, "that it would have required a prince's purse to have it thoroughly followed out." Raleigh was without the prince's purse, and had now expended all his available resources; and therefore the assignment of his patent must be deemed justified by the necessities of his situation. He had not contemplated the full difficulties of the undertaking, nor been able to calculate the cost of it; but entering on it with zeal and spirit, he had done the utmost that could be effected by the straitness of private enterprise; having proved himself a worthy leader in the heroic work of colonization, and opened out a path to the establishment of a new colonial empire. Nor did he forget, or withdraw his services from the ill-starred adventurers who remained in the colony in anxious expectation of supplies; although, in assigning his patent, he might have been considered to have likewise transferred his responsibilities. It is discredit to the new patentees that, after making only one ineffectual attempt to render the colonists assistance, they left them to their fate. That the Government of Elizabeth should have done nothing to rescue these persons from the certain destruction that awaited them, is a fact which has been justly regarded as a serious stigma upon her reign. Raleigh alone made exertions in any way commensurate with the urgency of the case. He made *five* different attempts to succour them, and by those means at least delayed the ultimate catastrophe. The historical proof of this was first brought forward by Mr. Macey Napier, and is contained in a notice preserved by Purchas of the date of 1602. It is there stated that, "Samuel Mace, of Weymouth, a very sufficient mariner, who had been at Virginia *twice before*, was (in this year) employed thither by Sir Walter Raleigh to find those people which were left there in 1587, to whose succour he *had sent five several times at his own charges*." Notwithstanding this, the whole colony

were eventually murdered by the Indians, or perished from starvation in striving to escape from them. A sad termination to an arduous and gallant enterprise, which shows how utterly insufficient are all isolated and private schemes of colonization, whenever the aboriginal savage remains untamed within the territory.

The Virginian plantation being abandoned, Raleigh's principal occupations seem for some time to have been those of a favoured courtier, an active member of Parliament, and a large adventurer in those naval enterprises and privateering expeditions which, in Elizabeth's reign, were continually being carried on against the power of the realm of Spain. Readers of the history of the period may remember an attempt to take vengeance on Philip by placing Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal. In this transaction Raleigh and many other distinguished men very heartily lent their services, and were honoured by the Queen with a golden chain in token of her approval, although the expedition they had been engaged in turned out unsuccessful.

As regards his private life, one of the most pleasing incidents of this period is Raleigh's introduction to the poet Spenser, whom he appears to have met with during a sort of compulsory visit to Ireland, occasioned by some temporary eclipse of his popularity at court. They might have been previously acquainted during the rebellion of the Desmonds; but the interview which now ensued laid the foundation of a cordial and lasting friendship. Spenser was then residing at Kilcolman, an ancient castle of the Desmonds, situated on the Mulla, the scene of which is beautifully delineated in his pastoral of "Colin Clout." Not long afterwards, Raleigh had an opportunity of introducing him to Queen Elizabeth, who thenceforth regarded him with favour, and manifested some delight in his poetical performances. Sir Walter, in the meantime, continued to advance himself more and more in the good graces of her majesty, and, by his courtly and insinuating qualities, obtained from her many liberal benefactions.

While dangling about the court, he saw and fell in love with Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of the maids of honour, and after some little inadvertent dalliance, was united to her by a private marriage. According to our modern

notions, this would seem no very criminal proceeding; but in the eyes of the august Elizabeth it appeared to merit an imposing punishment. In her opinion, Raleigh ought to have humbly solicited her permission. Not having done so, she condemned the offending couple to confinement for some months in the Tower, and deprived Raleigh of the offices which gave him access to her presence. He, however, knew the weakness of his royal mistress, and was no wise scrupulous in the use of expedients by which her wrath might be appeased. Nothing could be meaner, or more preposterously theatrical, than some of his acts of fawning and of flattery. As an instance, let us look into a letter addressed to Cecil, but plainly enough designed for the Queen's eyes; wherein he represents himself as cast into the utmost depths of misery, "from being deprived of the delight of seeing her"—her that he "had been wont to behold riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus—the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph; sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like an Orpheus!" Queen Elizabeth is known to have had an enormous appetite for flattery, but one would have hardly supposed her capable of swallowing such rhapsodies as this! But we must remember that this kind of thing was the fashion of the times, and that men did not feel themselves dishonoured by the absurdest and grossest adulation.

Sir Walter knew what he was doing; and his sycophancy produced at least a part of its anticipated effect. After an imprisonment of some weeks, the Queen relented so far as to set him at liberty, though as yet she did not permit him to return to court. Not the less assiduously, however, did he, in his wily way, devote himself to her service. He was always present in Parliament to say a word in support of the crown subsidies; and his exertions of this kind could not but prove acceptable to her majesty. In no long time he had so far re-established himself in favour as to contrive to obtain a grant, through her, of the manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire; "a possession which belonged to the church, and the alienation of which seems to have been attended with great obloquy." There were strong ap-

prehensions among Sir Walter's enemies that he would presently be restored to his former influence at court; but, by strong resistance, he was for some time kept away. During this season, he appears to have employed himself in making various improvements at Sherborne, which, according to the traditions of the times, "he beautified with gardens, and orchards, and groves of much variety and delight." But his was a mind which could not long remain satisfied with such simple occupations; they ministered in no degree to his ambition, which was of a restless and grasping-kind, and required the stimulus of great and continuous excitement. Impatient of obscurity and inaction, he resolved, at length, to cut out for himself a path of adventure both new and startling; and which, as he conceived, would conduct him to an unparalleled height of affluence and glory. He had lately fallen in with some of the histories of Spanish discovery and conquest in the new world, in which were presented scenes, occurrences, and objects of exceeding interest to a spirit so restless and adventurous as his. What seems to have struck his fancy most was the reputed existence of an undiscovered sovereignty bearing the designation of "El Dorado;" a region or kingdom which the Spanish adventurers had long been in quest of, but in the search for which they had been unsuccessful. It was supposed to lie somewhere in the interior of Guiana, and was represented as abounding with the precious metals—the very houses being covered with plates of gold, and the aboriginal rocks for ever glittering with a most dazzling resplendency.

As Raleigh conceived, the Spaniards had failed in finding this extraordinary territory, not because they had wasted their efforts in pursuit of a mere phantom, but because they had somehow missed the way to it. Years ago he had received accounts of Guiana of a very flattering description; but his prospects being then too bright to tempt him to embark in any project at a distance, he had not then entertained the notion of making a voyage of inspection and discovery to the country. Being now, however, left, as it were, to his own devices, and having always, since his days of adventure under Gilbert, been full of schemes of colonization, the prospect of possibly discovering El

Dorado became one of magnitude and magnificence in his eyes; and the more he pondered on it, the more did he feel himself impelled to go forth in search of a territory so romantic and important. He flattered himself, moreover, that, by the acquisition of Guiana, he should obtain the means of humbling the power of Spain—at that time the greatest enemy of England—and largely extend the sphere of English industry and commerce. He thought it possible to render London the mart of the choicest productions of the new world; and to annex to the crown a region which, besides its great colonial recommendations, might serve as a valuable outpost, to command those possessions of the Spaniard whence his principal resources were derived.

Having made his preparations, Raleigh sailed from England, on the 9th of February, 1595, with five vessels, having on board, besides mariners, about a hundred soldiers with their officers, and a few gentlemen volunteers. Part of the expense of the expedition was borne by the Lord High Admiral and Sir Robert Cecil. Towards the end of March, Sir Walter arrived at Trinidad, where he took possession of the town of St. Joseph, and seized the person of the governor, Don Antonio de Berrio; who, the year before, had made prisoners of some of the men sent out by Raleigh, on a preparatory voyage under Captain Whiddon. There was something rather romantic and dramatic in the proceeding; for Berrio had recently attempted the discovery of El Dorado, and was again preparing to go in search of it. From two hostile countries, two enterprising competitors for a golden kingdom were thus brought face to face; neither of them having obtained the most distant glimpse of the object they aspired to possess—which was, indeed, a mere creation of the fancy—and which "neither could hope to reach without encountering the most frightful perils that try the strength or menace the life of man." Truly enough, as Mr. Napier observes, "history has few scenes more singular—scenes where the actors were real and in earnest, but where the objects of action were altogether imaginary."

Finding his prisoner to be "a gentleman of great assuredness and of a great heart," Raleigh informs us he treated him "according to his rank and deserts;" and Berrio, on his part, never suspect-

ing that the Englishman was a rival in his own line of pursuit, communicated to him all the knowledge he had previously acquired about the site of the El Dorado, and the probable advantages to be derived from its discovery. Raleigh listened with unaffected interest, and having at length procured all the information his prisoner could furnish, frankly told him that he also was an adventurer in quest of the golden kingdom, and had come thus far on his way with the object of discovering it. Their conversations thereafter assumed a different aspect, and Berrio affected to be in earnest in dissuading Sir Walter from the undertaking, assuring both him and several of his followers, that if they persisted, they would not only lose their labour, but suffer many miseries. All this was said, simply that Berrio might be left the opportunity of discovering El Dorado himself; and it only incited Raleigh the more to anticipate him in the project.

Departing from Trinidad, Sir Walter and his companions sailed for the mouths of the Orinoco, and so far arrived in safety. But on attempting to gain the main stream of the river, and thus proceed into the interior of Guiana, the adventurers encountered unexpected obstacles. The ships drew too much water to admit of their being used for such a purpose, and it was found necessary to leave them at anchor, and have recourse to boats. About a hundred persons embarked in these frail conveyances, and continued to navigate the river for a month; "sometimes under a burning sun, sometimes under torrents of rain, with no other resting-places but the hard boards, and no accommodations but what were common to all." Raleigh's account of their progress—"of their alternate hopes and fears, wants and fortuitous supplies—of the aspects of the country and its productions—and of their entrance at last into the grand channel of the majestic Orinoco, is full of interest and variety; occasionally containing descriptive passages of much beauty, joined with traits of almost inconceivable credulity, and frequent asseverations of his belief in the commercial resources and metallic riches of the vast region through which its sea-like waters roll.*" After ascending the river about sixty leagues, its rapid and

terrific rise compelled the voyagers to return. Raleigh was thus obliged to turn his back on the imaginary El Dorado, and to leave a region which had now for the first time been seen by Englishmen; though with the private determination to return at the earliest opportunity, more efficiently equipped for the enterprise. He took formal possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, made a friendly alliance with the natives, and, after many dangers and mischances, regained the ships which had been left at anchor.

About the close of the summer of 1595, he was again in England, where he presently wrote and published an account of his voyage, under the title of "The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana." Few, if any, of his countrymen had ever heard of such an empire, and, as a consequence, many of the writer's statements were read with incredulity. Some regarded the fables he related as the coinage of deliberate falsehood; while others only doubted his good faith, in reciting them as conformable to his own belief. Hume, in later times, has described the narrative as "full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind;" but speaking, as he does, in total ignorance of the real facts of the case, and forgetting that Raleigh lived in a credulous and unscientific age, he cannot be considered competent to pronounce a reasonable judgment. Other inquirers have been convinced that Raleigh believed all the marvels he relates. Though his recitals may have been here and there exaggerated, or coloured by the hues of his imagination, they were doubtless, upon the whole, but a transcript of his own impressions. What would be incredible to us might easily have been credible to him—as is clear enough when we consider the state of knowledge and opinion in the age in which he lived. Later accounts have shown that his averments regarding the riches of Guiana are far from being true; but it does not therefore follow that he had designedly misrepresented what he had learned about the country. Considering the way in which he had gained his information—by what loose and incongruous hearsay, by what hasty and imperfect observation—it is not surprising that he should have seriously related many fabulous particulars, a

* Life by Napier, p. 129.

believed in them as heartily as though he had known them to be facts. The answer which he himself made to his contemporary detractors is worthy of quotation. "Weak policy," said he, "it would be in me either to betray myself or my country with imaginations; neither am I so far in love with that watching, care, peril, disease, bad fare, and other mischiefs that accompany such voyages, as to woo myself again into any of them, were I not assured that the sun covereth not so much riches in any other part of the earth." Viewing the whole of his statements and proceedings respecting the treasures of Guiana, it seems impossible to reconcile them to any principles applicable to the explanation of human conduct, upon any other supposition than that he was himself a believer in the substantial reality of his own representations. Raleigh, moreover, was not alone in his delusion: other travellers and writers of the age gave very similar accounts of the country he visited, and some of them, of the highest character for veracity, testified distinctly to the presence of gold and silver in abundance. The only grounds for impeaching his candour and fidelity in regard to his descriptions of Guiana, are the artifices which the earnestness of his own belief prompted him to use in recommending it as a national acquisition. In his desire to vindicate and justify his project, he almost inevitably gave to it a colouring of fiction; and that nothing might be wanting in the attraction of the picture, he may have here and there invested it with a gorgeousness that did not belong to the original. In short, he seems to have been guilty of the common sin of exaggeration; and that is really the only accusation which can, in this concern, be fairly brought against him.

In many of Raleigh's schemes, there was a magnificent impracticableness, showing signs of the man of genius, but as yet lacking that necessary form of talent which seizes on the actual. One of his propositions was to carry out a force to Guiana sufficient to induce the sovereign of El Dorado to become a tributary and ally of England. Another, less romantic, was to establish colonies and commercial companies in the most inviting quarters of Guiana; by which means, he confidently hoped "to see in London a contraction-house of more receipt for that country than there was

in Seville for the West Indies." It was to promote this scheme that he so assiduously cultivated the friendship of the natives; and for the same object he brought back with him the son of one of the principal chiefs to be educated in England. His proposal to erect two forts upon the Orinoco, in order to command its navigation, has been considered by Humboldt to have indicated great sagacity and military skill. Had his views been limited to such objects, he would have probably been extolled as a statesman and a patriot; "but," as Napier says, "the fable of El Dorado, and the dream of an alliance with its imaginary potentate, threw an air of doubt and ridicule over his better designs, and diminished the respect that would otherwise have been due to the far-seeing policy which they indicated."

Though his purposes regarding Guiana remained unchanged, and though he took some measures to gain a footing in the country, Raleigh, after a time, became so much engaged in public employments at home, as to render it impossible for him to devote himself personally to the prosecution of his foreign schemes. The public services to which he was now called, afforded him an opportunity of distinguishing himself in two very brilliant actions: the destruction, in 1596, of the Spanish fleet and shipping in the harbour of Cadiz; and the capture, in the following year, of the capital of the island of Fayal, one of the Azores. On both these occasions Raleigh held the rank of rear-admiral. The capture of Cadiz was considered the most humiliating blow the Spanish monarchy had ever yet sustained; although it was subsequently found necessary to abandon the place, as its uses were not equal to the expenses of maintaining it. Of the action, Raleigh wrote a clear and animated account, which is to be found in the collected edition of his works. It was an action considered remarkable for the chivalrous emulation of the several commanders, who, it is said, seemed as if engaged in a race for glory, in which each strove to be foremost, without any regard to the orders of a superior, or the rules of naval warfare.

In the interval between the expedition to Cadiz and that to the Azores, Raleigh was restored to the office of captain of the guard, rode abroad with the Queen the same day, and thereafter frequented the privy chamber as boldly

and constantly as he had done before. Not long afterwards he was appointed to the governorship of Jersey, the last act of favour which he received from his sovereign. The court intrigues in which he was so deeply engaged towards the latter end of her reign do not present him in an admirable light; but it would not be fair to allude to them without acknowledging that he simply adopted the practices then universally deemed permissible. He accepted presents (or bribes) with the utmost alacrity, as the condition of obtaining advantages from the sovereign; and undoubtedly, as a rule, rendered his services the most heartily on behalf of those that paid him best. But this was precisely the way of the world in which he mixed. "Ambassadors from foreign powers procured the support, or moved the neutrality of adverse parties, by liberal donations and pensions. Place and preferment were obtained by those who could afford to give a powerful courtier a large donation for his secret services. The course of justice was not free from the effects produced by gifts to legal officers. Even the ladies about the person of the queen were accustomed 'to grange and huck causes.' In judging of Raleigh's conduct, we must therefore give him the benefit of the existing usages; for though the distinctions between right and wrong, abstractedly considered, are undeniable, it would be unfair to judge with the same rigour those immoral acts which originate in the customs, or have the countenance of contemporaries, as we do those which have no such sanctions, and can only be referred to individual guilt."*

We can give no very distinct impression of Raleigh's figure in the House of Commons, but from the scanty report of his speeches which has been preserved, he would appear to have displayed large and original views both of foreign and domestic policy. In an age when the cardinal principle of economical legislation was that of regulating individual skill and labour, as the means of insuring national prosperity, Raleigh anticipated the most comprehensive conclusion of modern political economy; and on all occasions inculcated the propriety of leaving every man free to employ his labour and capi-

tal in the way he might judge most beneficial for himself. In regard to the compulsory cultivation of hemp, he once observes: "I do not like this constraining of men to manure or use their grounds at our wills; but rather wish to let every man use his ground for that which it is most fit, and therein follow their own discretion." A similar doctrine is advanced by him in one of the debates on the propriety of repealing the famous Statute of Tillage, in which he advocated the policy of setting free the trade in corn. He observes, "that the Low Countrymen and the Hollanders, who never sow corn, have by their industry such plenty, that they can serve other nations; and that it is the best policy to set tillage at liberty, and leave every man free; which is the desire of a true Englishman." The free-traders of the present century are probably not aware that their favourite doctrine was so broadly anticipated by a legislator of the times of Queen Elizabeth.

The death of this sovereign, and the accession of James I., conduct us to the darkest portion of Raleigh's history. At the court of the new monarch he could not sustain his popularity. James had friends and sycophants of his own to serve, and he was too eager to oblige them, to have much consideration for the courtiers of a former reign. Besides, it appears to be made out that Cecil and his accomplices, in their secret correspondence with James, had impressed him with the belief that Raleigh was leagued with a party unfriendly to his title, and had been covertly opposing his succession. The king accordingly entered England with a mind strongly prepossessed against him; and this impression being assiduously fostered by his majesty's advisers after his arrival, it was no difficult task to exclude Raleigh altogether from the royal councils. Owing to unfavourable representations of his character, his office of captain of the guard was taken from him and bestowed on a Scottish favourite; and every precaution was resorted to by his enemies to hinder him from obtaining any share of power under the new government.

This sort of treatment had the not unnatural effect of making Raleigh discontented; and, through the loss of office, it very materially impaired his fortune. His private means had been

* Napier.

much diminished by the expenses connected with his various expeditions to Guiana, and as yet he had realised no part of that return which he had expected. Not the less, however, did he continue to believe in the golden possibility; and now that he was excluded from participation in political affairs, he began to entertain new schemes of colonization and discovery. Most of these were mixed up with aggressive designs against Spain; and we learn from one of his letters, that he made an offer to the king to raise, at his own cost, 2,000 men, to attack the American possessions of that country, and thus materially disable, in her most vulnerable quarters, the haughty power with which England had been for so many years contending. He was particularly desirous that the war with Spain should be continued; and in a pamphlet which he wrote, he endeavoured to show that she was then so greatly reduced, as to be incapable of withstanding the naval power of England; whereas, if peace should be conceded, she would gain time and opportunity to recover her former losses, and again become an obstacle to the proper independence of other nations.

Raleigh's known dissatisfaction with the administration of affairs presently laid him open to the charge of defective loyalty, and exposed him to the accusation of favouring the treasonable designs which, within three months after James's accession to the throne, were in progress under the leading of Lord Cobham. Raleigh had been heard to express an opinion that James's power of appointing his countrymen to places of trust and emolument in his English dominions ought to be subjected to some limitations; and it was thought, therefore, that he must needs be prepared to limit it by acts of treason. When the Cobham conspiracy was discovered, it came out in the examinations that Raleigh, though not actively engaged in it, was to some extent acquainted with the plot. This charge was made by one of the conspirators in another treasonable movement, George Brooke, a brother of Lord Cobham's, and eventually affirmed by Cobham himself, though he had previously exonerated Sir Walter from any knowledge of his designs. On the strength of the suspicions thus engendered, Raleigh, in July, 1603, was committed to the Tower.

After a good deal of discussion and delay, it was resolved that he should be brought to trial with the rest of the conspirators. The confessions of most of them had left no doubt either of their guilt, or the certainty of their condemnation; but, as regarded him, it was the general opinion that there were no grounds for a conviction. The commission for the trial consisted of the great officers of state, and four of the ordinary judges; and the proceedings commenced at eight in the morning, and ended about seven in the evening. The main charges of the indictment were that he had joined Lord Cobham in a conspiracy against the life of the king and his issue; that their purpose was to raise the Lady Arabella Stuart to the throne; and that they had applied to Count Aremberg for money and a Spanish force to aid them in the execution of their designs. On the part of the crown, the trial was conducted by Sir Edward Coke, then attorney-general, who assailed Raleigh in terms of the most odious abuse. The case rested chiefly upon Cobham's accusation; to refute which, Raleigh came to the trial in possession of a letter from his accuser, wherein he retracted and solemnly disavowed the charge. This letter was read by the commissioners, and contained these strong asseverations:—"I protest upon my soul, and before God and his angels, I never was moved by you to the things I heretofore accused you of; and for anything I know, you are as innocent and as clear from any treason against the king as is any subject living." But the night before the trial Cobham wrote another letter to the commissioners, repeating and re-affirming all the retracted accusations. On evidence so flatly contradictory, it might be supposed that no lawful conviction could be obtained; for assuredly one of the statements must be utter falsehood, and a man who could lie so grossly on *either* side proved himself unfit to be believed; but no such consideration appears to have had any effect upon the jury; they retired for a quarter of an hour, and returned with a verdict of *guilty*. There would seem to have been a predetermination to convict him; and, in those days, it was not difficult to pervert justice to the ends of private malice.

But if Raleigh left the court a condemned man, the feelings of the people

warmed towards him to the highest pitch of sympathy and admiration. Hitherto he had been exceedingly unpopular; but now his unjust fate, and noble bearing under it, seemed suddenly to awaken a generous public interest in his behalf. All contemporary accounts bear witness to the composed and lofty manner in which he went through the indignities of his trial. Sir Dudley Carleton, who was present, relates that he conducted himself "with that temper, wit, learning, courage, and judgment, that, save that it went with the hazard of his life, it was the happiest day that ever he spent." Of the two persons who carried the news to the king, "one affirmed, that never man spoke so well in times past, nor would do in the world to come; and the other said, that whereas when he saw him first, he was so led with the common hatred, that he would have gone a hundred miles to see him hanged, he would, ere he parted, have gone a thousand to save his life." "In half a day," says another observer, "the mind of all the company was changed from the extremest hate to the greatest pity."

After his condemnation, Raleigh addressed a letter to the king, in which he sought to move the royal clemency; and no one, as Southey says, ever sued for life, "with a more dignified submission to his fortune." But the king took no heed of the application. The decision of his fate, however, was from day to day protracted; and though at one time he expected his execution to be immediately at hand, he was formally reprieved, but detained in the Tower in a state of uncertainty as to his final fate. He remained there for the long space of thirteen years. His family, in the meantime, suffered greatly from the consequences of his illegal sentence. He had some years before seen cause to convey his estate of Sherborne to his eldest son, reserving only a small life interest for himself. This latter, of course, was forfeited by his attainder; and a slight flaw having been discovered in the conveyance to his son, the estate also was seized by the crown, and bestowed by the king on his rapacious favourite Somerset; his majesty deducting from it only about £8,000 for Raleigh's family, as what he deemed a "compensation."

As regards himself and his services to mankind, this thirteen years' separation

from the world is hardly to be regretted. The history of Raleigh's captivity in the Tower is identical with the history of his literary works. His great work, the "History of the World," is rightly reckoned a very remarkable production. "So vast a project as a universal history," says Napier, "undertaken in such circumstances, betokens a consciousness of intellectual power which cannot but excite admiration. Viewed with reference to our vernacular literature, it constitutes an epoch in its historical department; for though Sir Thomas More, 'the father of English prose,' composed his fragment on the 'History of Richard the Third' a century, and Knolles his 'History of the Turks' a few years before the appearance of Raleigh's work, it was indisputably the first extensive attempt of its kind in the English language." Though containing much puerile speculation, observing no just proportion in the distribution of its parts, and much entangled with scholastic and theological digressions, it is nevertheless admitted by competent judges to be a work of vast learning and research, containing passages distinguished by a high originality of thought, and the greatest richness and beauty of imagination. In the portion devoted to the Greek and Roman story, "the narrative," observes Napier, "is clear, spirited, and unembarrassed; replete with remarks disclosing the mind of the soldier and the statesman; and largely sprinkled and adorned with original, forcible, and graphic expressions. But this portion of the work has a still more remarkable distinction, when considered as the production of an age not yet formed to any high notions of international morality, for its invariable reprehension of wars and ambition, and its entire freedom from those illusions which have biassed both historians and their readers in regard to the perfidies and cruelties exhibited in ancient, particularly Roman, history." In this respect he appears to stand honourably distinguished from all preceding authors; but while he thus endeavours to moderate our admiration of the Romans by awakening "us to a strong perception of their national crimes, he never fails to do justice to their manly virtues, their energy of character, and their public affections. The moral and judicial mode of viewing the achievement of the classical nations, and the prov

dential lessons held out by history, joined with a mournful tone of reflection on the instability of fortune, the miseries of humanity, and the ultimate fate of all in death, combine to give the work a character of individuality of the most marked description, and which separates it from all others of the class to which it belongs." In point of style the work is rather unequal, but it rises at times to a calm meditative grandeur exceedingly impressive; and, as Mr. Tytler observes, it is, upon the whole, "vigorous, purely English, and possessing an antique richness of ornament similar to what pleases us when we see some ancient priory or stately manor house, and compare it with our modern mansions." . . . "The opinions of the author," says the same writer, "on state policy, on the causes of great events, on the different forms of government, on naval or military tactics, on agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and other sources of national greatness, are not the mere echo of other minds, but the results of experience, drawn from the study of a long life spent in constant action and vicissitude in various climates and countries, and from personal labour in offices of high trust and responsibility. But perhaps its most striking feature is the sweet tone of philosophic melancholy which pervades the whole. Written in prison during the quiet evening of a tempestuous life, we feel in its perusal that we are the companions of a superior mind, nursed in contemplation and chastened and improved by sorrow, in which the bitter recollection of injury and the asperity of resentment have passed away, leaving only the heavenly lesson that all is vanity."

Of Raleigh's other literary productions, none but the account of Sir R. Grenville's action at the Azores, and that of his own voyage to Guiana, and some poems, were printed during his life. Most of those attributed to him were not published till long after his death. There is, therefore, great uncertainty about the genuineness of several that bear his name; and even with respect to some of which he was undoubtedly the author, we have no information as to whether they were printed just as he wrote them, or have been altered by other hands. Four of them, however, were published under the sanction of his grandson—his "Discourse on the Invention of Shipping,"

his "Relation of the Action at Cadiz," his "Dialogue between a Jesuit and a Recusant," and the "Apology for his Last Voyage to Guiana." Two political treatises—"the Cabinet Council," and the "Maxims of the State"—were edited and introduced to the world by Milton; the first being, as he stated, "given to him for a true copy, by a learned man at his death;" and he considered it "answerable in style to the works of the eminent author already extant, as far as the subject would permit." Besides the above, there are several other political pieces ascribed to Raleigh, of which the most noted is a "Dialogue on the Prerogatives of Parliament." This has been more frequently referred to by later writers, than any of his political productions; owing, doubtless, to the support it has been supposed to afford to the favourers of monarchical power, and the high prerogatives claimed for the Stuarts. Sir R. Filmer and Hume have both appealed to it as an authority. Though favouring monarchy, the dialogue strongly inculcates the doctrine that the happiness of the people is the great end of government; their good-will its best support; and that those kings who governed by parliaments reigned more prosperously and successfully than those who wished to rule without.

The versatility of Raleigh's genius and pursuits were, as Napier remarks, strikingly exemplified in his acquaintance with the mechanical arts, and his addiction to experimental inquiries. His discourses on shipping, the navy, and naval tactics, are the earliest productions of the kind in the English language. He had little practical training in the art of seamanship, but his knowledge of it was equal to that of any sailor of his age. His tracts on ship-building have often been referred to as evincing a large amount of information; and in a discourse on the "Art of War by Sea," of which, however, only some partial outline remains, it would appear that that was a subject which he very well understood. The strong taste for experimental inquiry, which manifested itself so signally at the close of the sixteenth century, found in Raleigh one of those inquisitive and ardent minds, such as in all ages are apt to be excited to active research by the discovery of any new avenue to knowledge. During his confinement in the Tower,

he appears to have devoted a good deal of his time to chemical and pharmaceutical investigations; greatly, no doubt, to the amazement of those about him, who would naturally marvel at seeing the splendid courtier and captain of a happier day, thus earnestly employing himself with chemical stills and crucibles. Sir William Wade, the lieutenant of the Tower, relates that he converted a little hen-house in the garden into a still-house; "and here," says he, "he doth spend his time all the day in distillations." This is supposed to have occurred before Raleigh began seriously to apply himself to the composition of his *History*, which, when commenced, must have engrossed the greater portion of his time; though, in the way of recreation, he appears to have continued his experimental researches throughout the entire period of his confinement.

Of the poetry ascribed to Raleigh, there is much of very doubtful authenticity. His exercises in poetical composition seem to have been chiefly limited to the early part of his life. At that time, he had rather a high reputation for his amorous odes and ditties, and even seems to have contemplated the execution of an epic poem, on the subject of "the famous act of worthy Brute." With his charming reply to Marlowe's lines, entitled "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love," and the magnificent sonnet on the "Faery Queen," all readers of English poetry may be supposed to be acquainted. We believe the only collected edition of Sir Walter's poems, is the one made by Sir Egerton Brydges, and published in 1814; but, according to Napier, there are several in the collection respecting the authenticity of which there is very great uncertainty.

Raleigh's imprisonment in the Tower ended in March, 1615. Well, perhaps, would it have been for his fame, had he died before his liberation; for, as Napier remarks, "he lived to furnish a humiliating proof of the lamentable inconsistencies of human nature, even in the strongest minds; to show that the same man may in the closet reason like a sage on cupidity and ambition, and in active life pursue with eagerness the commonest objects of desire; may declaim against gold, as the 'high and shining idol' with which the greatest enemy of mankind lures them on to destruction, and yet sacrifice character and life in its pursuit; may smile at

death in its most revolting form, and yet try to escape from it by the most degrading artifices." It does not appear that King James was moved by any feeling of clemency, when he consented to release his prisoner; he rather expected to reap some benefit from a mining speculation, which Raleigh had planned; and there is little doubt that he was also moved by bribery—the grand expedient in that age for smoothing the way to royal favour. Various applications had been made for his release, by the Queen, by her brother the King of Denmark, and by the Prince of Wales, but all without success, and even without procuring any material relaxation of the closeness of his confinement. But the death of Cecil, and the disgrace of Somerset, who had been enriched by the gift of his estate, removed some formidable obstacles; and Raleigh having succeeded in inducing the new secretary of state to recommend his project of opening a mine in Guiana, which he represented "as a matter not in the air, or speculative, but real;" and having, moreover, presented the uncles of the new favourite Buckingham with the sum of £1,500, on condition of their procuring his intercession with the king, the long closed gates of the Tower were at last opened, and he was set at liberty. The king did not grant him a full pardon, being resolved, as he stated, to preserve such a hold on Raleigh, as to keep him in effectual subjection, and thus make him answerable, under penalties, for his subsequent behaviour.

If Raleigh himself is to be credited, it was mainly to obtain the power of revisiting Guiana, that he coveted his liberty. That envied and mysterious region had never ceased to engage his thoughts. The composition of his "History" did not for any length of time divert his attention from it; for he maintained a constant correspondence with the country, and appears to have made frequent applications to the Government, to induce them to take the means of verifying his accounts of its fertility and wealth. Though it was not a condition of his release, that he was to proceed thither to open a mine, there was an understanding that his liberation took place with reference to that object. The commission under which he acted did not make any mention of that particular region, but

referred generally to such parts of America, as were unappropriated by other states; and conferred on him the power to search for all such articles and commodities therein, as might be serviceable to commerce. The silence as regards Guiana was probably considered necessary to clear the Government, in the event of Raleigh's invasion of any part of it, where the Spaniards might have settled. It is true, he bound himself to abstain from hostile inroads on the Spanish settlements; and in letters to the king, he indicated the particular quarter in which he intended to open a gold mine, and explained the entire route he meant to take; but still there were doubts about his ultimate designs, and even a latent apprehension that he might be contemplating some piratical adventure. Whether to spite Raleigh, or to conciliate the Spanish Government, James revealed the whole scheme and enterprise to the King of Spain; and thus, as Raleigh afterwards complained, the Spaniards were enabled materially to obstruct his progress.

The rumour of gold mines being always an allurements, Raleigh found no difficulty in getting together a sufficient body of associates. In the course of a few months, he was in a condition to sail with a fleet of not less than thirteen vessels, some of them of considerable size, and all carrying a proportionable number of cannon. His excuse for being so strongly armed, was the necessity of being prepared for defence against any chance assailants—an excuse which appears to have been generally recognized as appropriate and sufficient. The assembling of such a fleet, under so renowned a commander, and for purposes so uncommon, did not, however, fail to excite a great deal of curiosity. Amongst others, it was visited by all the ambassadors, then resident at the British court. Raleigh's own ship, the *Destiny*, particularly engaged the attention of the foreign ministers. One foreign minister, the French ambassador, seems to have had interviews with Raleigh, on board this vessel, of a secret and important nature, which must be regarded as sadly affecting Sir Walter's patriotism and honour. The ambassador, in his despatches, describes Raleigh as being in the highest degree discontented; as representing himself to have been unjustly imprisoned, and stripped of his

estate, in a word, most tyrannically used; and, as having in consequence resolved to abandon his country, and to make the King of France the first offer of his services and acquisitions, if his enterprise, from which he confidently expected great results, should succeed. The ambassador, we are told, did not anticipate much from it; but he made a courteous reply, assuring Raleigh of a favourable reception from his master, and encouraging him to place himself at his disposal.

For the present, however, this is all between Raleigh and the ambassador. The time for sailing comes, and the fleet rides prosperously out of port. There were various delays and disasters on the voyage, but about the middle of November, the coast of Guiana was in sight. Raleigh, unhappily, was now too unwell to ascend the Orinoco, and was obliged to appoint some one in his place to conduct the exploring party. Who, seemingly, could be better than Captain Keymis, who had visited the country before, and represented himself to be well acquainted with the situation of the mine? He, accordingly, proceeded with five companies of soldiers (250 altogether) to search for the spot in question. The navigation into the interior occupied a month; and on disembarking near St. Thomas, a small town erected by the Spaniards, the exploring party fell in with an adventure.

By some sort of accident or misunderstanding, or, perhaps, by intentional arrangement, our exploring party were induced to make an attack upon St. Thomas, in which conflict the governor was killed, and likewise, on the other side, Raleigh's eldest son; and the Spaniards having retreated and been pursued into the town, there took occasion to defend themselves by firing from the windows, and thereby so exasperated the English that they set fire to the place, and left it a perfect ruin. This done, Keymis, with a small party of gentlemen and soldiers, dashed forwards into the country to find out the "mine," which the leader represented as being situated at no great distance. They beat about for twenty days without result; being meanwhile frequently fired upon from the woods, and suffering considerable loss. Keymis, at last, thought proper to give up the search, and fell back with his party upon St. Thomas; whence the whole body shortly returned to Trinidad, where

their disappointed commander, still unwell, was lying at anchor.

Those who have most closely investigated the documents which form the groundwork of Raleigh's History, are decidedly of opinion that his main purpose in proceeding to Guiana was, not to discover gold mines, but to plant a colony in the neighbourhood of the Spanish settlements. The reception he had experienced from the natives satisfied him that they would cordially support him in his scheme. It is said, he lived so much in their remembrance, that, as he told his wife, he might have been "a king amongst them." "And it seems clear enough," says Napier, "that he indulged in the hope of being yet able to return and avail himself of their good-will; but the destruction of St. Thomas, and the occurrences that forced him back to England, made the scaffold the termination of his ill-fated career. It is admitted in the Spanish accounts of the attack on that place, that the firing commenced upon their side, but this was because the advance of the English left no doubt of their hostile intentions. There can be no question that its capture was, from the first, resolved upon." In proof of this, Mr. Napier has printed a hitherto unpublished letter, wherein it is shown that the English party disembarked expressly with that object.

On rejoining his commander, Keymis, unable to bear the reproaches with which he was received, and feeling likewise that he had been the immediate cause of the failure, which would now undoubtedly involve Raleigh in certain ruin, took the thing seriously to heart, passed a few days in sullen abstraction, and then destroyed himself. As to Sir Walter, he, in one of his letters written at this time, observes, that "God had given him a strong heart." And truly enough he had now need of all its strength. Trying must have been the hour in which he contemplated the total failure of his enterprise, and had to mourn besides over the death of his son, and lament the loss of one of his most faithful followers. Great, too, and angry were the complaints of those who had been longing for the gold mines; the most worthless being, as he testified, the most clamorous, and the surest to injure him on their return to England. Still he had spirit enough left for further action. Though weak from illness,

he at once set sail for Newfoundland, intending there to revictual and refit his ships for the prosecution of his ulterior designs. Before reaching that place, however, most of them dispersed to follow other fortunes; and on his arrival a mutiny took place among his own crew, some wishing to continue at sea, and others to return to England. With the latter, who were the majority, he was forced to acquiesce and sail homewards, his private intention being meanwhile very different. It is generally agreed that his resolution was, if possible, to keep at sea; and it is believed that he designed to try his fortune at the expense of the Spanish settlements, or by some other act of piracy. In an examination, after his return, he "confessed that he proposed the taking of the Mexican fleet, if the mine failed." There is likewise a remarkable anecdote preserved in Sir Thomas Wilson's report of his conversations with Raleigh. "This day," says Wilson (who was a higher sort of government spy), "he told me what discourse he and the Lord Chancellor had had about taking the Plate fleet, which he confessed he would have taken had he lighted upon it. To which my Lord Chancellor said, 'Why, you would have been a pirate.'—'Oh,' quoth he, 'did you ever know of any that were pirates for millions? they only that work for small things are pirates.'" Mr. Tytler discredits this anecdote, but there seems to be no sufficient reasons for doubting that Raleigh was quite prepared to act in the manner which the report ascribes to him.

In July, 1618, after being about a year from England, Raleigh returned to Plymouth. What opinions were current respecting his proceedings there is now no means of knowing; though it is certain that the expedition itself had attracted considerable notice, both abroad and at home. The most that is apparent from contemporary documents is, that Raleigh's return, unpardoned as he was, occasioned great and general surprise; and his former representations, as regards the mine, were now looked upon as a lure thrown out to draw adventurers to Guiana for colonizing purposes. On arriving at Plymouth, Raleigh learned that a royal proclamation had been issued, strongly condemning his conduct in regard to the attack upon St. Thomas, and call-

ing upon all who could give any information upon the subject to repair to the privy council; and soon after landing he was put under arrest by Sir Lewis Stukely, vice-admiral of Devonshire, to whom a warrant for that purpose had been entrusted. He had previously gone on board a vessel with the view of escaping to France; but, owing to some unexplained and unaccountable emotion, he returned without making the attempt. Not long afterwards, he was re-committed to the Tower. At this time there was pending the negotiation for the match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain; and as Raleigh had made himself particularly obnoxious to the rulers of that country, his life was demanded by them as one of the conditions of their assent to the match. The demand was readily complied with; but the novelty, and the extraordinary circumstances of the case, occasioned much difficulty among the lawyers as to the proper course of proceeding. Being under an unpardoned sentence for treason, it was held that Raleigh must be considered as civilly dead, and therefore not triable for any new offence. Had he previously been pardoned, he might have been brought to trial for the attack upon St. Thomas, and the consequent violation of international law; but since James, with his precious cunning and kingcraft, had provided against the chance of that, there seemed no course open but to fall back upon the old sentence, which, for upwards of fourteen years, had been left unexecuted. One of the most revolting acts that ever stained the records of British criminal procedure was thus perpetrated, and, as an appropriate consequence, the memory of James I. rendered odious to all posterity. Without doubt, Raleigh was sacrificed by the crafty monarch, to gratify the resentment, and to appease the fears of the ancient enemy of his country. "Surely," says Mr. Napier, "if aught done against his own and his people's honour can consign the memory of a ruler to lasting reprobation, the following admission ought so to dispose of that of James:— 'Let them know,' says one of the despatches written to the British ambassador in Spain, 'let them know how able a man Sir Walter Raleigh was to have done his majesty service, if he should have been pleased to employ him;

yet, to give them content, he hath not spared him, when, by preserving him, he might have given great satisfaction to his subjects, and had at his command as useful a man as served any prince in Christendom.'"

In execution of the antiquated sentence under which he had been originally condemned, Raleigh was beheaded on the 29th October, 1618. His behaviour on the scaffold was firm and calm, and kindled the deepest emotions of pity, wonder, and admiration in the spectators. After addressing the people in justification of his character and conduct, he took up the axe, and observed to the sheriff, "this is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." Having tried how the block fitted his head, he told the executioner that he would give the signal by lifting up his hand; "and then," added he, "fear not, but strike home!" He then laid himself down, but was requested by the executioner to alter the position of his head: "So the heart be right," said he, "it is no matter which way the head lies." On the signal being given, the executioner hesitated, whereupon Raleigh exclaimed, "Why dost thou not strike? Strike man!" By two strokes, which he received without shrinking, his head fell; and thus the brave Sir Walter passed out of the world. After his death were found these verses, written the night before:—

"Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days."

There are no details to supply a delineation of Raleigh's daily and familiar life. Of his personal appearance, however, we have some account preserved by individuals who knew him well. Sir Robert Naunton tells us that "he had, in the outward man, a good presence, in a handsome and well-compacted person;" and Aubrey adds, that, "besides being tall and handsome, he had a most remarkable aspect, an exceedingly high forehead, long face, and sour eyelids." He was apt to be magnificent in dress, and used to ride abroad with Queen Elizabeth in silver armour. One of his portraits, mentioned by Aubrey, represents him "in a white satin doublet, all embroidered with rich

pearls, and a mighty rich chain of great pearls about his neck."

His mental qualities were of the kind which fit men equally for speculation and for action; and so expert and ready was he in whatsoever he undertook, that, as Fuller observes, he always seemed to have been "born to that only which he was about." His intellect had both strength and versatility; he was alike great in meditation and in practical activity; and with a fine philosophical and reflective power he combined a rich poetical imagination. "He can toil terribly," said Cecil; and, as we have seen, he represented himself as possessing an exceedingly "strong heart." The "bold and plausible tongue," which Naunton says he had,

was a gift to be expected in him, and the stories of his personal influence in debate and conversation may all be readily credited. He had the most fascinating powers of elocution, albeit, as Sir Thomas Mallet informed Aubrey, "he spoke broad Devonshire to his dying day." A vigorous, most brilliant, and highly accomplished person, he has always been a figure in history, much admired by mankind, notwithstanding his many meannesses and imperfections; and being sacrificed, as he was, to the dastardly policy and caprice of a heartless and pusillanimous prince, his name has come down to us with a "halo of literary and martyr-like glory," which it will probably retain to a remote posterity.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

A FEW days ago, as we were turning over some memoirs on the history of the seventeenth century in France, a fact struck us which we had not noticed before. It is well known that the mania for duelling had reached in those days such an extraordinary pitch, that gentlemen would send out challenges to one another, merely, as it would seem, for the purpose of keeping themselves in practice. Cardinal Richelieu was obliged to issue the most stringent laws against this barbarous custom; and it became a capital offence to act either as principal or as second in a duel. But efficacious as the minister's measures proved, it may be questioned whether they did as much towards the suppression of single combats, as an association which was organized at court for the same object. A number of gentlemen, amongst whom the Marquis de Fénélon stood especially conspicuous, took a pledge, never to countenance, in any way, the horrid usage of settling "affairs of honour" by the edge of the sword; and as no one could fasten upon them the epithet coward, their influence was extremely beneficial.

The temperance movement presents an exactly parallel case to that first

society for the suppression of duels; as, under the reign of Louis XIV., the reformation was advocated by those for whom the temptation had been the stronger: so our total abstinents of the present day are the very men whose home was till lately the gin-shop and the "public."

These few preliminary remarks are the natural introduction to the biography of a person like Mr. Gough; and we may add, that apart from any consideration arising out of the progress of teetotalism, the history of his life is a page which none can read without profit. Our endeavour will be to let him, as much as possible, speak for himself; the *plaudite cives* must be suggested by the facts alone.

"I was born," says our hero, "on the 22nd August, 1817, at a romantic little watering-place, named Sandgate, in the county of Kent, England; my father had been a soldier in the fortieth and fifty-second regiments of foot, and was in the enjoyment of a pension of £20 per annum, having frequently fought during the Peninsular War, and been wounded in the neck. I remember as well as if it had been but yesterday, how he would go through military exercises with me, my mimic weapon being

a broom, and my martial equipments some of his faded trappings. I was not destined, however, to see how fields were won. With what intense interest have I often listened to his description of battle-fields; and how I have shuddered at contemplating the dreadful scenes which he so graphically portrayed. He was present at the memorable battle of Corunna, and witnessed Sir John Moore carried from that fatal field. 'Here' he would say, 'was such a regiment—there, such a battalion; in this situation was the enemy, and yonder was the position of the general and his staff.' And then he would go on to describe the death of the hero—his looks, and his burial near the ramparts, until my young heart would leap with excitement. Apart from such attractions as these, my father possessed few for a child. His military habits had become as a second nature with him. Stern discipline had been taught him in a severe school, and it being impossible for him to cast off old associations he was not calculated to win the deep affections of a child, although, in every respect, he deserved and possessed my love. He received his discharge from the army in the year 1823.

"My mother's character was cast in a gentler mould. Her heart was a fountain, whence the pure waters of affection never ceased to flow. Her very being seemed twined with mine, and ardently did I return her love. For the long space of twenty years she had occupied the then prominent position of school-mistress in her village, and frequently planted the first principles of knowledge in the minds of children, whose parents had, years before, been benefited by her early instructions. And well qualified by nature and acquirements was she for the interesting but humble office she filled, if a kindly heart and a well-stored mind be the requisite."

Under influences such as these, young Gough grew up. His time was divided between attendance at the school and military exercises on the beach, intermixed with frequent rambles to an old keep or castle, built during the days of Bluff King Hal. There the boy wandered, through the desolate court-yards, the dilapidated chambers; whilst the screeching of the owls, the fluttering of the bats, the moaning of the wind across the battlements roused in his heart the

hitherto latent feeling of poetry. What was to be the result of this threefold training? Did the Corunna veteran expect to see the lad one day clothed in veritable armour, charging against the enemies of his country, at the head of the Coldstream Guards? Were Mrs. Gough's views admitted to the hope that "John should one day, like Dominie Sampson, wag his head in a pulpit;" or, in fine, did the young dreamer form plans of literary toil and high sounding epics, when sitting on the ruined turret of the feudal castle? We think that the life of the temperance orator shows a combination of these various motives, equally and harmoniously blended together. There is the resolution of a soldier in his onslaught upon the drunkard's degrading propensities; there is also the power of a true orator, and the glowing imagination of a poet.

Mr. Gough both displayed and improved, at an early age, his talents for public speaking. Whilst he was reading to his mother, as she sat at the cottage door, strangers, attracted by his proficiency, would stay to listen; now and then, too, he would be summoned up to the Sandgate public library for the purpose of reading the newspaper to a party of amateur politicians; and the correctness, the spirit, the force of his elocution enhanced in a very notable degree the intrinsic merit of many a leader. These performances, of course, were not without their reward; shillings, half-crowns, nay, five shilling pieces soon formed the nucleus of a very respectable exchequer: they enabled, what is still better, the young lad to assist his parents through the struggles of an arduous life.

Mr. Gough was twelve years old when he left England for America. A person then emigrating to that country agreed, in consideration of a sum of ten guineas, to take him over, teach him a trade, and provide for him until he was twenty-one years of age. The separation between the boy and his parents was a painful one; but the circumstances of the family rendered it a matter of necessity; so, on the 10th of June, 1829, everything being arranged, he sailed from the Thames in the ship *Helen*, accompanied by the prayers and blessings of many a loving heart, and carrying with him spiritual refreshment under the shape of books, such as "Dodridge's Rise and Progress of Religion," "Todd's Lectures to the Young," &c. &c.

"Occasionally," says our voyager, "on looking over my little stock of worldly goods, I would find little billets or papers containing texts of Scripture, pinned to the different articles. In my Bible, texts of Scripture were marked for me to commit to memory; amongst them, I remember, were the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th chapters of Proverbs." This was providing wisely for the future, and although, in an evil hour, the young emigrant went astray from the road to which his pious mother had directed him; yet a time came, when the contents of those "little billets or papers" returned with fresh force to his mind, and flashed across his benighted path.

Mr. Gough remained only two years in the service of the family to whom he had been apprenticed. During this period he never went to either a sabbath or day school. He felt this much, as he had an ardent desire to acquire knowledge. Tiring of so unprofitable a life, and perceiving, also, that no chance existed of his being trained to business, he sold a knife for the purpose of paying the postage of a letter to his father, in which he asked permission to go to New York, and learn a trade. The reply was received in due course, and being favourable, the apprentice left his first situation on the 12th of November, 1831. We find him then, for some considerable time, struggling hard to procure a livelihood; now cheered by the bright sunshine of hope, now oppressed by a sense of wretchedness and isolation; but still profitably applying to his case the exhortation and reproof written by his mother upon the "little billets or papers" above alluded to. "Amidst all my lonely sorrow," the autobiography goes on to say, "the religious impressions I have just referred to, and more especially those which I had derived from the lips of my beloved mother, afforded some rays of consolation which glimmered through the gloom. Whilst I was standing, pondering whither I should bend my steps, a man came up to me, and asked where he should carry my trunk. Then, indeed, the strong sense of my forlornness came to me, and I scarcely ever remember to have experienced more bitterness of spirit than on that occasion. Fancy me, reader! a boy, just fourteen years of age, a stranger in a strange city, with no one to guide him, none to advise, and not a single soul to love or be loved by. There I was, three

thousand miles distant from home and friends; a waif on life's wave, solitary in the midst of thousands, and with a heart yearning for kindly sympathy, but finding none. Whilst musing on my fortunes, all at once the following passage entered my mind, and afforded me consolation,—'Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' Shouldering my trunk, I entered the city."

The early history of Mr. Gough's life thus abundantly proves the truth of the text, "man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward;" it gives us also an answer to the question put in the other verse, "Are the consolations of God small?" Alas! that any one who has ever tasted these consolations should forsake them for the excitement attendant upon pleasure, wine, riches, or other transitory gratifications! "Vanity and vexation of spirit" are sure to reprove the futility of such seekings, unwearied though they may be; but consolation, imparting the peace which the world fails to give, keeps far from that disquieted heart.

Mr. Gough, thrown upon his own resources, began to learn the bookbinding business; and seeing that his prospects were somewhat improving, he sent for his father, mother, and sister, to join him in America. The Peninsular veteran declined accepting the offer, for he was loth to lose his hard-earned pension, and was in hopes to effect a commutation with the government, and receive a certain sum in lieu of an annual payment. The two other members of the family, however, resolved to attempt the journey. We shall here make one more quotation from the autobiography. "At that time I was in the receipt of three dollars a week, wherewith to support myself, and with a few articles my mother brought over, we went to housekeeping. O! how happy did I feel that evening when my parent first made tea in our own home. Our three cups and saucers made quite a grand show; and, in imagination, we were rich in viands, although our meal was frugal enough. Thus we lived comfortably together, nothing of note occurring until the November following, when, owing to a want of business and the general pressure of the times, I was dismissed from my place of work. This was a severe blow to us all, and its force was increased by my sister, who

was a straw-bonnet maker, also losing her employment." The clouds were now evidently gathering, the waters rising, and Mr. Gough had to pass through an ordeal out of which only after a long time he found his way. Poverty came first. What was to be done, especially now that the winter was setting in, with the price of provisions increased, and wood likewise, far beyond the means of persons reduced to live in a garret? What was to be done? Occasional employment, obtained for short periods, afforded only temporary relief. The pawnbroker's shop could not advance large sums upon articles of furniture, which were rather the worse for use, and bread might not be had on credit. "Once, seeing my mother in tears, I ascertained that we had no bread in the house. I could not bear the sight of such distress, and wandered down a street, sobbing as I went. A stranger accosted me, and asked me what was the matter. 'I'm hungry,' said I, 'and so is my mother.' 'Well,' said the stranger, 'I can't do much, but I'll get you a loaf:' and when I took this three-cent piece of bread home, my mother placed the Bible on our old rickety pine table, and having opened it, read a portion of Scripture, and then we knelt down, thanking God for His goodness, and asking His blessing on what we were about to partake of. All these sufferings and privations my poor mother bore with Christian resignation, and never did she repine through all that dreary season."

The Bible in the abode of poverty! Yes, the Bible! Not the "Declaration of the Rights of Man;" not the "Seven Points of the Charter;" not the "Age of Reason;" but the Word of God, telling us that we must bow under the hand which chastises us for our good. If every garret in Europe was provided with a Bible, few of them would be what too many now are, the appointed quarters for the "devil's regiment of the line."

Grim death followed close upon the footsteps of starvation. The family difficulties seemed clearing up once more; young Gough earned four dollars and a half a week; he had redeemed his coat, and felt the inexpressible joy of being able to go to chapel, when a fit of apoplexy carried off his mother, and left him without the true, the constant friend, whose advice had so often

cheered and benefited him in his earthly pilgrimage. It is impossible to surmise what would have been the course of Mr. Gough if he could have enjoyed for a longer season the unwearied protection of a mother's love. We may suppose him steadily pursuing his business, getting into a respectable situation, and maintaining out of his earnings the two relations who had left their country to come and gladden his fireside. We may fancy him adhering to the course of duty, never wandering to the bar of a public-house, never dreaming of theatrical reputation, and the excitement of the green-room. We may fancy But to what purpose? God willed it otherwise; his mother was removed by the hand of the "last enemy" that remains to be conquered; his sister married and settled in Rhode Island, and now was the time when his principles were to be tried. Brandy-and-water and a play-bill constituted his ordeal. It is not expected of course that we should detail all the particulars of Mr. Gough's career, either upwards or downwards. His extraordinary life may be said to divide itself naturally into three parts, the first of which ends with the mournful catastrophe just stated. The curtain falls upon a coffin to rise again amidst the revels of boon companions, and in the heavy atmosphere of a *groggery*.

"I possessed a tolerably good voice, and sang pretty well, having also the faculty of imitation rather strongly developed; and, being well stocked with amusing stories, I got introduced into the society of thoughtless and dissipated young men, to whom my talents made me welcome. These companions were what is termed respectable, but they drank. I now began to attend the theatres frequently, and felt ambitious of strutting my hour upon the stage. By slow but sure degrees I forgot the lessons of wisdom which my mother had taught me, lost all relish for the great truths of religion, neglected my devotions, and considered an actor's situation to be the *no plus ultra* of greatness. I well remember, in my early days, having entertained, through the influence of my mother, a horror of theatres; and once, as I walked up the Bowery, and watched the multitudes passing to and fro from the steps of the play-house there, which I had mounted for the sake of a better view of the busy scene, this passage of

Scripture came to my recollection, 'The glory of the Lord shall cover the face of the earth as the waters cover the sea,' and I mentally offered up a prayer that that time might speedily arrive. Not very long afterwards, so low had I fallen, and so desperately had I backslidden, that at the very door of the same theatre, which I had five years before wished destroyed, as a temple of sin, I stood applying for a situation as actor and comic singer. No longer did I wish a church should be built on the site of the theatre; that very place of entertainment had become at first a chosen, and now, to support existence, an almost necessary place of resort."

This sketch will, perhaps, appear to some a sort of comment upon Mr. Gough's text. We cannot help it. If it be a good one, we shall feel no slight satisfaction in having deduced a few practical lessons from what we consider as one of the most useful autobiographies in the whole range of literature. Let the reader still trace the effect of "the little billets or papers" already mentioned, with their texts of Scripture, and their spiritual portion for every emergency:—"this passage came to my recollection," "*I remembered the verse*," &c. &c. . . . ; in the hour of temptation the "sword of the Spirit" enabled him to overcome; as soon as he neglected this powerful weapon, he fell an easy prey to the enemy. Our second remark is on the danger of tampering with the early suggestions of evil. How many persons plead as their excuse for committing mean things, the authority of *respectable* people! How many will drive the *gig of respectability* through the veriest elements of morality!

Mr. Gough tried at first to make business and dissipation go together—that would not do; business, consequently, was sacrificed. Instead of working regularly and steadily, he applied himself to his task only at uncertain intervals, was frequently away for days together, received his discharge, and, by the recklessness of his conduct, lost the position he might have secured through the skill for which he was always distinguished. It is almost incredible how many fresh starts he had, how many opportunities of redeeming his character. His entrance upon the matrimonial state was one; he commenced house-keeping, purchased some furniture, and returned once more to work. But an

insatiable craving for society drove him from his quiet home to the haunts of dissipation; matters became desperate, and, what seemed to him now worse than all, his bar-room associates, his parlour companions, began to drop his acquaintance, and to be ashamed of their former crony. *Respectable* tipplers, of course, cannot meet with shabbily-dressed fellows, that is quite out of the question; and as Mr. Gough's best coat had again found its way to the pawn-broker's, he must abide the consequences. This, we repeat it, was the unkindest cut of all. "Oh! how often have I lain down and bitterly remembered many who had hailed my arrival in their company as a joyous event. Their plaudits would ring in my ears, and peals of laughter ring again in my deserted chamber; then would succeed stillness only broken by the beatings of my agonised heart, which felt that the gloss of respectability had worn off and exposed my threadbare condition!" Such reflections were bitter, no doubt; but they were grounded in truth. Instead of awaking through them to a fuller consciousness of his situation, the now confirmed drunkard drowned them, or rather endeavoured to drown them in fresh supplies of liquor, till he fell lower than the brutes themselves; and became the slave of an appetite to gratify which he was hurrying on his own destruction. During that awful interval, we find him here and there wandering in quest of both rest and employment, sometimes at Newburyport, sometimes at Boston, then at Lowell, or at Worcester. Providence had often made its voice heard to him through visitations and warnings of a most solemn character. A shipwreck, a fire; the terrible *delirium tremens*, the loss of his wife and child, all these were appeals to his conscience and his feelings, appeals which he could not but have regarded, had he been in his right mind. But maddened by drink, and apparently without the power of struggling against the master-passion, he was now

"A wandering, wretched, worn and weary thing, Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help."

The third act of Mr. Gough's life begins in the year 1842. As he was walking about the streets on the evening of the last Sunday in October, "a shabby looking drunkard, a living disgrace," some one tapped him on the

shoulder. I looked at the stranger, wondering what his business was with me. Regarding me very earnestly, and apparently with much interest, he exclaimed:—

"Mr. Gough, I believe?"

"That is my name," I replied, and was passing on.

"You have been drinking to-day," said the stranger in a kind voice, which arrested my attention, and quite dispelled my anger at what I might otherwise have considered an officious interference in my affairs.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "I have."

"Why do you not sign the pledge?" was the next query.

"I considered for a minute or two, and then informed the stranger friend, who had so unexpectedly interested himself in my behalf, that I had no hope of ever again becoming a sober man; that I was without a single friend in the world who cared for me; that I fully expected to die very soon—I cared not how soon—nor whether I died drunk or sober; and, in fact, that I was in a condition of utter recklessness."

"The stranger regarded me with a benevolent look, took me by the arm, and asked me how I should like to be as I once was, respectable and esteemed, well clad, and sitting as I used to be in a place of worship, enabled to meet my friends as in old times, and receive from them the pleasant nod of recognition as formerly; in fact, become a useful member of society?"

"Oh!" replied I, "I should like all these things first-rate; but I have no expectation that such a thing will ever happen. Such a change cannot be possible."

Mr. Gough, at that time, forgot that with God all things are possible. He

very wisely, however, followed his friend's advice, took the pledge, and resolved to conquer his moral liberty once more. The strife was a terrible one; but it ended at last successfully, and health, employment, peace of mind, returned to the unfortunate man, who had so long been deprived of them. His case became generally known, he was invited to state it before several temperance associations, and the impressions he produced upon crowded audiences by the plain history of his eventful life, speedily obtained for him his present position as the "temperance-orator" of the day. Mr. Gough has been, ever since 1843, devoting his whole time and energy to the triumph of a cause which was the means of rescuing him from destruction. His eloquence, people say, is overpowering; no wonder—he speaks according to the rule, *si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*, and with him pathos is no sham. Democritus, junior, or old Burton, laying down the plan of an Utopian government, in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," says, "If any be drunk, he shall drink no more wine or strong drink for a twelvemonth after." Fénelon, describing the laws of the kingdom of Salentum, in his "Télémaque," introduces amongst them sumptuary enactments of a more efficacious character; but Mr. Gough is the man, after all. His system admits of no compromise; he strikes at the root of the evil, and does so in revolutionary addresses, which may be accurately called "*Appels au Peuple*." M. Ampère defines Mr. Gough the "Père Bridaine" of temperance; like the French missionary, he has won for himself a wreath of laurels which are not destined to fade.

G. M.

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE COCKBURN.

THE naval forces of Great Britain have not those opportunities of acquiring practice in their profession that are open to the military. The last great combat in which they were engaged at Navarino was not calculated to test their courage and skill. Sir Charles Napier, since

that date, exhibited their proficiency in gunnery at St. Jean d'Acre, and probably at no previous period did this branch of the naval service possess more skill than at present. The science employed in naval gunnery has rendered the practice almost perfect, and terribly efficient;

but the introduction of steam power has produced changes which will revolutionize naval tactics in battle, and the next great combat will probably be conducted by leaders who have never yet engaged in warfare.

The great European states, with the exception of Prussia, have fields for the acquisition of military skill. Britain finds in Africa and Asia schools for soldiers. Russia has Circassia, apt to learn, ready to teach. France possesses in Algiers a rugged ground for military exercise. Austria has been provided in Hungary and Italy with experience sufficient to maintain the military spirit of its army for a generation. The navies are differently situated. They can only acquire practice in a great European war, unless, indeed, a quarrel arise with the United States. Either event may be far distant, and cannot be farther removed than we desire, although we should not have an admiral who could float, and had seen fire in anything more serious than reviews or saluting.

The strength of our navy and the numerical weakness of our army have led to the frequent employment of our seamen in combats on land, and the formation of that amphibious but brave and useful force, the marines. The Napiers have done much to assimilate the two services, but no leader was ever more amphibious in war than the late Sir George Cockburn, who is remembered by men of the present generation, almost exclusively, as a quiet Lord of the Admiralty, and a sedate member of the Commons.

The death of SIR GEORGE COCKBURN occurred at Leamington, on the 19th of August of the present year, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was born at London in the year 1771. His father, Sir James Cockburn, was a Scotch gentleman, and represented Peeblesshire, the county in which the family estates are chiefly situated, in the Imperial Parliament. The Cockburns are an old Scottish family, who, without ever possessing great power, always held a respectable position, even in the political movements of that country.

At the close of the last century the names of boys, the sons of influential persons, were entered on the navy list, at a period when they were incapable of serving the country. Young Cockburn's name was written on the books of a frigate on the 12th March, 1781,

when he was only in his ninth year. He was subsequently removed to the yacht *William and Mary*; nominally removed, for he was not at sea until 1783, when he entered on the *Termagant*, 18, Captain Rawley Balteel, still a young defender of his country, having only reached twelve years. The *Termagant* was on the home station, and he removed from that ship to the *Ariel*, 14 guns, Captain R. Moorsam; then destined for an excellent and useful service on the East Indian station, where, until 1791, when the ship returned home, the crew and officers were engaged in surveying. Before his twentieth year, therefore, this young officer had acquired considerable experience in the nautical department of his profession, formed an intimate acquaintance with the eastern seas, and seen a large portion of the world. He immediately after entered on the *Hebe*, 88 guns, Captain Hood; but he was soon transferred to the *Romney*, 58, the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Cranstoun. The necessary and preliminary steps in his profession were rapidly taken, for he passed his examination in June, 1791, and was then appointed acting lieutenant of the *Pearl*, 32 guns, under Captain Courtenay; and in January, 1793, he was placed on the *Orestes*, 18 guns, with Lord A. Fitzroy. Lieutenant Cockburn was undoubtedly a meritorious officer, active and regular in the discharge of duty; but many other officers, not less deserving, must have envied the rapidity of his movements, for soon afterwards his name occurs as acting ninth lieutenant on the *Britannia*, of 100 guns, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Hotham. He continued with the *Britannia* only from April to June, when he made apparently a retrogressive step, and was entered tenth lieutenant on the *Victory*, of 100 guns, then flag-ship of Lord Hood, stationed off Toulon. But Lord Hood was the friend and patron of young Cockburn; and he attained by remarkably quick rotation the rank of first lieutenant, before October closed, when he was appointed to the command of the *Speedy*, a sloop of war. In this command he attracted notice from his skilful seamanship in maintaining the blockade of Genoa, in January, 1794, during an extremely heavy gale of wind, when all the other vessels of the blockading squadron ran to sea. This circumstance obtained for him the command as acting

captain of the *Inconstant* frigate, of 38 guns; but in February following, he was appointed to the *Meleagre* frigate. Admiral Hood determined to co-operate with General Dundas in an attack on Corsica. The island is an important station for a Mediterranean fleet; and England and France both required and both sought the advantages which it affords; but the republican forces were in possession, and had greatly increased the strength of the various fortresses—from their position, an easy task. During a succession of combats on the rocky coast, directed against batteries on shore, the frigates, from their light draught of water, had a large share of the work, and the *Meleagre's* crew and young captain were inured to hard fighting.

When the French learned, early in 1795, that the British fleet had left Corsica for Leghorn, a large fleet with a considerable military force left Toulon to re-capture Corsica. They seized the British 74-gun ship *Berwick*, then disabled, and on the voyage from Corsica to Leghorn; and lost in a few days after, two of their line of battle ships in an action with Admiral Hotham's fleet; in which the *Meleagre* was included; but as the name of that frigate does not appear with any return of killed or wounded, we infer that no loss was sustained by Captain Cockburn's crew, and that his ship, although present in the action, was not absolutely engaged. The *Meleagre* afterwards formed one of a squadron under Commodore Nelson, employed in co-operation with the Austrians against the French in Piedmont. Upon Admiral Hotham's retirement the command devolved on Sir Hyde Parker, but he was immediately succeeded by Sir John Jervis. A second action had been fought by Admiral Hotham, in July, 1795, with the French Toulon fleet. The result was unsatisfactory, for although one of the French ships, the *Ariadne*, was destroyed, yet the superior force under Admiral Hotham should have achieved greater results. The prevalent feeling in England, on that subject, induced the Government to send out Admiral Jervis; and he dispatched Commodore Nelson with a squadron, including the *Meleagre*, to harass the French commerce on the Italian coast. On the 31st May, Captain Cockburn received the thanks of Commodore Nelson for his services in cutting out six French

ships all armed, from under the batteries of Laona Bay, an achievement attended with great risk, but effected with the loss of only one man killed, and three men wounded. Captain Cockburn received the command of the *Minerve*, 42-gun frigate, on the 19th August; and in December, after Corsica was abandoned by the British, Commodore Nelson hoisted his flag on that ship. On the 19th of that month, the *Minerve*, after an action of two hours and a half, captured the Spanish frigate *Sabina*. The Spanish ship was fought with courage and skill, evincing in the time required for her capture by the *Minerve*, a frigate of equal strength, with Nelson and Cockburn both on board; and it is a curious coincidence, that the Spanish captain was a countryman of Cockburn's, or a descendant of a family who had escaped the proscriptions which followed the unsuccessful rebellions of 1715 and 1745. His name was James Stewart, and the Pretender's family may have given one relative to the naval service. The *Minerve* sustained in the action a loss of 7 persons killed and 32 wounded. Commodore Nelson made the loss of the *Sabina*, 164 killed and wounded, reduced by the Spanish statement to 53. On the same afternoon the *Matilda*, another Spanish frigate of 84 guns, came into action with the *Minerve*, but the approach of the *Prince de Asturias*, a Spanish line of battle ship with two frigates terminated that affair, although not before the *Matilda* had been compelled to haul off; and the *Minerve* had 10 more men disabled. Two officers and 40 petty officers and seamen were shipped from the *Minerve* on the *Sabina* to take the prize in charge. The latter was re-taken by the *Prince de Asturias* and some Spanish frigates; and thus very few advantages accrued to either party. The *Minerve* on the 26th made Port Ferrajo, and on the 29th January, 1797, with 3 frigates, 2 sloops, and 12 transports, under the command of Commodore Nelson, set sail on the return voyage. The *Minerve* and *Romulus* reconnoitred Toulon, Barcelona, and Carthegena, and joined the other ships of the squadron on the 10th February, at Gibraltar. The winter and spring months were signalized by naval activity and difficulties. The British fleet had to meet the Dutch, French, and Spanish fleets; and a mutinous spirit, partly provoked by the tyranny of officers

was prevalent among the seamen; who refused to leave the British coast until their wrongs were redressed, or an enemy's fleet had left its ports. The latter condition furnished the best evidence that the men were willing to discharge their duty; but they were over-wrought, under-fed, and under-paid. The consequences were afterwards bitterly experienced, when many British seamen joined the fleet of the United States. The battles of Cape St. Vincent and of Camperdown were both fought during the year 1797. The first, under Sir John Jervis, terminated in the capture of a large portion of the Spanish fleet; the second, under Admiral Duncan, in the almost perfect destruction of the Dutch fleet. The *Minerve* brought to Sir John Jervis intelligence that the Spanish fleet had put to sea. Captain Cockburn had been chased, on the 11th February, by two line of battle ships. He escaped them and formed a junction with the British fleet on the morning of the 13th. A Portuguese frigate, commanded by Captain Campbell, then in the service of that country, brought similar intelligence during the night; but the signal to prepare for battle and to keep in close order was thrown out from the admiral's flag-ship, the *Victory*, before sunset. The vicinity of the Spanish fleet was known, but its strength had not been ascertained. During the dark and long night the signal guns from the Spanish ships were distinctly heard in the British fleet, "foreboding" a bloody morrow. The day broke in haze and gloom. The fog prevented the commanders of either fleet from forming a correct estimate of their opponent's strength. At half-past 9 a.m. Sir John Jervis signalled the frigates to reconnoitre. From the mast-head of his own ship, 20 sail of the line and 11 smaller ships had been counted. Captain Cockburn made a similar report from the *Minerve*, at 10 a.m. Meantime the Spaniards were also reckoning through the fog. A captain of the United States' mercantile marine, who had passed the British fleet, informed the Spaniards that Sir John Jervis had only 9 sail of the line. The statement was correct so far as the Americans observed; but Rear-Admiral Parker subsequently made his junction, and other ships had arrived. The Spaniards had a splendid fleet, equal in magnitude to the great Armada, and the crews had the same confidence that actuated, and

the same carelessness that ruined their ancestors, and wrecked their vessels on the British rocks. They thought less of the conflict before Cape St. Vincent than of the triumphal entry into Cadiz; and they did not even take the means in time to combine their vast strength. A breeze of wind, soon to be lulled into a calm by the vibration from 8000 guns, cleared away the fog at 11 a.m. The British numbered 19 ships, with 3 smaller vessels, and 1374 guns; the Spanish 39 ships, with a number of gun-boats, and 2,702 guns.

Sir John Jervis saw at once the disparity of force; but along with that he observed a wide blank in the Spanish line, if, as he wrote, "a line it could be called." With extreme boldness, in a dilemma where temerity was the best tactic, he determined to divide the enemy. The Spanish admiral, Cordova, sought, too late in the day, to prevent that movement. At 11 a.m. Admiral Jervis signalled the British ships to form in line of battle "ahead and astern" of his own *Victory*. At half-past 11, the van-ship, *Culloden*, commenced the battle. Although the Spanish admiral had been caught in confusion, he endeavoured, with considerable skill, to retrieve his error, and combine his ships. By 1 p.m. the battle had become general. The particulars of the conflict belong more especially to the history of Sir John Jervis, or Commodore Nelson.

At 5 p.m. the battle ceased, leaving with the Spanish marine recollections of Valentine's Day and hardrough missives, from which they have never recovered.

On the 15th, three frigates, under Captain Berkeley, were despatched in pursuit of the *Santissima Trinidad*, which, with its towing frigate, had parted from the Spanish fleet. They came up with the Spanish ship and the frigate, in company with a brig, towards night on the 20th. Captain Cockburn brought the *Minerve* within three miles of the large vessel, and the Spanish frigate consulted its own safety by casting off the four-decker and making westward. Whether Captain Berkeley supposed that the frigate expected to find assistance, or considered his force of three frigates too weak, cannot now be ascertained; but he recalled the frigates, and the only result of the expedition was the capture of the brig by the *Minerve*.

The battle of Cape St. Vincent resulted in the defeat of the Spaniards, with the loss of four of their ships and 3,000 prisoners. The killed and wounded during the conflict were not accurately stated, yet the British loss was nearly 400, and the Spanish reached 1,000; but returns were not published from all their ships. The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to the fleet, and honours were conferred on its principal leaders.

Captain Cockburn was only yet in his 25th year, and in command of a small frigate; but on the 29th May, in company with the *Lively*, another frigate, his boat's crews cut out the *Mutine*, a French privateer, from under the guns of Santa Cruz, in the great Canary Island, after a sharp conflict. He had previously assisted to destroy *L'Etonnant*, of 18 guns, and had taken a privateer with 6 guns and 60 men. In November of the same year, while refitting his ship at Gibraltar, he observed a valuable British fleet of merchant vessels chased and in danger of being cut off by thirty Spanish gun-boats. He manned his own three boats, put off to sea, and after a running fight, continued through the whole night, brought the convoy to an anchorage in safety.

Captain Cockburn returned to England early in 1798, and did not sail again for the Mediterranean until nearly the close of the year, in time to take part in the hostilities against Malta, which Buonaparte had seized on his voyage to Egypt. In company with the *Emerald*, he captured *La Caroline*, a French privateer, carrying 16 guns, with 90 men. He was with Admiral Keith's fleet on the 19th of June, when five French frigates were captured off Minorca. During the year 1800, Captain Cockburn was employed in watching the enemy's privateers, which interfered badly with our commercial marine; and he captured three of that class of vessels, *Le Furet*, *La Manche*, and *La Vengeance*, mounting altogether 49 guns, and carrying 357 men. In 1801, still in command of the *Minerve* frigate, he captured a French brig of war, and on the 2nd of September, in the Piombino channel, followed by the *Phoenix*, he chased and re-captured *Le Succés*, a French frigate, formerly an English ship, and drove another frigate *Brauame* on shore, where the ship was entirely wrecked.

The next year, 1802, was one of peace and rest among the great European powers, and in February, the *Minerve* was paid off at home. Early in 1803, the hollow nature of the Peace of Amiens became apparent, and active naval preparations for war were commenced both in the English and French ports. Admiral Cornwallis commanded the British Channel fleet, consisting of nearly 100 sail of the line and frigates; and he blockaded all the French western ports. On the 12th of July, Captain Cockburn received the command of the *Phaeton*, a frigate of 38 guns; and was stationed off Havre, until he was instructed to convey the British ambassador, Mr. Merry, to the United States. From the American coast he was ordered a second time to the Indian seas, with which his early surveying services had rendered him familiar. He continued on the East Indian station until 1805, in a service which presented few opportunities of attaining promotion in his profession. The *Phaeton*, during the period, was partially engaged in the blockade of the Mauritius, then a valuable French colony, and the captain and crew were brought frequently into collision with the shore batteries; but in June, 1805, Captain Cockburn exchanged into the *Howe*, which was commissioned to bring home the late Marquis of Wellesley, after the close of his brilliant career as governor-general of India. The British fleet, which had been so long engaged in blockading the French Channel ports, or in chasing their adversaries "round and round" the Mediterranean — a service in which Admiral Nelson was engaged for within ten days of two years, without having been once on shore, or out of his own ship — were now to be engaged on the Spanish coast, for we approach the commencement of the great Peninsular War, which was carried forward only from our command of the sea.

The prospect of agreeable employment to a young naval officer, on his return from India, was not encouraging; yet in July, 1806, Captain Cockburn obtained the command of the *Captain*, an old 74, which formed one of a squadron under Sir J. Lewis; but excepting the capture of a fine frigate, *La Presidente*, on the 27th of September, this squadron did nothing, for the best of reasons, that almost everything had been done. On March the 10th, of the following year,

Captain Cockburn was transferred to the *Aboukir*, as the name implies, a comparatively new ship. He subsequently exchanged to the *Pompée*, and on the passage to the West India station, that ship chased and captured *La Pilade*, of 16 guns and 109 men. In January, 1809, Captain, now Commodore, Cockburn was second in command of the fleet collected under Sir Alexander Cochrane to attack Martinique. This island was defended by Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse. The naval force had only to convey their companions to the scene of action, for the French burned their own ships in the island ports. Commodore Cockburn, therefore, decided to serve on shore, and commanded the marines and seamen employed in the various sieges which occupied the force for nearly three weeks. In this service he was eminently skilful and successful; and, on the 25th of February, he arranged with the French commodore the terms of capitulation. He received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his efforts, and was appointed governor of the port and town of St. Pierre.

The management of local and social business in a pleasant but quiet town on a West Indian island, at a time when Europe was convulsed to the centre, accorded ill with Commodore Cockburn's active habits. Time also was wearing rapidly away. He was now in his 38th year. Twenty-six years had passed since his entrance upon naval life, a boy of twelve years old. His home had been literally on the waters, for out of all these years he appears not to have been two at home; and he had already floated for a quarter of a century.

He succeeded early in 1809 in negotiating an exchange into the *Belleisle* of 74 guns; and returned to Europe in time to take an active part in the expedition to the Scheldt, under the Earl of Chatham.

The history of the operations in this expedition would occupy more space than we can afford here, and is unnecessary for our object. It landed at the commencement of the sickly season in August, and left on the approach of winter, when field operations could have been successfully conducted, or when the healthy season had returned. The army under the Earl of Chatham was larger, so far as British regiments

count, than that with which Wellington gained Waterloo. But the military part of the expedition was weakly handled, and although the French ships building at Flushing were burned, and the magazines on the Scheldt, up to the neighbourhood of Antwerp, were destroyed; yet the general result was unsatisfactory, and was followed by a long inquiry before a committee of the House of Commons.

The naval service did not share in the displeasure of the country, for its work was well performed. The left wing of the British army landed on the 30th of July, under the direction of Lord Beauclerk of the *Royal Oak*, and Captain Cockburn of the *Belleisle*, after a slight opposition, on the Breed-Zand, which forms the northern extremity of Walcheren island. On the same evening Sir Home Popham proceeded up the Veer-Gat in command of a flotilla of bomb-boats and gun-vessels, co-operating with the Earl of Chatham, against Veers, which was taken after a bombardment on the following day. Fort Rammekens was taken on the 3rd of August, and the town of Flushing was immediately invested. Captain Cockburn abandoned the *Belleisle*, and in an 18-gun sloop, the *Plover*, commanded the flotilla employed against Flushing. The great attack was not made until the 13th, and was continued almost without intermission until the afternoon of the 14th. At 4 p.m. the garrison ceased to fire, and a fruitless attempt at negotiation was tried. The bombardment, therefore, recommenced at night, and continued until 2 p.m. of the 15th, when the French commander offered to capitulate. The terms were arranged by Captain Cockburn, who had gained credit in the navy for cool sagacity in transactions of that nature. It is said that he allowed himself to be conducted through the fortification blindfolded, to treat with the French general, Monnat. On the 16th, Flushing was handed over to the British. The little *Plover* was kept in the van, on this description of work, until the army decided to retreat; then it was in the rear; and when the Earl of Chatham believed that he could make no farther impression on the enemy's works, and retired from positions which he never should have occupied, Captain Cockburn, in the *Plover*, kept the enemy at a respectful distance, until the sick and the

wounded of the naval and the military forces were on the ocean, and left the Scheldt, the last ship of an expedition injudiciously planned, and still more incompetently managed.

After the army and fleet were extricated from the Scheldt, Captain Cockburn resumed the command of the *Belleisle*; but the ship was paid off in October, and he was unemployed until his appointment to the *Implacable* 74, in the month of February, 1810, when he was stationed for some time on the western coast of Spain, on an expedition planned for the liberation of Ferdinand, who might have been surnamed "the Incompetent," and for whom it was idle to hazard brave men's lives. He then co-operated in the defence of Cadiz against the French, and, at the close of the year, he escorted two Spanish ships of the line to the Havannah; passing from thence to Vera Cruz, from which he brought two millions of dollars for the Spanish patriots, he arrived in England early in 1811, and on the 26th November in that year hoisted his pendant on the *Grampus*, a 50-gun ship. This vessel was engaged for nearly two years on the Spanish coast, but the French ships kept their ports, and the necessary watch over them was tedious.

The United States at this period adopted a policy which must ever stain the character of President Madison and the legislators who sanctioned his proceedings. Great Britain alone withstood Europe, leagued together against the principles of constitutional government and political freedom. The struggle should have secured the sympathy of the Union. Even if they had offered no assistance, they should have maintained a strict neutrality. But Channing and other able men lectured and wrote in vain, for in 1812 the States declared war against England. This proceeding retarded the establishment of constitutional freedom in the Continent of Europe for the lifetime of a generation, by casting Britain on the elements of the Holy Alliance for assistance, and has reflected enduring shame on the government of the United States at that period. The annexation of the British North American colonies was probably the chief reason for this hostile enterprise from Washington, yet it rendered that object impossible; by producing border enmity, which has continued in

force until now that these colonies are sufficiently powerful to defend themselves and form an independent nation.

The declaration of war by the United States was followed rapidly by naval hostilities. Vessels of great strength and weight of metal were excessively manned, and sent out under the name of frigates, to cruise for British ships of the same nominal class, but greatly inferior in men, in metal, and even in tonnage. The crews of the States' vessels were composed in the proportions of one fourth, and often one third of British or rather Irish deserters, who fought desperately, in anticipation of being hung when captured.

With the purpose of closing the attacks of United States' frigates and privateers upon the shipping of this country, Admiral Sir John Warren was despatched to the American coasts. Rear-Admiral Cockburn was, fortunately for the object of the expedition, associated with Admiral Warren as the second in command. The work really fell to Rear-Admiral Cockburn, and it was admirably performed. This fleet, consisting of two 74-gun ships, the *San Domingo*, bearing Sir John Warren's flag, and the *Marlborough*, carrying Admiral Cockburn's, the *Maidstone* and *Stattira* frigates, and the *Fautome* and *Mohawk* brigs, arrived in Chesapeake Bay in February, 1813. As the ships made the Happahannock river, four armed schooners were observed in its waters. Boats were immediately sent in pursuit from each ship of the squadron, and, after a chase of several miles, the schooners, two of six, one of seven, and one of twelve guns, with 219 men, were all taken by the boat force under Lieutenant Polkinghorne. The British lost two persons killed, and seven wounded. Their opponents had six men killed, ten wounded, and the four privateers captured. Admiral Cockburn lost no time in teaching the nature of war to the maritime states of the Union, although he acted in a conciliatory style for an enemy. He issued no proclamations inviting rebellion, as the States' officers had circulated in Canada. He destroyed no private property, but bought and paid for the stores requisite to his fleet; but he burned all the armaments, arsenals, and depôts belonging to the States on the coasts. Frenchtown, upon the river Elk, was attacked on the morning of

the 29th April. The battery guns were spiked, five vessels burned, and all the public stores were carried off or destroyed. He next landed on Specucie Island but only to buy stores, and he destroyed nothing there. On the 3rd of May, the force, chiefly consisting of marines and seamen under his command, attacked and carried the town of Havre-de-Grâce, embarked six guns that had formed its battery, and destroyed a number of muskets. A cannon foundry, with a battery formed for its defence, was seized, and five 24-pounders, twenty-eight 32-pounders, eight larger guns, and four carronades, were destroyed, along with the entire property. Another division of the boats ascended the Susquehanna, captured and destroyed five vessels, and a large store of flour, which was no doubt public property. We can at this distance of time rejoice in the utter annihilation of the cannon foundry, and sympathise with the flour dealers in their loss; for conceding that the individuals suffered nothing, yet the world, in 1813, could ill afford the destruction of flour.

The river Sassafras was afterwards searched for hostile ships or stores, but none were found, and the British admiral remained on the best terms with the people inhabiting its banks, until his force reached two projecting points near Georgetown, from which they were fired upon by a militia force entrenched on the shores. The houses of those who fought in the attack were destroyed, for they offered no effective resistance. Some other towns signified their submission, and escaped with this ceremony. Admiral Warren had, during these transactions, gone to Bermuda, and returned early in June, with a force of nearly 3,000 men. After an unsuccessful attack on Craney Island, in which Admiral Cockburn was not engaged, an assault upon the town of Hampton was planned. Admiral Cockburn, who had now transferred his flag to the *Sceptre*, a 74-gun ship, commanded the marines and naval forces, in co-operation with General Beckwith, and a military detachment. Lieutenant-Colonel, the late Sir Charles Napier, led the military; and Hampton fell after a brief struggle. The United States' writers accused the invading force of pillaging and otherwise injuring the inhabitants; but acts of that character,

according to their own statements, were confined to the French Canadians, who had personal hardships to revenge. They were called in, and humanely placed under guard, by the leaders in this enterprise. On the 1st of July, Admiral Cockburn entered Ocracoke harbour, in North Carolina, with 500 infantry, his own marines and sailors; captured the *Atlas*, and the *Anacanda*, privateers of 10 and 18 guns respectively, and the towns of Ocracoke and Portsmouth, after a slight resistance. As the inhabitants had not interfered in the contest, their property was respected. On the 5th of July, with a small portion of the same force, he seized Kent Island, in the Chesapeake; but probably considering his exertions badly supported by Sir John Warren, he shortly afterwards retired to Bermuda.

During the winter he appears not to have been engaged with the enemy; but when Sir Alexander Cochrane replaced Sir John Warren, in the spring of 1814, Admiral Cockburn's name again occurs in the narrative of the States' war. In the latter end of May, he drove Commodore Barney's flotilla up one of the creeks of the Chesapeake, to a point where shallow water secured their safety. Commodore Barney was a brave old officer, and, like many others in the service of the States, an Irishman; but he was unable to meet the forces under Admiral Cockburn, which swept the coasts on both sides of the bay, carrying off all the stores, and destroying all the ships. Lower Marlborough was taken by the middle of June. In July, Admiral Cockburn proceeded up the Potomac, and with his marines and seamen drove the 30th United States regiment out of Leonard's Town, destroying such arms and stores as they found. Nomy Ferry was next stormed and taken from a militia force, along with three schooners, and a large quantity of produce, warehoused for shipment. On the 24th, this naval force scoured St. Mary's county for ten miles from the river's edge, always adhering to the admiral's rule, of paying for all they required, except when they were attacked. He burned six schooners at the head of the Machodic river navigation, and being done with its waters turned into the Wicomico, and landing at Hamburg and Chaptuo, shipped off everything not strictly the property of

those townsmen who offered no resistance. Having finished the Wicomoco, he entered the Yocomoco, on the 2nd of August, and a smart contest ensued with the Americans, under General Hungerford, but they were defeated, losing a field-piece. They rallied again at Kinsale, and were again attacked by the marines and seamen, and again defeated. The stores at Kinsale were all shipped. The storehouses and two schooners were burned. Two batteries were taken. Five new schooners, a field piece, a number of prisoners, and a large quantity of produce were seized. General Taylor, who recently commanded the United States' forces in the Mexican war, and died president of the Republic, was wounded in this action. On the 7th, the admiral ascended Coan river, and, after another severe skirmish, captured three schooners, with a large quantity of tobacco. On the 12th, he penetrated into St. Mary's creek, but the inhabitants were peaceable, and lost nothing.

The successful inroads of Admiral Cockburn, with an irregular force of never more than 700 men—never beaten, but always defeating any number of the enemy who waited for them—rendered him "the scourge of the Chesapeake." His proceedings have justified an opinion, that the etiquette of purely military forces is perhaps a little too regular for warfare on water and in wood, with an enemy conversant with the fords and forests, and prone to fighting by firing from the shelter of trees. In years long after 1813 and 1814, when American gentlemen observed a placid, quiet, old member walking in the lobbies of the Commons—active, but rather benevolent than otherwise in his appearance, they had some difficulty in believing him to be the terror of their schoolboy days, who even drove "Old Hickory" wounded and unhorsed, to take shelter in the bush of their forest land.

Early in June, a number of the British peninsular regiments were shipped from the Gironde for the United States coast, under the command of Major-General Ross, who arrived off the Potomac on the 14th of August; and Admiral Cockburn explained to him a plan for the seizure of Washington, the federal capital. General Ross at once adopted the scheme; and on the 20th August, his army, numbering only 4,000 men,

were safely landed at Benedict, on the Patuxent river, fifty miles south-east of Washington. Admiral Cockburn pushed forward with his boats, reached and seized a station with the vulgar name of Pig's Point, full of tobacco, and found moored above it the formidable flotilla commanded by Commodore Barney, whose broad pendant floated from a large sloop of war, supported by sixteen gun-boats. A contest for their possession must have been attended with severe loss, but as Admiral Cockburn approached in his open boats, he found the sloop on fire, and the entire flotilla, with the exception of one gun-boat, blazed and blew up in rapid succession; for Commodore Barney abandoned thirteen mercantile schooners to his adventurous antagonist, burned his fleet, and spared his men. He immediately joined the States' army under General Winder, at a place called Long Old Fields, near Upper Marlborough, and Admiral Cockburn, having secured the river and the right flank of the army by the destruction of this flotilla, following his opponent's example so far, formed a junction with General Ross at Upper Marlborough, on the 23rd. General Winder received a reinforcement of 2,000 men from Baltimore on the same evening, but he abandoned his encampment at Old Fields, and retreated to Bladensburg on the 24th. This village, within a few miles of Washington, was the scene of a short conflict on the same day. The American forces, nominally commanded by the president at the time, Mr. Madison, were really directed by General Winder, and they have been variously stated by American writers at from nearly 8,000 to more than double the number. The official account gives the larger number. They were skilfully posted on ground well adapted for defensive tactics, and had twenty-three pieces of artillery. General Ross may possibly have brought 4,000 British soldiers, and Admiral Cockburn nearly 1,000 marines and sailors into the field, but not quite 2,000 of both classes were engaged. The States' forces fired their cannon, and then walked rapidly into Washington, leaving ten pieces on the field. The British loss in the engagement amounted to sixty-five persons killed, and one hundred and ninety-one wounded. The loss of their opponents must have been equally great, and perhaps not much larger, as their early

and rapid flight saved life. The associated military and naval commanders coolly and prudently permitted their forces to breakfast or dine on the field, and then walked a few miles into Washington. When Admiral Cockburn and General Ross reached the suburbs along with a few officers of their staff, while consulting together on their future course, they were fired upon from the windows of some private houses. One soldier was killed, some others were wounded, and General Ross had his horse shot. Admiral Cockburn immediately rode back, brought up some companies who surrounded the houses, took the inmates prisoners, and then burned down the premises. It has been said that all these prisoners were condemned to death and executed. The statement is entirely false. Indeed the American writers, at the time of this visitation, admitted the absence of all private plundering, or personal injury to unarmed individuals. The houses were burned to prevent any similar attacks during the evening, but the inmates were treated as prisoners of war. The capitol, the fortress, and public works at Greensleaf, the public rope-works, the treasury, and war offices were all burned down; the secretary of state's office suffered the same infliction. A vast quantity of heavy and small arms were utterly destroyed, along with the stores and buildings in the navy-yard, the great bridge over the Potomac, and such shipping as the American forces, who burned a new frigate and a sloop of war, had left. The retreating army had blown up a quantity of ammunition, and burned up some military stores. The Americans complained that Admiral Cockburn burned President Maddison's house, but it had been used as a fortified station, and probably the admiral did not hold its temporary occupant in high esteem. His long life at sea had left him unacquainted with the habits of the press. His daily newspaper could not have been very regularly delivered for many years; therefore, when he came to the *National Intelligencer* office, concluding that everything "national" belonged to the state, he forthwith proposed to apply the torch to the building. He does not, however, appear to have been an extremely fierce or unreasonable opponent, for some of the citizens immediately explained to him the character of the journal, and the danger to other houses if its office

were once kindled; and so he desisted, with the assurance that their persons and property would be fully respected; and, wishing them "a very good night," rode away, leaving the *National Intelligencer* to abuse "the enemy." In the destruction of public property at one point, some powder exploded and killed twelve soldiers, severely scorching and wounding a number more, but with this exception, the British suffered no loss in Washington, from which they retired on the evening of the 25th. The value of the property destroyed has been variously stated at from two to three millions of dollars or pounds. The dollars are likely to be beneath the mark. The frigate and the sloop, with their equipments, the bridge over the Potomac, destroyed by the British, and two bridges by the American forces, the military arsenals and the navy stores, the capitol, the president's dwelling, and the different public edifices, seem not to be extravagantly valued at two million pounds.

In the month of September, an effort was made to seize Baltimore on the Pelapasco, one of the elder cities of the Union, containing at that time 50,000 inhabitants, defended by strong batteries erected in most advantageous positions. The Americans assembled a large army for the protection of Baltimore, consisting of 17,000 men and volunteers, certainly not innumerable, but unnumbered. Upon the 10th the fleet came to an anchor near Baltimore, and on the 12th the army, amounting not quite to 3,500 men, including 600 marines and seamen, landed. They were commanded by Admiral Cockburn and General Ross, and carried a line of abattus and entrenchments, dug and thrown up, after the fashion of Torres Vedras, on a small scale, with scarcely any loss. The two commanders, untaught by the incident at Washington, reconnoitred considerably in advance of the army with a detachment of sixty soldiers. In this position they were attacked by nearly 400 American cavalry and riflemen; who, after a short conflict, fled to the woods, the favourite fighting-ground in America. General Ross then proposed to walk back, and bring up the light companies. He went on this errand alone, and never returned. An American rifleman, observing the movement from the habitual shelter of a tree, shot the general through his right arm, and the ball penetrated his breast.

He was found dead on the road by the men of his light companies, who attracted probably by the firing had advanced. The loss to the British army in America was never supplied. General Ross, a man of great personal courage, in the prime of life, amply versant in military tactics, commanding the esteem of his soldiers, was endowed with all the qualities calculated to render campaigning successful.

Admiral Cockburn was informed of his companion's death by the officer in command of the light company; but with the approval and co-operation of Colonel Brooke, who was senior military officer, he attacked the American army, strongly posted within a few miles of Baltimore, consisting of 4,500 men, partially covered by heavy batteries in their rear, and sustained by a militia force of 8,000 strong. This brief battle, like every other conflict during the war, on even partially open ground, was decided through rapid retrogressive movements by the Americans. They fired artillery and musketry once or twice, and evinced their ordinary repugnance to a meeting with bayonets and cutlasses. They were driven from their positions, leaving two of their cannons and a number of prisoners on the field. The British loss was 50 killed and 300 wounded. The Americans had copied the French system of bulletin-making, and acknowledged a loss of 20 killed, 90 wounded, 50 missing; but of the latter Admiral Cockburn had 200 prisoners, and the other figures should probably be multiplied in the same proportion. The forces secured the American positions, and waited patiently for the light of the 13th to storm the entrenched camp and city, although a heavy rain poured on them without intermission. Before them, within entrenchments, behind walls, supported by vast artillery planted in batteries, fully 16,000 armed men waited their approach; and the determination of the naval and military commanders to storm Baltimore proves the strength of that confidence which they felt in their men, for in numbers they were not equal to more than one-fourth of their opponents; but, at the critical moment, Sir Alexander Cochrane, against the entreaty of Captain Charles Napier and the other frigate captains, who offered to take their vessels up to Baltimore and silence all the forts,

declined to co-operate, and ordered a retreat; on the ground that the town was too strongly fortified, and the river too shallow for the operations which he had contemplated. Admiral Cockburn and Colonel Brooke were evidently displeased with this decision; but they collected their prisoners and wounded men, and retiring by easy marches of three to four miles, re-embarked at North Point on the 15th. The American general did not interfere with their movements, or molest them in their retreat; an instance of forbearance which would have brought a British officer, with an equally superior force, to a court-martial. Admiral Cochrane sailed for Halifax on the 19th, to make preparations for the unfortunate expedition to New Orleans. Admiral Cockburn departed on the same day, in the *Albion*, for Bermuda. Admiral Malcolm remained for some time in the Chesapeake, made some inroads on the coast, and burned a few schooners; but by the middle of October he sailed for Jamaica. Baltimore would probably have been taken, if General Ross had survived, or if Admiral Cockburn had held the chief command of the naval forces. He, undoubtedly, felt some irritation under this disappointment, and apparently remained at Bermuda until the following December. Even at that date he appears not to have engaged in the expedition on the Mississippi against New Orleans; therefore the history of that affair does not come within the scope of this paper, but to the British forces it was the most calamitous event of the war.

Meanwhile Admiral Cockburn pursued his course of independent action with perfect calmness and success. He transferred his services chiefly to the coast, established himself in the country, and seemed anxious to take possession of the land. He arrived in the Chesapeake with the *Albion*, from Bermuda, in the early part of December, 1814; but sailed immediately afterwards for Amelia Island, on the coast of East Florida. Part of his forces, on the 13th of January, 1815, attacked and carried, under the immediate command of Captain Baine, the fort of Point Petre, on the St. Mary's river. This fort mounted seven guns, but the garrison abandoning them, escaped to the woods. Upon the next day, the same forces advanced to the town of St. Mary's, but expe-

rienced no resistance in taking the ship ping and all other property of a public character. An expedition farther up the river was planned, and an old Indian, captured by the United States' navy, with a new gun-boat, was brought down. Upon the 22nd, Admiral Cockburn removed the guns from Point Petre and destroyed the fort. He then descended the river and seized Cumberland Island; the marines and soldiers were encamped, a large house was fortified as head-quarters, and the admiral endeavoured to establish himself on the American soil. He had planned an attack on Savannah in the state of Georgia, and while waiting a reinforcement to promote his scheme, the river St. Mary was scoured for 120 miles by a minor expedition, who in skirmishing had 4 men killed and 25 wounded. Upon the 25th February, the American general, who was instructed to oppose Admiral Cockburn's movements, intimated the close of the war. Peace had been concluded at Ghent, on Christmas Eve of 1814, and the treaty was ratified at Washington on the 18th Feb. 1815. This treaty contained no change in the relative position of the two nations. Their power had been wasted for years in the infliction of mutual injury, without any result, good or bad, except the ultimate formation of two great and separate states in Northern America.

Admiral Cockburn returned to England and arrived at Spithead on the 4th of May, 1815, to learn that peace was once more broken, Napoleon in France, the French on the Rhine, and the Allied armies advancing to meet their great antagonist. His flag was hoisted on the *Northumberland*, 74, but the short campaign of 1815 allowed little time for naval operations. The three days of June and the final defeat and surrender of Napoleon are facts in themselves unconnected with the life of Sir George Cockburn; but he was ordered to convey the fallen emperor to St. Helena, his future residence, and on the 8th of August he sailed from Plymouth with his passenger. The voyage did not form a pleasant episode in the admiral's life. Napoleon was scarcely civil to his own attendants, and he was not communicative to British admirals. He imputed his calamities to their class, and could not distinguish between national and personal animosities. Still the voyage was

considered an honourable distinction to the naval officer in command, who had passed thirty years in the service, and out of that number twenty-five years absolutely on the ocean, engaged in perpetual strife, chiefly originating with the ambition and activity of the man who, having conquered and ruled nearly the whole of Europe, was now the prisoner of Europe, banished from its shores, and voyaging to the little southern isle, a thousand miles from any other land, within which all his plans and schemes were to be confined, until death closed a career more strongly marked on the history of the nineteenth century than that of any other man. The *Northumberland* reached St. Helena, and Napoleon landed on the 16th of October; but Sir George Cockburn remained in command of the naval forces on the station until his relief by Admiral Sir Pultoney Malcolm in June, 1816, when he returned to England, and struck his flag in August.

Europe was at rest. The wounds of a fatal war were gradually closing. The long peace had commenced to run. Naval and military officers were therefore unemployed, for even the extended colonial possessions of Britain could not afford employment for all the men whom long hostilities had inured to war. Sir George Cockburn married his cousin Miss Mary Cockburn, but to the date of his arrival from St. Helena in England he could not have passed much time in the domestic relations of life. Soon afterwards he entered political and scientific circles, and passed his time in the discharge of parliamentary, professional, and official duties to the last resignation of office by Sir Robert Peel. After that event he retired in a great measure from public life, but he was then in his 76th year.

Having passed a number of years at home, he again hoisted his flag in the *Vernon*, a 50-gun ship, and, accompanied by the *President*, sailed for the West Indies. He held the command of the West Indian and North American naval stations from 1832 to 1836; years of peace, when a naval command was a pleasant retirement from admiralty and parliamentary work, and ere then he was accustomed to and practised in both.

He obtained a seat in Parliament for

Portsmouth, in 1818. Two years afterwards, in 1820, he was elected for the borough of Weobly. In 1826 he was chosen to represent Plymouth. And in the hotly contested general election of 1841, as a follower of Sir Robert Peel, he was returned for Ripon. He held a seat in Parliament for fourteen years.

He was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty in 1818, and again in 1828. In 1841 he received the appointment of First Lord of the Admiralty, which he retained until the dissolution of the Peel cabinet, in the circumstances already stated. His service at the Board of Admiralty altogether extended to a period of seventeen years.

We have not mentioned at their dates the numerous promotions which he received; but a life eminently busy, creditable, and long, comprehended many changes. He entered the navy in 1781, served actively from 1786, received his commission as lieutenant in 1793, as captain of a frigate in 1794, of a ship of the line in 1806, hoisted his flag as commodore in the same year, was thanked by both Houses of Parliament, and was appointed governor of St. Pierre. He received his commission as colonel of marines in August, 1811; as rear-admiral in August, 1812; was named a Knight Companion of the Bath on January 2nd, 1815, and a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Bath in February, 1818: in the same year he was chosen to represent Portsmouth in the Commons, and gained a seat at the Admiralty. On the 12th of August, 1819, he received his commission as vice-admiral. He was elected a F.R.S. in 1820; and in the same year was returned for Weobly. In 1821, he attained the rank of major-general of marines. In 1826, he was elected member of Parliament for Plymouth. In 1827, he was sworn of his Majesty's Privy Council. In 1828, he was re-appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty. In 1832, he obtained the command of the West Indian and North American naval stations. In 1837, he was gazetted as admiral; but he never afterwards served afloat. In 1841, he was elected one of the members for Ripon; and in the same year he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty with a seat in the cabinet.

Few men can be named whose early life was passed at sea, and whose ap-

pointments have been so numerous and varied. He served in eight ships of war, before obtaining his first independent command. He commanded one sloop of war, five frigates, and four ships of the line before the expedition to the Scheldt, and as commodore or admiral hoisted his flag on eight ships of the line subsequently. Without reckoning his services in conjunction with officers at the time his superiors, or military officers, he had taken 45 mercantile ships, 42 armed vessels, 495 guns, and 3,296 men.

As a seaman he acquired great skill at an early period of life. To the men under his command he evinced much urbanity and won their unlimited confidence. As a marine he exhibited science and skill equal to any emergency; and he was always successful. After the peace, he soon acquired the habits of official and parliamentary life. He was not an eminent, but he was a sensible, debater. He was not an eloquent, but he was a pleasant, speaker. He was not a first star, but he was a universal favourite in the Commons. He possessed great aptitude for business, and many recent ameliorations in the navy may be justly ascribed to his influence. Partly under the advice of Sir James Graham he consented to measures which were calculated to weaken the naval service. Their results have now been neutralized, and the British navy has acquired greater practical power than it perhaps ever previously possessed. Sir George Cockburn belonged strictly to the Peel party. Although a remarkably sagacious politician, yet he seemed to follow the member for Tamworth in all his changes without rule or comment, always converted, and, from his profound regard for that remarkable statesman, always, we fully believe, convinced. His dashing bravery in early life and middle age rendered him a favourite with the service and the first marine officer of the war. He was the Murat of the marines; and in all desperate enterprises, with boats or on land, he invariably accomplished his purpose, yet passed almost without a wound, through services of the most dangerous character. But he combined science with strength; and as his character began to be appreciated, his influence was increased; so that, for the prosperity and unity of the States it was well that the peace of Ghent was con-

cluded in 1814. He was accused at the moment, of often dealing harshly with the subjects of the United States; but even their authors acknowledged that his conduct was strictly just and humane to peaceable men, and his dealings perfectly upright.

An early life and services prolonged to middle age at sea, are unfavourable to literary or scientific pursuits; yet Sir George Cockburn possessed a vast fund of information, and his acquire-

ments were appreciated and valued in scientific circles. He was especially an active man. Without an interval of rest, for thirty years on the ocean, and more than thirty years in responsible positions on land, but connected with naval affairs, he served his country; and a life embracing sixty-five years of active duties honourably and faithfully performed, is rarely met in any service, and leaves a short boyhood at its commencement and very few years of rest at its close.

NICHOLAS THE FIRST, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE eyes of all Europe are fixed with especial interest on one man. His position, his character, and his movements, alike attract attention.

A giant despotism confronts the civilization of the nineteenth century. The autocrat of Russia is its soul. His word is law over 50,000,000 of the human race. He is supreme in the state, and in the church. Peasant and soldier associate his name with the majesty of heaven, and call him daily in their prayers "Our God on earth." With all the energies of an ancient barbarism, he can combine many influences of modern civilization not immediately destructive of his aims. If his territories are not as prolific of wealth as extended in boundary, their resources are nevertheless immense and unexplored. Various nations and tribes are enrolled in his service; the Cossack and the Tartar alone could furnish half a million of horsemen to aid him in his conquests, were it possible to hold them in union. We naturally ask, who and what is he controlling the capabilities of so vast an empire? Who is the man through whose ambition the flames of war are again kindled?

NICHOLAS PAULOWITCH was born at St. Petersburg, July 7th, 1796. He is the third son of the Emperor Paul, and his second wife, Mary of Wirtemberg. His mother, a woman of intelligence and influence, superintended his education, which she committed to General de Lambsdorf, who was assisted amongst others by the Countess de Lieven, the famed philologist Adelung, and Coun-

cillor Stork. The last named instructed him in the science of political economy; but he gave himself with greater ardour to military pursuits, and evinced considerable proficiency, especially in the art of fortification. He was also initiated into the flowery walks of modern literature, and became as familiar with the French and German languages, as with his mother tongue. For music he evinced a decided taste, which has since appeared in several military airs composed by him. In after days, those fine arts that can best increase the splendour of a court, found in him a patron. "Artistes love him," said the French; "or, at least, they love his gold. Petersburg is a dramatic Eldorado; and songsters who have lost their voices find them again when within its boundaries." Nevertheless his masters formed no very exalted idea of his abilities; he was taciturn, melancholy, and absorbed in trifles.

His boyhood was the witness of eventful scenes. Europe had long rung with the clamours of war, or the pæans of victory. One restless spirit, of genius dazzling like the lightning, disturbed the world. Napoleon advanced upon Russia. Its snows, and barren steppes, and patriot warriors, could not intimidate him; but

"The meteor of conquest allured him too far."

History records no more fearful and gigantic tragedy than that which followed. Nicholas was too young to play a part on the stage; but of the events of that terrible drama, from its

commencement to its consummation, he was a silent and distant spectator. A character moulded under such circumstances was likely to be stern and vindictive.

On the restoration of peace, he left Russia to travel, and visited the principal battle-fields where his country had won renown for the prowess of its sons. He passed through several European states; and, in 1816, disembarked on the shores of England, where he was cordially welcomed by the court and aristocracy. On returning home, he endeavoured to acquaint himself with the condition of Russia, travelling through the various provinces, and residing for a while in their chief cities. On the 13th of July, 1817, when scarcely twenty-one years old, he married Charlotte Louisa, the eldest daughter of Frederick William III., of Prussia, and sister of the present king. This princess, born in July, 1798, embraced the Greek religion, and adopted the name of Alexandra Fëdorona. At this time Nicholas had few expectations of the imperial crown. The future empress was of graceful form and winning manners, but, in later years, her soft blue but sunken eyes told of the fatigue and anxieties consequent on her elevation. She is now, in appearance, like a passing shadow. Her husband's attachment is strongly manifested whenever she falls overcome by weakness or disease; but, in strange forgetfulness, when the semblance of health will allow, he compels her, for political considerations, to exhaust her feeble energies in the gaiety of feasts, or the hurry of reviews and public journeys. Four sons and three daughters, the pride of their parents, were the product of this union. Alexander Nicolaiewitch, the present heir to the throne, was born in 1818. He is well educated, and polite, but timid; and fearful, it is said, of his father's sternness.

In 1825, his eldest brother, the Emperor Alexander, died at Taganrog, while on a journey in the south of Russia. His death was sudden and mysterious, and has yet to be explained by history. The Grand Duke Constantine, then at Warsaw, was his rightful successor, and Nicholas hastened to take the oath of fidelity. But Constantine had already renounced his claim in a paper he had secretly signed on the occasion of his marriage with the

daughter of a private Polish gentleman, and he had no disposition to break his word; he dreaded being poisoned. Nicholas accordingly assumed the reins of government with, at least, expressions of regret. Now came a terrible struggle. A vast conspiracy had been gradually forming, the leaders of which were officers of rank. Secret societies were in course of organization, and the nobility were extensively implicated. As far back as 1817, the unfortunate Colonel Pestel had originated the idea; a man of such talent and discrimination, that though he was the victim of his high desires, many of the rules and regulations he had embodied in his work on Russian law were adopted afterwards in the ukases of Nicholas himself.

There were two classes of conspirators—the enthusiastic lovers of liberty, who in their intercourse with foreign nations in recent wars, had seen and appreciated its influence; and the more cautious partisans of a political selfishness, who, while they sought to exonerate themselves from the degradation of an autocracy, aspired to the dignity of oligarchs. The heterogeneous character of these men was fatal to their success; the straightforward though discreet action of the one party, whose object was independent of themselves, and abstractedly noble, could not coalesce with the time-serving policy of the other, whose only aim—self-aggrandisement—was intrinsically mean. No distinct plan of operation had been formed, no specific agreement as to the rights they should claim had been made, when the abdication of one monarch and the accession of another seemed to indicate an opportunity for a decisive blow. The soldiers were called together to swear allegiance to Nicholas; they had previously sworn fidelity to Constantine, and there are few things more respected by a Russian than his oath. It was omitted to explain the circumstances attending this change of masters. The ceremony commenced. The officers immediately, stepping out of their places, denounced Nicholas as an usurper, and declared that he held Constantine in confinement. They scrupled not to invent the most unconscionable lies, and palming these on the troops, induced them to revolt. They led the way to St. Isaac's plain, where stood the senate-house, the admiralty, and the great

cathedral; and the soldiers cried, "Constantine and the Constitution!" Little did they, poor serf-born automata, know of the meaning of that latter word. They were told it meant *Constantine's wife*.* Milarodovitch, the Governor of Petersburg, and the veteran favourite of the army, who had been foremost in the battles of his country, was sent to parley with them; but he was answered by shots, thrown down on the ground, and pierced with bayonets. The archbishop advanced in full episcopal attire, but his voice was drowned in the beat of drums. The populace began to sympathize with the military, and men of liberal opinions, forewarned of the event, thronged armed to their aid. The tide of tumult and death swept on to the imperial palace. The Emperor and the Empress had proceeded alone to their chapel, and on their knees upon the altar steps had mutually sworn to die as sovereigns, if they failed to triumph. Then placing himself at the head of the guard that yet remained loyal, the Czar rode out, and confronted the rebels. Standing before them, with haughty bearing, he cried in a firm tone: "Return to your ranks—obey—down upon your knees!" The energy of his voice and countenance, calm, though pale, and the veneration with which every Russ regards the person of his sovereign, prevailed. Most of the soldiers kneeled before their master, and grounded their arms in token of submission. They say in Petersburg that while he harangued them, one of the conspirators four times came forward to kill him, and four times shrunk back in fear. One thing is certain, that to the intrepid self-possession of that hour he is indebted for the continuance of his authority. Victory now was easy. He retired from the spot; and wherever resistance was made, the artillery played upon the gathering crowds, and the fire of musketry completed the work of destruction. The day closed, the 25th of December, and night spread its pall over a bleeding but tranquil city.

Thus in one day were dissipated the hopes that for eight years had been nurtured in secret. Nicholas seated himself securely on a throne that had long been in jeopardy. The smouldering fires of freedom were quenched. His

conduct on this occasion has been the subject of much controversy; and between the representations of friends and enemies it is difficult to judge; but if there were moments of vacillation, there was also one of rare heroism and courage. We shall have to record another instance, where the same qualities were vividly displayed. Yet, strange to say, this same man fears to ride any but a charger whose spirit has been broken in the *ménage*; and is fidgetty on field days, when mines or rockets explode. "I did nothing extraordinary," said he to the Marquis de Custine, when conversing on the past. "I said to the soldiers, 'Return to your ranks;' and at the moment of passing the regiment in review, I cried, 'On your knees.' They all obeyed. What gave me power was, that the instant before I had resigned myself to meet death. I am grateful for having succeeded; but I am not proud of it, for it was by no merit of my own." "My crown was at stake," said he, at another time, to his former tutor, "and it was well worth while for me to appear courageous."

Through the cowardice or treachery of their companions, the principal conspirators were easily captured. Nicholas displayed a severity as dastardly and mean as his previous firmness had seemed heroic. Many of them were condemned to be quartered, he commuted their punishment for that of the gallows, which, till then, was unknown in Russia. Several hundreds were banished to Siberia, to endure horrors that made even death appear desirable. The Prince Troubetskoï, who had deserted his comrades and begged protection of the Czar at the commencement of the revolt, was sent to linger out existence there in chains, with his head shaved, and a convict's dress on his back, his title and his name being even taken from him. His wife resolved to follow him. She obtained permission, but it was at the sacrifice of nearly all her vast wealth. "No human power has a right," she said, "to separate a wife from her husband; I will share the fate of mine." Seven long years, while the arm of her unfortunate spouse was daily wearied by the unwonted weight of the pickaxe it wielded, did she stay by his side, to cheer him in his living tomb. Her family were springing up around her, and then she besought the Czar to permit them to be sent to Petersburg,

* De Custine's Russia.

or some civilized city, to receive a suitable education. "The children of a convict," he replied, "will always be sufficiently educated." Seven years more did she wait, and then, at the sight of her languishing children, she wrote, imploring as a favour permission to live in any one place in that wide realm, where medicine was procurable. "I am astonished," said Nicholas to the relative presenting her petition, "that any one again dares to speak to me of a family, the head of which has conspired against me!"*

In September of the following year, 1826, the coronation of the Emperor took place at Moscow, amidst great pomp and ceremony. Absolutism was henceforth his darling doctrine. "I have no conception of a representative monarchy," were his words to the Marquis de Custine. "It is the government of falsehood, fraud, corruption; and rather than adopt it, I would fall back to the borders of China." Russia has no middle classes to form a barrier to his power; the ancient boyards are nearly annihilated, and nobility now is an empty title. Liberty and fraternity are unheard of things, but equality exists on every hand — the equality of servitude. The only privileges of the nation are found in its usages, and the only appeal in case of their violation is to the assassin's dagger or the poison-cup. "Despotism," said Nicholas frankly, "is the very essence of my government, and it suits the genius of the land."

Before the expiration of the first year of his reign, indeed in the month of his coronation, war was declared with Persia. An existing treaty had stipulated that either of the contracting parties should have power, on condition of making a proper indemnification, to enlarge its territories according to circumstances. Russia occupied the coast of Lake Goktoha, and offered as an indemnity a tract of land which the Shah of Persia did not think fit to receive. Hostilities were commenced, which were protracted through more than a year, and finally concluded by a treaty, in which the Shah yielded two fine provinces to his opponent, and bound himself to pay twenty millions of silver rubles as the penalty of his resistance.

Scarcely was this war ended than another broke out with Turkey. Russia

accused the Porte of having abetted the Circassians in revolt, of assisting the Persians, of fettering the commerce of the Black Sea; in fine, of having disregarded the treaty of Bucharest. The Porte accused Russia of having fomented the insurrection in Greece, and engendered troubles in Moldavia and Walachia. Mutual animosity was aroused. The Russians poured their forces upon the offender. The Czar was present in person, but his presence, since his talent could not compensate for the restraint on his generals, rather impeded than quickened their operations. Turkey performed prodigies of valour and with varying success; but her discipline was defective, and she lacked money. Her foe prevailed rather through her inherent weakness than by his prowess. Of the troops drawn towards the frontier, 120,000 had perished from fatigue or disease on the road, and of those who actually entered her boundaries, 150,000 fell from similar causes, and 25,000 by the sword.*

Adrianople opened its gates, and the capital of the empire was in danger. At this juncture, at the suggestion of Russia in particular, the Sultan relinquished the struggle, permitting Nicholas to retain authority in Walachia and Moldavia, and agreeing to pay eleven millions and a half of Dutch ducats within eighteen months, a sum from which three millions were afterwards deducted.

From that period the Czar has lost no opportunity of extending his influence in the East. In 1833, he assisted the Sultan against Egypt, and landed 5,000 troops on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. These were withdrawn at the instigation of the Western Powers; but a special treaty was first concluded, by which he gained for himself new privileges, although the maritime states protested.

In May, 1830, the Emperor opened the Polish Diet in person, paying little attention to the complaints that were heard in the assembly. But the 30th of July came with its inspiring news — Poland resolved to avenge her wrongs and assert her rights. She declared that the Emperor Nicholas had forfeited the throne. Long afterwards, when he thought of this, he said, "Never again will I be a constitutional king." Her resources were few, but her cause was

* De Custine's Russia.

* Revelations of Russia.

just. With 50,000 men she dared 200,000 foes. The conflict was disastrous in its issue. England and France remained neutral; but Austria and Prussia aided the Czar in crushing the insurgent patriots. On the 3rd of September, 1831, the Russians entered Warsaw, the torches of their cannon lighted; and Poland, no longer "Freedom's home," was "Glory's grave." The cruelties inflicted on the conquered baffle description; hundreds were transported to the mines, and hundreds of others suffered degradation and death within sight of their fatherland. A citadel was built on the heights above Warsaw, and when, in 1835, the inhabitants went to compliment their Czar, with true barbarity, he replied: "You see this citadel! If you stir, I will order your whole city to be burnt; I will not leave one stone upon another; and when it is destroyed it will not be rebuilt by me." Nicholas strives to make Russians of the Poles, but the task is vain. Many a banished wanderer looks to his country with solicitude and hope. The day may not be far distant when she shall again arise in new strength.

"Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul, and dare be free!
A little while along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of heaven!
Prone to the dust oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature withered from the world."

Despotism in all ages and countries is essentially cowardly. It is afraid of manly thought and enterprise, afraid of its enemies, afraid even of its victims. In proportion as it excels in physical strength, its moral weakness becomes apparent. The vengeance of the Czar has always been unrelenting and terrible. Many are the stories told that reflect disgrace both on him and the system of which he is the avowed and earnest advocate. In the town of Cronstadt several hundred Polish prisoners, working on the fortifications, were required to take the oath of allegiance. They almost to a man refused; but a fearful penalty was the result of their resolution. They were made successively to "run the gauntlet;" and when, notwithstanding the severity of the punishment, they still remained constant to their purpose, were again compelled to pass through the ordeal. One and another sunk exhausted under the repeated blows. Covered with wounds

and bruises, they were carried to the hospital; and, time after time, as soon as sufficiently recovered, again borne forth to suffer and to triumph. Unwavering and heroic to the last, many died under the infliction; others survived awhile, their mangled bodies deprived of all sensation, only to be thrown at last into the burial-cart; or, if restored, to drag out existence, maimed and chained to felons and assassins. And hundreds of brave Poles were thus treated within twenty miles of the court and palace of the Emperor!

The imperial city was now itself invaded by a formidable enemy—the cholera. The populace of St. Petersburg accused the physicians of having poisoned the sick in the hospitals, and seized some of them and put them to death. The chief square of the city was thronged with the infuriated mob. Nicholas heard of what was passing, left his palace accompanied by a few guards, and confronting them, took their victims under his protection, shouting in a voice of thunder—"Down upon your knees before God, and ask pardon of Him for your offences; I, your emperor, your master, order you." Instantly thousands of these ignorant wretches, as in obedience to a mandate from heaven, fell prostrate on the ground, and united their supplications with those of their Czar. "Those moments," said he afterwards to De Custine, "are the finest of my life. I ran in the face of danger, without knowing, as king, how I should retreat. I did my duty, and God sustained me."

In 1837, the winter palace of the Russian emperors was burnt down. Eighty thousand workmen had toiled in its erection, and beneath its ruins were buried monuments of luxury and art. Its inmates had exceeded three thousand, and are said in general to have doubled that number. It was a quadrangular building, seven or eight hundred feet long. The adjoining hermitage extended seven or eight hundred more, so that in one direction there lay a suite of rooms nearly a third of a mile in length. Nicholas saw the conflagration, and fixed on a year as the time in which it should be rebuilt. It was in vain for the architects to remonstrate—to show that they had not really a twelvemonth—that half of it was a season of inclemency and frost—that there was no time for the foundations to settle, for

the cement and mortar to dry; all this was useless: it *must* be done—and it *was* done. That day twelvemonth Nicholas received his court in the new Hall of St. George, in the palace rebuilt and furnished within the prescribed period. The empire applauded; and courtiers observed, profanely it is true, “that it had taken even God a week to construct the world.” Relays of six thousand men were employed night and day. Many of the workmen died, but their places were supplied; and others, if not all, suffered acutely, as might have been expected from the difference of temperature, not less than from fifty to sixty degrees, which they experienced on leaving the rooms, heated to dry the walls, to return home. The selfishness of one man could coolly murder his subjects, as they laboured for him; but it could not control the ordinary laws of nature. It was not long before the Hall of St. George fell in with a crash, when just prepared for a grand festival gathering. Fortunately the vain and novel idea of its owner, which had caused its hasty erection, did not end in the destruction of himself and his nobility, as it might easily have done.

To Nicholas belongs the honour of having first introduced religious persecution into Russia. He incorporated the United Greeks, who in spirit assimilated to the Romish church, with the Greek communion. He caused a petition to be carried round to their different pastors, and commanded them to sign it, though it asked admission to the Greek church as a favour, while they repudiated the thought. Those who refused, were delivered to the tender mercies of the police; and all the clergy were prohibited from correspondence with Rome, except under the inspection of government. They had not the spirit of martyrs, but many, rather than yield to this, submitted to banishment or to the punishment of the plitt, a species of knout, the boiled leathern tongue of which being moistened at every blow, from its suction draws out large pieces of flesh. The Jews, also, have been subjected to every kind of annoyance. Having committed some excesses at Motislavl, under the influence of passing excitement, a tenth part of the inhabitants was ordered to be taken for soldiers. They attempted to bribe the executors of this decree, but Nicholas,

to end the matter, caused the country to be razed to the extent of sixty versts from the frontier, and left them to flee before his Cossacks. The Czar is himself the patriarch of the Russian church, and though outwardly evincing respect for the inferior clergy, is not slow to manifest his power. At one period when he had forbidden to them the introduction or discovery of additional sacred relics, he met with what was declared to be the real cross on which the Saviour of the world had suffered. Borrowing it from its monastery, he erected it publicly first at Moscow, and then at Petersburg. Crowds flocked to bow down before it both by day and night; and at the latter place alone, which was far behind its ancient rival, £15,000 worth of offerings helped to enrich the imperial coffers.

In 1839, war was carried on with Circassia, peace being rarely long maintained in those warlike regions. It was at this time that, on some Russian forts being destroyed, the Czar was informed that they were defended to the last, and then blown up by their defenders, who preferred voluntary death to ignominious submission. The impression ostensibly produced on him was such, that he issued an ukase, “that from that time forward, for ever, at muster roll of his company, the name of the deceased should be read at the head of the list, and that the next present should reply, ‘died at such a date in the defence of his Emperor and country.’”

The grand aim of the Emperor Nicholas, from the time of his accession to the throne, has been the concentration and increase of his power. His foreign policy has always borne the impress of this desire; and his diplomacy, ever active, has been eminently successful in Persia, Germany, Turkey, and Greece. One of his favourite objects was to produce a rupture between France and England, which should leave him less to fear in his aggressive movements. In 1840 he succeeded, the cabinet of Paris having advanced claims respecting Egypt that were obnoxious to England. France found herself isolated from the rest of Europe, and Russia and Great Britain were thus brought into alliance. The coalition was of short duration, for in 1841 a general treaty of peace was signed by the various powers, and the sympathies of our country took their

more natural course in an opposition, negative, at least, to the encroachments of absolutism.

Towards the administration of Louis Philippe, the Czar always maintained an unfriendly feeling; and of the *citizen* king it is not unlikely he entertained a supreme contempt. An incident is related which, while evincing the political and often childish "bouderie" carried on between the two courts, shows also the restraint imposed by Nicholas upon his subjects. The French representative, according to his instructions, neglected to offer the customary congratulations to the Emperor on New Year's day; and was afterwards surprised to find, in every drawing room of St. Petersburg, that none dared to converse or dance with himself or his lady. The Czar had spoken in no measured terms of the Bourbons, for having permitted their crown to be taken away; and when Louis Philippe so quickly lost his, in the eventful February of 1848, it is probable he descended still lower in his estimation. The revolutionary storm that then burst over the Continent, excited his fears. He dreaded lest the angel of liberty, borne on the blast, should breathe new life into Poland, wronged and bleeding at his feet. When Berlin felt the shock, and Vienna also, and the deluge seemed to break on the ramparts of his empire, his anxiety increased. He maintained friendly relations with France, and recognised the Republican government. A democracy, he used to say, he could *understand*, though he did not approve. Meanwhile he collected huge armies, and prepared to enter the field if necessity required. An opportunity was not long wanting. His Cossacks entered Hungary in defence of the Austrian monarchy; and he had the ignoble satisfaction of seeing the valiant Magyars defeated before them. No compensation was given by Austria for this service. The Czar found ample recompense in the thought of having chastised rebellion, and hushed the voice of freedom. But, beyond this, it was an act of policy, and gave him greater influence over Germany, as the events of the last few months have shown.

It would carry us beyond the limits of this paper, to enter upon the Turkish question. The Czar would fain realize the visions of his ancestors. Upon a finger-post at Kherson, Catherine caused

it to be written, "ROAD TO CONSTANTINOPLE;" and along that road, however many the obstacles, he hopes to travel. A medal, struck by her command, represents a flash of lightning striking the mosque of St. Sophia; and, as the clouds of war gather, he aspires to hurl the thunderbolt from them. The Grand Duke Constantine is said to have been so named, to express the desire, that he might one day achieve the hereditary object of Russian ambition; his brother, as he gained the throne, would also gain the laurels of such a deed. Nicholas, in spite of remonstrance, and in the face of the world, has committed what his blasphemous manifesto terms "a just and holy cause" to the issue of war. The result we cannot with certainty anticipate; but we may hope that, should the confused noise of battle again re-echo from country to country, Europe will cease from the struggle regenerated and free.

The internal administration of the Emperor is as characteristic as his external policy. He is a great reformer, but a reformer of peculiar kind. He has done all in his power to raise the social condition of his people, but with especial care that his own prerogatives remain untouched. He has sought to remove from Russia in part the stigma of barbarism so long sustained; but will admit no coadjutor in the task. He is "the be-all and the end-all" there; but his knowledge of things is superficial and his judgment too prejudiced from habit and degraded by selfishness to admit of comprehensive design. He collected the scattered laws of his empire into form and published them in 1834; but, as has been often asked,—what avail laws where the caprice of an individual can cancel any one or all of them as it pleases? This work was seven years in completing, and was compiled under his personal inspection. It displays some genius and great care. Like Peter the Great, he has sometimes watched the construction of the vessels of his fleet. It is said that, seeing the *Russia* on the stocks, and deeming that there was not sufficient room to walk about, he commanded the space to be enlarged, and enforced his opinion against competent judges; in consequence of which that ship is now one of the worst in the navy—a testimony both to the fallacy of his judgment and the despotism of his habits. There are

few things in which he has not meddled. At Colpenas there is preserved, as a sacred relic, a piece of iron forged with his own hands. Perhaps the superficiality of his measures results from this affectation of omniscience. He has been lauded as attempting the liberation of the serfs. It is true that he has in many instances freed them from their masters; but three-fourths of the eventualities that can so free, pass them into the service of the crown. He is himself the owner of 20,000,000 of these unfortunate creatures. The serfs of the crown are in a better position than the serfs of subjects; but they are *still serfs*; and the sincerity of their master would be proved by his giving them their freedom. Nicholas rules with a high hand. He hates enlightenment, and objects even to his nobles travelling. During his reign it is estimated that not less than 250,000 individuals have been banished to Siberia, three-fifths of whom were political offenders.

The imperial family are descended from the clerical house of Romanoff; but intermarriages with the Germans have been so frequent, that it is doubtful if one drop of Russian blood flows in their veins. Hence their sympathies are German, and the major part of the offices of state are occupied by Germans.

The example of the Emperor has had no beneficial effect on his subjects. Wherever imitation was possible, he has chosen to be alone, and frowned upon all who have attempted to follow; but, in general, he has pursued such a line of conduct as none without absolute power could think of essaying. To avoid or prevent communication with free and enlightened nations, he asserts that Russian genius and wisdom are competent to advance their country in prosperity and influence. It is his policy to foster a feeling of national pride and independence; but society there is rotten to the core—a new vitality only can beget progressive energy. Grandeur can never spring from meanness, nor truth from hypocrisy, nor civilization from ignorance; and till he has unmasked corruption, and thrown away his personal selfishness, he will not succeed in developing the capacity of his people. His patriotic pretensions and warlike demonstrations come alike from the same motive. Napoleon made *la gloire de la France* the pretext of his ambition; if Nicholas seeks the welfare

of Russia, it is to flatter his pride. Napoleon, the last who disturbed the peace of Europe, was the thunder-god of the Alps; Nicholas, who disturbs it now, is but the image-god of his serfs. As might be expected, travellers report unfavourably of his subjects. Servility or insolence, dishonesty and rudeness, everywhere prevail. Justice is bought without distinction, and law evaded, where it exists, at pleasure. Kriloff, a Russian fabulist, has well exposed the condition of his countrymen. "The sheep," says he, "came to the elephant and complained of the wolves." "How dare you," asked the elephant of the wolves, "molest the sheep, my subjects?" "Sire," replied they, "we only demand one skin apiece, and they appear to grudge us even that." "Well," answered the elephant, "take one skin apiece, but beware how you strip them of any more."

In personal appearance the Emperor Nicholas is said to be among the handsomest men in Europe. He is tall, overtopping ordinary men by a whole head, and well proportioned. His forehead is high but retreating, his nose straight, his countenance noble. His air is military but stiff; he seems to act as if conscious that he has a part to play and that many eyes are on him. His smile is affected and only partially brightens his face. His aspect is imperious, but he looks round with a state that is forbidding and severe. His voice is deep and sonorous. He occasionally mingles with his subjects. Of their habits and actions he is always observant, as too many have found to their cost. Sometimes he essays the humorous, but his humour is by no means agreeable to those who are made its subjects. Jakovleff, one of the wealthiest men in Russia, was once unfortunate enough to expose himself to it. He had been prohibited from travelling, and found, in several instances, the inconvenience of his position. Determined to enjoy life to the utmost, and in the most approved mode, and to find in the free indulgence of his various whims some compensation for the want of genuine liberty, he began to play the fop, and to disport himself on the promenades of Petersburg, arrayed in the most *outré* Parisian costume. One morning, sauntering along the pavement, his head crowned by a little peaked hat; his neck girded with a kerchief, that blossomed in front

into a monstrous bow; his shoulders covered by a cloak, that could not honestly pretend to be more than a cape; his eye glancing through a glass, complacently perched in its corner; his hand flourishing an oaken cudgel; his heels protected by a bull-dog—he saw the Emperor's carriage approaching. Suddenly it stopped, and the Czar leaning out, and beckoning, asked his name and abode. On hearing them, he professed himself enchanted with the meeting, and besought him to step up and take a seat by his side. Jakovleff quietly let drop his stick. They drove on.—“Never mind the stick, your majesty,” said he, when Nicholas inquired about its disappearance. “O, we must have that,” said the monarch, as he directed the coachman to return, pick it up and drive to the palace. They came to the gates; the dandy was doffing his cloak: “O no, we must have you just as you are, hat, stick, cloak, and all!” The Czar led the way to the apartments of the Empress, and introduced to her, as she burst into violent laughter, her faithful subject Save Saveitch Jakovleff. Half dead with confusion and terror, there he stood trembling, his misgivings realized, as he was made the food of imperial merriment. He was, however, dismissed without harm, but from fright and mortification a dangerous illness ensued.* Nicholas is not always equally lenient. If, too, he may joke, it is dangerous in a subject. A young officer, for example, had quoted in a private circle a few facetious lines, asking the Emperor to favour him with an ukase for a particular object. They ended:

“Tout se fait par ukase, ici
C'est par ukase que l'on voyage,
C'est par ukase l'on rit.”

The next morning he was complimented on his charming poetry, and informed that his majesty deemed it advisable he should cultivate the Muses a few years in solitude; that, moreover, the *Feld Jaeger* and his waggon were waiting at the door to carry him into exile.†

Of the private character of Nicholas, there are not sufficient data to form a proper opinion. He seems to possess sufficient courage and obstinacy, sufficient ambition and intellect to make him dangerous in his position. He has

not an empire to win, but has placed absolutely in his hands all the resources of one already wide and powerful.

In conclusion we would just notice the men who are honoured with influence in the government of the Czar; for the character and purposes of an individual are often discoverable from the companions he selects, or the emissaries he employs. The “court and camp” of Buonaparte were a reflex of himself. Peter the Great, whom Voltaire elegantly called the “Prometheus of his country,” in his neglect of usage and appreciation of genius, only illustrated himself and his aims; the son of a pastrycook headed his armies, and a captive became the partner of his throne. All truly great men, if unfettered in action, will sooner or later draw others around them; every sun has its planets. From Nicholas, in this respect, we have little to fear. Count Orloff, when made minister of police, observed, that he did not comprehend the utility of the institution, yet he has discharged its duties. He was long a confidant of the Czar's, and has submitted with servility to his insults and caprice. Prince Tschernyschef has manifested, at times, considerable energy, but nothing beyond. Ouwarof has knowledge and understanding, but not without contemptible foibles. Kisselef professed himself a liberal, but it is not surprising, where liberalism is a truth unknown, that he could not pursue a steady course. We have not the means at hand for investigating the present state of the Russian cabinet; to judge from the past would be unfair. Nevertheless, it is a significant fact, that hitherto it has displayed little independence of character, either collectively or in its members. Count Nesselrode was born on board an English ship, of German parents in the service of Russia. He was baptized according to the rites of the Church of England. His family is of Westphalian origin, and he is now the head of the German party. He was first a seaman and then a cuirassier, and was transferred by the Emperor Paul to the department of foreign affairs. Prince Mentschikof is described as “rather witty and rich, than profound and independent.” Between him and Nesselrode great coolness has existed.

In this rapid sketch of the Emperor Nicholas, we have endeavoured to insert that only on the authenticity of which we could rely. We have consulted and

* Revelations of Russia.

† Ibid.

compared various sources, but amongst conflicting statements have sometimes found it difficult to discriminate. The institutions and restrictions of Russia have always impeded the circulation of information respecting her people or sovereign. Some writers have been prejudiced by court patronage; others by court oppression. Few have had opportunities for writing impartially and correctly.

END OF VOL. IV.



